

# SOPHIA.\*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. With this object in view, he lures the boy from Oxford, where he is at college, to London. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the young girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance; but Sophia has accidentally learned of Tom's danger, and that, although they are aware of it, they have done nothing to save him, and she remains obdurate. Mrs. Northey thereupon harshly declares that she must go to Chalkhill, her shrewish Aunt Leah's home, where existence promises to be a burden to her. In sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; but afterwards discovers that before the appointed time arrives, she will have been sent away from London. She is sorely perplexed as to what to do, when Lady Betty Cochrane visits her, and on learning of her dilemma volunteers to exchange clothes with her, so that she may escape from her room, where she is locked in, and seek her lover. This Sophia finally does.

## VI.

THE glasses of the chair, which had been standing some time at the door, were dimmed by moisture, and in the dusk of the evening its trembling occupant had no need to fear recognition. But as the men lifted and bore her from the door, every blurred light that peeped in on her, and in an instant was gone, every smoking shop lamp that glimmered a moment through the mist, and betrayed the moving forms that walked the side-way, was, to Sophia, an eye noting and condemning her.

As the chairmen swung into Portugal Street, and turning eastwards, skirted the long stand of coaches and the group of link men that waited before Burlington House, she felt that all eyes were upon her, and she shrank farther and farther into the recesses of the chair. A bare-footed orange girl, who ran beside the window waving ballads or bills of the play, a coach rattling up behind and bespattering the glass as it passed, a link boy peering in and whining to be hired, caused her a succession of panics. Behind these, the fluttering alarms of the moment, pressed the consciousness of a step taken, that could never be revoked; nor was it until the chairmen, leaving Piccadilly behind them, had entered the comparative

quiet of Air Street, and a real difficulty on a sudden rose before her, that she rallied her faculties.

The men were making for Soho, and if left to take their course, would in a quarter of an hour set her down at the door of Lady Betty's house in King's Square. That would not do. But to stay them, and to vary the order from "Home" to Mr. Wollenhope's house in Davies Street, where her lover lodged, did not now seem the simple and easy step it had appeared a few minutes earlier, when the immediate difficulty was to escape from the house. Lady Betty had said that the men knew her. In that case, as soon as Sophia spoke, or showed herself, they would scent something wrong, and, apprised of the change of fares, might wish to know more. They might even decline to take her where she bade them!

The difficulty was real, but for that very reason Sophia's courage rose to meet it. At present she knew where she was; a minute or two later she might not know. The sooner she took the route into her own hands, therefore, the better it would be; as the men turned from the narrow street of Air into Brewer Street and swung to the right towards Soho, she tapped the glass. The chair moved on. With impatience, natural in the circumstances, Sophia tapped again and more

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sharply. This time the front bearer heard, and gave the word. The chair was set down, and the man, wiping his brow, raised the lid.

"What is it, my lady?" he said, with a rich Irish accent. "Sure, and isn't it right ye are? If we went by Windmill Street, which some would be for going, there's a sight of coaches that way."

"I don't want to go to King's Square," Sophia said firmly.

"Eh, my lady—no? But you said 'Home'!"

"I want to go to the West End again," Sophia said. "I've remembered something. I want to go to Davies Street."

"Faith, but it's a fine trate your ladyship's had," the Irishman cried good humoredly, "and finely I should be scolded if his noble lordship your father knew 'twas with us you went; but it's home now you must go; you've played truant long enough, my lady! And—holy Mother!"—with a sudden exclamation—" 'tis not your ladyship! Oh, the saints, Micky, she's changed!"

The second chairman came round the chair, stared, and rubbed his head; the two gazed in perplexity at poor Sophia, whose face alone appeared above the side of the conveyance. "Take me to Davies Street by Berkeley Square," she commanded, tapping the front impatiently. "To Mr. Wollenhope's house. What does it matter to you where I go?"

"To Davies Street?"

"Yes; cannot you hear?"

"Faith, and I hear," the Irishman answered, staring. "But then, the saints help us, 'tis not yourself. 'Twas her ladyship hired me to go to Arlington Street, and to take her home, and it's not leaving her I'll be!"

"But her ladyship lent me the chair!" Sophia cried desperately. "She'll take another. Cannot you understand? She knows all about it. Now take me to Davies Street."

Her voice trembled with anxiety, for at any moment she might be seen and recognized. Hard by, a lamp in an oilman's window, one of the few lights that at long intervals broke the dull gloom of Brewer Street, shone on the group. Already a couple of chairs had swung by, the carriers casting, as they passed, a curious look at the stationary chair; and now a coach, approaching from the Soho

direction, was near. Every second she delayed there, was a second on the rack. What would Sir Hervey or Lord Lincoln, what would any of the hundred acquaintances she had made since she came to town, say of a girl found unprotected after nightfall, astray in the public streets?

Alas, the men still hesitated, and while they stood staring in puzzlement the coach came up. Before Sophia could add reproaches to her commands, it was checked opposite the group. The coachman leaned down, and in a tone of disappointment—as if it was only then he saw that the chair was occupied—"You've a fare, have you?" he said. "You can't take a lady to Crown Court, King Street?"

Before the Irishman could answer, "Here, my man," a woman's voice cried shrilly from the coach, "I want to go to Crown Court, St. James, and the coach can't enter. Double fare if you are quick! Here, let me out!"

"But, faith, ma'am, I've a fare," Mick cried reluctantly.

"They've a fare," the coachman explained, leaning down anew.

"The fare can take my coach," the voice answered imperiously; and in a twinkling a smartly dressed woman, wearing red and white and plenty of both, yet handsome after a fashion, was out of the coach. "See here, ma'am," she continued, seeing Sophia's scared face, "the coach is paid, and shall take you anywhere in reason. 'Twill make no difference to you and all to me, and a mite of good nature is never thrown away. I've to go where a coach cannot go. Up a court, you understand."

Sophia hesitated, astonished by the strangeness of the request. Why did not the lady, whose speech and bold eyes did not much commend her, pursue her way to Portugal Street, and descend there, where chairs might be had in plenty? Or why, again, was she in such a clamorous hurry and so importunate? On the other hand, if all were right, nothing could have fallen out more happily for herself; it was no wonder that, after a momentary hesitation, she gave a grudging assent. One of the chairmen, who seemed willing enough to change, opened the door; she stepped out and mechanically climbed into the coach. "To Davies Street, Mayfair,"

she said, sinking back. "To Mr. Wollenhope's, if you please."

