

afraid for fresh interest. He talked continually to Harold of the exciting scenes of his past life, of the memorable war with Russia, and of his wound, from which it was hard to say whether he had derived most pain or pleasure—the latter probably, all things being fairly weighed. He sighed for the City streets, too—Harold sympathised

days were numbered, and that a journey would too surely shake the sand the quicker out of the failing receptacle. But still Harold answered the old man, 'Yes, these country doctors are wretched sticks.'

'Dr. Morris never seems to understand my complaint,' the poor man moaned; 'and the Chester doctor who was here just before



with him; of course, a man would feel lost in this Welsh village.

'I did it for the girls,' Jonas explained. 'Now, if I was only up in my old quarters I should be well directly. The London doctors would soon give me something to brisk up my strength.'

He really thought so, poor man! But Harold knew, and Hope knew now, that his

you came was just such another—they had neither of them anything new to suggest. I wonder if I should get quite strong in the old streets. It's almost worth trying. I must ask Hope.'

And so day by day the painful struggle went on in poor Jonas's mind, to Hope's great distress. She spoke of it to Harold.