

Shakespeares — Sweetheart

it. Nothing loth, he attacked the wine, and I drunk several glasses before he spoke again.

"Methinks Will was right," he said at length, suddenly; "he told me once that there was one woman who could guard her tongue," and he looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes. I smiled at his words, although a little sadly.

"Will said many things that I did not deserve," I replied; "nor do I think I have justified in my life the opinion thou hast quoted. I betrayed my one great secret in a moment of terror and distress. Natheless, 'tis sooth that I have never been prone to gossip after the fashion of my sex."

"Art anxious to know what hath brought me down thus suddenly from London?" he said, abruptly, pouring out more wine.

I answered, truthfully, that I was; but added that I would await his convenience to tell me his errand.

"And, therefore, one woman can restrain her natural curiosity," he replied, promptly and teasingly. "Will was right. Well, virtue shall be rewarded, and I will tell thee at once. Thou know'st Will's plays—Hamlet, Romeus and Juliet, Much Ado and the rest?"

I nodded, silently, my eyes fixed upon his face.

