

must be a fool, and has no business to be out at this hour alone. Her people must be crazy too, to allow it."

"Oh, Charlie!" exclaimed Minnie, wringing her hands in her distress. "Do, please come. You can't think how much it may mean. Think if *you* were dying, and had no one to say a kind word!—Think if it was *me*! And this woman's soul is as immortal and as precious as yours or mine."

He looked at her a moment, as if he had fallen into a dream, and then without a word, took down his coat, and bidding her wrap well up, prepared to accompany her.

She flew upstairs again, and hastily threw a large shawl round her, insisting at the same time on Mabel enveloping herself in another of similar magnitude, and in about three minutes, the two girls were down in the hall, where they found Charlie awaiting them.

They set off at once, walking rapidly, towards Hollow-mell, and only stopping for a few minutes, while Charlie left a message at Dr. Merton's directing him to follow them there.

They found the poor woman in a state of utter prostration, but she revived a little upon the administration of some cordial, which Charlie had had the forethought to slip into his pocket before coming out. She seemed to be worn out by mental, rather than by physical suffering, but Charlie would allow no word to be spoken to her, until the arrival of Dr. Merton, which took place in a very short time after they reached the cottage.

He gave it as his opinion, that she could not live many hours at most, and that if anything could be done to ease her