

was not long before there was another ring at the door and the maid presented—the most beautiful young woman he had ever beheld.

Bowing slightly, he immediately closed the surgery door, opening into the hall, and with a wave of his hand indicated that his fair patient should be seated.

She glided rather than sank into a chair at the end of his desk with her back to the dining-room door, her face paling, her hands instantly covering it, sobbing, her whole frame quivering, loosening the sluices of a long pent up, nervous flood.

Dr. Wentworth went to his chair in front of the desk, intensive, self-confident, self-reliant. He recognized the symptoms. The diagnosis was easy. He was exceedingly glad he had asked his wife to remain in the next room, where she could readily hear all, but see nothing.

Little by little, the nervous agitation subsided, the sobs ceasing, the tears drying, the eyes clearing, the color returning; and then Dr. Wentworth could see how wonderfully nature had endowed this woman with great beauty, exquisite grace and charm, elegance, loveliness.

He saw she was luxuriantly appareled—long Persian lamb coat, Alaska sable stole and muff; large, handsome hat with one great, drooping, white ostrich plume; black velvet, close-fitting skirt and the daintiest patent leather boots just peeping out beneath. Her very portmanteau was expensive—all suggestive of wealth and refinement.

The practised eye of the physiognomist took in the angular arch of the delicately traced eyebrow, the anxious, worried expression, that look when once seen which denotes the inward harrying of conscience and of heart.

"You wish to consult me?" asked Dr. Wentworth, sympathetically questioning.

"Yes." And she, with downcast eyes, a hesitating and subdued enunciation, told her tale.

He heard her to the end and quietly replied: "I'm very, very sorry, but I can do nothing. Your case is beyond me."

"How? I do not understand." She leaned forward on the desk, and, clasping her two shapely hands, from which the gloves had been removed, displaying long, taper, bejeweled fingers, summoned all the power of her enrapturing hazel eyes, from which the high light dazzled like brilliants, pleading, imploring, that he would have compassion and yield and comply with her entreaties.

But, though her beauty dazzled him, mystified him, he only replied: "I cannot."