

shaw, with a smile; "though, indeed, 'twas a brief matter on my part."

"Oh, last night, forsooth; oh, yes, yes, yes," said the old gentleman, with a look of infinite relief. "Troth, yes, certainly, indeed. And you, Master Holyday, God save you. 'Tis long since I have seen you; you have changed much."

As Uncle Bartlemy's gaze was upon the scholar's dress, Holyday's assumption was that the remark was concerned therewith.

"Faith, sir," said he, resentfully, "'tis fine manners in you to jeer; my wearing this gown comes of my willingness to marry your niece."

"Oh, indeed!" quoth Millicent.

"Troth," went on the poet, miserably, "it hath been ill upon ill, e'er since I ran away with her. If such a night be the beginning of our marriage, what shall be the end of it, in God's name?"

"There shall be no end of it," retorted Millicent; "and no beginning, either. Last night, say you? Ay, you showed bravely then. You are well suited in a woman's gown, I think. A fine husband you would be, to protect a wife!"

The scholar's face cleared somewhat; turning to Ravenshaw, he said:

"Give me my puppet-play. I'll go back to London. You see she will not have me."

"Softly, softly!" cried the captain. "Would you