Quickly as she acted, the strange lady was quicker; in a second she was in and the chair was gone. It seemed to vanish. A moment and the coach also started, and lumbered westwards along Brewer Street. And now Sophia was at liberty to consider—with no obstacle between her and Mr. Wollenhope's door—how she should present herself to her lover, and how it behoved him to receive her.

She found it more easy to answer the second question than the first. Well indeed she knew how it behoved him to receive her. If in men survived any delicacy, any reverence, any gratitude, these were her due who came to him thus; these must appear in his greetings, or the worst guided, the most hapless of maids, was happy beside her. He must show himself lover, brother, parent, friend, in his one person; for he was her all. The tenderest homage, the most delicate respect, a tact that foreran offense, a punctilio that saw it everywhere, the devotion of a Craven, the gratitude of a Peterborough, were her right who came to him thus, a maiden trusting in his honor. She was clear on this; and not once or twice, but many times, many times as she pressed one hand on the other and swallowed the telltale lump that rose and rose in her throat, she swore that if she did not meet with these, if he did not greet her with them, plain in eye and lip—aye, and with a thousand dainty flowers of love, a thousand tender thoughts and imaginings, not of her, but for her—she had better have been the mud through which the wheels of her coach rolled!

It was natural enough that, so near, so very near the crisis, she should feel misgivings. The halt in the dark street, the chill of the night air, had left her shivering; had left her with an overwhelming sense of loneliness and homelessness. The question was no longer how to escape from a prison, but how, having escaped, she would be received by him, who must be her all. The dice were on the table, the throw was made, and made for life; it remained only to lift the box. For a little, a very little while, since a matter of minutes only divided her from Davies Street, she hung between the old life and the new, her child's heart panting vaguely for the sympathy that had been

lacking in the old life, for the love that the new life had in store. Would she find them? Child as she was, she trembled now that she stood on the brink. A few minutes, and she would know. A few minutes, and——

The coach stopped suddenly, with a jerk that flung her forward. She looked out, her heart beating, and prepared to descend. But surely this was not Davies Street? The road was very dark. On the left, the side on which the door opened, a dead wall, overhung by high trees, confronted her.

"Where am I?" she cried, her hand on the fastening of the door, her voice quivering with sudden fright. "We are not there?"

"You are as far as you'll go, mistress," a rough voice answered out of the darkness. "Sorry to alter your plans. A fine long chase you've given us." And from the gloom at the horses' heads, two men advanced to the door of the coach.

She took them for footpads. The dead wall had much the appearance of the wall of Burlington Gardens, where it bounds Glasshouse Street; at that spot, she remembered, a coach had been robbed the week before. She prepared to give up her money with a trembling hand, and was groping for a little knitted purse, when the men, still grumbling, opened the door.

"I suppose you know what's what," the foremost said. "At suit of Margott's, of Paul's Churchyard. You'll go to my house, I suppose? You'll be more genteel there."

"I don't understand," Sophia muttered faintly, her heart sinking.

"Oh, don't come the innocent over us!" the man answered coarsely. "Here's the capias. Forty eight, seven, six, debt and costs. It's my house or the Marshalsea. One or the other, and be quick about it. If you've the cash, you'd better come to me."

"There's some mistake," Sophia gasped, involuntarily retreating into the farthest corner of the coach. "You take me for some one else."

The bailiffs—for such they were—laughed. "I take you for Mrs. Clark, alias Grocott, alias anything else you please," the spokesman answered. "Come, no nonsense, mistress; it's not the first time you've been behind bars. I warrant

with that face you'll soon find some one to open the door for you."

"But I'm not Mrs. Clark," Sophia protested. "I'm not indeed."

"Pooh, pooh!"

"I tell you I am not Mrs. Clark!" she cried. "Indeed, indeed, I am not! It has nothing to do with me," she continued desperately. "Please let me go on." And in great distress she tried to close the door on them.

The bailiff roughly prevented her. "Come, no nonsense, mistress," he repeated. "These tricks won't serve you. We were waiting for you at the Ipswich stage; you got the start there, and very cleverly, I will allow. But my mate got the number of the coach, and if we had not overtaken you here we'd have nabbed you in Davies Street. You see we know all about you and where you were bound. Now where's it to be?"

Sophia, at the mention of Davies Street, began to doubt her own identity; but still repeated, with the fierceness of despair, that she was not the person they sought. "I am not Mrs. Clark!" she cried. "I only took this coach in Brewer Street. You can ask the coachman."

"Aye, I might, but I shouldn't get the truth!"

"But it is the truth!" Sophia cried piteously; truly punishment had fallen on her quickly! "It is the truth! It is indeed!"

The bailiff appeared to be a little shaken by her earnestness. He exchanged a few words with his fellow. Then, "We'll take the risk," he said. "Will you come out, ma'am, or shall I come in?"

Sophia trembled. "Where are you going to take me?" she faltered.

"To my house, where it's ten shillings a day and as genteel company as you'd find in St. James'!" the fellow answered. "S'elp me, you'll be at home in an hour! I've known many go in all of a shake, that with a glass of mulled wine and cheerful company were as jolly by night-fall as miss at a fair!" And without waiting for more, the man climbed into the coach and plumped down beside her.

Sophia recoiled with a cry of alarm. "La!" he said, with clumsy good nature, "you need not be afraid. I'm a married man. You sit in your corner, ma'am, and I'll sit in mine. Bless you, I'm sworn to do my duty. Up you get, Trigg!"

The second bailiff mounted beside the coachman, the coach was turned, and in a trice Sophia was once more trundling eastwards through the streets. But in what a condition!

In the power of a vulgar catchpoll, on her way to a low sponging house, she saw herself borne helpless past the house that, until today, she had called her home! True, she had only to prove who she was to be released. She had only to bid them turn aside and stop at Mr. Northey's mansion, and a single question and answer would set her free. But at what a cost! Overwhelmed and terrified, at her wit's end how to bear herself, she yet shrank from such a return as that!

Gladly would she have covered her face with her hands and wept tears of bitter mortification. But the crisis was too sharp, the difficulty too urgent, for tears. What was she to do? Allow herself to be carried to her destination, and there incarcerated with vile persons in a prison which her ignorance painted in the darkest colors? Or avow the truth, bid them take her to her brother in law's, and there drain the cup of defeat and ignominy to the dregs? In either case decision must be speedy. Already Arlington Street lay behind them; they were approaching St. James' Church. They were passing it. Another minute and they would reach the end of the Haymarket.

Suddenly she clapped her hands. "Stop!" she cried. "Tell him to stop! There's Lane's. They know me there. They'll tell you that I am not the person you think. Please stop!"

