

constructive spirit of John Blake to draw her to Blantyre and build him into the man she felt he might be, if he only would. But this all seemed so remote, so unheard of, that she flouted it.

"So now you are only burdened with a patient for ten days at the most," smiled Stella. "Which gets the credit; yourself or the voyage?"

"It doesn't matter much. A doctor is a person to be gracefully ignored, except in time of trouble," he put in with a shade of bitterness. "The procession stops long enough sometimes to say 'Thank you,' but not often. It makes me wonder whether I am really a doctor, or just a man with a thermometer and some pills."

"But think of the doctor's table."

"I do," he said firmly. "Often."

She caught his eye. "How thankful you will be next week," she said daringly, "when you remember that your companions change as often as your patients."

The corners of his lips dropped. He looked suddenly boyish and serious. Miss Innes, watching him, had a sudden glimpse of another Blantyre, one that she hadn't reckoned with.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I have been considering the price I shall have to pay on my next voyage for the rare fortune of this one."

And it was the cabin tea after all that really made Miss Innes suspicious. She scouted the idea, but it made her uncomfortable for days. There had been an intimate atmosphere about it, a touch of domesticity, that, austere as it was, had reached even her own elderly susceptibility. She went back