

hand to pull out the heavy desk before she dusted, and that refractory patients usually vanished to another ward soon after she made her appearance. She found her path in life delightfully smooth, but did not stop to analyze the cause.

"The Queen" these doctors called her, and she took their homage as her rightful due, as only a true queen can.

"Here, you fellows," said Howells, coming into the doctors' library one day, where most of the men were congregated, "I'll relieve for any one of you any night you choose next month, the 'Queen's' going on night duty again!"

There was a general laugh at his expense, and several offers to take his duty for him, all of which Howells took good-naturedly. Then he tramped over to where Norton, the "Senior House," was sitting.

"Let's have yours, old man," he said; "you wouldn't care if the Queen of Sheba—" But before he could finish Norton broke in angrily on him—

"Look here, Howells, if you want my opinion, you're making a confounded ass of yourself. Some of you others, too," and before the astonished men could recover themselves he was out of the room, banging the door behind him.

There was a moment's blank pause, and then Howells said—

"By Jove, and I thought he rather liked her. Which means he isn't half as down on her as he is on most of 'em."

"It's funny Norton can't be really nice to anyone but children," said another man. A statement which brought wrath down on his devoted head, for Norton was a general favourite in the hospital. Tall, well-favoured, with a look of honesty and strength about him, the patients fairly worshipped him, and his colleagues relied upon his judgment in a way not often seen among young doctors. As for the nurses he took absolutely no notice of them, and, strange to say, they

liked him none the less on that account. But it was in the Children's Ward that Norton's best self came out.

It was there that he went now, after his outburst in the library, straight to where Isabel was standing superintending the distribution of tea trays to the children, and proudly wearing, for the first time, the "Nurse-in-Charge" button.

"Miss Mathewson," he said abruptly, "I want to speak to you," and Isabel's heart sank when she saw the set look on his face.

"I have made some terrible mistake," she thought. "What can it be—What can it be? My first day 'N.C.', too," and she flashed over in her mind all that had taken place during the day, but could find nothing to justify his expression.

"What is it, Dr. Norton?" she asked, gathering her courage in both hands and prepared for almost any accusation.

"I want to tell you," he said, speaking nervously and with a very white face. "I want to tell you that I love you, and ask you to be my wife. Don't think me mad," as Isabel gazed at him speechless, "to tell you of it now: it is because I love you so much that I must speak. I have no way of letting you see that I care for you except by blurting it out like this. I can't pay you any attention here; if I did it would only get you into trouble; but I love you—I'll be going home soon and I had to let you know somehow."

"But Dr. Norton," she managed to gasp out at last, "I hardly know you. I—I've hardly spoken to you a dozen times."

"Twenty-one—I've counted. You see I knew from the first minute that I saw you. I don't expect an answer, but you'll think of it—promise me you'll do that."

"I don't think I can help doing that," said Isabel a little tremulously, "only please go now, Dr. Norton, the other girls are wondering what we are talking about."

He went out, and Isabel went to