

and wonder at the tact and skill which Dr. Jaxon was displaying—the alteration of treatment included also the engagement of an additional nurse—as though she could not do all that there was to be done, indeed!

"I shall send down a woman from London then, Dr. Baker," the specialist said as they both rose. "I have one very skilful in mental cases now disengaged. And we will meet here again this day week, shall we?"

"I am sure I am quite indebted for your assistance," the old gentleman assured him. After which they bowed each other downstairs with a great display of politeness. As to Wynne, she was standing rather disconsolately by Mrs. Brookes' chair, with hanging head and aggrieved heart, when, five minutes later, Harry returned in search of her.

"Come with me," he commanded, in the authoritative way to which in past days she had more than once yielded a ready obedience. But she felt very far indeed from obeying just now.

"I can't leave my patient—at least not until you have put that much more clever and capable person in charge. Whilst I am here I am responsible; though of course when she comes I shall go!"

Her eyes flashed and sparkled as she faced him angrily. But he only smiled at the little show of temper.

"I have told Elizabeth to come up for a few minutes. Stella gave me permission to secure her services, and here she is. Come, Wynne," was his only response.

And before she quite knew how it had happened she found herself in the drawing-room sitting upon a couch, with Dr. Jaxon by her side. Certainly no one had ever before been able to manage her like Harry did. And as the notion crossed her mind her dying anger revived. She jumped up and stamped her foot.

"I won't come! I won't!"

"But you are here!" with a look of calm surprise at her temper. And the assertion was so clearly true, that all in a moment Wynne's fury died away, and she broke into a peal of laughter. It was a little weak and shaky, perhaps; but it did her good for all that.

"Well, and now possibly you'll listen to me for a moment," said Dr. Jaxon, as soon as she was grave again. "At present I am aware that you think me

the most objectionable of persons. But don't you care more for Mrs. Brookes' recovery, and the benefit it would be to your brother, than you do for your own pride?"

She had not looked at it in that light. Her head sank a little. Certainly, she meditated, Dr. Jaxon never shrank from plain speaking.

"I didn't mean to be selfish," she half whispered.

"Yet it stands to reason that a woman who has given twenty years of her life to the tending of such cases as Mrs. Brookes', and who is besides fitted physically, in an exceptional manner, for the management of the mentally afflicted, will be better qualified to deal with the patient than a child like you. Now, doesn't it?"

At which climax of insult Wynne, seldom given as she was to crying, burst into tears for the second time that day. To be called a child indeed—she, Nurse Wynne, who had already been for months a professional character! She had never felt so snubbed in all her life.

"Oh, Dr. Jaxon! How little you think of me!" she exclaimed. "And when I've tried so hard, for Guy's sake, to do my best!"

And then, quite unexpectedly, he took her hand and stooped his head over hers.

"I think so little of you, my dearest, that if you will promise to accept me as your sole charge, and be my wife, it will be the happiest moment of my life!"

The proposal was so sudden and startling that it caused the astonished Wynne to take a cruel, though entirely unintentional revenge. She also could make her meaning quite distinct, upon occasions.

"Marry you! Why, Dr. Jaxon, you are shorter than I am. That would never do, would it?"

Now no man in the wide world could really enjoy such a speech as that. And if Harry Jaxon had not had a most excellent temper matters would certainly have ended there and then. Happily for them both, however, hasty resentment was not one of his failings.

But the result of their interview—it lasted considerably more than ten minutes, by the way, and proved a great trial to Elizabeth's patience—remained a secret between the two most concerned for some time.