

not be amiss. The Honorable Peggy, whose appreciation of the circumstances, made her a bit more unconventional than usual, kept him on the *qui vive*, and amused herself by calling him by the name of Witherspoon.

Time flew for Haliburton. And as for the Honorable Peggy—well, that's another question.

One day, late in June, however, Aunt Carolina took her youthful niece into the library and closed the doors.

"Now, my dear," she said, and she said it apprehensively, "I have something to tell you. Lord Southdown is expected here in just about a week. Lord Southdown, my dear," she continued, placing her arm about her young charge, "is—is the owner of—all that there is to Southdown, our Southdown."

The Honorable Peggy never winked. "Of course," she responded.

Aunt Carolina gasped. "I knew it all along," said Peggy. Aunt Carolina gasped again. "I've always known it," went on Peggy.

Aunt Carolina nearly fainted. "My dear, dear child," she said, "how did you ever bear it?"

The Honorable Peggy waived this suggestion aside. "And so, Aunt Carolina," she said, "it is up to us to go."

Aunt Carolina was puzzled. "Up—to—us," she repeated.

"Exactly," responded Peggy, "that's an Americanism of Miss Witherspoon's?"

"Miss Witherspoon's?" repeated Aunt Carolina.

"I beg your pardon," said Peggy, "I—I meant Mr. William Haliburton. What I meant was that we must get out."

She said it with such indifference of manner that Aunt Carolina rose and struck her small hands sharply together. "I—am—so—glad," she gasped in joy, "that you take it that way, Peggy."

"We shall move to London, my dear," explained her aunt, "and Cousin William Haliburton will take lodgings with us. He is anxious that I should take him under my wing—and, in short, my dear, I think that we shall get along very well."

Lord Southdown was due on the first day of July. He did not arrive. Aunt Carolina

would not leave until she had in her old-fashioned way welcomed the new incumbent. But as they were sure he would turn up on the second, they took a sort of formal leave of the old place on the evening of the first.

At dusk that evening, as Aunt Carolina sat beneath the shelter of the porch, Cousin William Haliburton and the Honorable Peggy strolled about the grounds. Suddenly Haliburton touched her on the arm.

"Whither does this lead?" he asked, pointing to a path.

"It leads nowhere," answered Peggy, "that is Lover's Lane."

"Dear me," responded Haliburton, "we must take a farewell of this, too." He led her gently down the path, and then when they had reached the end, without a word of warning, he placed his arms about her. She tried to step back, but he would not let her.

"Dear little girl," he whispered in her ear, "there ought to be none but lovers in this Lover's Lane."

The Honorable Peggy trembled, but she did not move. "I—don't—believe—there—are," she said, reluctantly, with downcast eyes. Haliburton caught her wildly, joyfully, and kissed her.

"At last," he murmured lightly, "I am in good society."

It was some time later that the Lover's Lane crowd entered the presence of Aunt Carolina Southdown. That genteel spinster was in a state of agitation. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "just look at this." She thrust forward a daily paper. On its first page these lines greeted their sight:

MISSING.

Lord Southdown cannot be found. Fails to keep appointment with solicitor and chambers found deserted. Alarm sent out.

"Dear me," continued Aunt Carolina, "and to-morrow he was to be here and—And now, perhaps, he may not come. Dear me."

The Honorable Peggy clapped her hands. "May he never come," she exclaimed. Haliburton shook his head. "That's pretty rough—on him," he suggested.