

ing space which the change in his employer's mood gave him.

The news traveled like lightning, and, two days later, when the great surgeon prepared for his long-delayed departure, everybody in the neighborhood, everybody in the house, down to the humblest capacity of service, knew that the mistress of Deep Willows was marching down the broad high road to health with no wavering or uncertain steps.

The millionaire accompanied the surgeon to Calford when the day came for departure, and during the long run in the automobile, in spite of his change of feelings, in spite of his great thankfulness that he was leaving Monica behind him basking in the companionship of the man and girl whom she regarded with all the affection of a mother, he was unusually silent.

The two men were lounging back in the open car. One, at least, was reveling in the sweet fresh air of the prairie lands as he sped upon the first stage of his journey back to the crowded streets of the city to which he belonged.

"I think it will be best to give her a complete change," the surgeon said, after a long, thoughtful silence. When I say complete I mean Europe, or travel about generally. Egypt, Palestine. Even China, or Japan. Take her completely out of herself, and every surrounding she's used to. There's nothing like comfortable travel in easy stages for a woman who's gone through what Mrs. Hendrie has."

"I'd thought of it," said the millionaire, settling himself more deeply on the wide seat.

The surgeon smiled.

"Then put it into practice," he returned.

Hendrie nodded. He was gazing out ahead over the long even trail. There was a grave look in his steady eyes.

"Say," he inquired, a moment later, "guess she's pretty strong—now? No danger of a relapse?"

"None whatever—I should say."

The little man's eyes were surveying the other speculatively.

"I'm—glad," said Hendrie, with a heavy sigh. "None, eh?"

"Humanly speaking—none."

Hendrie nodded with his eyes averted.