

"Well, I acted as undertaker to that little funeral the next day; and I arranged for the minister to come and stand a rod or two away and read an abbreviated burial service. Mead looked at him, but kept quiet. When all was over, I said to him, kindlier like:

"Joe, I'm sorry to have to tell you, but I heard that eldest boy croupy this morning. It's getting into his windpipe, and I am afraid there is more trouble in store for you."

"He broke down utterly.

"'Oh, doctor, don't let him die too! Come out and do all you can for him. I've been a fool. My wife's been a fool too; and she knows it now and so do I. She said this morning to me there must be something in doctoring, when you have gone to all the trouble you have and done what you have for us this day.'

"So, as soon as I could I drove out to Mead's again, but this time as the doctor, not as the medical officer of health, nor as the undertaker; but it was of no avail. These two had taken the disease first. I had to repeat the little funeral scene the following day.

"In due course of time and under the able, Christian, scientific nursing of Miss Christie, the rest got well, and no new cases developed. I have never seen a more grateful man or woman.

"It is only recently that I undeceived them with regard to Miss Christie's principles and nursing. I was in a tight place that first night and I did the best I could."

The three other physicians surveyed Dr. Lord silently, as he blew a big whiff of tobacco smoke from a long pull at his cigar, up at the beamed ceiling.

"By George! that nurse was a brick, though, boys," exclaimed the host, the only unmarried man of the party. "I should like to meet a nurse like that. Where is she now, Ferd?"

"Mrs. Lord," was the laconic reply.