

*Knights Who Fought the Dragon*

"Ray, come with me. I want to show you something."

He conducted her down to the steerage. There, walking up and down, singing softly, was Doctor Medhurst, holding in his arms a tiny, fretful hunchback, with a wizened, old-man's face on his baby body. They stood in the shadow, and Douglas did not see them. The little creature cried out in pain, and the great, gaunt doctor soothed it with a woman's tenderness.

Ray made a gesture of silence, and, taking Paul's hand, led him on deck again.

"He's a brick, isn't he, Ray?" said Paul.

Ray closed her eyes and lay back in her steamer chair. The stars came out and the moonbeams danced on the waves. She thought of Dr. Medhurst's sympathy for every living thing; of his bravery and tenderness; of how little children loved him and wise men listened to his opinions; of his strong convictions and unswerving loyalty to them, and as she thought questions arose and clamored for an answer. The night grew chilly.

A tall form whose outlines there was no mistaking brought a rug and threw it over her, and then sat down beside her.

"Ray," he said, taking one of her cold hands