

fame even in one disease, diphtheria, had travelled beyond the confines of his own territory, and often he had long drives for consultations with brother practitioners.

And now his horses and road outfit were gone—sold. He had no further use for them. Not but what he thought he was just as good a practitioner as he ever was, but the people, while they loved him, took pity on him in his old age and loneliness. They said: "Old Doc has made his fortune. Let him rest in peace in his old age. Let him enjoy the evening of life."

But little the people or his patients knew of his affairs. He had never kept any books—hadn't the time; had never sent out any bills—wouldn't bother; had just taken money when it was given him or when he needed it had asked for it; or oats, hay, potatoes, wood, chickens, eggs, a quarter of beef or a dressed hog.

Then a young doctor with a bent for surgery had established himself five years ago in the neighboring village two miles away. People disliked getting Old Doc out of his bed, nights, and drove by to the younger man.

It soon began to be the same when the days were stormy, or cold, or rainy. There were long drives. It was not right to ask an old man to do all this heavy work, especially as he had had his day. He was rich. And then they loved him. They were saving of him.

So Doc Lampard's practice had all drifted away from him and he only had a few of the poorer families in the village who required his services. They had no money—nothing; never had any. What else could they do? What else could he do? Rest. Sleep, smoke and eat.

Still Old Doc was not happy, even though he enjoyed the respect and love of all. He pined for his own boys and his little daughter again. If he only had them all around him once more, and their little ones, he thought he could be happy and contented and die peacefully.

As he sat and smoked, gazing into the fire, ever and anon taking his snow-white beard in his left hand at the chin and drawing his head back as he caressed its entire length, fond thoughts passed through his mind, fond thoughts of bygone Christmas eves—Christmas eves, when he would bring home in his cutter late at night, a little spruce or pine tree cut from some swamp by the roadside as he returned from a call. And then he would go over year after year, how and with what his wife and he had lovingly decorated and equipped it. By and by his boys had grown to man-