

turning to the matter in hand, "I believe I ought to tell you something. That Mr. Watson has been with papa a good deal lately—and he pretends to believe in animal magnetism—and papa seems to be taking him very much into favor—and you know, Walter—"

"D—n Watson," interrupted the lover; "pardon me, dearest, for using such an expression, but I hate the very name of that fellow, and it slipped out unaware. I am not jealous of him, Harriet, because I know, and you know, that it is your fortune more than your precious self that he aims at the possession of. He has not soul enough to appreciate," etc., etc.

Here another digression, which we likewise omit.

"Well, Walter," resumed Harriet; "whatever his object may be, one thing is certain; that he is taking a great deal of pains to win favor with papa, and you must not let him get the advantage of you. So you will try and please papa about the magnetism, for my sake, wont you, dear Walter?"

This was not the whole of the conversation that took place on the particular occasion referred to, but enough of it has been given to let the reader into the state of affairs; and it would be ungentlemanly to play the eaves-dropper any farther than is absolutely necessary.

It was very true, as Hamilton said, that the fortune of Miss Dilbury was the main object with Watson. He was a young man about town, with very expensive habits, and no expectations; at least, with no other than that of setting himself up by a rich marriage. He had made desperate love to our young Harriet, and being a handsome man, of fashionable appearance and manners, six feet high, with superb hair and teeth, moving in good circles, and thoroughly experienced in all the resources of a fortune-hunter, it is by no means impossible that if he had found her inclinations quite unengaged, he might have succeeded in making himself very agreeable to her; but he was a few months too late; she had already listened with a pleased ear to the soft somethings of Walter Hamilton, and the moment she became fully sensible of the definite purpose had in view by his rival, she took pains to throw such discouragement in his way as she hoped would induce him to turn his thoughts in some other quarter. But in this matter her expectations were far from realized. Watson knew that Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, was worth, at least, a cool hundred thousand; and as Harriet was his only child, it was clear that the whole

would be her's—and her husband's. She was a prize not to be given up so lightly; and the only consequence of her reserved manner and evident avoidance of his attentions, was a change in his plan of attack. He resolved, in the first place, to ingratiate himself with the father; and most opportunely for him, just at this time it was that animal magnetism and the professors therefore took such vigorous hold of the imagination and belief of old Samuel Dilbury.

Such was the state of affairs when our story commences; and their progress, for some months, was such as might be expected. Mr. Dilbury grew more and more bewitched with the mysterious science in which he had become a believer, and after a time he even took on himself the airs and practices of a professor. From reading the accounts in the newspapers, he went on to attending the exhibitions; then he submitted himself to be magnetized, but with no greater success on the part of his magnetizer. Indeed, we may say that the attempt to put Samuel asleep was a dead failure, partly, perhaps, because he had got into a habit of sleeping only after dinner, and in his bed at night, whereas the magnetizing experiment was made in the morning; and partly by reason of his own eagerness and anxiety to be thrown into a snooze, which, as usual in such cases, kept him wider awake than ever. But the professor who manipulated on the occasion assigned quite another cause for the ill-success of his endeavours. When he found that all his staring did no good—that passes, either upward or downward, had no effect on the obstinate eyelids of Mr. Dilbury—and that even the contact of thumbs was powerless, he gravely declared that his own power of magnetizing was inferior; that he felt himself overcome in the struggle; and, yawning portentously all the while, he assured Mr. D. that although sleepless himself, he could put almost any body to sleep in a very few minutes, advising him to make trial immediately of his mysterious energies. The advice was flattering to a believer so warm and zealous; and he began looking around at once for a subject.

In the meantime he had found a ready and attentive listener to his wondering discourses and speculations on the subject of magnetism, in the person of "that Mr. Watson." Sustained by the hope of marrying the old gentleman's daughter, and so coming into possession of the old gentleman's threeper cents, bank stock, etc. and comforted, in the process, by rapid glasses of the old gentleman's choice