

things of life, and chronicle the gaieties and harmless frivolities that are inseparable from a more refined society. Hum, ha!"

As he spoke the clergyman sank slowly back into a comfortable chair, and half-closed his dull, heavy-lidded eyes, and crossed his thick, white, yet shapely hands across the long-vanished line of demarcation that had once existed between his chest and his stomach.

Mrs. Lathom smiled sweetly as Haldane opened the door for her, and then Lathom showed the clergyman to his room. In a few minutes he returned to the doctor.

"Haldane, old fellow! How glad I am to see you again!" and in his quiet, undemonstrative manner he placed his sun-browned hand on his friend's arm. "Come, let us have another glass of wine together before you go to your room."

"Wine, Fred, wine! 'No, an' you love me, no more wine.' I drank claret just now for the proprieties only, observe you, my melancholy New Holland knight of La Mancha, who is for ever tilting at the impregnable fastnesses of official stupidity. No, no wine, my boy, but a good, stiff half-tumbler of good honest brandy with good honest water. I want it—after listening to the exordium of our clerical friend."

Lathom laughed—and his laugh was always pleasant to hear. "Indeed you shall, George, and I'll join you. You don't know how glad I shall be to see that man's back. There is something so repellent about even his manner of speaking that every time he opens his mouth it jars me. No wonder the prisoners hate him."

"Hate him!" said the doctor, as he poured himself out some brandy. "I would not like to stand in his shoes, Fred. One of these days a bullet will be coming