

was sitting ; turned the lamp low ; stretched himself full length on the couch and sank into a dreamy repose, watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled lazily up until it joined a cloud that hovered in a soft, uncertain, undulating manner about two yards from the ceiling. Occasionally an independent body of smoke, becoming restless and tired of the supervision exercised over it by the rest, would break away ; float gracefully downwards in the direction of the fire, as though about to caress it ; but, on discovering how near danger it was, would, when within about two feet of the tempter, pause, as though wondering what to do, and hastily decide to take flight up the chimney.

Raymond lay there, enjoying the recollection of all the most pleasing episodes of his young life. As each recollection succeeded another, it mingled with the curls of smoke