

"You see how simply he lives. Well, I imagine that his income must always have been greater than his expenditure, and in all these years there would be accumulations. He is splendid about money—princely, as I said: yet with no contempt for it; treating it as what it is—latent energy."

And Dr Wren spoke of some occasions on which Richard Burgoyne had converted an idle bank balance into an active force: as, for instance, his endowment of a professorial chair at Oxford, that additional ward in the St Saviour hospital, or the London and Durham Research Studentships.

It was not, however, without hesitation—in spite of his friendly, confidential feeling—that Stone at last acted on the great man's advice and asked Dr Wren to overhaul him.

"Wren, old chap, I wish you'd run your yard measure over me and tell me exactly what you think. . . . Will you? It's awfully decent of you to let me give you all this trouble. I feel as fit as can be now—but I want to *know*."

"Trouble, what nonsense," said Wren. "But wouldn't it be as well to slip up to London and let one of the big wigs do the trick for you? Wouldn't it be wiser to let old Reece have a go at you? My yard measure is very much at your service, but can you trust it?"

"Yes," said Stone. "I trust you—more than Reece and all the big wigs. I don't want to let the world into my confidence—and I'll take your opinion against the lot of them—because I think you are a friend, and because I think you are a thundering good doctor."

Upon receipt of this handsome compliment Wren insisted on shaking hands. If he had detected in his young friend, at the beginning of their acquaintance, a certain loftiness of tone, or a mental attitude that indicated conscious superiority in all matters relating, however remotely, to "shop"—if he had for a little while faintly resented an arrogance as of highly-trained physiologist in converse with muddling general practitioner, all such cause for complaint was now very handsomely wiped out.

"No time like the present," said Wren, cheerily. "Come