

fidgety sister had found out the name of the most noted Æsculapius of the neighbourhood, and had notified him of my arrival; probably had given him a misleading and completely erroneous account of my illness, certainly asked him to call. I found out afterwards I was right in all my guesses save one. This was not the most noted Æsculapius of the neighbourhood, but his more youthful partner. Dr. Lansdowne was on his holiday. Dr. Kennedy had read my sister's letter and was now bent upon carrying out her instructions. As I said, we stared at each other in the advancing dusk.

"You have only just come?" he ventured then.

"I've been here about an hour," I replied, "a quiet hour."

"I had your sister's letter," he said apologetically, if a little awkwardly, as he advanced into the room.

"She wrote you, then?"

"Oh, yes! I've got the letter somewhere." He felt in his pocket and failed to find it.

"Won't you sit down?"

There was no chair near the writing-table save the one upon which I sat. A further reason why I knew my predecessor here had been a writer. Dr. Kennedy had to fetch one, and I took shallow stock of him meanwhile. A tall and not ill-looking man in the late thirties or early forties; he had on the worst suit of country tweeds I had ever seen and incongruously well-made boots. Now he sprawled silently in the selected chair, and I waited for his opening. Already I was nauseated with doctors and their