

"The Doctor would like to see you in his study at once, sir!" he said solemnly.

"All right, Joseph!" nodded Farquhar. Then catching sight of the old servant's expression he added hurriedly: "Anything up?"

"No, sir—that is, yes, sir," answered Joseph, beginning in his public, and ending in his private, capacity and departing, seemingly, in the lowest possible spirits.

Gathering from the above that the interview was not to take a pleasant form, the captain, as he wended his way to the study, went rapidly over current events in his own mind. But with no particular uneasiness—he was far too secure in the Doctor's good graces for anything of that kind. There certainly was that little matter of the juniors talking in chapel the day before yesterday, he reflected. There had been visitors, and the Doctor had frowned upon the delinquents and even come to a perceptible pause in his discourse, without producing any effect on them. Well, the Captain, by the aid of a well-seasoned cane, had known how to remedy that—the Doctor couldn't have anything to grumble about on that score, surely. He had been late for call-over himself several times lately, but a captain has certain necessary privileges, as the Doctor would be the first to admit. With regard to the mild