"Oi'll take charge of *him*, sor," said the policeman. "If some one will kape his oi on him whilst oi carry the young gintleman into the house. Sure 't'was a nate blow," he muttered, "double compound fracture of the Sarah Bellum, or me name's not Patrick McDonahue, and Father Rourke says it is."

A little crowd had gathered, and Clooney was gently lifted and borne into the house, while McDonahue, having secured a cab, bore his prisoner off to the hospital. A physician was summoned and declared Clooney's wound to be very serious, and gave positive orders that he was not to be moved on any account. When I left, Clooney was conscious and bade me cheer up and visit him every day. I saw that he was in kind hands and would be treated better where he was that even at his lodgings. I returned to the house as early next morning as was consistent with decorum, and was ushered into the room where Clooney lay. He was in a high fever and quite delirious, shouting my name one moment and the next sinking his voice to a whisper of intense entreaty for Edith. I had not been long in the room when the lady of the house entered, and I rose to meet her.

It was Mrs. Mayflower.

I started back and muttered, "Holy Moses, here's a go." The language was more forcible than elegant, but exactly respresented my thoughts, and as this is a truthful tale the words must stand. Now Mrs. Mayflower did not know me, so I recovered in a few moments and introduced myself. I expressed my regret that Clooney was billeted upon her and received her sincere assurance that she was delighted to be of service to one who had suffered in saving her house from burglars. But on my part the conversation was entirely mechanical and independent of my thoughts. Here was Clooney, as unconscious of his surroundings as an oyster, singing snatches of college songs, reciting Greek and Latin, and interspersing all with endearing phrases addressed to the daughter of the grave lady standing at his bedside. And at this moment, to cap the climax, Miss Mayflower herself entered with a jelly or something of the kind that the doctor had allowed Clooney, and saw me.

We looked at one another for a moment in astonishment, and her mother, thinking we had never met before, hastened to introduce us. But Miss Mayflower set down her tray, and with a slight blush advanced to meet me with her hand extended.

"We need no introduction, mama, Mr. —— and I are quite friends. Is it a friend of yours," she asked me, "who was hurt last night?"

"My chum," I replied, somewhat huskily, I am afraid. "We were together. He was going home to-day."

"You do not mean Mr. Blake, surely! I know Mr. Blake by sight and reputation, but did not recognise him, if it is he."

Which might well have happened, since poor Clooney was flushed with fever and his wavy hair fell in an uncombed tangle over his forehead.

"It is Blake," I replied, turning to the bed again, where Mrs. Mayflower was seated moistening Clooney's lips with the jelly. Clooney scarcely heeded her, but his fingers rambled tremblingly over her hand and he continued to talk incoherently. One or two sentences we caught.

"Edith! Edith! why wont you look at me?" And again, "They are traitors to me."

"He has been going on like that all morning," said Mrs. Mayflower. "'Edith' seems always on his tongue. Do you know who Edith is, Mr. ——?"

"Oh, ah, his sister, I think. Yes, his youngest sister, Mrs. Mayflower," I replied.

All this time Miss Mayflower was sitting demurely by her mother. I could not be sure whether *she* had guessed who "Edith" was, but somehow I thought she did, especially as she said:

"What a strange brother he must be! He seems dying to kiss his sister and to speak to her. Are all brothers like that, Mr. ——? I thought such expressions were reserved for other people's sisters."

I flushed up, and was about to answer her when Clooney burst into song:

"A pretty mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand,
her hand,
And I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid."

Almost immediately after this, the doctor came in and ordered us all out of the room, except Mrs. Mayflower. Miss Mayflower and I conversed about the affray until the doctor and Mrs. Mayflower came out. The doctor drew me aside and said:—

"He is getting on as well as can be expected, but in so serious a case it will be better if his friends are warned. You had better telegraph his mother. Mrs. Mayflower has put a room at her disposal and would be very glad to get the responsibility of the nursing off her hands. She is a mother, you know, and can sympathize with one. I do not apprehend danger, but the case is serious."

I telegraphed as I was advised, and Mrs. Blake at once came to the city. She was accompanied by her husband and daughter. Our boarding-house was now empty, and Clooney's rooms and mine being the best suite I gave them up to Mr. Blake and Lulu, as his daughter was named, and took another for myself. Mrs. Blake accepted a room at the Mayflowers'. Mr. Blake and I became quite intimate, and together we did the city. Miss Lulu often accompanied us, and I devoted as much of my time as possible to her, in order to keep her mind off her brother's danger. Careful nursing and a strong constitution brought Clooney slowly round, and a few days after consciousness had returned. Mrs. Blake prepared for his removal. But Mrs. Mayflower put her foot down. "He was not to leave her house," she said, "until he walked from it. He had suffered for them, and the least they could do in return was to protect him against the discomforts of a boarding-house, and secure him the comforts of a home." So Clooney remained. I think that much of Mrs. Mayflower's kindness was due to her having fallen in love with his mother.

One morning when I called to pay my usual visit to Clooney, I was surprised to see him propped up with cushions in the sitting-room listening to no less a personage than Miss Edith Mayflower as she read in the usual girlish monotone from 'The Virginians.' He