

had taken some of the brandy, and of course, with the taste of that on his tongue, he did not quite realize what he was doing. He'd be fine in the morning, and, after all, it was more the excitement than anything else.

But Billy knew better. Hal's first act, when they had left him alone for a moment to prepare his bed and his medicine, had been to rouse from a seeming lethargy and snatch the decanter! Burke came back in time to seize it from him; but already he had swallowed the equal of a tumblerful, and, laughing with a gurgle in his throat, he let them put him to bed. Almost as soon as he laid his head on the pillow, he dropped into a profound stupor.

"It's a damn shame — beg your pardon, sir — after the fight he's made." This was Burke, and he helped Billy off with his coat and vest. "I think I'll sit up and watch him."

"I expect you'd better," decided Billy, and he put Hal's hands under the covers. The window had been opened, and it was rather cold in the blue room. "Call me if he's any trouble."

So Billy, heavy-hearted, went to bed, and Burke made himself comfortable in robe and slippers, and put another log on the fire in the big lounging-room, and sat with pipe and paper. Mr. Stuart