

since, though unable to recall clearly when the dream occurred.

The person ringing stood on side of the timber frame opposite from Toby, and went away when he had rung enough. Cramped with cold and shivering, the lonely boy listened for footsteps, hoping that his moaning might be heard; listened to distant voices, but no one approached.

A thought, more like an impulse of life and reason than any thought inspiring him of late, suggested he should move to the other side of the structure, and ring the bell. And he moved; finding the bell-cord within reach; coiled up and hung on hook, precisely as in the trunkmaker's workshop, Grey-stoke Passage, London. This he now remembered distinctly. And also recalled the peculiar art there acquired, for giving the sounds the true cadences.

Uncoiling the line, and getting himself in position, Toby swung the crank, and wheel and bell, evolving the music of the Yerkers: "Ding, dong, tinkle, ding, dong! Ding, dong, tinkle, ding, dong!"

And soon the sounds brought out Mrs. Yerker and the "master." Both stood amazed a moment. But, "silent man" though the "master" was at most times, he spoke first now, exclaiming:

"Toby riz from the dead! Toby resur-rected! Toby riz from the dead!"

Sabina Yerker was first to embrace; but soon all three enfolded one another, weeping and laughing. With the laughter and sobbing mingling together, the three—master, mistress, Toby, might have been accounted as moonrakers by the red Indian maiden "help" who looked on; had she, the wondering Inawena, known what in the land far away, the Wiltshire people did when moonraking.

The embracing, laughing, sobbing, having come to a pause, Toby was conducted to the dwelling house. Then he had listeners to a delirious recital of how the assassin had again assaulted him; in form of a black fiend haunting by his bedside; breathing poison in his ears; stinging him with snakes.

Toby implored to be placed in a private room, the highest upstairs, no stranger to approach it; no human creature to be informed of his hiding place.

Mrs. Yerker soothed the poor invalid, but with more kind speeches and nice things to eat than were good for his recovery. Yet he did recover. She permitted none to approach who might disturb by talking, except herself. The "master" being mostly a silent man looked, but said little on visiting the invalid. Inawena, the Indian "help," had not many words of any language known to master or mistress. Supposed to be the safest, most innocent creature of womankind; to her was allotted the duty of "doing the rooms," making "tidy for Toby."

The years of this maiden's age had been cut on the bark of a tree not far away; but lumberers levelled it, converting the Inawena almanac to saw logs and curly walnut veneers. She might have been estimated at any year from sixteen to nineteen. The "help" wore anklets of shells, and on her small feet beaded moccasins; was lithe, slender, graceful, eyes dark, hair black. Shrinking under a glance of another's eye, this lawn of the forest was timid in very excess of purest modesty. And pure she was to the end. Yet her eyes had the language of woman, though the lips had only childish English. Not wonderful this. But there was another eloquence in Inawena. Through the red skin a radiant vehement spirit of life came glowing, vanishing, returning to glow, and again to vanish; speaking by shades of intensity—brilliances—obscurances as Toby had never seen in white woman's face.

Only, she having no English; no more than a few words childishly spoken, Sabina Yerker and the "master" deemed this "help" the most reliable and proper person to attend and tidy the room for Toby, in his absolute seclusion from the world, who could have been found or thought of.

"Not likely to disturb Toby with talking," they agreed; "or to speak outside of his being secreted here."

But the few words of English—the childish prattle of Inawena—were the early drops of a trickling springlet; which filled to a stream; the stream to a river; the river swelling to a rapid; almost a cataract. An impassioned flood of love which Toby dreaded. Dreaded as a cataract of impetuous destruction, certain to destroy him if he did not flee. He prepared to flee.

The true man arose in Toby, asserting the inborn moral chivalry of truth and honour. Qualities inborn, but capable of unlimited culture, in glass of conscience; in eye of God.

You do Inawena wrong. It was not voluptuous nature burning within a being untutored. It was a nature untutored aspiring to the idolatry of something—it knew not what, immeasurably, unapproachably exalted from itself. The night nurse at the encampment had traced Toby; but Euryntia ordered that he was to remain undisturbed by her people, as by herself, until convalescent. The negress sought Inawena to learn his state; and did not forget the enjoined reserve in her speech. Yet whispered words to the Indian maiden, in the irrepressible urgency of entreaty that Toby

might be tenderly nursed and guarded—words indicating in the maiden's mind, that the beautiful youth was of superlative personal distinction. Son of a wigwam great among the grandest. Rich among the richest. A prince, as his matchless beauty proved. A superior being whom even Euryntia knelt to at the bedside; kissing the sleeping lips! adoring in bursts of joy! praying to, and adoring!

