

"A nurse? Oh, my Lord!" gasped Mr. Bingle, dropping into a chair as his knees gave way beneath him. "Is — is it as bad as that?"

"Cheer up!" cried the doctor, laying a hand upon his shoulder, and suddenly giving him a violent shake. "Nothing to be alarmed over, I give you my word. She's as fine as a fiddle, I tell you. And now, give me a full glass of that amazing egg-nogg you make, Bingle. I'm frozen to the bone."

"Egg-nogg?" murmured Mr. Bingle, helplessly. "Why, God bless my soul, I — I never thought of it. Melissa, have we any whiskey in the house? No, of course not — and we have no cream, I fear, so —"

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted Diggs, "we 'ave all of the hingredient. Watson 'appened to think of the cold trip 'ome, sir."

"Sit down, then," cried Mr. Bingle. "I'll mix the grog for you, Doctor, in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

He flew into the kitchen. Instantly Mr. Force had Dr. Fiddler by the arm. The others crowded close about the pair.

"How is it, Doctor? All right?"

"Wonderful!" whispered Dr. Fiddler. "She *would* have her own way about it, and, by gad, I think she was inspired, now that it's turned out so beautifully. Half-past six this morning. She's a strong, perfect woman. I've got my car waiting downstairs and as soon as I've broken the news to him by degrees — don't want him to knock under completely,