

"It is so pleasant to sit in the twilight when one is alone," said Lady Chichester in a plaintive voice, as the gas flared up and revealed her features.

"Pleasant perhaps, but not prudent," replied Dr. Jolliffe, as he felt her pulse. "Have you never heard that it is not good for man to be alone, nor woman either? Where is Miss Chichester?"

"I don't know! I have not seen her since luncheon."

"And Sir Alan?"

"O! he is out hunting! Did you not hear there was a meet to-day?"

"No! Why didn't you call for me in the carriage and take me to it? I should have enjoyed the sight. Did you go?"

"I? O! doctor," replied Lady Chichester, deprecatingly.

"Well, and why not? It was a lovely morning, though it has ended in rain. It would have done you good. The fact is, you shut yourself too much up in the house, Lady Chichester! I shall have to lay my orders on Sir Alan to see that you drive out every day. We shall have you ill, if this goes on."

"O! doctor, I *am* ill," returned Lady Chichester, shivering and drawing her woolen shawl still closer. "Sometimes I think I shall never be any better, that I am going to die."

The doctor laughed long and heartily.

"*Going to die!* So you are! You are quite right, my dear lady, and so am I, and Sir Alan and everyone dies in due course of time. But we won't order our coffins just yet."