

CHAPTER II.

HOME FROM HUNTING.

"HULLO, Doctor Jolliffe!" exclaimed the lady in her discourteous manner. "What on earth are you here for?" (For amongst Miss Chichester's pet aversions she classed the entire medical fraternity, whom she commonly designated as a set of cheats and fools.)

"That's not a very polite way in which to welcome a visitor to Glebe Royal, Miss Chichester," replied the doctor good-humoredly. "Suppose I came especially to make a call upon yourself!"

"O! you know me better than that! You know I would rather die a natural death at any time than be forced out of the world by your filthy pills and potions. You can keep them to kill yourself with. You'll never get *me* to swallow them."

Her rudeness, unaccompanied by the slightest pleasantry, had no effect upon the doctor, who only laughed at it in his usual hearty manner.

"I am quite aware of it, Miss Chichester, and I never intend to ask you; moreover, I am Christian enough to be able to add, that I hope you'll never feel the want of them. No! I didn't come to see you. My visit was to Lady Chichester! I thought she looked ill in church yesterday, and that I might venture to offer her a little advice."

"Alice ill! Fudge! She's lazy! That's what you mean."