

it is too late!" and she poised the tube deftly between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand.

Forgetting for the time being that he was supposedly a poisoned man, Mr. Chamberlain, breathing something about "professional ethics," threw wide the office door and hastened to the two medical men, imminently combative.

"I tell you, Dr. Robinson," Dr. Greene was repeating for the third time, "he is my patient—I got here first," wildly gesticulating in front of the paying teller's wicket, where he had been standing for several minutes quietly quizzing that altogether innocent individual.

"I was called, too—two will be needed anyway," spluttered Dr. Robinson, his more elderly brother of the scalpel, with an oblique look at the open-eyed teller, who stood speechless at the turn affairs had taken.

"Come with me, gentlemen—come to my private office!" interpolated Mr. Chamberlain, laying a hand on the sleeve of Dr. Greene. "You are both needed." Customers were coming in, and he did not care to have any clashing of consultants.

When the manager returned to his private office with the two medical men they bowed reservedly to Dr. Courtenay, who had taken possession of one of the office chairs. Mr. Chamberlain motioned Dr. Greene and Dr. Robinson to seats on a lounge placed at the back of the office.

"Dr. Courtenay," he began, "you were called here to treat some one who had taken strychnine?"

"Yes."

"And when you asked the teller he sent you in to me?"

"That is correct."

"And I said I had probably taken an overdose?"

"Quite so."

"That was not so. I had called these two gentlemen to examine the teller, who, I am afraid, has gone insane, or is developing signs of insanity—wait a minute," and he held up his hand as Dr. Courtenay was about to reply. He touched the button under the edge of his desk. "Send the paying teller to me directly!" he ordered to the boy who responded to the call. That official appeared in the doorway. The manager fixed him with a steely eye. That gaze meant business.

"You telephoned for Dr. Courtenay to come to the bank?"

"Yes, sir," apologetically.

"Then return to your wicket, and pay Dr. Courtenay her fee." Mr. Chamberlain arose and bowed to Dr. Courtenay, who departed.