

the two ahead had slipped into animated conversation.

'What can it be about?' said Cicely, in Hester's car.

'I heard the word "Charcot,"' said Hester.

The bride listened deliberately.

'And William's talking about an article in the *Lancet* he's been boring Herbert and me with, by that very specialist that Nelly's so keen about,—the man that is going to have her trained to nurse his cases. Something about the new treatment of "shock." I say, Hester, what an odd sort of fresh beginning!'

Cicely turned a look half grave, half laughing on her companion—adding hastily—

'The specialist's married!'

Hester frowned a little.

'Beginning of what?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Cicely, with a shrug, 'But life is long, Mademoiselle Hester, and now they've got a common interest—outside themselves. They can talk about *things*—not feelings. Goodness!—did you hear that? William is head over ears in his new antiseptic—and look at Nelly—she's quite pink! That's what I meant by her being *horribly impersonal*. She used the word "scientific" to me, three times, when I went to see her—*Nelly!*'

'If she's impersonal, I should doubt whether William is,' said Hester drily.

'Ah, no—poor Willy!' was Cicely's musing reply.