

"I don't know who's there, sir," answered Mr. May. For it really did not occur to him that the gentleman present would not know his daughter. "You don't mean my wife or my—"

"Your wife?" impetuously interrupted the young man, giving an admonishing touch to his impatient horse. "Who else will you ask me if I know? There's a lady there I tell you. As handsome a girl as I ever saw."

Recollection dawned upon the porter.

"With light hair, sir, and coral beads in it, and a green-and-gold-looking dress on?"

"Green-and-gold for all I know. Something dazzling. She speaks French."

"It is Sophiar, sir."

"Eh? Who?"

"Our daughter, sir. She came home last Thursday. She has been finishing of her education in France at a French school."

The gentleman stared for a few moments at Mr. May, as if unable to understand him. Then returned his cigar to his lips, nodded slightly, shook the reins, and was whirled round the corner on his way to his father's residence at the West End, where he dwelt.

"I'm sure I should think it's the first time any of 'em has come down on a Sunday," observed May to his sister-in-law, as they walked on. "There's Sophiar a-leaning out of the window."

Opening the door with his latch key, Miss Foxaby rushed in and up the stairs to clasp her niece in her arms.

"Oh, my goodness heart, Sophia! how beautiful you do look! Well, if ever I saw anybody so much improved in all my life."

"I am grown, am I not, Aunt Foxaby?"

"Grown lovely, child. Ah, and somebody else thinks so: I could see it. Only think of his asking May who you were! Somebody we met in this street with his cab and groom, a smoking his cigar, all so stylish!"

"Who was that gentleman, father?" inquired Sophia. "I forgot myself as usual, and addressed him in French."

"Why, Sophiar, you don't mean to say as you've forgot