

of a gentleman, who seemed to be almost in a state of insensibility.

“Make way! make way, Adèle. Here’s a sick man. Throw some blankets on the floor, and come, all hands, and rub him. My dear, order something warm for him, to drink.”

Mrs. Dubois caught a pile of bedding from a neighboring closet and arranged it upon the floor, near the fire. Mr. Dubois laid the stranger down upon it. Mr. Norton immediately rose from the tea-table, drew off the boots of the fainting man, and began to chafe his feet with his warm, broad hand.

“Put a dash of cold water on his face, child,” said he to Adèle, “and he’ll come to, in a minute.” Adèle obeyed.

The stranger opened his eyes suddenly and looked around in astonishment upon the group.

“Ah! yes. I see,” he said, “I have been faint, or something of the kind. I believe I am not quite well.”

He attempted to rise, but sank back, powerless. He turned his head slowly towards Mr. Dubois, and said, “Friend Dubois, I think I am going to be ill, and must trust myself to your compassion,” when immediately his eyes closed and his countenance assumed the paleness of death.

“Don’t be down-hearted, Mr. Brown,” said Mr. Dubois. “You are not used to this Miramichi staging. You’ll be better by and by. My dear, give me the cordial, — he needs stimulating.”