

contrary to my habit—I awoke with a slight headache, and I was lying on my back conscientiously recapitulating the nameless items of my dinner, when there rushed past the uppermost feature of my face, not an arrow, but a javelin.

During the day, on being half a dozen times similarly assailed, I became slightly dispirited for a few moments, until, rallying my forces,—I mean looking at my chests of drawers, secretaire, and other comforts that surrounded me,—and muttering the words “home, *sweet* home!” I determined during the day not to notice the contemptible little demon that was assailing me, but at night to remove my bedding from its alcove to the floor near the window. I did so; but again awaking with rather a worse headache, I felt it was in vain to endeavour to hold out, and that I had therefore better at once sound a retreat. Accordingly, ringing my bell, I requested the garçon to ascertain whether Madame would be visible to me?

In a few minutes she entered my room, with the same placid smile which had adorned her countenance when it last left me.

“What,” she kindly inquired, “could she do to serve me?”

It required the whole of my resolution, and,