Yes; Inawena had heard of the after life in the happy hunting grounds, but feared the Squaws were not to go there. Of the Great Spirit she had also heard, who cared much for chiefs, for braves, for white men, white women; for negroes and negresses; but—well, she had infidel doubts about the destiny of Squaws. This, however, Inawena knew, that could she see the Great Spirit face to face; or could she meet face to face any being of a resemblance to the imaginary holiness in her heart, she would fall at the feet; cling to the knees; cling and refuse to be parted from that being; until she—poor Indian Squaw—had permission to follow, and follow, ever follow, that one.

It was in this temper of impassioned fervour that the "help" at Yerkers entered the apartment inhabited by Toby. A being of superlative goodness and loveliness to her. Of whom she had been mysteriously, confidentially informed, that he commanded and received the worship of the peerless Euryntia. That this beautiful youth was so good, so exalted, so far exceeding all the white race in beauty, that the fiend himself had come upon earth to slay him; and was now raging all through Michigan with a naked dagger, looking for the precious one; that adorable youth now committed to her to attend, and to guard from hurt; committed to her—the Indian maiden, Inawena.

She knelt, as Euryntia was said to have done; her eyes gleaming; the red dusky skin lighted and shadowed in turns by the fervour of spirit working within her. She knelt, hands clasped, imploring permission to follow; to follow him always; to follow and wipe the dust from his feet; to guard him always; to guard and serve the white princess, his wife, in the far, far land.

Toby now convalescent, and prepared for immediate secret flight, raised Inawena by the hand; and though strong as a moral fortress in presence of vice, was not prudent, nor strong in his generous sympathies. In this manner he spoke:

"No; sweet Inawena. You are too good, too noble in nature; too refined, pure, holy in sentiment, to be made servant of any one. Never shall white wife of mine call Inawena servant. Rest here with these good people. I may yet see you often; and will send you presents."

In the night, unknown to this maiden, as she lay in dreams of delicious glory; unknown to any human creature other than Sabina, the mistress, who wept many tears, Yerker drove Toby to a station on the Michigan Central. They parted, after the "master" had repeated a desire, frequently urged, that Toby should go a while to a walnut veneer manufactory in Canada West, which, being related to that in Michigan through the financial partners, would offer a quiet retreat. A place of seclusion in the Canada walnut forests, where the assassin would not come; where the Euryntia people—reputed magicians—would not come; where the Indian "help," Inawena, would not likely find him; and where he might acquire practical knowledge of a great and profitable branch of Canadian industry.

Thither Toby repaired. But he had not been long there when, early one morning, he followed a stream of people, most of them "roughs," who jeered at what they were going to see. Arrived at the lake shore Toby beheld a sight, ridiculed by the white "roughs," to him sublime.

A black man with head uncovered, wearing a long dark garment girdled at the waist, entered the water and stood where it reached nearly to his girdle. A small group of negro people were assembled on shore, the scoffing mob behind them on a rising slope. Several coloured men, seven or eight, stood in the water at intervals of a few feet, a row of them extending from the shore to him who first entered.

That man, believed by all the negro people there to be a commissioned minister of holy ordinances, lifted his hands, stretching towards heaven, raised his face and voice, a melodious voice, and, in fervent oratory, exhorted and prayed, sang a hymn, reading line by line, then, in accents impassioned, again prayed. Toby felt the words thrilling to his heart, and in his heart. Not being a theologian, he unhesitatingly accepted this nigger's ministry.

A young woman, of darkest African skin, was led into the water, then handed from one to another along the row of men. Arrived at the officiator, she yielded to his arms, was laid on her back; he fervently, solemnly addressing heaven; then she was dipt overhead. As the woman rose to view, the men of the row handed her back to the shore, dripping wet; the scoffers shouting. Yet some white witnesses, one of them Toby, were deeply impressed with the solemnity.

Another woman, and several men went in, and returned in like manner.

