

I had not happened to have seen Miss Grant myself since your well-meant but somewhat unnecessary interview with her, and learned from her own sweet lips that she forgives me for having so hastily and ungenerously misjudged her."

"Eh! what! has the young woman been here in my absence?" returned Frere, greatly scandalized. "Oh! this will never do! I don't allow such liberties to be taken with my patient; besides, I don't consider the proceeding by any means a correct one; she might have found you in bed, with your nightcap on, for aught she could tell to the contrary."

"Do you know what is reported to have occurred when a mountain objected to come at Mahomet's bidding?" asked Lewis quietly.

"Why, Mahomet went to the mountain, to be sure, like an arrant humbug as he was; but what has that got to do with the case in question? Why, you don't mean to say," continued Frere, as a sudden light broke in upon him; "you don't mean to say that you've been to call upon her?"

"I am afraid I must confess that such is the alarming fact," was the cool reply.

"Well! I have known many insane actions in my life certainly," growled Frere, making fruitless attempts to re-unbutton his already enfranchised garments, "but this"—here he nearly tore a wristband off his shirt, in his pursuit of coolness under difficulties—"is the very maddest thing I ever did hear of—a man that was on the point of death here not ten days ago, to rush out of bed the moment one's back's turned, for the sake of seeing—"

"She is looking so sweetly pretty, Frere," interrupted Lewis "and those eyes—there never were such eyes seen in the world before."

"Oh, of course not," returned Frere viciously. "Patent double-actioned high-pressure sky-blue revolvers, made to look every way at once, see through mill-stones, and peep round the corner into the bargain, they are, no doubt; but if she could use them to no better purpose than to lure out, at the risk of his life, a foolish boy that ought to have had more sense—but it's a mere waste of words talking to you," he continued, catching a smile on Lewis's features; "and here have I gone and ruined my other shirt, and this one is at the wash,—psa! I mean to say, ruined my other wash,—that is, washed my other ruin—hang me, if I know what I mean to say—only if you're not the worse for this—bother the boy, how absurdly happy he's looking! So it's all right between you, eh! Lewis? Well, Heaven knows, you have suffered enough to deserve that it should be so, my poor fellow, and though you must have been mad to go out, and I ought to be very angry with you, yet, as it has ended, and always supposing it does not do you any harm, why I am heartily glad you did it;" and so saying, Frere, whose feelings and the heat together were decidedly too many for him, made a precipitate retreat into the bedroom, where, for the present, we will leave him.