

myself before I commenced to make a decent living; but never mind, it will come to you, my boy. We are hardly yet ripe for a specialist on diseases of the nerves here—the people are not yet educated to it, they still stick to the old family physician—but it is coming, and that, I think, shortly.”

A few seconds' pause, the smoke curling above their heads.

“Now, I have a young lady patient,” went on the surgeon, “a beautiful girl, twenty-two years of age, an only daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the city, who for the last three years has been simply ostracised from society, and, indeed, from her closest and dearest friends, through a common, yet what I consider a terrible, malady, although most physicians generally think and write lightly of the affliction. I will succinctly give you her history; and then, as you have but just returned from France, Germany and England, conversant with the latest ideas as regards the treatment of functional neuroses, you will no doubt be able to help me.”

“Very well, proceed,” and Dr. Cunningham settled farther down into the comfortable chair.

“Her father and I were chums at the university together and have been bosom friends all our lives. My eldest son and Isabel—I may as well tell you that her name is Isabel McKinley, the only daughter of the prominent wholesale merchant of that name—were engaged to be married, but on the eve of the marriage my son disgraced us by running away with a nurse who was attending on my wife with a very severe attack of typhoid fever. The shock was too much for Isabel's nerves, as, indeed, how else could it be? And she has been the subject of hysterical fits ever since, often several in a day, although this is not continuous from day to day. I have tried all the known remedies with her with no avail, and on my advice other physicians have been called in with like result. I am afraid now that McKinley has about lost all faith in me—and little wonder—and I am just about as distracted over the case as he is. Is there anything new for hysteria?”

“Yes, I think it probable that she can be cured entirely.”

“Doubtless you read in this morning's *Express*,” continued the surgeon, unheeding the younger man's remark, “an advertisement which McKinley had inserted contrary to my wishes and advice, in which a large reward was offered to any physician who could promise a permanent cure.”

“Yes, I did,” replied the young neurologist.

“Did you answer it?” queried the surgeon, watching his confrere out of the corner of one eye.