

"Now, gentlemen," turning to the two medical men, "have you the papers with you to certify to that man's insanity?" he asked triumphantly. "No?" I thought medical men always went prepared for every call. I certainly told you a man had gone insane in the bank."

"We can get the papers and have them filled in this afternoon," volunteered Dr. Greene, who was a young practitioner.

"Yes," returned the manager, "and in the meantime he may pay out more money on some cheques than he should; or, perhaps, shoot himself, or some one in the bank. He has a revolver on his desk all the time."

"Not so fast, Mr. Chamberlain; I, at least, am not yet convinced that your teller is insane," interjected Dr. Robinson. "I should like to observe him a little longer. I hadn't much time to study the case. Dr. Greene thought I was interfering."

"Well, do you both go out and study the case to your heart's content," and he resumed his correspondence as the two medical men withdrew, pulling to the door after them. The manager was glad to get a spell to think how he would get out of his emergency dilemma.

At the end of a half hour Mr. Chamberlain looked cautiously out into the general offices. Both medical men had vanished. He summoned the teller.

"How much did Dr. Caroline Courtenay cost you for your fool-proof emergency?" he inquired, laughingly.

"Five dollars." There was a twinkle in the teller's eye.

"How did you get rid of the other two?"

"I told them I would give them ten each of the bank's money if they would get out and leave me alone."

"You're crazy all right. I'll have to foot that bill; but no more emergency calls for me, please."