

No! no more writing about myself. I close the book again.

Eighth Extract.

July 3.--A letter has reached Mrs. Eyrecourt this morning, from Doctor Wybrow. It is dated, "Castel Gandolpho, near Rome." Here the doctor is established during the hot months--and here he has seen Romaine, in attendance on the "Holy Father," in the famous summer palace of the Popes. How he obtained the interview Mrs. Eyrecourt is not informed. To a man of his celebrity, doors are no doubt opened which remain closed to persons less widely known.

"I have performed my promise," he writes "and I may say for myself that I spoke with every needful precaution. The result a little startled me. Romaine was not merely unprepared to hear of the birth of his child--he was physically and morally incapable of sustaining the shock of the disclosure. For the moment, I thought he had been seized with a fit of catalepsy. He moved, however, when I tried to take his hand to feel the pulse--shrinking back in his chair, and feebly signing to me to leave him. I committed him to the care of his servant. The next day I received a letter from one of his priestly colleagues, informing me that he was slowly recovering after the shock that I had inflicted, and requesting me to hold no further communication with him, either personally or by letter. I wish I could have sent you a more favorable report of my interference in this painful matter. Perhaps you or your daughter may hear from him."

July 4-9.--No letter has been received. Mrs. Eyrecourt is uneasy. Stella, on the contrary, seems to be relieved.