The bailiff nodded, put out his hand, and gave the order. Then, as the coach drew up to the shop he opened the door, "Now, no tricks, ma'am!" he said. "If you go a yard from me I nab you. Smooth's my name when I'm well treated; but if Mr. Lane knows you I'll take his word, and ask your pardon. I'm not unreasonable."

Sophia did not pause to reply, but descended, and with hot cheeks hurried across the pavement into the well known silk mercer's. Fortunately, the shop, at certain hours the resort of Piccadilly elegants, was deserted at this late hour. All the lamps but one were extinguished, and by the light of this one, Mr. Lane and two apprentices were busy stowing goods under the counter. A third young man



stood looking on and idly swinging a cane; but to Sophia's relief he retired through the open door at the back, which revealed the cozy lights of a comfortable parlor.

The tradesman advanced, bowing and rubbing his hands. "Dear me!" he said, "you are rather late, ma'am, but anything we can do—— William, relight the lamps."

"No," Sophia cried. "I do not want anything. I only—Mr. Lane," she continued, blushing deeply, "will you be good enough to tell this person who I am?"

"Dear, dear, my lady!" Mr. Lane exclaimed, becoming in a moment a very Hector, "you don't mean that—what is this, my man, what is this? Let me tell you I've several stout fellows on the premises, and——"

"No need," the bailiff answered gruffly. "I only want to know who the—who the lady is." He looked crestfallen already. He saw by the lamplight that his prisoner was too young, a mere girl in her teens; and his heart misgave him.

"This is Miss Maitland, sister in law to the Honorable Mr. Northey, of Arlington Street and the House," the tradesman answered majestically. "Now, my man, what is it?"

"You are sure that she is not a—Mrs. Oriana Clark?" the bailiff asked, consulting his writ for the name.

"No more than I am!" Mr. Lane retorted, sniffing contemptuously. "What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Nothing now," the discomfited bailiff answered; and muttering "I am sure I beg her ladyship's pardon! Beg her pardon! No offense!" he promptly bent his head and hurried precipitately out of the shop; his retreat much facilitated by the fact that Sophia, overcome by her sudden release, was seized with a fit of giddiness, which compelled her to cling to the shop board.

In a moment the good Lane was all solicitude. He placed a chair for her, called for volatile salts, and bade them close the door into the street. Sending the staring apprentices about their business, he bustled out to procure some water; but in this he was anticipated by the young man whom she had seen in the shop when she entered. Too faint at the moment to remark from what hand she took it, Sophia drank, and returned the glass. Then, a little revived by the draft,

and sensible of the absurdity of the position, she tried to rise, with a smile at her weakness. But the young man who had brought the water, and who had something of the air of a gentleman, very foppishly and effeminately dressed, implored her to sit a while.

"Sure, ma'am, you can't be rested yet!" he cried, hanging over her with a solicitude that seemed a little excessive. "Such an outrage on divine beauty merits—stap me, the severest punishment. I shall not fail, ma'am, to seek out the low beast and chastise him as he deserves."

"There is no need," Sophia answered, looking at the spark with mild surprise; she was still too faint to resent his manner. "I am better now, I thank you, sir. I will be going."

"Stap me, not yet!" he cried effusively. "A little air, ma'am?" and he fell to fanning her with his hat, while his black eyes languished on hers. "Twill bring back the color, ma'am. Has your ladyship ever tried Florence water in these attacks? It is a monstrous fine specific, I am told."

"I am not subject to them," Sophia answered, forced to avert her eyes. This movement brought her gaze to the open door of the parlor, where, to her astonishment, she espied Mr. Lane, standing, as it were, in ambush, dwelling on the scene in the shop with a face of childish pleasure. Now he softly rubbed his hands; now he nodded his head ecstatically. A moment Sophia watched him, her own face in shadow; then she rose a little displeased, and more puzzled.

"I must go now," she said, bowing stiffly. "Be good enough to see if my coach is there."

The beau, taken aback by her manner, turned to the silk mercer, who came slowly forward. "Is her ladyship's coach there?" the young gentleman cried with immense stateliness.

Mr. Lane hurried obsequiously to the door, looked out, and returned. "Dear, dear, ma'am, I fear those wretches took it. But I can send for a chair."

"Yes, call a chair!" the gentleman commanded. "I shall see the lady to her door."

"Oh, no, no!" Sophia answered quickly. "It is not necessary."

"It is very necessary at this hour," Mr. Lane interposed; and then apologized

for his intervention by rubbing his hands. "I could not think of—of letting you go from here, ma'am, without an escort!" he continued, with another low bow. "And this gentleman, Mr.——"

"Fanshaw, man, Fanshaw," the young spark said, stroking his cravat and turning his head with an absurd air of importance. "Your humble servant to command, ma'am. Richard Fanshaw, Esquire, of Warwickshire. 'Tis certain I must attend you so far; and—oh, d——n this!" he continued, with a sudden ebullition of rage. In the act of bowing to her he had entangled his sword—awkwardly, it seemed to her—in a roll of Lyons that stood behind him. "Fellow, what the devil do you mean by leaving rubbish in a gentleman's way!" he cried, struggling furiously with it.

Sophia could scarcely forbear a smile as Mr. Lane ran to the rescue. Yet with all his efforts

The bold knight was red  
And the good stuff was shred

before the little beau was freed. He damned all tailors, and, to hide his confusion, hastened rather clumsily to hand her to the chair.

Sophia was in a new difficulty. Lane would give the order "Arlington Street"; Mr. Fanshaw, smirking and tip tapping at the side, would insist on seeing her thither. And truly for an instant, as the cold night air met her on the threshold of the oil lit street, and she shivered under its touch, she hesitated. For an instant her fears pleaded with her, bade her take warning from what had already happened, whispered "Home!" Even to her the future, mirrored on the gloomy surface of the night street, on the brink of which she stood, seemed dark, forlorn, uncertain.

But her pride was not yet conquered; and without a great sacrifice of pride she could not return. The escapade of which she had been guilty would be remembered against her; she would be condemned for the attempt, and despised for its failure. Home, in her case, meant no loving mother longing to forgive, no fond tears, no kisses mingled with reproaches; but sneers and stinging words, disgrace and exile, a child's punishment. Perhaps it was little wonder that she grew hard again, while on the other hand, a girl's

first fancy beckoned roseate; or that, when she announced with an easy air that she had to go to Davies Street first, Mr. Lane detected nothing suspicious in her tone.