Then a buzz of voices, one intimating: "Bertha Merly; the rich nigger's daughter!" Toby looked upon Bertha, and beheld a marvellous countenance. She was three parts white to one of the African. It was a countenance that glowed in spiritual beauty. Not as the Indian maiden's face, in wonder, expectancy, timid entreaty. Bertha's was radiant in ecstatic triumph. It glowed into the soul of Toby as the spiritual loveliness of a being other than earthly. He was seen by some there to watch her as one entranced. Bertha Merly rose to surface of the water, not shrinking, sighing, or shivering as the rest, but gloriously beautiful; the impersonation of triumphant consciousness that her immersion—jeered at, laughed at by a profane crowd—was an act of transcendent excellency.

As she came ashore in rapture of soul, Toby's eyes met hers. And Bertha's eyes went through Toby as lightning might.

They met again, and several times during the day. Again on other days, then people talked of Toby. He fled. Fled to Conway, for Bertha's mulatto parent had asked him to marry her.

To Conway also Bertha followed. And two weeks later, Inawena the Indian maiden.

"Will thee please step in here a minute? Want some private talk an you've no objection?"

Thus, to Toby, spoke Renshaw of the gaol. Then conducted the stranger to Rhoda Renshaw.

"Look at him, Rhoda. Look well at him. Think this be the lad?"

"Think it might, Abel. What's t' name, lad? How owd art thou?"

Both Renshaw and wife could speak literary English well enough; but, when assuming airs of mystery, they preferred a flavouring of old Lancashire.

"Yes; that be the name, and about the probable age;" rejoined Rhoda, when Toby had given name and age. "But thou knowest Abel what to look for. Get to that."

"See here, lad," said Abel, "I wunnot harm thee; but I'd like to see inside thy clothes, on the shoulder."

Toby knew this man to be connected with the prison, and doubted not they took him for a criminal. With glances of indignation, but haughty silence, conscious of his integrity, Toby did as desired.

Rhoda and Abel standing behind, examined the mark, the well-known sword shadow, then said: "put on thy clothes; when dressed thou's know what we take thee for."

When dressed, the young man in tones of defiance at their unworthy suspicions, demanded:

"Now sir? Now ma'm? whom do you take me to be? What do you think I am?"

Said Rhoda Renshaw:

"You are Toby Oman, brought to me when a child two years old, by Moll Fleck, who died in my house in Irlsdale, England. Do you remember Moll Fleck? Your tears wetted her coffin; do you remember seeing the woman who nursed you dead in the coffin?"

"Woman, woman!" cried Toby, clasping his hands; "You are telling one of my dreams; a dream I've had a thousand times. What else? What more can you tell?"

"This," interposed Abel Renshaw: "You are more than Toby Oman, child of the wandering gipsy woman who died. You are Eustace De Lacy Lillymere; rightful heir of the Earl Royalfort; of the Lillymere Hall estates; and of all else attaching thereto."

Toby's eyes glared; he stamped his feet; he quivered in passion; he demanded:

"Am I to be the sport of fools, maniacs, murderers at every turn? Assassins in Michigan; black witches by night; Indian girl witches by day; liars everywhere; negress saints at their baptism; and now in Conway this diabolical conspiracy! I despise your detestable impostures. I'm a gentleman of honour, even if a gipsy woman's child."

And in that mood of indignant vexation Toby walked away.

(To be Continued.)

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IN HOSPITAL.

(For private, but I hope extensive, circulation.)

II.

How I envied all that morning the death-bed of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. And yet I was not "in the worst inn's worst room" by any means, but rather in the very best ward in the hotel, the most select and the most commodious. This accounted for the visitors who came perpetually to revel in the luxuries of our apartment. They had, it seemed, stuck a label over my head kindly publishing my name, age, and place of nativity, as well as ascribing to me a religion to which I don't subscribe. Literature being scarce in the establishment this new addition to the common stock was perused with avidity on the part of all comers. My disease was not, however, entered as yet. So at each involuntarily lovee I had to explain that. I don't know what I said. Cholera, typhus, yellow jack, glanders, rinderpest, anything. By and bye a young woman came and "made my

bed," if I may be allowed the extravagant mockery of expression. She, too, was kind in a noisy way, and called me "her child." But as I found that this was a pretty way she had with everybody, I wasn't flattered. Indeed I was not much flattered all the days of my sojourn.

