

window-shaft. Thus all the energy of the victim would be directed towards hasty cell-construction in order to reach the light: the plant would, as it were, stand on tiptoe and almost break its back in its endeavours to attain this warped elongation. Then, with cotton threads, miniature pulleys, and weights running in slots, a cap was to be neatly fitted upon the growing-point, and the wretched plant would be compelled to measure for all observers the desperate strength expended in this abnormal effort. Really it was a pretty, if a cruel, toy.

Stone seemed to shut his dark eyes and blink from admiration as Mr Burgoyne unfolded his little plots. He could not in a hundred years have invented such ruses, but he carried them through grandly.

There was no doubt of Stone's sincere admiration. He spoke of it to no one at the Lodge, but he spoke of it to Dr Wren, and found this gentleman to be quite of his mind. Dr Wren, when invited to the Lodge, was, in fact, as proud as if he had been going to dine with a king. He welcomed young Mr Stone at his snug little house at the top of Harbour Street, and, during long, shoppy talks of an evening over their pipes in the library-surgery, showed himself an unexpectedly strong man for a seaside doctor, even if he was ignorant of the latest achievements of the German hospitals.

"I call it a privilege," said Wren, puffing hard at his big wooden pipe, "to sit in the same room with him—just to see him, and hear him speak—on any subject. But to work with him—day after day! Stone, honestly, I think you are one of the luckiest men in England."

"That's what I thought," said Stone, "at first."

"At first?"

"Yes. I'll tell you what I mean. You know he has been extraordinarily kind to me. He has given me praise altogether disproportionate to the extent of my feeble services."

"Yes," said Wren gravely: as though this might well be, "that is his way always. But he means all he says—it is a part of his greatness to—to make the best of all lesser things."

"Well," said Stone, "it has almost overwhelmed me; but it