

seems to me, Walter, that our friend McKenzie here is just the man to do that for us."

"By Jove," cried Walter, leaping to his feet, "it seems so to me, too. Capital! capital! You couldn't duplicate him, if you were to hunt all over Europe."

"Of course," concluded the elder Lythgoe, "when he finishes that job we could find a place for him in the college. That is to say, his connection with the institution would be permanent. May we hope that you will give us the — ah — benefit of your talents, Doctor?"

McKenzie nodded solemnly, by way of assent, but for some reason or other did not trust himself to speak.

"And how soon do you think you could begin?"

The Scot, leaning forward with shining eyes while a vivid blush flooded the roots of his beard, whispered:

"Just as soon as I can make a trip to Santorine. 'Twill not take me over a week." And Walter, seizing one of the great shaggy hands in both of his own, pressed it affectionately.