

There was nothing to do but wait, and Evelyn again summoned her patience. Before long, a doctor arrived, and Carroll followed him to Vane's room. The invalid's face was very impassive, though Carroll waited in tense suspense while the doctor stripped off the bandages and bark supports from the injured leg. He examined it attentively, and then looked around at Carroll.

"You fixed that limb, when it was broken in the bush?" he asked.

"Yes," Carroll answered, with a desperate attempt to treat the matter humorously. "But I really think we both had a hand in the thing. My partner favored me with his views; I disclaim some of the responsibility."

"Then I guess you've been remarkably fortunate. Perhaps that's the best way of expressing it."

Vane raised his head and fixed his eyes upon the speaker.

"It won't have to be rebroken? I'll be able to walk without a limp?"

"It's most probable."

Vane's eyes glistened and he let his head fall back.

"It's good news; better than I expected. Now if you could fix me up again, I'd like to get dressed. I've felt like a hobo long enough."

The doctor smiled indulgently.

"We can venture to change that state of affairs, but I'll superintend the operation."

It was some time before Vane's toilet was completed, and then Carroll surveyed him with humorous admiration.