

Ogden's face hardened a trifle. Just for the instant it struck him as a shame that these rich pleasure-seekers could not leave his poor little party of patients to enjoy their day in peace. 'Still, it was impossible to refuse the request, especially as the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club was only ten miles to the westward and directly in his course.

'Very well,' he replied, a bit stiffly. 'Shall I send a boat?'
'No, we'll take one of ours.' He wheeled about. 'Call away the cutter!'

'A-w-a-y, cutter!' sang the mate, and the smart sailors sprang to the boatfalls. A few moments later the deep-laden cutter shot alongside the Lotus, and a gaily chattering party filed up the little accommodation ladder.

The newcomers proceeded to distribute themselves about the decks of the little yacht, some glancing curiously at the rather odd-looking group of people under the after awning. For Ogden himself there existed absolutely no doubt as to the ethics of the situation. The patients were his invited guests, and as such were the peers of any who chose of their own accord to make use of his vessel. While the numbers made a general introduction uncalled-for, he would not hesitate to present any individual of either set who happened to become adjacent.

He saw at once that the party which had just boarded his yacht was the one arranged by Gladys Harte, and for the entertainment of which she had asked him for the Lotus. He could easily guess that the girl herself had vehemently opposed the transshipping, but had doubtless been overruled by the others.

She flushed angrily as her eyes fell upon Ogden, who was standing by the head of the ladder to receive his self-invited guests.

'I am sorry that we were obliged to inconvenience you,' she said coldly, at the same time unable to avoid a curious glance toward the people aft.

'I am sorry that you should feel so about it,' he replied evenly, stepping aside to let her pass.

'Great luck, Ogden—catching you just as we did!' exclaimed a hearty voice, and he turned to face the Commodore. 'Might have drifted around here all night.' He glanced aft. 'Who are your friends? Anybody I know?'

'I fancy not, uncle,' replied Ogden, dryly. 'They are patients of mine whom I have asked for a day's sail.'

By George, that's clever of you, eh, commodore?' commented a rather adipose man standing by the rail. 'Nothing like a steam yacht to drum up practice! I wonder that more struggling young practitioners don't use them.'

'Why, you see, Bentley, replied Ogden, 'pills don't bring as big a profit as soap. Besides,' he pursued thoughtfully, 'drumming isn't included in the early stages of a medical education.'

Mr. Bentley laughed with a slight effort and walked forward. The commodore whistled softly under his breath.

'By the—I say, you got him with both barrels that time, Ogden. Don't you think you hove it in a little solid?'

'Oh, no, he's fairly thick in the pelt! Besides, why can't he mind his own business? Hello, Van Beuren!' he called genially to a pleasant-faced young fellow who was walking past.

'Hello, doctor! I say, doctor, who's that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?'

'Certainly,' Ogden led him aft.
'Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr. Van Beuren,' he said quietly, adding, 'M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley.'

Ogden saw the color stealing into the woman's face, as did also Van Beuren, who, a trifle puzzled, opened the conversation casually. Ogden paused to speak to the little shopgirls, who were stealing admiring glances at the women from the schooner. As he strolled forward again he observed that the genial commodore had entered into conversation with the miner and Major Harris.

'Dr. Moore!' called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognised her as a young widow who was rather celebrated about the Yacht Club for her harmless gaities.

'Who is that stunning-looking young man with the eyes?' she whispered.

'He is an Armenian, Mrs. Townsend. He is studying law in New York.'

'Oh, do bring him here. I want to talk to him.' Ogden walked over to the Armenian and told him his mission. The young man was delighted.

Leaving them, Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the angry flash from her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amazement.

'I say, Dr. Moore,' exclaimed the young man, 'can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Townsend really is?'

'I think so,' said Ogden.

'Well, I'll bet you don't! He's a valet in the Powhatan Club!'

Ogden's straight eyebrows came together and his cold gray eyes grew stony.

'Do you know what else he is?' he asked.

'What?'

'He's a guest aboard my yacht, and as such is not open to criticism.'

The young man drew back a trifle, and Gladys came to his rescue.

'That appears to cover a multitude of delinquencies,' she retorted. 'One of the young ladies in pink sold me several yards of silk the other day at Terne's.'

'Indeed? I fail to see that that is anything against her.'

'If you must invite valets and shop-girls and people like the woman with the dyed hair, I should think that at least you might refrain from introducing them promiscuously to your friends,' said the girl in a low voice.

'Pardon me, but I have not introduced any of your party to my guests without being requested to do so. Also permit me to point out the fact that I had invited these people whom you find aboard, whereas, if I must say it, the rest of you have invited yourselves!'

Gladys' face paled with anger.

'Will you be so good as to put us ashore?' she asked in a voice that choked a trifle.

'Immediately. There is the Yacht Club right ahead.' Ogden bowed and walked away. Before he had taken a dozen steps he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, turning sharply, saw Van Beuren.

'Before I go ashore, doctor,' he said, 'I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away. I am going to find something for that little chap. We can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business.' He held out his hand, which Ogden took.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant as she was about to descend and held out her hand to Ogden, who was standing by the rail.

'Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself'—she paused, and at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys, whom she was delaying, gazed at her in surprise—and about you,' she added. 'I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes—and I think that you are a dear!' she added impulsively and hurried down the steps; a suspicious moisture in her sweet eyes.

Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat upon the broad rail of the verandah, had watched the upward course of the mid-summer moon, ignoring the potent summons of a pair of big blue eyes which many times that evening had sent their pleading message.

Ogden, said a soft voice at his shoulder, a voice that held the faintest suspicion of a quaver. He arose quickly to his feet.

'Yes, Gladys.'

'Ogden, I wish to have a talk with you. A certain pleading accent of the voice belied its dignity. 'Come down to the summer house, where we will not be disturbed.'

Side by side, yet separated by an infinite distance, they passed across the dewy lawn. At the entrance to the bower the girl turned to him suddenly and raised her wistful face.

'Ogden, can you forgive me?' Her voice contained a passionate appeal. He looked at her thoughtfully.

'I'm afraid not, Gladys,' he answered in a tone of deep regret.

'Why not?' she demanded, almost fiercely.

'Because—you see, you insulted my guests; not openly, to be sure, but through me.'

But I did not know that, Ogden. I did not understand. I thought that your clinic people were very poor, destitute.'

'They are. I doubt if the dozen people that you saw would be able to raise fifty dollars altogether.'

'Then you won't—forgive—me—Ogden?' It was the faintest whisper.

'I am very sorry—' he began coldly, then paused, finding the words difficult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and started to walk back towards the club.

'Gladys!' He reached her side in one swift stride.

'Oh, Ogden—' she sobbed.

'Hush, darling! Of course I'll forgive you.'