

attention with a violent dig from her umbrella, "why doesn't she take them, then? She's alive, and she's got legs! But she won't stir from the sofa! She won't even go out in the carriage, and as for a walk such as I have just been taking, why she'd die straight off at the thought of it. She's a fool, that's what she is, and always has been," concluded Miss Chichester resuming her walk.

"You're too hard upon her, indeed you are! You cannot judge of her capabilities by your own. Lady Chichester is naturally of a very delicate constitution, and has increased her physical weakness by giving in to it. She wants rousing and encouraging, and more cheerful society."

"Cheerful society! Isn't Sir Alan cheerful? One of the happiest dispositions possible, and active and vigorous as can be! All the greater misfortune for him to be tied to such a useless creature as Alice."

"Your brother is everything you say, Miss Chichester, but then he possesses an unusual amount of strength and vitality, and his habits have become a second nature. But he is very seldom with Lady Chichester. She does not see much of him."

"How can she when she scarcely ever leaves the house?"

"And has almost arrived at the pitch when she is incapable of leaving it. Well! if she can't go out, she must have companionship indoors. I *insist* upon it; and shall take the earliest opportunity to tell Sir Alan so."

Dr. Jolliffe spoke so unusually gravely and decidedly (for him) that Miss Chichester became a little alarmed.