

"He had parodied Pepys twice last night, but the doctor says that that is usual."

"Of course, our greatest trouble," Mr. Blackbury said, turning to me, is our fear lest he should get anything published." The disgrace and criticism of it would break my heart. It takes three men to hold him at post time.

If his humorous description of a channel passage got into print I could never hold up my head again.

"Does the doctor," I asked, "hold out any hopes of recovery?"

"None."

"Then, I said, there is only one thing to be done." We all looked at one another. The Blackburys understood my meaning, and looked grateful. "What will you do it with?" Mrs. Blackbury asked in a more cheerful voice.

"With this," I said, picking up the poker, and moving towards the staircase. They showed me which was his room, and entreated me to be careful with myself. The whole thing did not take ten minutes.

BARRY PAIN.

