

"Huh ! Ye don't think I cared fer that, do ye ? I s'pose a gal has a right t' resent it when a feller she don't like tries t' kiss her."

"Why, Billy," she had answered hastily ; "you had no right to think that ; I never said I didn't like you !" and then blushing, she had run away to the kitchen, and Billy had not seen her again for what he thought an interminably long time.

To the Merediths and to Harold Grattan the hours which had passed since the wounded Fenian, George Merton, or George Meredith, as they all now knew him to be, was brought to the farmhouse, had been anxious ones. For three days Dr. Norton had been with the patient almost constantly, for the sick man had grown worse instead of better from the start, and the doctor's professional pride had been touched, and he had resolved that if he was forced to give the patient all of his time, the man should not die from lack of attention.

But on the morning of the fourth day the physician had taken a load off all their hearts when he had come down from his visit and had given them the positive assurance that not only would the sick man recover, unless some unforeseen complications arose, but there was strong reason to hope that the terrible blow from Upton's horse's hoofs would be the means of clearing his intellect.

"We must exercise extreme caution," the doctor had said, when bringing the pleasing, al-