

380 THE BEWILDERED BENEDICT

paced restlessly up and down. "But I want to know what happened after they got to London," she cried. "Where they are goin' to live, an' how, an' oh! simply everythin', Edward! I must know or burst. I've half a mind to wire to Pansy!"

We made it a whole mind between us, and the telegram was sent. A reply came at once signed Pansy and commanding us to leave it all to her, "*All eloped and got tracked in the end,*" she added.

So we left it to Pansy.

We had to wait some time before Sophonisba's curiosity could be fully satisfied. When we got Pansy's wire we met her at the station, and walked arm in arm with her up to the house.

Her first words were not what we expected:

"Oh Edward how dreadful for you having a relation running a public house. *All publics are so public!*"

"By Jove! Is he?" I exclaimed. "How awfully suitable!" It did indeed seem to me that Percy had chanced upon a career of which he could make a success. I could imagine him filling the bar morning noon and night with men thirsty for tales of adventure, and retaining them till their wives took them home.

"But Jane?" gasped Sophonisba, "Such an ideal parlourmaid! So respectful! Is there any chance of us gettin' her back, Pansy? Don't tell me you've snapped her up!"

Pansy made a sort of whistling sound through her teeth, and words seemed almost to fail her.

"That woman!" she got out at last, "Oh the poor man—it was too pitiful!" She blew her nose emotionally.

"Good gracious!" I gasped, "What did she do?"

"Edward, the moment they got to London, she