

yet red. The splendid colour of the crimson roses in the centre of the table was not richer in its bloom than that of Charles's cheeks, nor the sparkle of the light more attractive than that in Ellen's dark eyes. As for the two men — all the possible achievement of self-manhood seemed written on their faces to-day in their figure and colouring, so different from the boyish intent purpose and the power of men of letters and of labour.

Dr. Munnell had just summoned Leach to a consultation. At a close he went

was waiting for him.

"You don't want to go to a consultation, Jack," Burns said, with, however, a betraying light gleam in his eye. He had been four months away from work — he was hungry for it and starting for food.

"No," Leach answered, coolly. "I don't want to go along at all. I want a chance to give the patient the opinion of the eminent specialist just back from Boston."

"You are the specialist."

"Are you? I think you are. Specialist in the nature, which, if the reports of this case are correct, is the particular sort of diagnosis called erysipelas. Come, Red, and — put on your gloves!"

Burns had grinned over this suggestion. He hated gloves and seldom wore them, but out of consider-