

"Really, Mr. Hare," said Grindley, "I must beg you, as I have had occasion to do before, to obey my instructions without commenting upon my right to give them—" then, as if waiving all further disputation, "Good night—good night, be careful with the gas," and he was gone.

Hare sat sullenly for a few moments, then unlocked a desk and took out Gregory's promissory note, over which he pondered for some time before he took his pen to write.

It was a habit of mine to retire into the waiting room, put out the gas, and have a nap on a particularly soft couch that adorned the apartment, and this evening I was very tired, for we had had several late nights in succession, and the scratch, scratch, scratch of Hare's pen was a potent lullaby, and I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know: but suddenly I woke up for moment, forgetting where I was. From the door-way of the other room there was a broad ray of light across the floor, and half-way up the opposite wall; and for an instant *there passed across this the shadow of a man*. So strongly did the prof'e come out, that I could see the very guise it wore; it looked like the figure of a crouching man, with one curious curl on the top of his head,—a sticking up piece of hair, that at school we used to call a top-knot, and a long straggling imperial on the chin, and in his hand he carried a cane, with a large ring at the top. Before I could recover my senses it was gone, and rubbing my eyes, I ran into the other room, but there, at the side-desk, sat Hare, with his back to me, hard at work as ever, and scratch, scratch, scratching with his inevitable pen.

I was so fully convinced that what I had seen was a mere reflex of my dream, that I thought no more of it until long afterwards, when the remembrance of it gave me cause for vexation, that I had not paid sufficient attention to it at the time. It was eleven o'clock, and Hare said, "Harry, I am dead-beat, I cannot do any more to-night, put away those papers, and let us go home. I am quite done up, for I have twice found myself nodding over my work, and once I believe I fairly went to sleep. Heigho! Rosey will be tired of waiting for us."

He looked pale and haggard, and this was the first time I had ever known him to leave his work undone, but of course it was only my duty to do as I was bid.

That night, just as I had dropped off to sleep, I was awakened by Hare, who was standing at the side of my bed, looking very haggard and restless.

"Mr. Barrington," he said, "I am sorry to disturb you, but do you remember putting away Gregory's bill, for I cannot recollect seeing what became of it when we left the office?"

I rubbed my eyes, for I was only half awake, and tried to collect my thoughts.

"No," I said, "I know nothing about it. I never saw it after Mr. Grindley gave it to you."

"Then I suppose I must have put it away with the other papers, but I am not half satisfied. Good night."

Not half satisfied about it! no, that I was sure he was not, for he went away looking very dejected and care-worn.