

point of his remarks with a quill pen, he was giving a vivid and animated account of his previous evening's visit to the playhouse, which, in those days of 1776, was an adventure of magnitude. Trisket, the page boy, listened spellbound, as one who hears of brilliant and intrepid exploration in an unknown country.

"And did un fight, Mr. Sycamore?" he prompted, breathlessly, as the clerk paused, to give better effect to a telling point.

"Fight? Nay, that he did n't, for a more arrant knave ne'er stood in honest shoe leather. But 't was a sight to see him shaking with cowardice the while he blustered—his wig awry, and a great pistol in either hand. 'Bob Acres' they called him, and, faith! he *was* an 'acher' to me in honest truth, for I nigh cracked my sides with laughter at him. If you have ne'er seen a play, Trisket—"

"Nay, sir, I never have."