

"It is brandy!" suddenly exclaimed Rodolphe, "strong brandy. You are drunk!"

He immediately dropped what he conceived to be the tumbler, the tears started to his eyes, and sputtering out saliva in the manner a person would do, on making such a mistake, he exclaimed—

"I am not drunk!"

"I say you are!" returned the elder brother, pointing his finger at his forehead; "you cannot stand—your tongue is getting loose in your head, you will soon begin to speak!"

Edmund's eyes reeled wildly, he staggered against the wall, and again he cried in the pertinacious tone peculiar to a drunken man—

"I say I am not drunk."

"I say you are," repeated the elder, going up to him, and passing his hand across his forehead, "do you not know that you are?"

"I am not so drunk but that I can stand and talk," answered the other, in a thick voice.

"Oh, yes, you can talk," said William smiling, "and you will soon be loquacious enough. You are going to tell me all your secrets—you can not resist the temptation, you do not want to—but I command you, and forth they must come. Do you not feel inclined to tell me all your cunning schemes?—do you not wish to show me how well all your plots were laid?—answer?"

"Yes, listen and I will tell you; and you will have to admit, that I managed every thing devilish well. Listen——"

"Stop!" cried the operator, extending his finger towards him; "I am not going to allow you to speak so much as you please, or you would keep me all day; I want you to answer my questions, and truly. Mark me!—truly! Do you wish to know why?"