

**GERALD BOYNE: A
NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Gerald Boyne: A Novel. In Three Volumes, Vol. II by T. W. Eames

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T. W. EAMES

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GERALD BOYNE:

A Novel.

BY
T. W. EAMES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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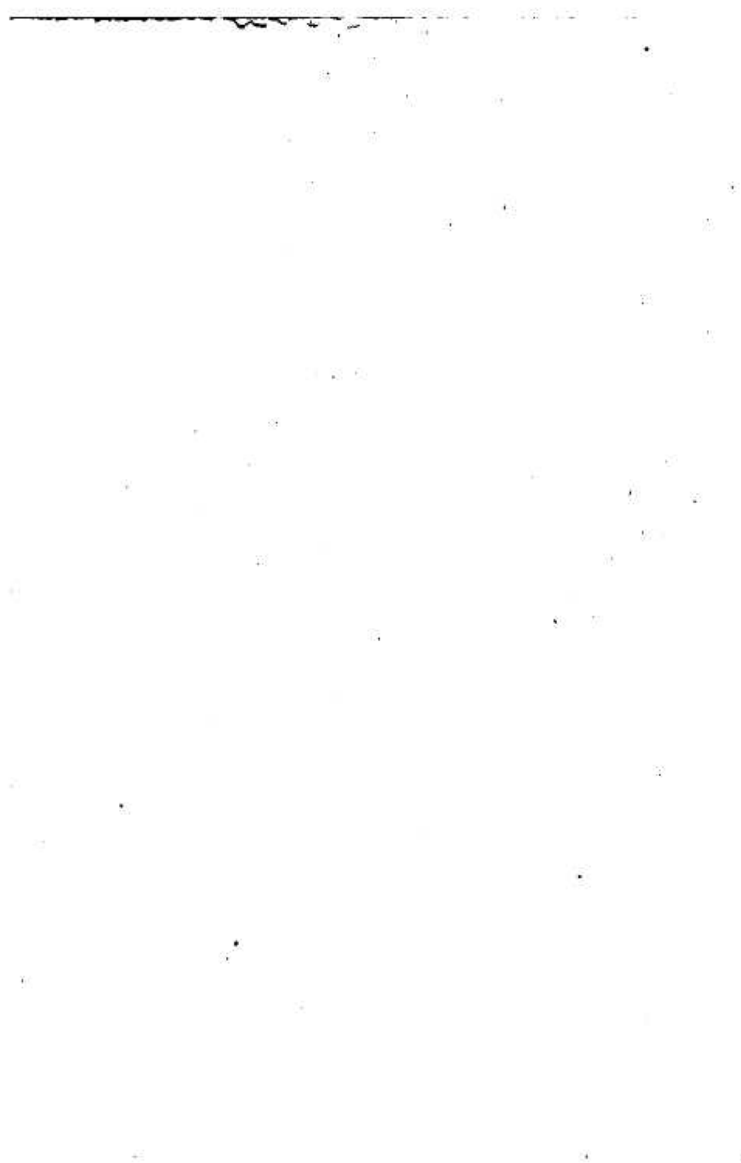
1876.

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GERALD BOYNE.

CHAPTER I.

A BANK HOLIDAY.

At ten o'clock the next morning Boyne was ascending the steps which led to the entrance of the — Hospital.

"Could you tell me where Mr. Carroll is?" asked he of the porter.

"He's in the hospital, somewhere or other, sir," replied the man: "but as for telling you where he is, I can't, and I don't know whether anybody else, except himself, can; for he's here, there, and everywhere in a minute. He flies about like a message sent by telegraph."

"You want Mr. Carroll, sir?" said a dirty-looking man, who had his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his elbows.

Boyne replied in the affirmative.

"He was in the dead-house, along with some other of the young gentlemen, only five minutes ago," remarked the man.

"Well," said the porter, "that isn't telling the gentleman where he is, Tipple."

"No, I know it isn't, Blabagin," replied the dirty-looking man, fiercely. "I know as well as you do that it was only telling him where he was; but that was more than you could tell the gentleman. Your gold-lace hatband don't agree with ye, Blabagin; it makes ye too doosed sharp."

"It's a pity that you dead-house porters haven't got more work to do," said the man with the gold-lace hatband.

"P'raps you'll be kind enough to mizzle off to the 'appy 'unting-grounds without giving no notice, and let me have the honour of sewing up yer old wooden pump of a nut after your *post-mortem*," retorted the man with the turned-up sleeves.

"I shan't bandy words with a feller like you, Tipple!" exclaimed the door-porter, indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" sniggled the dead-house

man. "You think yerself a swell, because you wear a bit of gold lace, and write out admission-cards for the patients; but you mustn't call me a feller, or it might be dangerous for that 'ere dignified conk of yours."

A pretty young woman, attired in a clean print dress, with white apron in front of its skirt, and a close white cap which made her look very coquettish, passed near the porter's box at this moment.

"Nurse Tippet," said the porter, calling after her, "could you tell me where Mr. Carroll is?"

"He was in Ward 5," replied the pretty nurse; "but I think he's in Mr. Jenkins's room now."

"Mr. Jenkins, sir," said the porter, turning to Boyne, "is Sir Evan Dollopson's physician's assistant. His room is just by Ward 5: you'll see 'Physician's Assistant' painted on it in large white capital letters. That young lady," the gallant porter smirked, and indicated the pretty nurse with his right hand, "is going that way. If you'll follow her, I've no doubt she'll be good enough to show you Mr. Jenkins's room, sir."

"With pleasure, sir," replied the young lady, with an approving glance at Gerald's person.

"Now, Mr. Tipple, if you please!" exclaimed the porter, in a stern voice, "let us settle our little dispute."

"Take off yer 'at and coat, an' I'm ready for yer!" answered Mr. Tipple.

As Gerald at once followed his pretty guide upstairs, he did not witness the settlement of the dispute; but, from scuffling of feet, the dull thuds of blows, and shouts of "Go it, Tipple!" and "Give it him, Blabagin!" our friend concluded that he had missed a very pretty little encounter.

"Blabagin and Tipple are always quarrelling," remarked Nurse Tippet. "If they don't look out, the committee will discharge them both. Such goings-on don't look respectable in a place of this sort."

"Not very, certainly," replied Gerald smiling.

"Are you a medical gentleman, sir?" inquired the nurse.

"No."

"Mr. Carroll is a nice gentleman!" ex-