

noticing the interruption, "I want quickly your learned and good professor, who has been attending him for the past three weeks."

The students affected to be very serious. There was a consultation.

"What is his complaint, sir?" asked the wag, solemnly.

"That is a mystery even to your good professor, Dr. Legrand. It has defied all the efforts of science to detect it."

There was another consultation. The wag at length came forward. "Dr. Legrand won't be here for an hour or more," he said, winking like a demon at his companions. "Let us see what can be done. Ah! lucky thought! Tell me, good sir, have you seen and counselled the distinguished Frederick Graham on the case?"

"Who? Graham? No. I have never even heard of him."

"No! Then fly at once." Here he winked a hundred times a second at his grinning brethren. "Fly! you will find him probably at the—the *Maison Blanche*, a quiet restaurant, to be sure, but then—the man is eccentric—privilege of genius you understand, you understand. Fly!"

"I shall give ten thousand francs to him if he succeed."

"Time, sir, is more precious than francs; fly and take no excuses from him."

The gentleman waited to hear no more, but ran off amid the suppressed laughter of the students, who were delighted at the joke, and could hardly restrain their lively satisfaction.

Frederick Graham, after his recovery, was long dubious whether he should remain in France and try his fortune in the gorgeous capital, with Clara (who was now his wife with the forced consent of her parents) and Annie, his sister, whom he easily induced to remain and share their fortunes. Certainly, the horizon was clouded, and gave little signs of promise. Their funds were, besides, well nigh exhausted. This very day he was seated in his room in a retired house, which was lodging house and restaurant together, thinking; Clara was reading aloud, and Annie was busy with embroidery. A thundering clatter was heard at the

door, and without a moment's notice the gentleman we seen at the hospital sprang into the room.

"You are Frederick Graham?"

"Ye—yes," stammered that person in a labyrinth of amazement.

"Then come and save my father, for God's sake: excuse me ladies, but—"

"Who told you?"

"Come, come along, I'll explain all as we go. My father, he is dying." And he hurried him from the room, leaving the ladies, all but paralysed.

In five minutes they reached the dying man's house; another instant they stood by the bed. He examined the patient. The silence was terrible. The ticking of the pretty ormolu clock on the mantel piece sounded painfully loud. No one stirred. The young man now noticed what had escaped him in his desperate excitement before—Frederick's youth and poor appearance.

"Eccentric, no doubt," he muttered in explanation of the young doctor's worn dress. As he was thinking the door was opened, and there stood—the distinguished Legrand.

"What's this about, may I be permitted to ask?" he said passionately on seeing Frederick, whose back was towards him, by the bedside.

Frederick turned round and revealed himself.

"What! you here, stupid!" roared Legrand, forgetting his politeness in his wrath.

"Yes! I am here, by an accident which no doubt the young gentleman will explain, but sir, no stupid if you please! I have discovered what escaped your learned observations and skill."

"The devil you have?"

"I have, thank God!" reiterated Frederick, trembling in every limb with the emotions caused by his unexpected success.

The distinguished professor approached, and stood side by side with his former pupil.

"And what is the secret I beg?"

Frederick whispered in his ear.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the incredulous Legrand. "Examine for yourself then." Legrand complied with a sneer on his countenance. He leaped up and his