

both so miserable, he should be able to oversleep himself. I am afraid"—with an accent of most regretful remorse—"that I did think hardly of him then. I looked at the clock; I had been down an hour. I rang for the waiter, and asked him to go and tell the gentleman this. He was so long in coming back that I lost patience, and went out into the passage. I saw a little group of people gathered round a door some way down it. They seemed to be whispering and speaking excitedly, and one chambermaid was crying. In an instant I was among them, through them, in the room. It was his bedroom. He was lying half on, half off the bed. He had evidently not undressed all night, and had taken off nothing but his coat. Before they could stop me—I believe that they humanely tried—I had caught a glimpse of his face, and had heard someone, as if at a great distance off, pronounce the word '*dead*'! Then everything went away. I believe I crashed down like a log, as Mr. Wong did. When next I came to myself mammy was leaning over me. The people in the hotel had found a letter in my pocket, with my address, and had telegraphed for her and father. They took me home. I do not remember anything about that, but so I was told afterwards, as I was also told that he had died of deep-seated heart-disease, aggravated by his anxiety about me. I have never brought good-luck to anyone that had to do with me!"

She is crying quietly now. Is it her tale or her tears that have softened Jim's heart? He no longer grudges her that tribute to the lover of her youth.

"For the first few days after I came home I did not feel anything at all, and I saw nobody but mammy. At the end of a week she came to me, and told me that I must pull myself together, for that my father wished me to go with *him* to an agricultural meeting at Exeter, which we were always in the habit of attending. She said that there were reports