instant Jack was at her side, and helped her to an upright position. It was terrible; she seemed unable to catch her breath, and the coughing racked her whole body; a hemorrhage came on, and lasted for what seemed hours to Jack. At last the coughing ceased, and Darcy, holding her, felt her become heavy in his arms; then her head fell back. She had fainted!

Jack let her gently back into the chair, and rushing to the bell rang it vigorously. A servant appeared.

"Go to Dr. Jellet's rooms, and send him here at once!" Jack commanded.

In a very short time the man reappeared, with the doctor close behind him. While waiting, Jack had lighted the gas.

As the doctor entered, Jack pointed to the limp form in the chair, and dismissing the servant, closed the door. The doctor turned a very serious face to him as he came back, but he merely said, "Help me get her on the lounge."

Together they lifted her to the lounge, and the doctor set about restoring her to consciousness. Darcy stood by for a moment, and then suddenly remembering the child sleeping in the window-seat, went and peered through the curtains. She was still fast asleep, with her little hands cuddled up under her dimpled chin, and some rebellious locks of the long shiny hair nestled across her cheek. The sight brought many thoughts to Darcy's mind, and he stood there for a long time, until a word from the doctor brought him back to the couch, slightly startled.

Dr. Jellet looked earnestly at him. "This is a very sick woman," he said, finally. "She has a high fever, and has been much weakened by the coughing and hemorrhage."

"What is to be done?" Jack asked, anxiously.

"Well, this lounge is no place for her. She must be provided for at once," and Dr. Jellet glanced inquiringly about the room, and then at Darcy. Jack flushed a little beneath the searching gaze, but there was too much trouble on his mind for him to care for trifles.

"Shall I summon an ambulance?" he asked.

"Summon nothing," was the curt reply; "she cannot be moved—just now at least. Where's your sleeping-room?"

For answer Jack pulled away the portière over the door connecting his rooms. The doctor glanced in. "That will do," he said. "Now we must have a nurse," he added; and sitting down at the table, he wrote a brief note on the flyleaf of his book. Finishing, he folded it, and handed it to Darcy.

"Send this up to the Invalids'," he directed.

Jack took his hat and left the room. "I'll take it myself," he muttered, glad of an opportunity to get out into the air, and a chance to collect his thoughts.

When he returned with the nurse, an hour later, they found that Dr. Jellet and one of the women had conveyed the invalid to the bedroom, and the bottles and glasses on the table made Jack realize that he was in for it indefinitely.

The nurse from the Invalids' Hospital took possession at once, and settled herself as a fixture,—in that way which nurses have,—and after a few instructions, Dr. Jellet took his departure.

Jack looked on with a rather hazy idea that he was left out of the calculations of these two disciples of medicine, and wandered disconsolately up and down his sitting-room, wondering what was to be the end of it all. Of one thing he was certain,—his cup of misery was pretty nearly full. He felt humiliated, disgraced. His brother had degraded the name, and soiled the family honor; perhaps he exaggerated it a little, but his frame of mind was conducive to distortion of facts. About Lena he scarcely dared to think. He had an idea that now he could never ask her to marry him. He pictured her proud face turning from him, and he found himself wondering what his life would be like without her. He never for a moment thought of doubting the story he had heard. Mrs. Darcy was a lady beyond a doubt, and there was an irresistible