

There was a dignity about Mrs. Field's manner which had its effect with the young men—who bowed and left the room in silence.

They then adjourned to the rooms of Mr. Elmes, a mutual friend, to whom they recounted the events of the morning over a further supply of bitter beer and pipes.

"And now," said Gray—"I'm off—I shall go to the country per Dublin and Wicklow Railway till well-assured that that dreadful old lady is safely back in Bethel or Armageddon, or wherever she hails from."

So saying he left them and proceeded on his way to College green, and soon after Mrs. Field and "cousin Lydia" might be seen moving across the college court in the same direction.

They had hardly passed out of the square when a brougham rattled across and stopped before the door of No. 6. "It is evidently the doctor, said Elmes—in Dublin every doctor keeps a brougham, and no body in Dublin keeps a brougham except a doctor." "I say, Elmes, it is old — W.—he is an awful hard nut, plucks more men at the College of Surgeon's examination than any other examiner. I wish, like a good fellow, you would come with me and help me to face him." To this, Elmes, who being a law student, did not fear the medical potentate, consented, and they went to No. 6, in the sitting room of which the great doctor W. — was seated. "Well, Longfield, said the doctor, what has your treatment been? you must tell me all about it quickly, for my time is precious."

"The fact of it is, doctor, we've got him locked up in that room," said Longfield—on whose mind it now began to dawn, that not only was the patient locked up there, but the key carried away by Gray in the direction of the Wicklow mountains.

"Locked a man up in *delirium-tremens* in a room by himself!" said the doctor—"I never heard of such treatment. But what was the case—describe to me the symptoms."

"If you please sir, Longfield says—

"What the deuce does it matter what Longfield says, Longfield does not know the difference between scarletina and sciatica" interrupted the irate doctor. "Let me see the man instantly."

Much humiliated at this snubbing from his superior, Longfield was endeavoring to explain the circumstances, when Elmes suggested: "Could not the doctor form some opinion on the nature of the case through the key hole?"

"Form a diagnosis through a key hole!" said the doctor, now in high anger. "I can see there is some practical joke intended, and if I am not satisfied about it, and that fully too, you, master Longfield, may 'whistle' for your diploma."

So saying, the indignant physician left the room, overthrowing in his impetuous career, and precipitating down the stairs Mrs. Weeks, who had been listening at the key hole.

It was late that day when Elmes and Longfield returned from their walk in the Phoenix park, and not till evening did Gray come back from the County Wick-

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