

ACQUAINTANCE

The young man watched the scene for a moment, then:

"Are you one of Mr. Ferrall's men?" he asked in his agreeable voice.

The groom looked up, then stood up:

"Yis, Sorr."

"Take these; I'm Mr. Siward—for Shotover House. I dare say you have room for me and the dog, too."

The groom opened his mouth to speak, but Siward took the crate key from his fingers, knelt, and tried the lock. It resisted. From the depths of the crate a beseeching paw fell upon his cuff.

"Certainly, old fellow," he said soothingly, "*I* know how you feel about it; *I* know you're in a hurry—and we'll have you out in a second—steady, boy!—something's jammed, you see! Only one moment now! . . . There you are!"

The dog attempted to bolt as the crate door opened, but the young man caught him by the leather collar and the groom snapped on a leash.

"Beg pardon, Sorr," began the groom, carried almost off his feet by the frantic circling of the dog—"beg pardon, Sorr, but I'll be afther seein' if anny of Mr. Ferrall's men drove over for you——"

"Oh! Are you not one of Mr. Ferrall's men?"

"Yis, Sorr, but I hadn't anny orders to meet anny wan——"

"Haven't you anything here to drive me in?"

"Yis, Sorr—I'll look to sec——"

The raw groom, much embarrassed, and keeping his feet with difficulty against the plunging dog, turned toward the gravel drive where now only a steam motor and a depot-wagon remained. As they looked the motor steamed out, honking hoarsely; the depot-wagon fol-