

agony I managed
errand for help.
by the exertion,
portable chamber,
and by my bed-
Near him was a
ne.

ouse; I am your
Lie still, dear,

the kindest doctor
was in a sound,

rescued, and I
tion in her own

we were sitting
aid that his dog
ndkerchief tied
V. Holbrooke."
mentioned, and
air, when I saw
ve the room in

anger's feet are
to the stalactite
ehow or other.'
ted dinner, as

f an hour the
ne to get warm
tle Jim added,
's crying like

erry one since
ne lord of the
erous spinney,
nds his Christ.

"By Jove,
him on the fa
d been you."
lon, where he
old maid who

lived near me and kept cats, or whether he tried to swallow a piece of London fog which stuck in his throat and choked him, I do not know—but he died. We buried him in the back court, and a friend wrote his elegy—an acrostic—which, if Ranger had been a spaniel, which he wasn't, and if the 'humble mound of earth' had not been a flagged pavement, which it was, would have been very appropriate:—

'Reader, beneath this mound of humble clay
A favourite spaniel's sad remains decay;
No dog as he so learn'd in sporting lore,
Gay was his bark, and quick his progress o'er
Each field and cover where the game would dwell.
Ranger! dear honest fellow, fare-thee-well!

"But I see that Grey is longing to distinguish himself, so I will light my pipe and pass the office of tale-teller to him."

"So be it," I said; "then I will relate to you the wonderful experiences of a friend of mine, which I shall entitle

HOW HAROLD MACFARLANE WENT THROUGH THE FIRE.

ANDREW MACFARLANE was not a pleasant old man. There was nothing reverend about his appearance, manners, or habits; when he smiled, his face relaxed into a contortion, between a grin and a sneer; and a scowl sat more accustomedly on his features, that seemed chiselled in some hard, uncuttable wood. He was thin, tall, and angular in his proportions, and his knuckles were very bony, and gave his clawy fingers the appearance of having been tied into knots. His voice was feeble, and always in the utterance of a long sentence, degenerated into an inarticulate snarl. In his dress he was slovenly and dirty; and his small eyes peered with a sharp cunning from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

In fact, Andrew Macfarlane was as objectionable an old party as you would find in a long day's march: but Andrew Macfarlane had one redeeming quality, one great virtue, that spread a cloak of utter concealment over all his inferior infirmities; he was rich, so rich, that there was a report in the Village of Milton, where he lived, that he could not count his own money. So rich, that the Vicar, when he met him, put on a fat, unctious smile, shook his hand with the warmth and impression due to the owner of thousands, and enquired with well expressed anxiety after the health of his esteemed parishioner and his amiable son.

Talking about his son, reminds me to tell you that Andrew Macfarlane