

room in the dead of night and poke him into wakefulness.

There was nothing for it but to put a good face on the matter and I did the best I could—which wasn't much. Before I had rubbed the sleep from my eyes, Hopkins had mixed himself some whisky and water, helped himself to a fresh cigar from my box, placed himself astraddle of a chair and was talking away with the precision and unhesitancy of a phonograph. I saw I was in for it and I knew of old that all I had to do was to sit and listen. So I sat up and hugged my knees and groaned inwardly.

Now Hopkins, besides having a great and uncheckable flow of language, is endowed with a voice that is pitched in a most surprising key and of very penetrating tones. It is therefore not a matter of much surprise that, just about the time I was drifting back into obliviousness, we should have been startled by a loud knocking on the wall against which my bed is placed. When I say we were startled, I do not speak accurately, for its effect on Hopkins was very trifling.

"Now I say,"—he said in aggrieved tones—"what's all that about? Hanged if I don't believe it's some one in the next room. Confound their impudence!—Well as I was saying, Charley,"—he went on without in the least lowering his voice.—"She seemed to take to me like everything—" Here I interrupted to suggest that he should continue his discourse in a more subdued key, as there was evidently some one trying to sleep in the adjoining chamber.

"Now hang it all"—he retorted indignantly, blowing a cloud of smoke in my face and helping himself to more whisky and water—"What I should like to know is, is this your room, or isn't it? If

they're such blessed poor sleepers why let 'em take a powder, that's all. Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—she seemed to take a great shine to me and you can imagine I wasn't backward a little bit in improving the shining hour—ha, ha—for you know, old chap, I had been just aching to meet her for the last two years, and, by Jove, I was more than tickled when I found her there to-night!"

Hopkins was off again in a fine steady, untiring staccato, and I have a confused consciousness of having heard a long story about a lovely girl with brown eyes—"and two thousand a year, of her own, my boy"—who had succumbed to his charms—and a good deal more about the advantage of keeping in the swim of society, and cultivating an engaging manner, instead of fossilizing in your rooms every night. Then everything got a bit twisted and presently, somehow or other, I had got Hopkins down and was hammering his head on the floor, and he was bellowing like a bull, and I was thinking what a pity it was the carpet was so soft—till I awoke with an awful start to find Hopkins knocking furiously on the wall and shouting at the top of his confounded falsetto—"Hang it all, what do you mean? Go to sleep, you wooden-headed donkey—do! How dare you interrupt our conversation in this manner! I should like to punch your head, I should upon my soul! etc., etc."

How I managed to get rid of Hopkins I am not clear, but I remember asking him in the most persuasive and friendly tones, while the spirit of murder raged in my heart, to come around that evening and tell me all about it—and to be sure and come early.

As I expected, the next day my landlady laid the complaint of my