

ass, a jealous ass—might as well own it. But, really, I cannot quite stand seeing her throw herself at Smith—Smith! Oh, I know, I know, he is all right. But oh—well—at any rate thank God I saw him at it. It will keep me from openly and uselessly abasing myself to her and making a fool of myself generally. But Smith! Great God! Smith! Well, it will help to cure me.”

Mrs. Cameron stood by in miserable silence.

“Oh, Dr. Martin,” at length she groaned tearfully, “I am so disappointed. I was so hoping, and I was sure it was all right—and—and—oh, what does it mean? Dear Dr. Martin, I cannot tell you how I feel.”

“Oh, hang it, Mrs. Cameron, don’t pity me. I’ll get over it. A little surgical operation in the region of the pericardium is all that is required.”

“What are you talking about?” exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, vaguely listening to him and busy with her own thoughts the while.

“Talking about, madam? Talking about? I am talking about that organ, the central organ of the vascular system of animals, a hollow muscular structure that propels the blood by alternate contractions and dilatations, which in the mammalian embryo first appears as two tubes lying under the head and immediately behind the first visceral arches, but gradually moves back and becomes lodged in the thorax.”

“Oh, do stop! What nonsense are you talking now?” exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, waking up as from a dream. “No, don’t go. You must not go.”

“I am going, and I am going to leave this country,” said the doctor. “I am going East. No, this is no sudden resolve. I have thought of it for some time, and now I will go.”