

into the other room, my boy, and you shall hear all that Whitebridge-on-Sea can tell you."

After a very careful examination, the seaside doctor told the brilliant pupil of the famous Reec that he was sound. Dr Wren was "cocksure of it"; he had no doubts of any sort: the young man, considered as a machine, had temporarily stopped going because it had been foolishly over-driven, but there was absolutely nothing wrong with the works. John Stone might return to the battle-field of life to-morrow: if he desired to do so. He was not a constitutionally strong man—certainly not; but he was as strong as many a staunch fighter. And yet Dr Wren still advised him to stay where he was.

"Look here," said Wren, and he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder as though in imitation of Mr Burgoyne. "What are the chances against you—against the cleverest of us—making this career that we all talk about? A million to one, eh?"

"Long odds, anyhow."

"Quite a million to one. When you and I speak of a successful career, we don't mean Harley Street and a front and back parlour, and two thousand a year in bad years and four thousand a year in good years—we don't mean that, do we? No, by Jove, we mean doing solid work—doing some piece of work that no other man can do, except ourselves."

"That's about it."

"Something good, something real—not bosh and bunkum, however highly paid. Well then, it's a million to one against us. Money, yes! If you want to make money, go back. If you have relations dependent on you——"

"I haven't a relation I care a damn for, or one who cares a damn for me."

"Then stay where you know you can do the useful work. You mayn't have money, you mayn't have fame, but you ought to be able to sleep comfortably in your bed at night if you know you have helped old Burgoyne one inch farther along the road he is making for all mankind. No one may know you have done it, but *you* will know—and that'll be