

"Now twist, quick! There, that will do. Give me a knife, someone."

On getting the knife he speedily slit the leg of the trouser open. There was the wound—round and bluish at the edge, but no great flow of blood, and he heaved a sigh of content.

"Now then, some of you men fetch that gate." Then turning to old Mr. McLeod who, white as death, had watched all his proceedings, he said: "Got a note-book and pencil, Mr. McLeod? Ah, that will do." After scribbling a few words on the scrap of paper, he added: "Send a boy with this sharp to the chemist over the way, and tell him to hurry back with what I ordered. Now then," turning to the men, "that's right, spread your coats on the gate and help me to lift him."

Wully was carefully raised and placed upon the extemporised stretcher.

"Now mind what you are about! Four of you carry him and, whatever you do, don't shake him! I tell you if the tourniquet slips nothing can save him—so be careful!"

As the patient is raised and borne gently away, the doctor strides by his side with his eye fixed on the wound.

Can this be the individual whose voice was a husky whisper, and whose gait was something between a shuffle and a stumble—this man striding briskly by his patient, his eye bright, his head erect, and his voice firm and ringing, issuing orders as one born to command? Yes, this is Slippery Sam, the drunken loafer! The opportunity had drawn forth his medical instincts, and for the time he was a changed creature. His evident knowledge and bold bearing carried conviction, and caused his orders to be unhesitatingly obeyed.

As the slow procession moved out of the field he heard a low and tearful voice exclaim: "Is he in danger, Doctor?" "Danger? Why, when a man severs his femoral artery of course he is in danger! But cheer up, little girl, we'll pull him through. Never fear!" Then, noticing a movement in his patient as the girl snatched at his blood-stained hand, he cried: "Steady now, Wully

McLeod! Don't move hand or foot for your life!"

At length the party arrived at the house, and a bed having been drawn near the window of a ground floor room, Wully was carefully laid upon it.

"Now," cried the Doctor, "I want a sharp pen-knife, a pair of tweezers, and some silk thread."

These articles having been procured by Nelly Douglas, and the parcel from the chemist containing bandages, lint and antiseptics arriving at the same time, he put the rest out of the room and turned to Nelly.

"Look here, my dear, I must have someone to assist me. You would do best as there is no mother, but can you promise not to faint, or do anything of that sort? Remember, I have a ticklish operation to perform, and one which must not be interrupted in that way, or I cannot answer for his life!"

The Doctor spoke firmly, and Nelly promised to be brave and useful. Was not her Wully's life at stake?

After making all his preparations, and warning Wully to brace himself up to bear the operation, the Doctor boldly cut down to the severed artery, picked up the end, twisted it with the tweezers and tied it with the silk. He then dressed the wound with carbolic oil and iodiform, and finally removed the tourniquet and bound up the wound artistically. For a while he watched the effect of the binding, then, after once more warning Wully that for some time to come he must be very quiet, he left the lovers to themselves.

As he came out of the room he saw Mr. McLeod, who had naturally passed the time in fearful anxiety. "It's all right, Mr. McLeod, so far. I have taken up the artery and tied it, but he must be careful not to move, or the ligature may give way. I don't think it will, but it *may*, and then nothing can save him. He would be dead in a few minutes. It is lucky I was near when it occurred, for otherwise he would have been dead now." Then, noticing that the poor farmer had grown white at the very thought, he added: "Never mind, old man, it is all right. Can