

stature that, standing side by side, he could scarcely have reached the woman's shoulder. But, notwithstanding his diminutive size, his limbs were disproportionately large for his body, giving him the appearance of being all legs and arms. His little, round bullet-head was set on a prodigiously thick, bull-like neck; and his hair, short, and bristling up over his head, gave him very much the look of the sun, as pictured in the almanacs.

This prepossessing gentleman was arrayed in an immaculate suit of black, with a spotless white dickey, bristling with starch and dignity, and a most excruciating cravat. Half a dozen rings garnished his claw-like hands, and a prodigious quantity of watch-chain dangled from his vest. The worthy twain were engaged in deep and earnest conversation.

"Well, doctor," said the lady, in a cold, measured tone, that was evidently habitual, "no doubt you are wondering why I sent for you in such haste to-night."

"I never wonder, madam," said the doctor, in a pompous tone—which, considering his size, was quite imposing. "No doubt you have some excellent reason for sending for me, which, if necessary for me to know, you will explain."

"You are right, doctor," said the lady, with a grim sort of smile. "I *have* an excellent reason for sending for you. You are fond of money, I know."

"Why, madam, although it is the root of all evil——"

"Tush, man! There is no need for Satan to quote Scripture just now," she interrupted with a sneer. "Say, doctor, what would you do to earn five hundred dollars to-night?"

"Five hundred dollars?" said the doctor, his small eyes sparkling, while a gleam of satisfaction lighted up his withered face.