

It was indeed strange. Vitality was strong; the nervous system highly susceptible; and yet mind, soul was a-wanting. The separation between the will and its sentient instruments seemed complete.

The minutes swept by. The doctor was musing. His eye had dwelt in steady scrutiny on the phial of morphine. At last he said in a low, passionless tone;

"This girl is trifling with us. The morphine bottle has not even been opened. That was a blind—to throw us off the scent. If this seizure do not pass away speedily, and it's not likely that it will, I *don't* think I'll cry 'Hands off,' Calvert, the next time. No: I *don't* think I will." His next words had a sharp decisive ring in them; "the case is one of grave suspicion. It's not fever; it's not the wound, nor mental trouble, nor morphine. What is it? Mam'selle knows. If she would only tell the truth. If it were only accident she would tell all. She hides all, therefore there is design:" through his glasses he keenly watched her, to see the effect of his words. If he expected to frighten her, he was disappointed, as his next word showed. "Well; the bird that can sing, and won't, you know. Calvert, ring that bell;" and the baffled doctor could be heard muttering at intervals "police," "poison," "custody," etc.

The only sign of Marie's resentment was a contemptuous "*imbecile!*" levelled at the doctor as she rose from her seat and drew near the patient.

"Keep back, murderess!" shouted Calvert, whirling her round with violence, and sending her reeling back.

Far from resenting this rough treatment, the girl appeared sincerely to commiserate the anxiety of the youth. Again she drew near, saying with a pitying smile:

"My cousin; this old fool has alarmed you without cause. It is nothing. Our good father will wake on the instant. Suffer me: I will bring him to."

"Ah, Marie! if you only will," said Calvert with a quick revulsion of feelings; and he dragged her towards the bed.

"Boys are so headlong!" she said, with an amused air, as she suffered herself to be impelled. Her coolness petrified the assistants.

With her handkerchief in her hand she commenced tenderly wiping and smoothing the set mouth and the nearly closed nostrils.