

es with his hand, "you cannot move in your seat, you are chained down. Try if you can get up."

"I cannot," said Edmund, but not making any effort.— "He is highly clairvoyant," thought the elder brother; then aloud, "and now you cannot sit there! You are burning! you must get up!"

Edmund Rodolphe sprang from his chair, with fear depicted on his countenance.

"There is a serpent round your neck!" cried Rodolphe.— Edmund's eyes dilated with wild terror, he grasped his neck with both hands, as if tearing the reptile away. Then shrieking aloud, he rushed round the room, upsetting St. George, in his mad career, who gazed at him with looks of vacant wonder, not having heard the cause of his fear, and finally sprang upon the table, where, bending his head down, he went through all the movements which a person would be supposed to go through in attempting to remove a venomous reptile.

"All right!" cried William, in a voice of command. On these magic words being uttered, he stopped short in his exertions, and with a silly and confused look, as if not comprehending what had taken place, he stared at the Biologist.

"Come down here!" cried the latter. He obeyed.

"Now, see here," cried William, extending his right hand open, "do you see that tumbler, in my hand?"

Edmund gazed earnestly in vacancy, at length, as if satisfied, he answered, "Yes!"

"Do you know what it is?"

"No!"

"It is water—drink it."

Without hesitation, he seized the imaginary tumbler, and placing it to his lips, went through the motions of drinking a liquid.