

Smith, you are a good one and a sly one. Shake again, old man. Say, by Jove! What a sell—I mean what a joke! Look here, Smith, old chap, would you mind taking Pepper home? I am rather tired—riding, I mean—beastly wild cows—no end of a run after them. See you down at the house later. No, no, don't wait, don't mind me. I am all right, fit as a fiddle—no, not a bit tired—I mean I am tired riding. Yes, rather stiff—about the knees, you know. Oh, it's all right. Up you get, old man—there you are! So, Smith, you are going to be married, eh? Lucky dog! Tell 'em I am—tell 'em we are coming. My horse? Oh, well, never mind my horse till I come myself. So long, old chap! Ha! ha! old man, good-by. Great Cæsar! What a sell! Say, let's sit down, Moira," he said, suddenly growing quiet and turning to the girl, "till I get my wind. Fine chap that Smith. Legs a bit wobbly, but don't care if he had a hundred of 'em and all wobbly. He's all right. Oh, my soul! What an ass! What an adjectival, hyphenated jackass! Don't look at me that way or I shall climb a tree and yell. I'm not mad, I assure you. I was on the verge of it a few moments ago, but it is gone. I am sane, sane as an old maid. Oh, my God!" He covered his face with his hands and sat utterly still for some moments.

"Dr. Martin, what is the matter?" exclaimed the girl. "You terrify me."

"No wonder. I terrify myself. How could I have stood it."

"What is the matter? What is it?"

"Why, Moira, I thought you were going to marry that idiot."

"Idiot?" exclaimed the girl, drawing herself up.