"Dear, dear, ma'am, it's rather late," he said. "And the streets not too secure. But Richar—Mr. Fanshaw will see you safe. Much honored. Oh, much honored, I am sure, ma'am. Delighted to be of service. My humble obedience to your sister and Mr. Northey."

A last backward glance as she was lifted and borne from the door showed her Mr. Lane standing in his shop entrance. He was looking after her with the same face of foolish admiration which she had before surprised; she wondered afresh what it meant. Soon, however, her thoughts passed from him to the over dressed little fop who had added himself to her train, and whose absurd attempts to communicate with her as he strutted along beside the glass, his sword under his arm and his laced hat cocked, were almost as amusing as the air of superb protection which he assumed when he caught her eye. Really, he was too ridiculous. Moreover, she did not want him. His presence was uncalled for now, and when she reached Davies Street might involve her in new embarrassments. She would have dismissed him; but she doubted if he would go, and to open the glass and make the attempt might only incite him to greater freedoms. Sophia bit her lip to repress a smile; the little beau took the smile for encouragement and kissed his hand through the glass.

## VII.

THE chairmen pushed briskly along through Piccadilly and Portugal Street until they reached the turnpike on the skirts of the town; there, turning to the right by Berkeley Row, they entered Berkeley Square, at that time a wide, unplanted space, surrounded on three sides by new mansions, on the fourth by the dead wall of Berkeley House, and for lack of lighting, or perhaps by reason of the convenience the building operations afforded, a favorite haunt of footpads. For Sophia, a prey to anxieties that left no room in her mind for terrors of this class, neither the dark lane shadowed by the dead wall of Berkeley Gardens nor the gloomy waste of

the square held any tremors; but the chairmen hastened over this part of their journey, and for a little time her attendant squire was so little in evidence that, in the agitation into which the prospect of arrival at her lover's house threw her, she quite forgot his presence. She strained her eyes through the glass and the darkness to distinguish the opening of Davies Street, and at once longed and feared to see it. When at last the chair halted, and, pressing her hand to her heart to still the tumult that almost stifled her, she prepared to descend and meet her fate, it was with a kind of shock she found the little dandy mincing and bowing on the pavement, his hand extended to aid her in stepping from the chair.

The vexation she had suppressed before broke out at the sight. "Oh!" she said, bowing slightly, and ungraciously avoiding his hand, "I am obliged to you, sir; I won't trouble you farther. Good night, sir."

"But—I shall see you back to Arlington Street, ma'am?" he lisped. "Surely at this hour an escort is more than ever necessary. I declare it is past eight, ma'am."

It was; but the fact so put in words stung her like a whip. She winced under all that the lateness of the hour implied. It seemed intolerable that in a crisis where her whole life lay in the balance, where her being was on the rack until she found the reception that should set all right, converting her boldness into constancy, her forwardness into courage—when she trembled on the verge of the moment in which his eyes should tell her all—it was intolerable that she should be harassed by this prating dandy. "I shall find an escort here," she cried harshly. "I need you no longer, sir. Good night."

"Oh, but, ma'am," he protested, bowing like a Chinese mandarin, "it is impossible I should leave you so! Surely there is something I can do for your ladyship?"

"You can pay the chairmen!" she cried contemptuously; and turning from him to the door before which the chair had halted, she found it half open. In the doorway a woman, her back to the light, stood blocking the passage. Doubtless she had heard what had passed.

Sophia's temper died down on the instant. "Is this—Mr. Wollenhope's?" she faltered.

"Yes, ma'am."

An hour before it had seemed simple to ask for her lover. Now the moment was come she could not do it. "May I come in?" she muttered, to gain time.

"You wish to see me?"

"Yes."

"Is the chair to wait, ma'am?"

Sophia trembled. It was a moment before she could find her voice. Then, "No," she answered faintly.

The woman looked hard at her, and having the light at her back, had the advantage. "Oh!" she said at last, addressing the men, "I think you had better wait a minute." And by ungraciously making way for Sophia to enter, she closed the door. "Now, ma'am, what is it?" she said, standing four square to the visitor. She was a stout, elderly woman, with a bluff but not unkindly face.

"Mr. Hawkesworth lodges here?"

"He does, ma'am."

"Is he at home?" Sophia faltered. Under the woman's gaze she felt a sudden overpowering shame. She was pale and red by turns. Her eyes dropped, her confusion was patent, not to be overlooked.

"He is not at home," the woman said shortly. And her look, hostile before, grew harder.

Sophia caught her breath. She had not thought of this, and for a moment was so overpowered by the intelligence, she had to support herself against the wall. "When will he return, if you please?" she said, her lip quivering.

"I'm sure I couldn't say. I couldn't say at all," Mrs. Wollenhope answered curtly. "All I know is he went out with the young gentleman at five, and as like as not he won't be home till morning."

Sophia had much ado not to burst into tears. Apparently the woman perceived this, and felt a touch of pity for her, for, in an altered tone, "Is it possible you're the young lady he's to marry tomorrow?" she asked primly.

The words were balm to the girl's heart. Here was sure footing at last; here was something to go on. "Yes," she said, more boldly; "I am."

"Oh!" Mrs. Wollenhope ejaculated. "Oh!" After which she stared at the girl, as if she found a difficulty in fitting her in with notions previously formed. At last, "Well, miss," she said, "I think if

you could call tomorrow"—with a dry cough—"if you are to be married tomorrow, it seems to me it might be better——"

Sophia shivered. "I cannot wait," she said desperately. "I must see him. Something has happened which he does not know, and I must see him, I must indeed. Can I wait here? I have nowhere to go."

"Well, you can wait here till nine o'clock," Mrs. Wollenhope answered, less drily. "We shut up at nine." Then, glancing quickly behind her, she laid her hand on Sophia's sleeve. "My dear," she said, lowering her voice—"begging pardon for the liberty, for I see you are a lady, which I did not expect—if you'll take my advice you'll go back. You will indeed. I am sure your father and mother——"

"I have neither!" Sophia cried.

"Oh, dear, dear! Still, I can see you've friends, and if you'll take my advice——"

She was cut short. "There you are again, Eliza!" cried a loud voice, apparently from an inner room. "Always your advice! Always your advice! Have done meddling, will you, and show the lady up stairs?"

