

protesting scholar. Millicent's wonder, at sight of Holyday's distressed face, was almost equal to that of her portly uncle and his stately, angular spouse.

"Good-morrow, madam," said Ravenshaw, with a bow which at once surprised the dame's severity into fluttering graciousness. "And to you, sir." He then turned to Millicent. "Know you not Master Holyday, mistress? I met him by chance; he was hastening hither for news of you."

But Millicent's astonishment at the poor scholar's appearance had given place to a look of decided disapproval. Holyday himself stood red-faced and sullen.

"You are welcome, sir," said Master Bartlemy Etheridge, in an uneasy voice. His countenance was worked into a painful attempt to convey something to the captain's mind privately; in his concern upon that score, he paid no heed to Master Holyday, whom his wife greeted with a curtsey.

"I am much bounden to you, sir," said Ravenshaw. "For your care of me, and your hospitality, my gratitude shall balance my want of desert. At our last meeting —"

"Meeting, sir?" broke in Uncle Bartlemy, in despair at the evident failure of his facial exertions. "I'll take oath I never met you before; it must have been some other gentleman of my appearance."

"Our meeting last night, sir, I meant," said Raven-