

reason, whipped on her bonnet and away to the man of the marble slab and cold-blooded viands. She found him putting the finishing touch to the skate, and, having first rated her experimentalist for his delay, went on, "peppery like," as Donald noted, to find fault with his work. Donald, of course laid the delay on the market, and as to the fault in the crimping he urged that if he couldn't get the animals until they had hardly a drop of life in their bodies, how could they be expected to crimp like real live ones? The lady, convinced by Donald's arguments, or fearing further delay, calmed down, and, begging the fish might be sent round immediately, was about to leave the shop, when her eye caught sight of a small moving object on the side counter. "Why, Mr. Donald," she exclaimed, "what is this: it is moving like a watch?" "That, madam," replies Donald, "is the heart of the skate; it's laid aside for a medical gentleman, wha' studies the heart, to see how long it will just throb." The effect on the lady was electrical. "A vivisectionist!" she almost screamed, "and you, Donald, minister to his barbarities?" Donald stood aghast; he expected next moment to hear the request that he might send in his bill. But a new light seemed to fill his visitor's face; she spoke persuasively, yet decidedly, "Donald," she asked, "who is this wretch? We may now establish a case." Donald was on guard; he was between Scilla and Charybdis, for the doctor was as good a customer as the philanthropic lady; but he was equal to the occasion. "Madam," he replied, "I ken neathing o' the gentleman mair than he's student-like, grave and serious. When he ca's to-day for the heart, if I dinna mind his name and address, I'll e'en ask him." "Do, Mr. Donald, pray do," she answered, and seeing a hansom cab passing the door hailed it instant. Donald went to open the folding doors of the vehicle for her and heard the conversation with the cab man. "Drive me quickly to the R.S.P.C.A." "To the Arispiciary," says the driver, spelling it to himself. Then down into the cab, "Is it the new resterong at Ighbury, mum?"

"No, it's the animal place; take me, take me to Mr. Colam!"

Cabby, who thought he now saw his way,—down again into the cab, "At the Zoo, mum, I suppose."

"The Zoo! No, though I believe that's a bad place enough. Jermyn Street."

And away as fast as a wearied horse,—keeping a hasty lady from friends expected at dinner,—could speed under influence of jerk of rein and cut of whip, away she sped.

Meanwhile, Donald, surmising that his shop might by-and-by be under uncomfortable surveillance, picked up the still beating skate's heart, put it into a gallipot, and away himself with it to his patron the doctor. Could he see the doctor for just a second? He could, and was shewn straight into the study. The man of science was busy fitting up a reoscope when Donald entered.

"I brought ye, sir, the skate's heart; it seemed to me to be stopping a wee, so I brought it myself." "Thank you much," answered the doctor, taking his treasure and watching the motion. "It is a strange phenomenon."

"Mair strange than ye yerself ken, doctor," said Donald, with a knowing look.

"All God's works are, Mr. Donald," was the solemn reply of the philosopher. "Thank you again, and good day."

And Donald, thinking he had done enough, withdrew. He had saved his patron from being possibly followed by a detective, which was what he wanted.

Whether the lady carried out her mission of mercy to the R.S.P.C.A. we cannot tell; but certain it is that at her select party, after she had carved up and feasted her visitors upon the animal that had been beflayed and vivisected for her, and had laid a little fault respecting the deficient crispness of the animal on the fishmonger, she explained generally, with tears in her eyes, that she was on the actual track of a wretch who for the pursuit of science cut out the heart itself of living animals, and pursued his researches for hours afterwards on the quivering flesh.