

These constant fainting fits, without any palpable cause, are not the right thing at all!"

"And yet you can't tell what they proceed from," said Sir Alan moodily.

"I decline to say what I think, until I am sure," replied Dr. Jolliffe; "but when I *am* sure, you shall be the first to benefit by the discovery. Meanwhile, I do not consider her ladyship in any immediate danger, and the more you distract her mind from dwelling on herself, the better she will be. And now I will go home and write that letter to my sister-in-law, and I shall hope, in a few days, to have some news for you. Good-evening."

"It's all d——d unsatisfactory, it seems to me," grumbled Sir Alan, when the doctor had disappeared; "he doesn't seem to have the least idea what's the matter with Alice, and as for a companion doing her any good, I don't believe it. I detest the idea of some vulgar, apple-cheeked girl about Glebe Royal—some creature, half servant, half lady, not fit for the kitchen, and not good enough for the drawing-room! Alice ought to have more spirit than to consent to such an arrangement. If I could only make her shake off her confounded laziness, and go out walking with Anna, she'd be well enough."

But notwithstanding his grumbling, Henry Faunteroy observed that, as soon as he had finished smoking, Sir Alan walked up to his wife's dressing-room and remained there for the remainder of the evening.