

He took a cup of French brandy, mixed with sugar and boiling water, from the hand of Mrs. Dubois, and administered it slowly to the exhausted man. It seemed to have a quieting effect, and after awhile Mr. Brown sank into a disturbed slumber.

Observing this, and finding that his limbs, which had been cold and benumbed, were now thoroughly warmed, Mr. Dubois rose from his kneeling position and turning to his daughter, said, "Now then, Adèle, take the lantern and go with me to the stables. I must see for myself that the horses are properly cared for. They are both tired and famished."

Adèle caught up the lantern, but Mr. Norton interposed. "Allow me, sir, to assist you," he said, rising quickly. "It will expose the young lady to go out in the storm. Let me go, sir."

He approached Adèle to take the lantern from her hand, but she drew back and held it fast.

"I don't mind weather, sir," she said, with a little sniff of contempt at the thought. "And my father usually prefers my attendance. I thank you. Will you please stay with the sick gentleman?"

Mr. Norton bowed, smiled, and reseated himself near the invalid.

In the mean time, Mr. Dubois and his daughter went through the rain to the stables; his wife replenished the teapurn and began to rearrange the table.

Mrs. McNab, during the scene that had thus unexpectedly occurred, had been waddling from one part of the room