

"Indeed I do not, and if you will walk back with me to the drive gates, I should like to speak to you about her."

"All right," replied Miss Chichester, wheeling round. "If Alice would only come out and walk down the drive with you, herself, she wouldn't need either your advice or any of your dirty messes."

"I agree with you there, but that would argue she had as fine a constitution as yourself; and unfortunately she has not. She is very feeble and enervated; in fact there is no doubt she is ill."

"What's the matter with her?" demanded his companion curtly.

"That I am not quite prepared to say."

"You doctors never *are* prepared to say anything. You always have to go home and grub in your books before you can form an opinion. And then you're generally wrong."

"I am aware that you have not a very high opinion of the medical profession, Miss Chichester; still, I have pretty well made up my mind regarding her ladyship's symptoms, but I decline to disclose my surmise at present. What I wish to consult you about, is the treatment necessary to her case. She must not be allowed to mope."

"Mope! Who makes her mope?"

"I call it '*moping*' to sit alone for the greater part of the day, like Lady Chichester, unemployed and brooding (as she evidently does) on melancholy subjects. I want more life and sunshine for her."

"But, bless you, man," cried Miss Chichester, stopping short on the gravel drive, and arresting his