

denly made up his mind to go through with the part he was playing, "the question is, may I come, and if so, when?"

In twenty minutes more the parties to this compact had exchanged references, which were satisfactory on both sides, and Aunt Carolina, the spinster "Dowager," and Haliburton, the "Young American," had gone their several ways. But young Haliburton was not yet satisfied. "While I am about it," he said to himself, "I may just as well run down this other one. There's a possibility that there'll be some fun in that one."

A short time later, in another part of the town, he stepped up to a young and business-like person. "I beg your pardon," he inquired, "but is this—er—that is, are you Miss 'Church Mouse?'"

The young lady rose hastily and looked at him. "Yes," she returned, "but—but—there must be some mistake. My notice referred solely to members of the feminine —"

"Sex," responded Haliburton, "exactly, but—"

"And," went on the young lady, "your answer was signed 'Mary Witherspoon.'"

Haliburton blushed. "Exactly," he went on, somewhat awkwardly, "one—one of my *noms de plume*—er—I should say, *noms de guerre*—er—that is—"

The young lady, whose poise was excellent, executed a curt little bow.

"Good day, Miss Mary Witherspoon," she said. And then immediately turned upon her heel and left him.

"Now," said Aunt Carolina Southdown, two days later, to Haliburton as they drove in from the station, "you—you will not forget that you are one of the Haliburtons of Hertfordshire, and the only son—of my mother's cousin. It is quite important, I assure you, for my niece knows nothing of —"

"I understand," replied Haliburton gravely, "I shall respect your wish."

"Peggy," announced Aunt Carolina, some short time later, to her niece, "this—this is William Haliburton, our—my cousin, whom I mentioned to you."

Haliburton, who had been standing, somewhat confused, with his eyes upon the

ground, made an obeisance. Then he looked at the girl for the first time. As he did so, he started. So did the girl.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Haliburton, "I—I'm very glad to meet you. Our people in Hertfordshire so often speak of you."

The Honorable Peggy smiled. "And you," she said genially, "do not seem a total stranger, for singularly enough, you bear a strong resemblance to a London girl I know."

Haliburton winced, but the girl kept on. "That London girl," she said, "is Miss Mary Witherspoon." Then even as she had done in London, she turned and went away.

Haliburton, who had brought some of his luggage down, felt, as he looked about upon the old Southdown estate, and as he kept in mind the countenance of Miss Peggy, that he was beyond question making his debut into good society.

The Honorable Peggy was quite as fond of fun as was Haliburton himself, but for that fact might have held herself aloof from him. But she understood the situation at a glance, and realized the fact that Aunt Carolina, in her concern for her niece, had done quite the same underhanded thing that her niece had done for her.

Therefore, by way of no harm, at dinner that evening the Honorable Peggy, who had spent a good hour in the solitude of her room, examining several bulky volumes under the letter H, this irrepressible young lady plunged forthwith into an animated discussion of that portion of the Kingdom known by the name of Hertfordshire. Haliburton winced, and so did Aunt Carolina. But Haliburton was a fairly good liar, and he plied his avocation unblushingly.

Lady Carolina, true to her engagement, announced her intention of introducing "Cousin William Haliburton," as she called him, into the neighboring exclusive society of the immediate vicinity, but Haliburton begged off. He explained that he was bashful, nervous, timid and unused to the ways of the upper world, and that he desired more time to prepare himself.

As a matter of fact, he confided to himself that before entering upon his active social career a considerable amount of daily instruction by the Honorable Peggy would