Becoming conscious of severe headache, I, per force, gave up the hat. But, ah, how the diabolical clamour from all the adjacent wards as well as from our own went through my wretched brain. There is no use dwelling upon this agony. No pen could do it justice.

Only one other inmate of the room kept his bed. One got up very early and busied himself rendering every little service in his power to his weaker brethren. Indeed, many so honourably distinguished themselves. The other, whom common report stated to have been in rude health for the past six weeks, and as merely lingering there because, like Maggy aforesaid, he entertained a perverse liking for hospitals, having, perhaps, in his convalescence attained the Chicking stage, occupied himself till noon in dressing with elaboration, and in quarrelling loudly with everything and everybody. My oed-ridden neighbour, who was a gardener—Adam, perhaps, for he perused the book of Genesis continually—kindly undertook to read aloud, in the stumbling but very distinct manner of a man not accustomed to such exercise, the story of Joseph and his brethren. The part about Joseph's coat especially delighted him, for he thought it must be like a bed of pansies. For my part I am not commonly profane even in thought, but I did regret most bitterly that anybody had ever pulled the young dreamer out of the pit into which I could most gleefully have pitched his admirer.

This thing is getting too long, and yet I have scarcely begun. Towards ten a.m., a little old man came and gathered up my clothes, which I much regretted because the room was cold and they covered me pleasantly, carefully inventoried them and carried them away. I was then, if ever, a prisoner, unless, indeed, like Joseph, I could make up my mind to fly in dishabille.

I had previously lethargically marvelled at the astonishing garb in which each of our visitor patients had appeared. I never saw anything like it before or since, and I hope, devoutly, I never shall again. A coarse pair of light blue trousers, a light blue coat reaching to the ankles (but by no means Ulster for all that) and a strange red and white woollen cap such as Dieppe fishermen sometimes wear. There were also enormous slippers, as large as snow-shoes, for trailing behind as ghosts trail chains. This was the uniform of all, so that, whereas at first I had imagined it to be the same eccentric who was perpetually returning, I now discovered him to be manifold, and abhorred him with a manifold hatred. In the course of the evening, one of these singular uniforms lying beside my bed, a weird fascination coerced me to putting it on. Not the night-cap: it understood—all else, but not the night-cap. Induing myself in its grotesque terrors there came with them ghastly ghostly thoughts of the poisoned shirt of Nessus; (how could I tell in what dead man's slippers I stood or whose robe of fever I wore?) of the strange azure mail encasing The O'Donoghue on his May morning's ride from Muckross to Innisfallen; of the grim San Benito tabard marking the victim of the *auto da fe*. But all these vanished in the comic recollection of Mr. Dorritt's old pensioner, Mrs. Plornish's father, and the costume in which he used to pay his periodical visit to Bleeding Heart Yard on those rare occasions when the doors of the "House" were opened for him.

At mid-day I got dinner, that is to say the younger woman raised her child's weary head upon her arm and poured a large glass of rice-milk down his throat. If you can fancy an Irish Eleanor offering the fatal bowl to a terrified fascinated stout elderly male Rosamond, you may easily create, as did I, a poetic affinity between my bower and Woodstock's. After that I waited for the doctor under whose special charge my label—it was exactly like a coffin-label, name and age, and a blank left to fill in the date after the printed word "Died"—informed me I had been placed, to visit, cure, and discharge me. He never came. All the time I was in hospital I saw no visiting physician, received no medicine save the first futile narcotic.

By-and-bye one of the traitors of the night before lounged airily in. He was, I should say, the least guilty; but again, is Belial more amiable than Moloch? To do him justice he shrank and shuddered as he put his intamous head within the door. Desirous of observing how his effrontery would carry off his baseness, I suffered him to approach amicably; besides, I had but one weapon, and that was "engaged." He sat down after some slight hesitation; the atmosphere was not very pleasant to breathe, and of chairs even there might be suspicion. Then he began with a villainous attempt at ease and managed to stammer: "Well, you are jolly and comfortable here, ain't you,—much the pleasantest place possible;"—and then seeing that I knew that he knew that I knew his duplicity, hastened to add self-apologetically, "yet I have certainly seen better wards in other hospitals." I only trust that, if such a thing be possible, he saw