

and flung the foam across the baronet's shoulder.

"You'll come, won't you?—and bring Mam'selle with you," said the young lord, "I shall have a house full; she'll be delighted; and so shall I!"

To impress this compliment upon Marie, he tapped her horse about the ears with his riding-whip. The horse started, reared, and threw its rider!

"Fool!" said the baronet, dismounting, and casting a glance of fire at the culprit.

"Eh? what?" said his lordship, sliding from his horse, and smiling incredulously.

"It aint the beast's fault! Don't call him a fool! I never saw a better fall in my life! Mam'selle hasn't hurt herself a bit. But upon my word, Maldon, you *should* have your horses better broken! A man ought to be careful what he keeps in his stables!"

It happened that Marie was not seriously hurt; the bushes saved her, and she came out of the danger with a torn habit, a