

But I don't wish her to stay with this gentleman to-night. If he talks again as he did just now, she will tell it all over the neighborhood."

At that moment, the door opened, and Mrs. McNab came waddling in, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Dubois.

"Now, Mr. Doobyce," said she, "if you and this pussion will just carry the patient up stairs, and place him on the bed, that's a' ye need do. I'll tak' care o' him."

"Permit me the privilege of watching by the gentleman's bed to-night," said Mr. Norton, turning to Mr. Dubois.

"By no means, sir," said his host; "you have had a long ride through the forest to-day and must be tired. Aunt Patty here prefers to take charge of him."

"Sir," said Mr. Norton, "I observed awhile ago, that his mind was quite wandering. He is greatly excited by fever, but I succeeded in quieting him once and perhaps may be able to do so again."

Here Mrs. McNab interposed in tones somewhat loud and irate.

"That's the way pussons fra' your country always talk. They think they can do everything better'n anybody else. What can a mon do at nussin', I wad ken?"

"Mr. Norton will nurse him well, I know. Let him take care of the gentleman, father," said Adèle.

"Hush, my dear," said Mr. Dubois, decidedly, "it is proper that Mrs. McNab take charge of Mr. Brown to-night."

Adèle made no reply, and only showed her vexation by casting a defiant look on the redoubtable aunt Patty,