Mrs. Wollenhope shrugged her shoulders, as if the interruption were no uncommon one. "Very well," she said gruffly; and, turning, led the way along the passage. Sophia, uncertain whether to be glad or sorry that the good woman's warning had been interrupted, followed. As she passed the open door of a room at the foot of the stairs, she had a glimpse of a cheery sea coal fire and a bald headed man in his shirt sleeves, who was sitting on a settle beside it, a glass of punch in his hand. He rose and muttered, "Your servant, ma'am!" as she passed; and she went on and saw him no more. But the vision of the snug back parlor, with its fire and lights, and a red curtain that hung before the window, remained with her; a picture of comfort and quiet, as far as possible removed from the suspense and agitation in which she had passed the last two hours.

And in which she still found herself; for as she mounted the stairs her heart grew sick, her knees quaked under her. She was ashamed, she was frightened. Nay, at the head of the flight, when the woman opened the door before her and by a ges-

ture bade her enter, she paused and felt she could sink into the ground; for the veriest trifle she would have gone down again. But behind her—behind her lay nothing that had power to draw her; to return was to meet abuse and ridicule and shame, and that not in Arlington Street only, for the story would be over the town. Lane the mercer, whose shop was a hotbed of gossip, the little dandy who had thrust himself into her company, and tracked her hither, the coachman who had witnessed the arrest, even her own friend Lady Betty—all would publish the tale. Girls whom she knew, and from whose plain spoken gossip she had turned a prudish ear, would sneer in her face. Men like Lord Lincoln would treat her with the easy familiarity she had seen them extend to Lady Vane or Miss Edwards. Women she respected, Lady Pomfret, the Duchess, would freeze her with a look. Girls, good girls, like Lady Sophia Fermor or little Miss Hamilton, no longer would these be her company.

No, she had gone so far, it was too late to turn back; yet she felt, as she crossed the threshold, it was the one thing she now desired to do. Though Mrs. Wollenhope hastened to light two candles that stood on a table, the parlor and the shapes of the furniture swam before Sophia's eyes. The two candles seemed to be four, six, eight; nay, the room was all candles, dancing before her. She had to lean on a chair to steady herself.

Presently Mrs. Wollenhope's voice, for a time heard dully droning, became clear. "He was up above," the good woman was saying. "But he's not here much. He lives at the taverns of the quality, mostly. 'Twas but yesterday he told me, ma'am, he was going to be married. You can wait here till nine, and I'll come and fetch you then, if he has not come in. But you'd best be thinking, if you'll take my advice, what you'll do."

"Now, Eliza!" Mr. Wollenhope roared from below; to judge from the sound of his voice he had come to the foot of the stairs; beyond doubt he had the sharpest ears. "Advising again, I'm bound. Always advising! Some day your tongue will get you into trouble, my woman. You come down and leave the young lady to herself."

"Oh, very well," Mrs. Wollenhope mut-



tered, tossing her head impatiently. "I'm coming. Coming!" And shielding her light with her hand, she went out and left Sophia alone.

The girl remained where she had paused, a little within the door, her hand resting on a chair. As she looked about her, the color began to creep into her face. This was his home, and at the thought she forgot the past; she dreamed of the future. His home! Here he had sat thinking of her. Here he had written the letter! Here, perhaps in that cupboard set low in the wainscot beside the fireplace, lay the secret papers of which he had told her, the Jacobite lists that held a life in every signature, the Ormonde letters, the plans for the Scotch rising, the cipher promises from France! Here, surrounded by perils, he wrote and studied far into the night, the pistol beside the pen, the door locked, the key-hole stopped. Here he had lain safe and busy, while the hated Whig approvers drew their nets elsewhere.

Sophia breathed more quickly as she pictured these things; as she told herself the story *Othello* told the Venetian maid. The attraction of the man, the magic of the lover, dormant during the stress she had suffered since she left Arlington Street, revived; the girl's eyes grew soft, blushes mantled over her cheeks. She looked round timidly, almost reverently, not daring to advance, not daring to touch anything.

The room, which was not large, was wainscoted from ceiling to floor with spacious panels, divided one from the other by fluted pillars in shallow relief, after the fashion of that day. The two windows were high, narrow, and round headed, deeply sunk in the walls. The fireplace, in which a few embers smoldered, was of Dutch tiles. On the square oak table in the middle of the floor a pack of cards lay beside the snuffer tray, between the tall pewter candlesticks.

She noted these things greedily, and then, alas, she fell from the clouds. Mrs. Wollenhope had said he had lived in the rooms above until lately! Still, he had sat here, and these were his belongings, which she saw strewn here and there. The book which lay open on the high backed settle that flanked one side of the hearth, and masked the door of an inner room, had been laid there by his

hands. The cloak that hung across the back of one of the heavy Cromwell chairs was his. The papers and inkhorn, pushed carelessly aside on one of the plain wooden window seats, had been placed there by him. His were the black riding wig, the whip and spurs and tasseled cane, that hung on a hook in a corner, and the wig case that stood on a table against the wall, alongside a crumpled cravat and a jug and two mugs. All these—doubtless all these were his. Sophia, flustered and softened, her heart beating quick with a delicious emotion, half hope, half fear, sat down on the chair by the door and gazed at them.

He was more to her now, while she sat in his room and looked at these things, than he had ever been; and though the moment was at hand when his reception of her must tell her all, her distrust of him had never been less. If he did not love her with the love she pictured, why had he chosen her? He whose career promised so much, who under the cloak of frivolity pursued aims so high amid perils so real. He must love her! He must love her! She thought this almost aloud, and seeing the wicks of the candles growing long, rose and snuffed them; and in the performance of this simple act of ownership, was thrilled with a strange flush of pleasure.

She waited after that on her feet, looking about her shyly, and listening. Presently, hearing no sound, she stepped timidly and on tiptoe to the side table, and lifting the crumpled cravat, smoothed it, then, with caressing fingers, folded it neatly and laid it back. Again she listened, wondering how long she had waited. No, that was not a step on the stairs, and her heart began to sink. The reaction of hope deferred began to be felt. What if he did not come? What if she waited, and nine found her still waiting—waiting vainly in this quiet room where the lights twinkled in the polished panels, and now and again the ash of the coal fell softly to the hearth? It might—it might be almost nine already!

She began to succumb to a new fever of suspense, and looked about for something to divert her thoughts. Her eyes fell on the book that lay open on the seat of the settle. Thinking, "He has read this to-day, his was the last hand that touched it, on this page his eyes rested," Sophia

stooped for it, and holding it reverently, for it was his, carefully that she might keep the place, carried it to the light. The title at the head of the page was "The Irish Register." The name smacked so little of diversion, she thought it a political tract—for it was thin, no more than fifty pages or so; and she was setting it back on the table when her eye, in the very act of leaving the page, caught the glint, as it were, of a name. Beside the name, on the margin, were a few penciled words and figures; but these, faintly scrawled, she did not heed at the moment.

