

"Oh—for some time? You have made your plans? But you never hinted such a thing to—to any of us."

"Oh, well, I don't tell my plans to all the world," said the doctor with a careless laugh.

The girl shrank from him as if he had cut her with his riding whip. But, swiftly recovering herself, she cried with gay reproach:

"Why, Mr. Smith, we are losing all our friends at once. It is cruel of you and Dr. Martin to desert us at the same time. Mr. Smith, you know," she continued, turning to the doctor with an air of exaggerated vivacity, "leaves for the East to-night too."

"Smith—leaving?" The doctor gazed stupidly at that person.

"Yes, you know he has come into a big fortune and is going to be——"

"A fortune?"

"Yes, and he is going East to be married."

"Going *East* to be married?"

"Yes, and I was——"

"Going *East*?" exclaimed the doctor. "I don't understand. I thought you——"

"Oh, yes, his young lady is awaiting him in the East. And he is going to spend his money in such a splendid way."

"Going *East*?" echoed the doctor, as if he could not fix the idea with sufficient firmness in his brain to grasp it fully.

"Yes, I have just told you so," replied the girl.

"Married?" shouted the doctor, suddenly rushing at Smith and gripping him by both arms. "Smith, you sly dog—you lucky dog! Let me wish you joy, old man. By Jove! You deserve your luck, every bit of it. Say, that's fine. Ha! ha! Jeerupiter!