

relief, and the specialist waited a moment or two before he went on. "It is evident that you had several lacerations on your lower arm—made by corroded iron, or something of the kind."

"I tore the skin rather frequently working cargo, and when the scars had partly healed opened up rather a nasty wound by falling on the steamer's rail."

"Exactly. The result is not astonishing in the case of a man weakened by fever who has attempted to work harder than is advisable in a country like the one you mention. In the meanwhile, this arm is going to give you trouble, and I should recommend you to go into the private ward of the —— hospital. I will telephone them if that would suit you?"

Austin said he placed himself in the doctor's hands, and half an hour later was being driven to the hospital, where the other man, who was apparently anxious to know more about the negro, asked permission to visit him. He also came in due time, but, so far as Austin could ascertain, never quite decided what the negro was suffering from, though he admitted that there were African troubles of the kind which were infectious.

In the meanwhile, Austin realised how much he needed rest, and how heavy the strain he had borne had been. He did not even want to read, and was languidly content to sit still and think of nothing, until one day, when it was evident that his arm was healing, a nurse came in to announce a visitor.

"If it's that doctor man, you can tell him I can't remember anything more about the nigger, and don't mean to try," he said.

The nurse laughed. "It isn't," she said. "It's a little gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles."