

long after he had ceased to be visible, proving, as Jack observed, that sound travels faster than sight. And on another occasion, during the absence from the Hospital drug-room of Mr. Kirby, the apothecary, an aged Irishwoman had applied for relief from an attack of colic, supervening on an over zealous cult of St. Patrick and of the national whiskey. Now Jack had seen an effervescing draught administered with success in such cases, and thereupon it occurred to him to improve on this idea by greatly increasing the gaseous force of the soda and acid, imagining that the curative effect would follow in proportion. Summoning to his aid Mike Kirby, whom his parent had left in temporary charge of the shop, he caused him to compound and administer separately the ingredients for the effervescing draught. The effect was instantaneous; for a moment or two the patient sat still as if suffering from some violent internal convulsion, her eyes staring, and the expression of her countenance something of the kind which painters give to a demoniac. Jack Longfield fled the premises before she had breath to speak, somewhat unfairly leaving Mike in for the consequences, which were an allocution and excommunication major from the old lady and a sound drubbing from his father, who arrived during the proceedings. However, here was a "case" which he could have all to himself; with some regret and disgust at the idea that one of his fellow students could so far abandon himself to drinking, he was nevertheless rather elated at getting such an important matter under care.—"What are the symptoms, Gray?" he said, as he arrived at Field's rooms on the ground floor of No. 9, "any evidence of spectres?"—"Well, the fact is, poor Field is not used to punch drinking and your party last night has upset him—that's all I can see in the matter, but he is very nervous and fancies himself worse than he really is. However, we have sent for the doctor, and meantime see what you think of it. I suppose you have picked up something in those beastly hospitals you are always frequenting."

Too dignified to reply to this speech, Jack proceeded to the patient's bedroom, a small chamber opening to the sitting-room. The bed was much tossed, and there, looking certainly very seedy and miserable, lay Mr. James Field, junior Freshman of Trinity College, Dublin. To Jack's professional enquiries he made no reply.

"Just read that and judge for yourself whether it is not enough to drive a fellow mad," he said, handing to Jack a crumpled sheet of note paper.

#### "BETHEL COTTAGE.

"My dear James,

"As I wish to see how you are advancing in your studies, it is my intention to visit you at your rooms to-morrow morning, at 10 a.m. If your Tutor can spare you from your lessons, pray be there. I shall be accompanied by your cousin Lydia on her return from Miss Pinnock's.

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARTHA FIELD."

"P.  
"on th

"Te  
soon be  
quadra  
room, a  
old lady

This  
key see  
the con  
a bottle  
of the e  
of No. 1  
dischar

Some  
cabman  
out of t

Pres  
second l  
Longfie

"Do  
Lydia is

Here  
was not

"Hus  
But, by  
the "cal

Indee  
and her.

"She

The d  
pened to  
the room

"Are  
little hor  
chamber

ence of t  
worthy p

But tl

"I do  
Drinking  
window.