

"Why don't you smoke here?—the room is so big it would not smell," said Augusta.

"Oh, hang it all, no," said Eustace; "think of the velvet curtains! I can't sit and smoke by myself in a room fifty feet by thirty; I should get the blues. No, I shall come upstairs, too, and smoke there"——

And he did.

Early, very early in the morning, Augusta woke, got up, and put on a dressing-gown.

The light was streaming through the rich gold cloth curtains, some of which she had drawn. It lit upon the cwers, made of solid silver, on the fine lace hangings of the bed, and the priceless inlaid furniture, and played round the faces of the cupids on the frescoed ceiling. Augusta stared at it all and then thought of the late master of this untold magnificence as he lay dying in the miserable hut in Kerguelen Land. What a contrast was here!

"Eustace," she said to her sleeping spouse, "wake up, I want to say something to you."

"Eh! what's the matter?" said Eustace, yawning.

"Eustace, we are too rich—we ought to do something with all this money."

"All right," said Eustace, "I'm agreeable. What do you want to do?"

"I want to give away a good sum—say, two hundred thousand, that isn't much out of all you have—to found an institution for broken-down authors."

"All right," said Eustace; "only you must see about it, I can't be bothered. By-the-way," he added, waking up a little, "you remember what the old boy told you when he was dying? I think that starving authors who