"Cochrane, the Lady Elizabeth?" she muttered, repeating the name that had caught her eye. "How strange! What can the book have to do with Lady Betty? It must be some kind of peerage. But she is not Irish!"

To settle the question again she raised the book to the light, and saw that it consisted of a list of persons' names arranged in order of rank. Only—which seemed odd—all the names were ladies' names. Above Cochrane, the Lady Elizabeth, appeared Cochrane, the Lady Anne; below came Coke, the Lady Catherine; and after each name followed the address of the lady, if a widow, of her parents or guardians if she were unmarried.

Sophia wondered idly what it meant, and with half her mind bent on the matter, the other intent on the coming of a footstep, she turned back to the title page of the book. She found that the fuller description there printed ran "The Irish Register, or a List of the Duchess Dowagers, Countesses, Widow Ladies, Maiden Ladies, Widows, and Misses of Great Fortunes in England, as registered by the Dublin Society."

Even then she was very, very far from understanding. But the baldness of the description sent a chill through her. Misses of large fortunes in England! As fortunes went, she was a miss of large fortune. Perhaps that was why the words grated upon her, why her heart sank, and the room seemed to grow darker. Turning to look at the cover of the book, she saw a slip of paper inserted towards the end to keep a place. It projected only an eighth of an inch, but she marked it, and turned to it; something or other—it may have been only the position of the paper in that part of the book, it may have been the presence of the book in her

lover's room, forewarned her; for in the act of turning the leaves, and before she came to the marker, she knew what she would find.

And she found it. First, her name "Maitland, Miss Sophia, at the Hon. Mr. Northey's, in Arlington Street." Then—yes, then, for that was not all or the worst—down the narrow margin, starting at her name, a note, written faintly, in a hand she knew, the same hand that had penned her one love letter, the hand from which the quill had fallen in the rapture of anticipation, the hand of her "humble, adoring lover, Hector, Count Plomer!"

She knew that the note would tell her all, and for a moment her courage failed her; she dared not read it. Her averted eyes sought instead the cupboard in the lower wainscot, which she had fancied the hiding place of the Jacobite cipher, the muniment chest where lay, intrusted to his honor, the lives and fortunes of the Beauforts and Ormondes, the Wynns and Cottons and Cecils. Was the cupboard that indeed? Or—what was it? The light reflected from the surface of the panels told her nothing, and she lowered the book and stood pondering.

If the note proved to be that which she still shrank from believing it, what had she done? Or, rather, what had she not done? What warnings had she not despised, what knowledge had she not slighted, what experience had she not over-ridden? How madly, how viciously, in the face of advice, in the face of remonstrance, in modesty's own despite, had she wrought her confusion, had she flung herself into the arms of this man! This man who—but that was the question!

She asked herself trembling, was he what this book seemed to indicate or was he what she had thought him? Was he villain or hero? Fortune hunter or her true lover? The meanest of tricksters or the high spirited, chivalrous gentleman, laughing at danger and smiling at death, in whom great names and a great cause were content to place their trust?

She nerved herself at last to learn the answer to the question. The wicks of the candles were burning long; she snuffed them anew, and, holding the book close to the light, read the words that were delicately traced beside her name.

Has 6,000 guineas charged on T. M.'s estates. If T. M. marries without consent of guardians, has

10,000 more, Mrs. N. the same. T. is at Cambridge, aged eighteen. To make all sure, T. must be married first—query, Oriana, if she can be found? Or Lucy Slee—but boys like riper women. Not clinch with S. M. until T. is mated, nor at all if the little Cochrane romp (page 7) can be brought to hand. But I doubt it, and S. M. is an easy miss, and swallows all. A perfect goose.

Sophia sat a while in a chair and shivered, her face white, her head burning. The words were such that, the initials notwithstanding, it was not possible to misinterpret them; and they cut her as the lash of a whip cuts the bare flesh. It was for this thing she had laid aside her maiden pride, had risked her good name, had scorned her nearest, had thrown away all in life that was worth keeping! It was for this creature, this thing in the shape of man, that she had overleaped the bounds, had left her home, had risked the perils of the streets and the greater perils of his company. For this—but she had not words adequate to the loathing of her soul. Outraged womanhood, wounded pride, condemned affection—which she had fancied love—seared her very soul. She could have seen him killed, she could have killed him with her own hand—or she thought she could; so perfectly in a moment was her liking changed to hatred, so completely destroyed on the instant was the trust she had placed in him.

“*And S. M. is an easy miss, and swallows all. A perfect goose*”! Those words cut more deeply than all into her vanity. She winced—nay, she writhed, under them. Nor was that all. They had a clever, dreadful smartness that told her they were no mere memorandum, but had served in a letter also, and tickled at once a man’s conceit and a woman’s ears. Her own ears burned at the thought. “*S. M. is an easy miss, and swallows all. A perfect goose*”! Oh, she would never recover it! She would never regain her self respect!

The last embers had grown gray behind the bars, the last ash had fallen from the grate, while she sat. The room was silent save for her breathing, that now came in quick spasms as she thought of the false lover, and now was slow and deep as she sat sunk in a shamed reverie. On a sudden the cooling fireplace gave out a loud crack that roused her. She sprang up and gazed round in affright, remembering that she had no longer busi-

ness there, nay, that in no room in the world had she less business, or would she less willingly be found.

In the terror of the moment she flew to the door; there, with her hand on it, stood. Go she must, but whither? More than ever, now that she recognized her folly and her shame, she shrank from Arlington Street, from her sister’s scornful eyes, from Mr. Northey’s disapproving stare, from the grins of the servants, the witticisms of her friends. The part she had played, seen as she now saw it, must make her the laughing stock of the town. It was the silliest, the most romantic; a schoolgirl would cry fie on it. Sophia’s cheek burned at the thought of facing a single person who had ever known her, much more at the thought of meeting her sister or Mrs. Martha, or the laced bumpkins past whom she had flitted in that ill omened hour. She could not go back to Arlington Street, but then—whither could she go?

Whither indeed? It was nine o’clock; night had long fallen. At such an hour the streets were unsafe for a woman without escort, much more for a girl of gentility. Drunken roisterers on their way from tavern to tavern, ripe for any frolic, formed a peril worse than footpads; and she had neither chair nor link boys, servants nor coach, without one or other of which she had never passed through the streets in her life.

