

The day passed—no attacks.

A second, a third, and the doctor was satisfied.

In two weeks Dr. Cunningham returned Isabel McKinley to her home and that home was once more a happy one.

Two years passed away. Dr. Cunningham sent his bill to Mr. McKinley in due and proper time for his services, and a check was promptly returned together with another for \$10,000 as a thank offering for the great blessing in returning to her home an afflicted child long a source of worry and anxiety to her parents. The cure remained complete; and the clever neurologist, now in the enjoyment of an ever-increasing practice, was often thrown into the society of Isabel McKinley, but, remembering her former experience, was chary of love-making.

The surgeon often joked Jerrold about Isabel and said he should marry her.

"I'll fix it," he said, but not quite in the way probably that he had forethought.

Jerrold fell sick of typhoid fever of a pronounced cerebral type; and the old surgeon was sent for to attend him. He impounded Isabel to nurse him; it was only fair, he said.

After two weeks' of delirium, Dr. Cunningham came to his senses, very weak 'tis true, and found Isabel bending over him.

"You here, Isabel—I mean Miss McKinley?"

"Yes. There has come into my life a man who loves me, and I love him as well as he loves me—but you must rest now—you must not get excited"—and she smiled sweetly down upon him and then placed her soft hand over his mouth and made him keep quiet.

She had divined it all through his delirium.