

tivate such a woman as Mary, and you know that that is saying a great deal, for she is clever, and more than clever."

"True. Then I am done for! Who could have thought it? Beaten by a fat German, with spectacles and dirty clothes. And yet, Ned, I can't believe that my case is altogether hopeless; I am sure she cares for me, or at least, did care once."

"Perhaps so; but you know with most, it is out of sight, out of mind."

"But not with her; oh no, not with her. I am sure she has not forgotten me. Why, see, it is only six months since we parted, and then, though I had never dared to say much to her—but of course, as you say, who knows the secrets of a woman's heart?"

"No one but woman herself, I dare say; but cheer up, my dear fellow; what you must do is this: take the first train to London with me in the morning, call on your people and on mine, and if you can spare the time, on Marston to say a good word for me, and then speed north; see how the land lies, and either speak out your mind, if you see a chance of being accepted, or if Sauerkraut or McDonald have triumphed, why then, go on your long-projected tour round the world ——"

"And leave her as I once already left her. Without a single ray of hope; nay, worse, with the conviction that she loves another. Look here, Ned, if I meet Sauerkraut after such an affair, I won't answer for the consequences."

"No, but I will, Frank; you will do him no harm. I tell you, you will go up to him and sincerely congratulate him—not, I know, without pain and suffering, that could not be, after such a shock as that would be to you,—but yet honestly and truly, because, Frank, you love her."

"I must sing to the time of 'Never say die,' I suppose?"

"Ay, Frank; 'Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.'"

"If you quote Horace, I reply

'Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo

Dulce loquentem;'

But talk not of me. What are you going to do?"