

his mind's eye the frigid, the haughty, the uplifted, the scornful Mademoiselle Reine tripping along in social chat, "smiling and dimpling," by the O'Sullivan's side.

"Well, then, I took her at her word, and then we walked along together as if we had 'grown in beauty side by side, and, filled one house with glee' all our lives. 'I think,' says I, 'that Monsieur le Curé—sure his name's Father M'Grath, but that's no matter—will be delighted. I know him well,' says I. 'I'll spake to him, if ye like, or I'll introduce ye, which will be better. It's proud and happy he'll be to have ye, for I'm told ye're a fine singer, mademoiselle.' With that she laughs. 'Oh, ye know me, do ye?' says she. 'Who was it told ye?' Or maybe,' she says, looking at me doubtfully, 'ye were at grandmamma's the other night, and—' 'I wasn't miss,' I says; 'me and your grandmamma—hav'n't the pleasure of each other's acquaintance; but I know her well by sight, and a mighty fine old lady she is. My name's O'Sullivan, mademoiselle, at your service,' I says. 'I board at Mrs. Longworth's, over there beyond, and I am assistant editor of the *Phoenix*—maybe ye've seen it? But sure if ye hav'n't ye know Mr. Longworth, the editor-in-chief.' She was smiling—eyes, lips, dimples, and all—a minute before; but, by the virtue of my oath, Larry, every dimple vanished as soon as I mentioned your name. 'Oh,' she says, under her breath, 'yes, I know.' And she shifted her ground in the twinkling of a bedpost, and talked of the choir, and Monsieur le Curé, as she calls poor Father M'Grath, until we got to her grandmother's gate."

"And then?" says Mr. Longworth. "And then she brightens up beautifully, and looks up at me, all the dimples and smiles in full play again, and may I never, if she hasn't the handsomest pair of eyes—brown or black, or whatever it pleases ye to call them—that ever bored a hole through a man's heart. 'I can't ask ye in,' she says, 'as you tell me grandmamma has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I am sure we shall meet again. Thank you very much for all your information, and I shall be glad to know Monsieur le Curé.' And with that she makes me an elegant

little courtesy, and trips away as graceful as ye please. If it's true what they're saying, that you can have your pick and choice, Larry, it's you that ought to be the happy man this day. But it's ever and always the way—it's to you and the likes of you—men with hearts of ice and heads of granite—that such prizes fall, while——"

"Oh, stop that rot, O'Sullivan!" cuts in Longworth, with very unusual impatience. "And before we part I will say this: You are about the cheekiest beggar it has ever been my good fortune to meet. The effrontery of coolly doing escort duty for a young lady you never saw in your life before, and offering to introduce her to other people before you are introduced to her yourself, is a piece of unblushing impudence only to be perpetrated by an Irishman."

Mr. Longworth goes into his private room and shuts out his second with a bang. Mr. O'Sullivan pauses a moment to regard the door.

"May I never if he isn't jealous!" he says, calmly. "So she's the one, is she, and not the beauty?"

And then takes off his coat, substitutes a duster, and sets to work.

During the work that ensues there is a press of work in the *Phoenix* Office, and neither chief editor nor sub-editor has time nor opportunity to see much of Mademoiselle Reine Landelle.

A murder trial is going on in Baymouth. Even in pretty, peaceful, pastoral seaside towns the tiger in man crops out occasionally. This is a very horrid affair—a very romantic and melodramatic affair. A handsome young factory girl had shot a gentleman of wealth and position on the very eve of his wedding-day. The details were many, and thrilling, and disagreeable, and intensely interesting, and there were extra editions and supplements without number to satisfy the feverish demand.

Mr. Longworth, deeply interested in the case, and spending a great deal of his time in the courthouse, becomes invisible to his friends, until one evening he drops in upon Miss Harriott, and finds there the Demoiselles Landelle and Frank Dexter. They are all grouped together in the twilight in the little garden, and Longworth has time to