Yet she could not sleep under this roof; rather would she lie without covering in the wildest corner of the adjacent parks, or on the lonely edge of Rosamond’s pond! The mere thought that she was still there was enough; she shuddered with loathing, anew grew hot with rage. And the impulse that had hurried her to the door returning, she was outside the door and had precipitated herself half way down the stairs when the sound of a man’s voice uplifted in the passage below brought her up short, and rooted her where she stood.

An instant only she heard it clearly. Then a loud report, as the outer door was forcibly closed, followed by the tramp of feet along the passage, masked the voice. But she had heard enough—it was Hawkesworth’s—and her eyes grew wide with terror. She should die of shame if he found her there! If he learned, not by hearsay, but eye to eye, that she had

come of her own motion, poor, silly dupe of his blandishments, to throw herself into his arms! That were too much; she turned to fly.

Her first thought was to take refuge on the upper floor until he had gone into his room and closed the door; and two bounds carried her to the landing she had left. But here she came on an unexpected obstacle in the shape of a wicket, set at the foot of the upper flight of stairs; one of those wickets that are still to be seen in old houses, in the neighborhood of the nursery. By the light that issued from the half open doorway of the room, Sophia tugged at it furiously, but seeking the latch at the end of the gate where the hinges were, she lost a precious moment.

When at last she found the fastening, the steps of the man she had fancied she loved, and now knew she hated, were on the stairs, and the gate would not yield. Pinned on the narrow landing, with shameful discovery tapping her on the shoulder, she fumbled desperately with the latch, even, in despair, flung her weight against the wicket. It held; in another second, if she persisted, she would be seen.

With a moan of utter distress, she turned and darted into Hawkesworth's room, and swift to the table where the candles stood. Her intention was to blow them out, then to take her chance of passing the man before they were relighted. But as she gained the table and stooped to extinguish them, she heard his step so near the door that she knew the sudden extinction of the light was certain to be seen, and her eyes at the same moment alighting on the high backed settle, in an instant she had silently slipped behind it.

It was a step she would not have taken had she acted on anything but the blind impulse to hide herself. For here retreat was cut off, she was now between her enemy and the inner room; she dared not move, and in a few minutes at most must be discovered.

But the thing that she had done was done; there was no time to alter it. As her hoop slipped from sight behind the wooden seat, the Irishman entered, and with an oath flung his hat and cane on the table. A second person appeared to cross the threshold after him; and crouch-

ing lower, her heart beating as if it would choke her, Sophia heard the door close behind them.

## VIII.

THERE are men who find as much pleasure in the intrigue, as in the fruits of the intrigue; who take huge credit for their own finesse and others' folly, and find a chief part of their good in watching, as from a raised seat, the movements of their dupes, astray in a maze of their planting. The more ingenious the machination they have contrived, the nicer the calculations and the more narrow the point on which success turns, the sweeter is the sop to their vanity. To receive Lisette and Fifi in the same apartment within the hour; to divide the rebel and the minister by a door; to turn the scruple of one person to the hurt of another, and know both to be ignorant—these are feats on which they hug themselves as fondly as on the substantial rewards which should crown their maneuvers.

Hawkesworth was of this class, and it was with feelings such as these that he saw his nicely jointed plans revolving to the end he desired. To mold the fate of Tom Maitland at Cambridge, and of Sophia in town, and both to his own profit, fulfilled his sense of power. To time the weddings as nearly as possible, to match the one at noon and to marry the other at night, gratified his vanity at the same time that it tickled his humor. But the more delicate the machinery, the smaller is the atom, and the slighter the jar, that suffice to throw all out of gear. For a time, Oriana's absence, at a moment when every instant was of value, and the interference of Tom's friends was to be expected hourly, threatened to ruin all. It was in the full enjoyment of the relief, which the news of her arrival afforded, that he returned to his lodging this evening. He was in his most rollicking humor, and overflowed with spirits; Tom's innocence and his own sagacity providing him with ever fresh and more lively cause for merriment.

Nor was the lad's presence any check on his mood. Hawkesworth's joviality, darkling and satirical as it was, passed with Tom for sheer lightness of heart. What he did not understand, he set down for Irish, and dubbed his companion the



prince of good fellows. As they climbed the stairs, he was trying, with after supper effusiveness, to impress this on his host. "I swear you are the best friend man ever had," he cried, his voice full of gratitude. "I vow you are."

Hawkesworth laughed, as he threw his hat and cane on the table, and proceeded to take off his sword that he might be more at ease. His laughter was a little louder than the other's statement seemed to justify; but Tom was in no critical mood, and Hawkesworth's easy answer, "You'll say so when you know all, my lad," satisfied the boy.

"I say it now," he repeated earnestly, as he threw himself on the settle, and, taking the poker, stirred the embers to see if a spark survived. "I do say it."

"And I say, well you may," Hawkesworth retorted, with a sneer from which he could not refrain. "What do you think, dear lad, would have happened—if I'd tried for the prize myself?" he continued. "If I'd struck in for your pretty bit of red and white on my own account? Do you remember Trumpington and our first meeting? I'd the start of you then, though you are going to be her husband."

"Twenty minutes' start," Tom answered.

Hawkesworth averted his face to hide a grin. "Twenty minutes?" he said. "Lord, so it was! Twenty minutes!"

The boy reddened. "Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"Why? Why, because twenty minutes is a long time—sometimes," Hawkesworth answered. "But there, be easy, lad," he continued, seeing that he was going too far, "be easy—no need to be jealous of me—and I'll brew you some punch. There is one thing certain," he continued, producing a squat Dutch bottle and some glasses from a cupboard by the door. "You'll have me to thank for her! There is no doubt about that."

"It's what I've always said," Tom answered. He was easily appeased. "If you'd not asked my help when your chaise broke down at Trumpington—you'd just picked her up, you remember?—I should never have known her! Think of that!" he continued, his eyes shining with a lover's enthusiasm; and he rose and trod the floor this way and that. "Never to have known her, Hawkesworth!"

"Whom to know was to love," the Irishman murmured, with thinly veiled irony.

"Right! Right, indeed!"

"And to love was to know—eh?"

"Right! Right, again!" poor Tom cried, striking the table.

For a moment Hawkesworth contemplated him with amusement. Then, "Well, here's to her!" he cried, raising his glass. "The finest woman in the world!"

"And the best! And the best!" Tom answered.

"And the best! The toast is worthy the best of liquor," Hawkesworth continued, pushing over the other's glass; "but you'll have to drink it cold, for the fire is out."

"The finest woman in the world, and the best!" the lad cried; and his eyes glowed as he stood up reverently, his glass in his hand. "She is that, isn't she, Hawkesworth?"

