

"Well, my dear," he said, with an amused look in his face, "well, what news?"

She lifted her eyebrows at him.

"Something has happened, Molly, I can see it in your face."

She was very brief. "Gracia Raglan has been conquered; the young man from Boston has been foolish; and Mr. Vandewaters has lost millions."

"Eh? That's awkward," said Sir Duke.

"Which?" asked his wife.

Vandewaters found Mr. Pride in his bedroom, a waif of melancholy. He drew a chair up, lighted a cigar, eyed the young man from head to foot, and then said:

"Pride, have you got any backbone? If you have, brace up. You are ruined. That's about as mild as I can put it."

"You know all?" said the young man helplessly, his hands clasped between his knees in æsthetic agony.

"Yes; I know more than you do, as you will find out. You're a nice sort of man, to come into a man's house, in a strange land, and make love to his wife. Now, what do you think of yourself? You're a nice representative of the American, aren't you?"

"I—I didn't mean any harm—I—couldn't help it," replied the stricken boy.

"O, for God's sake, drop that bib-and-tucker twaddle! Couldn't help it! Every scoundrel, too weak to face the consequences of his sin, says he couldn't help it. So help me, Joseph, I'd like to thrash you. Couldn't help it! Now, sit up in your chair, take this cigar, drink this glass of whiskey I'm pouring for you, and make up your mind that you're going to be a man and not a nincompoop—sit still! Don't fly up. I mean