

vious day the teller had instanced the case of the doctors, who always went prepared to any emergent call. Would they now? The manager would put them to the proof. How would the teller meet his emergency? As though any person ever knew when an emergency would arise!

"Come in!" he called to a knock which sounded on the office door, as he laid down the first letter, and without turning from the correspondence,

"You sent for me, I believe," quietly announced the visitor, as she stepped within and began taking off her gloves, after having set a neat, brass-mounted, black, professional-looking bag upon the desk,—“accident or design?”

"Eh? I beg your pardon—who did you say you were?" and the manager sprang from his chair to his feet and swiftly sensed the tidy, self-possessed, compact woman of medium height and build, who was quietly removing a long, reddish-looking, rubber tube from the black bag on the desk.

The lady, who was none other than a woman doctor, quite recently established in the town, Dr. Caroline Courtenay, paused. This man did not act like one who had just taken strychnine, although the sudden jump from the chair might be a premonitory symptom acting as usher to others which would shortly follow.

"I did not say who I was," with much dignity, "though I am Dr. Caroline Courtenay. I got a message a few minutes ago to come to the bank at once—a man had taken strychnine. I asked the teller about it, and he sent me in here. Did you take it by accident or on purpose?" and she drew the obnoxious and nauseating instrument through her left hand. "There's no time to lose."

"Er—yes—I think—yes—I may have taken an overdose," stammered the manager, and he jerked his arms and shrugged his shoulders, at the same time catching his breath and stamping his feet. "Oh! I beg your pardon—I was afraid I might step on that thing—put it away!" pointing at one end of the snaky-looking coil on the carpet.

Dr. Caroline Courtenay sharply scrutinized her patient. Was the man crazy? And was he attempting suicide?

Suddenly loud voices, in rapid altercation, burst hotly from the outer office through the half-open door.

The manager stood still and listened, while Dr. Courtenay recognized the voices of two confreres. The incident added zest, professional zest, to commence operations at once. She could manage the manager-patient. There was no need for assistants or consultants. "Hurry, sir! sit down in that chair again before