

"How dare you send a collector after me—and for \$2, too. I can get any doctor in the city to go out at night for a dollar any time—glad to do it. All you doctors think about, anyway, is your money. Give me a receipt and I'll give it you, and I won't have you any more, not even if the cat was sick."

"Pay me the money, and I'll give you your receipt," calmly replied the doctor, though inwardly boiling to kick the dastard out. "No one ever gives a receipt until he gets the money."

The transaction was completed.

"Haven't you had a job all this time?" queried Dr. Wentworth.

"What's that to you?" with a snap.

"Nothing. Only I thought if you could just save two dollars in eighteen months I would give it back to you," and standing up before that begrimed, fat toad, Beverley Wentworth looked him squarely in the eye. "Now," he continued, "if you don't want me to kick you out you had better get out," and the delinquent debtor, looking at his tall, muscular frame, slunk away.

Again the door opened from the dining-room and his wife, Margery, poked in her head.

"Who was that?" There was a merry twinkle in her eye. She had overheard the conversation.

"That was a—patient. Here's the two-spot."

Ring, ring, ring, ring!

"Run! Pray for more this time!"

But the sailing was not so smooth as when the landlord called.

"Good morning!" The doctor thought this might be another patient, so he was standing ready to greet him.

"Look here, Dr. Wentworth! I must have this bill settled. It's been running too long altogether—and you haven't been buying any meat from me now for over three months. Here it is—\$28.75! Pay up, or I'll have the law on you! My name is Hurry, the butcher!"

Dr. Wentworth reached and took the bill from the excited purveyor and ran his eye over the items: wing roast, sirloin steak, pork chops, lamb chops, round, porterhouse, sausages, brisket, shoulder steak, kidneys, liver, bacon, eggs, sweetbreads, with repetitions. He was adding the items—thinking, deeply thinking.

"All I can let you have to-day, Mr. Hurry, is the seventy-five."

"What?" The hands clenched, the fat face got redder, the small eyes gleamed, the hair bristled. "What? Do you mean to insult me?"

A weary expression gathered and settled on the Aesculapian's countenance.