

a fighter. You've had a fight here, Doctor, I can see it in your face—where can we talk?'

Liston showed him the office, and went in search of a second chair. He planted it vis-a-vis with the other but neither of the men sat down. The doctor remained leaning with both hands on the back.

'The fight here,' he returned soberly, 'is finished.'

When Alma Norway, having escorted Liscard and the two other gentlemen round all the wards of the little Hospital, brought them down again to interrupt this interview, Walter Hickman had arrived at an estimate not merely of the facts, but of the man 'back of' the work for which they had nothing but eulogy. This, it had been, he was anxious to get at. The rest could be taken for granted after one look at the Nurse. He had the faculty of attending to one thing, when absorbed apparently in another, and was writing at the desk, as the discussion, reinforced by the entry of the others, took on a new lease. He nodded to show appreciation of something Liston had been saying, and asked how it would be possible, elsewhere, to estimate what he had considered the 'need' for a Hospital in this place.

'What,' put in Liscard, 'might be the population for instance, of Finlay?'

The Doctor told him about eighty or a hundred all told but that such a fact was