

"That's not the point. There are men in the world to whom you might show the monument in Trafalgar-square at noonday and they wouldn't see it."

"Indeed—yes," said the captain, with extraordinary eagerness, heartily assenting to this proposition, though he did not in the least see its bearing upon Dr. Slader.

But the truth was, Mr. Tillotson was infinitely better, and from that day began to recover; yet very slowly.

At the door Sir Duncan stopped, as if he had suddenly recollected something.

"By the way," he said, "the little girl who came to me last night—very cleverly done, too, it was—I wanted to ask you about her. Delicate, eh?"

"Well, do you know," said uncle Diamond, confidentially, "I think so, now and then. She says she's not."

"Of course," said Sir Duncan; "we all know that. Tender about here?" he added, laying his hand on his waistcoat.

"Exactly," said Captain Diamond, with eager eyes; "you're like a prophet, doctor. And I was thinking, do you know, if you'd just drop down and pay her a visit, with that trumpet thing they use."

"Stethoscope, my friend. Call things by their right names."

"Exactly—of course, Sir Duncan, and bring—it," said uncle Diamond, not caring to trust himself with that word; "and, doctor—*professionally*, I mean," he added, his fingers seeking the chain purse.

"Oh, I know. Very well," said Sir Duncan, "I will. Give me your address. I say, captain, lucky Lady Dennison is in the country—eh? I wouldn't have her know of my trip in the cab last night for a fifty pound-note—eh? Ha! ha!"

"Ah, Sir Duncan!" said the captain, enjoying it; "a sad fellow, I'm afraid. You could tell us some stories—eh?"

He came to the captain's house in a day or two. Mr. Tillotson was mending fast. He sat and talked.

"Send up for her," he said, gaily; "I want to see my cab-fellow."

"Uncommonly good of him," said Captain Diamond afterwards. "Cab-fellow, you know—a tip-top alive fellow, that has read books." But of late, since Mr. Tillotson's recovery had been assured, she had grown shy and retiring; perhaps a little ashamed of her forwardness; perhaps, too, under the open scorn of Martha Malcolm. At the door a cough revealed her.

"Come up here, ma'am," said the doctor, going towards her; "I have you now—"

"What do you want, sir?" she said, colouring, and struggling to escape.

"What, d'ye forget the cab—eh? There's gratitude! What's the meaning of that cough? When did you get it? Here, does that hurt you, or that—eh?"

He was going through the usual strokes of his profession, and had the "trumpet thing" in his hand.

"Don't be foolish," said he. The captain had discreetly retired.

He met Sir Duncan in the hall, the chain purse in his hand.

"Thanks," said the physician, taking his hand as if he was giving the Masonic grasp. "Look here, captain. We must look after our little friend up-stairs. Flannel jacket to begin, and, when the winter comes, pack her off to Mentone, or some of those places. Mind, not an hour's delay after the winter begins. Fact is, rather sensitive *here*. Hereditary consumption, you know."

"God bless me!" said the captain, with a face of grief.

"Not in *her*, old soldier," said the doctor; "in her father, and so-and-so. Must come down to her in time, unless very careful."

In course of time Mr. Tillotson became "convalescent," and was seen, very pale and a little weak, at the bank. Mr. Bowater was delighted to see him.

"An excellent colleague," he always said; "always go in the shafts till he dropped. In fact, we'd given him the Great Bhootan Report to work through, and he went to it with too much *love*, you know. Very glad to see you, Tillotson. I assure you no one has been allowed to touch the papers since. I gave special orders. Fetch down the Bhootan papers for Mr. Tillotson. Mackenzie has been here every day since. There's a fire in the room, too."

Mr. Mackenzie was in attendance. With a sort of sigh, and yet with a certain alacrity, Mr. Tillotson went to the work at once.

In truth, while he lay on his bed, getting better, he had reflected a good deal. He was naturally a religious man, and had been reading what are called "good books"—at least one, which is really the best of all good books—the "De Imitatione"—not the maimed, garbled version which has on many occasions been "prepared" for English readers, just as wines are "prepared" for English drinkers, but the old, ripe, unadulterated Latin. As he read, perhaps the human passion—so absorbing as to wreck a whole life and nearly bring him into the Temple of Death—seemed to take less proportions. Perhaps there was a little shame, too, at the slight on the Mystery of his old great sorrow. But as he read, and as he grew better, it seemed as if what he had passed through was not at all so near, and was a thing he could look back to far more calmly. And therefore he entered into business with Mr. Mackenzie with some zest.

"As we finished with him," said that gentleman, "so we begin with Mr. Ross. His friend was here only a week ago, and I must say they have behaved in a very gentlemanly way."

"Gentlemanly! After those inhuman barbarities—"

"Rumours. Well, after all, still, we must not believe *everything* we hear, especially in those places. The lower Indians are notorious