

her head to one side, and her black eye upon him. "Come with me to Miss Harriott's. She's used up, I dare say, after her day's ride; still I want to see her, if only for a moment."

"He links his arm in Frank's, and they go up the street together under the eye of the boarders."

"Lucky man, that Longworth," says Mrs. Beckwith; "one of those fellows born with a silver spoon in their mouths."

"Don't seem to see it," retorts Mr. O'Sullivan. "He has'n't converted the spoon into specie yet, at last. The *Phaynix* is all very well, and pays, perhaps, but it isn't a fortune, and never will be."

"I don't mean the *Phenix*. I mean these French girls. Sure to marry one of 'em, and come into a whole pot of money when the grandma dies. Awfully sweet on him, the grandma."

"Isn't it a thousand pities she doesn't take him herself, then, and have done with it?"

"A man may not marry his grandmother," quotes Mr. Beckwith; "but he may marry somebody's granddaughter. Then he can hand the *Phenix* over to you, O'Sullivan, and fancy it is after dinner all the rest of his life."

"I have just been telling Mr. Longworth, Harry, that I do not believe he ever was in love in his life," says vivacious Mrs. Beckwith, "and he refers me to Mrs. Sheldon for proof."

"And what says Mrs. Sheldon, my dear?"

"Nothing, which is suspicious. A little bird whispered to me the other day that he once was in love with Mistress Totty herself. I begin to believe it."

"And we always return to our first love," says Mr. Beckwith, "and smouldering flames are easily rekindled."

"But the hard thing on earth to re-light are dead ashes," says his wife, under her breath.

But Mrs. Sheldon hears, and rises suddenly and leaves the group.

"Don't it strike you, ladies and gentlemen, that this discourse is the last in the world in bad taste?" suggests O'Sullivan. "Mrs. Sheldon heard that stage aside of yours, ma'am. Suppose

we let Longworth and his love affairs alone, Beckwith. He lets ours, you may take your oath."

He certainly was letting them alone at that particular moment. Still smoking his cigar, his arm through Frank's, he walks slowly along the quiet streets in the gray of the summer evening. The young factory ladies, dressed in their best, are sauntering by, each on the arm of her sweetheart, pianos tingle here and there through the silvery dusk, stars of light begin to gleam behind closed blinds. The trees stand green, motionless sentinels; wafts of mignonette greet them; the bay spreads away into the shimmering, far-off line of sky, and stars pierce the hazy blue. It is an hour that has its charms for Longworth, and in which his silent familiar takes possession of him; but Frank is inclined to talk.

"What an odd fish you are, Larry," he is saying, in an injured tone. "Why couldn't you tell me that night in New York that these young ladies were with you? I spoke to you about them. You must have known what I meant."

"Don't talk to me now, that's a good fellow. I never can thoroughly enjoy a good cigar and talk, and this is capital. Shut your mouth with me."

"You know I don't smoke, that is why you are so uncommonly generous. I consider it a beastly habit—a man making a funnel of himself. There I was hunting New York, like an amateur detective, three whole blessed days, and all the time these girls were here."

"Baby, let me alone. Let me forget there is a woman, young or old, in the scheme of the universe for five minutes, if I can."

"Yes, that is so likely, and you going hot-foot to visit one. You would not even let me come to see you off that morning, because they were with you. You may think this friendly if you like, but I don't."

"Frank," says Longworth, removing his cigar and looking darkly at him, "if you don't hold your tongue I'll throw something at you."

Frank's grumbling subsides. But he is heard for a moment or two muttering about dogs in the manger, and the beastly selfishness of some people; but this dies away and profound silence be-