

wonder it makes Sir Alan sad to speak of it! Sometimes he says he'll chuck the whole thing up and go abroad to end his days."

Dr. Jolliffe laughed again in his hearty reassuring way.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! Sir Alan is only making fun of you. He knows a trick worth two of that! And what may your ladyship's book be?" touching the volume on the table—"anything new from Mudie?"

"Yes! Mr. Rider Haggard's 'She.' A startling story, doctor, and very improbable. But the print is rather small and my eyes ache, else I was getting very much interested in it. Fancy! a woman living for a thousand years! Could such a thing ever have really happened?"

"I'll go far towards making you live for a thousand years if you'll follow my advice," said the doctor.

She actually laughed. Such a thin quavery little ghost of a laugh as it was, and yet so unused to make itself heard that it was almost immediately succeeded by tears.

"If you could make me just a little like my former self, a little more like what I was when Alan married me," she faltered, "I should be so happy."

"So I will," he rejoined, "if you'll only be good. Now, will you promise me to go out driving to-morrow morning, wet or dry?"

"Wet or dry?"

"Certainly. In the open carriage if it should be dry (which I think it will), and in a close one, if it proves rainy. Drive to Gambletown and back, and