

"Dear old Tom," she said, "I am glad to see him so happy—but he has been the one doctor too long. He's too casual with his patients. I am afraid he'll get a jolt some day. And they love him so—no one could help loving him with that Irish tongue of his."

The 'phone rang. Mrs. Smith took the call.

"Yes, he is here. I will get him. Is that you, Mrs. Alverton? How is Mr. Alverton? That's good. I'll get the doctor."

She went out and called her husband.

"It's Mrs. Alverton, Tom. She wants to speak to you. Jim is better. Come on, she's waiting. Hurry!"

The doctor was fitting a window.

"Oh, tell her to jump in the lake. I'm busy."

Mrs. Smith went back to the 'phone. The doctor worked on. Then, suddenly remembering his wife's ultimatum, he came in just in time to see her hang up the receiver.

"Maggie, what did you say to her? You didn't?—"

"No, I didn't get a chance. She beat me to it. She told me to tell you to go on with your fishing and drown for all she cares."

"She never did! She never said that!" said the doctor's startled voice.

"She did. Jim had appendicitis, and they had to get Dr. Sales from the City, who operated at three o'clock this morning. She says you've been their doctor all these years, and there's no one in the world they would rather have, but what's the good if you won't come when you're sent for. She did all the talking. She said Jim might have died for all you cared."

Dr. Thomas Smith hastily reached for the 'phone.