

scrutiny whenever I had my eye removed from his.

Nevertheless we had got along splendidly together, and I had found him both entertaining and instructive. He had travelled much, and now a great longing for quiet had forced him to seek this secluded spot, where, for a few months at least he hoped to keep away from railways and steamships. He had a superficial knowledge of everything and could converse on any subject. In short, I had found him a most interesting character, and if at times he had seemed forced in his manner, I had been too thankful for his bare presence to be supercritical.

We had spent many happy days together, during which time I had attempted to find out some of the details of this remarkable man's life. But I had never succeeded in getting further than that his name was Tisdale, that his father had been Scotch and his mother Italian, and that he had no profession, but lived on a comfortable patrimony. There were many evidences of his Italian origin in his sudden outbursts of passion, and, above all, in his superstition; for it has been said, that to be Italian is to be superstitious. Indeed, this characteristic of my friend Tisdale amounted to a morbidness. He believed in visitations from the dead, and in fact announced to me more than once, with an earnestness not to be mistaken, *that he had seen the face of a dead friend*. It was this peculiarity of his that had finally caused our drifting apart from one another. He had become morose and sullen and preferred being alone, and days would pass without any communication between us.

I had again begun to feel the want of a companion, but this time with a double intensity, because, before Tisdale had come to B——, I had made the time bearable by taking an interest in the exciting discussion that was going on in the city papers concerning a certain murder that had taken place in the city. An unknown man had

been found dead in the woods just outside the town. He had been shot through the heart by some one unknown, who had been careful to remove all means of identification. The newspapers had been full of it. My friend Bolton (who is a born detective rather than doctor), had written me several letters in which he put forth his theory of the murder. He had sent me all the daily papers, and caused me to take great interest in the mystery. But the murderer had so effectually removed all means of identification that the detectives could do nothing, and the case was dropped by the press.

And now there was nothing of this kind to reconcile me to my lot, so I had written to Bolton imploring him to come up. I had asked him also to bring up, if possible, something to dissect; for I had resolved to do some work in spite of the doctor's orders. It may be imagined, then, that it was a real joy to me to receive a few days later an answer from Bolton, telling me that he had decided to come up and that he had succeeded in purloining the head, thorax and right arm of an excellent sub. In a postscript he had added "*It is a most interesting sub.*"

I smile now as I think of that postscript. How like Bolton it was! His subs. were always interesting; he had a story to tell in connection with each one. And he would be here tonight! "What story will he tell about this sub.?" I wondered.

I rose up and gazed out of the little porthole window. It was twilight; one of those silvery twilights with delicately tinted west, so beautiful in themselves, yet so cruelly prophetic, with their leafless trees outlined on the grey sky, of the approaching cold. I felt an unspeakable sadness as I watched the last faint blush gradually disappear from the western horizon.

"What a sad thing it is," I said "to contemplate death, even though it be but the death of a beautiful summer."