"She is all that, I'll answer for it!" the Irishman replied, with a stifled laugh. Lord! what fools there were in the world! "By this time tomorrow she'll be yours! Think of it, lad!" he continued, with an ugly sounding, ugly meaning laugh; whereat one of his listeners shuddered.

But Tom, in the lover's seventh heaven, was not that one. His Oriana, who to others was a handsome woman, bold eyed and free tongued, was a goddess to him. He saw her through that glamour of first love that blesses no man twice. He felt no doubt, harbored no suspicion, knew no fear; he gave scarce one thought to her past. He was content to take for gospel all she told him, and to seek no more. That he—he should have gained the heart of this queen among women seemed so wonderful, so amazing, that nothing else seemed wonderful at all.

"You think she'll not fail?" he cried presently, as he set down his glass. "It's a week since I saw her, and—and you don't think she'll have changed her mind, do you?"

"Not she," Hawkesworth answered.

"She'll come, you are certain?"

"As certain," Hawkesworth cried gaily, "as that Dr. Keith will be ready at the chapel at twelve to the minute, dear lad. And, by the way, here's his health! Dr. Keith—and long may he live to bless the single and crown the virtuous! To give to him that hath not, and from her that

hath to take away! To be the plague of all sour guardians, lockers up of maidens, and such as would cheat Cupid; and the guardian angel of all Nugents, Husseys, and bold fellows! Here's to the pride of Mayfair, the curse of Chancery, and the godfather of many a pretty couple—Dr. Keith!"

"Here's to him!" Tom cried, with ready enthusiasm. And then more quietly, as he set down his glass, "There's one thing I'd like, to be perfectly happy, Hawkesworth—only one. I wish it were possible, but I suppose it isn't."

"What is it, lad?"

"That Sophia, my sister, you know, could be there. She is—they'll be sisters, you see, and—and, of course, Sophia's a girl, but there are only two of us, for Mme. Northey doesn't count. But I suppose—it is not possible that she should be told?"

"Quite impossible," Hawkesworth answered with decision, and stooped to hide a smile. The humor of the situation suited him. "Quite impossible! Ten to one, she'd peach! No, no, we must not initiate her too soon, my boy, though it is likely enough she'll have her own business to transact with Dr. Keith one of these days!"

The boy stared at him. "Sophia!" he said slowly, his face flushing. "With Dr. Keith? What business could she have with him?"

"With Dr. Keith?" Hawkesworth asked lightly. "Why not the same as yours, dear boy?"

"The same as mine?"

"Yes, to be sure. Why not? Why not?"

"Why not? Because she is a Maitland!" the lad answered, and his eyes flashed. "Our women don't marry that way, I'd have you know that! Why, I'd—I'd rather see her——"

"But you're going to marry that way yourself," Hawkesworth retorted. The boy's innocence surprised him a little and amused him more.

"I? But I'm a man," Tom answered with dignity. "I'm different. And—and Oriana," he continued, plunging on a sudden into dreadful confusion and redness of face, "is—is different, of course, because—well, because if we are not married in this way my brother Nor-

they would interfere, and we could not be married at all. Oriana is an angel, and—and because she loves me, is willing to be married in this way. That's all, you see."

"I see. But you would not like your sister to be married on the quiet?"

Tom glared at him. "No," he said curtly. "And for the why, it is my business."

"To be sure, it is! Of course it is. And yet, Sir Tom," Hawkesworth continued, his tone provoking, "I would not mind wagering you a hundred it is the way she will be married when her time comes."

"My sister?"

"Yes."

"Done with you!" the lad cried hotly.

"Nay, I don't mind going farther," Hawkesworth continued. "I'll wager you the same sum that she does it within the year."

"This year?"

"A year from today."

Tom jumped up in heat. "What the devil do you mean?" he cried. Then he sat down again. "But what matter?" he said. "I'll take you."

Hawkesworth, as he pulled out his betting book, turned his head aside to hide a smile. "I note it," he said. "'P. H. bets Sir Thomas Maitland a hundred that Miss Sophia Maitland is married at Dr. Keith's chapel; and another hundred that the marriage is within a year.'"

"Right!" Tom said, glowering at him. His boyish estimate of the importance of his family and of the sacredness of his womankind sucked the flavor from the bet; ordinarily the young scapegrace loved a wager.

Hawkesworth put up his book again. "Good," he said. "You'll see that that will be two hundred in my pocket some day."

"Not it!" Tom answered rudely. "My sister is not that sort! And perhaps the sooner you know it the better," he added aggressively.

"Why, lad, what do you mean?"

"Just what I said!" Tom answered shortly. "It was English. When my sister is to be married we shall make a marriage for her. She's not—but the less said the better," he concluded, breaking off with a frown.

*(To be continued.)*

# A MIDSUMMER AFTERNOON IN NEW YORK.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

LIFE AMONG THE MILLIONS WHO STILL PEOPLE THE METROPOLIS WHEN THE FOUR HUNDRED HAVE DESERTED IT, AND THE SIGHTSEEING STRANGERS WHO ARE THEMSELVES ONE OF THE CITY'S SIGHTS.

"BUT where," asked a visitor to New York, "are the New Yorkers?"

She had just swung awkwardly aboard a cable car to the "Stip loively, there," of a conductor whose every word was a patriotic proclamation of his nationality. She took her seat beside a man who read a newspaper, doubtless harmless, but suggestive in its black Hebrew characters of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and all the dark mystery that belongs to a cipher code.

Opposite to her sat a Chinaman, im-

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean this," replied the visitor breezily and directly, announcing the West as her home by her manner: "I have been to lunch at a 'settlement' where some extremely nice girls take a warm interest in all sorts of municipal affairs—playgrounds and sweat shops, ward politics, and free milk for babies. Those girls came from the four quarters of the globe, as far as I could make out, but none of them was a New Yorker. I have been buying brass in the Russian quarter



AT THE BATTERY—"THE BEAUTIFUL PARK ITSELF WITH ITS STONE PILLARED WALL AND ITS INSPIRING OUTLOOK."

perturbable and furtive, hiding his hands in the blue fullness of his sleeves. Her guide, to whom she put her question, was a young woman whose broad a's, and whose face, at once ascetic and superior, proclaimed her to be of Boston. The guide looked amazed for a moment.

and have been invited to dine in the Hungarian section. Some one has promised to take me tomorrow to the Armenian district to buy Turkish embroideries, and some one else has been good enough to invite me to visit Little Italy. My hostess is a transplanted Bostonian. My enter-