

The morning found him unrefreshed, but strong and determined. He had selected his alternative. He would, however, take time to mature his plans.

All unconscious to Dr. Forrest Gilman a beautiful pair of eyes had been upon him for some months. He did not know that the owner of those jet-black eyes framed in long black eyelashes and surmounted by delicately-traced eyebrows of a similar color possessed the unusual charming accompaniment of a wealth of golden hair. It was quite possible he had never seen such a contrasting combination. If he had he would have known that the two colors generally go with a very lovely face, a tall, willowy form and grace superb. He was soon to know.

That day dragged along for Dr. Forrest Gilman as many others had done before—no patients in his consulting-room—no outside calls to make. But he was ever a busy man. In a small laboratory at the rear of the surgery he spent all his spare time perfecting his knowledge in physiological chemistry and conducting and prosecuting his own researches—a science at this time just coming into prominence amongst medical scientists.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a telephone call came. It was from the office of a brother practitioner who was engaged upon an outside case. He had frequently assisted this busy and popular physician, who counted some of the best families in the city in his clientele. Dr. Gilman had not been told that the patient had requested that he be sent when she learned her own doctor was out. The name he recognized as belonging to one of the great railroad magnates of the city.

Although well-schooled, in full possession of himself as regarded emergent calls, he was just a trifle nervous when he stood in the handsome reception-room of the millionaire magnate, Sir Ronald McMahon, and Myrtle, his lovely and only daughter, presented him her hand.

"An accident, doctor—only a trifling accident—embroidering—the needle broke—and I'm afraid the point is in my thumb—but it is so very painful—I'm so upset—I dread blood-poisoning—I couldn't wait," and those brilliant black eyelashes beneath their crown of gold, and of which Dr. Forrest Gilman had never even dreamed, laughingly swept the broad, full forehead, the straight nose, and clear-cut, square-cut face of the young physician, while the eyebrows angled into just a suspicion of distress rather than of pain.

"It's not at all serious—the point is there all right." assured