

"Well, I am glad you are here. You must be our guide, philosopher, and friend in this strange country."

"Oh! here is your philosopher," exclaimed Sir Frederic, waving his hand towards Dr. Methvin. "In him you will find unfathomed depths of knowledge and wisdom. I only ask to be the humble but devoted friend."

"Then I am right royally provided," said Mrs. Fane, and she moved on between Miss Onslow and her uncle, followed by Mrs. Bayley and Sir Frederic Morton.

"Well, and how have you been carrying on the war since we parted?" asked the former, turning her keen black eyes on her companion.

"I have been keeping within my entrenchments, though not retrenching, and I can tell you time is nearly up with me. Your notion of a rendezvous at this quaint corner is first-rate. It will go hard but between us we'll contrive some telling *coup* before we part. How deucedly well she's looking!" with a nod in the direction