

suppose I shall have to go down; I will be there in a minute." Then I looked at my feet and at the fire, and felt that I might just as well remain where I was, and let the girl come to me. "No—tell her—ask her to step up here. Stay—is it a lady?"

"A lady? No sir, just a plain girl I think," said the servant.

"Just a young girl. Very well, tell her to come upstairs; I am tired to-night."

I am a man of method, and this was very irregular on my part. However, a man of methodical habits may sometimes permit himself to indulge in the luxury of a small irregularity. But I do not remember ever having done this before.

Anne took her departure. I laid the magazine aside, and sat up straight in my chair in order that I might be able to rise when the young woman was ushered in. But I waited several minutes and no young woman came. I stirred the whiskey, I raked the fire; still no sign of my visitor. I was angry at this; what could Anne mean? In my disgust at this very unnecessary delay, I determined that I would go and fetch her myself. I was resolved that she should come up into the library. Having once made up my mind to see her there, I was not going to be balked. So I picked up my slippers, which had been merely lying on the floor beside my chair, and, putting them on, went out into the hall.

I had hardly crossed the threshold when I met Annie coming back in no small perturbation. I stopped her at once. "Annie, what does this mean?"