

and white uniform did indeed become her wonderfully well, and I was not surprised to notice hearty admiration in the sleepy blue eyes of the young house surgeon. Where had I seen that "Burne Jones' head" before?

"You don't seem to remember me, Mr. Gemmell," said the owner of it, holding out his hand. "My name's Flaker. I was at Inter-laken summer before last."

"You're a full-fledged M. D. now?"

"Oh, yes, but I'm taking a year's practice in here, before I set up for myself."

Shades of the hotel matrons! They would probably say, if they heard this, that Mary had been sent here on purpose to catch him.

Poor Mary! She had her own row to hoe. She came to me in tears one evening because Nurse Dean had been after her that whole day about one thing or another.