

"We are informed that the honour offered to Dr Stephen Garth has been declined, and that for private reasons, which are unstated, he is about to withdraw from his practice in Harley Street and quit England for an indefinite time. As the terms of the bequest permitted, he has appointed as his successor in control of the Garth Hospital, Dr Herbert Shepstone, a talented colleague with whom he has been intimately associated for some years, and who is thoroughly imbued with his methods and ideas.

"It is surmised that a recent bereavement has induced Dr Garth to adopt this resolution, which causes deep and widespread regret."

CHAPTER LXII

"ALL'S WELL"

"It seems to me the island ought to be over there," said Adophus Wetherby, nodding to port.

His young wife drew close to him and leaned her pretty, firm, sunburnt chin on his shoulder, and followed his gaze with earnest eyes.

"Where, Dolph?"

"What is that rising out of the sea?—a hill, surely, or is it only a cloud?"

A two-year-old child—her youngest—toddled across the deck of the big steamer which was taking them to England for a holiday, and clutched her skirts.

"Mum—mum—mum."

Mamie, who used to hate the "little brats," let go her husband's arm to pick up the baby; but she was still intent upon the long, hilly island, indisputably real, which was emerging from cloudland and the sea.

"Yes," said Wetherby in a subdued tone, "that is the spot, undoubtedly." He put his arm round his wife and child. "They told me we should sight it in the early morning."

Most of the passengers were not yet on deck. Mamie and Wetherby had risen at an unusual hour in order to miss that quiet, solitary island drifting by like a dream among the seas.