

nodding at the vision. The other two peered through the shadows.

"Why, damme, 'tis Tom Wharton or his double the devil!" cried Jack Dane, as they came nearer. "Here, Wharton!" he shouted. But at the word the horse was reined back, the rider hidden behind the hedge, and when they came to the mouth of the lane horse and rider were vanished.

"Sure, 'tis a very elusive gentleman. Did you say his name was Wharton?" says Mr. Healy.

"No. The devil," said Jack, frowning; and wondering (as M. de Beaujeu was wondering) what could bring Mr. Wharton to Turnham Green of a November evening.

"Begad, then, he need not have cut me," says Mr. Healy. "But—oh, ma'am, your servant!" He reined back in a hurry to give place to a lady on horseback, who swept round a bend in the road. She was masked, she was cloaked in black, and her horse was black. M. de Beaujeu also pulled his horse out of the way, begged a million pardons for jostling her; and the mysterious lady, bowing, passed on. "Sable on sable," says Mr. Healy, "'tis mighty bad heraldry, but duly fit for the devil's mistress." Jack Dane, beholding now an explanation of the presence of Mr. Wharton, laughed. For other reasons M. de Beaujeu also laughed. Upon the bridle of that black steed he had beheld an initial—"S."

They came past the twinkling lights of Kensington village and my Lord Nottingham's new mansion, and on down the gloomiest of tree-shadowed highways, with weird shadows a-dance before them on the mud. Where the houses met them at last by St. James's Church, and the smell of the sea-coal smoke, "Mr. Dane, we are lodged in Essex Street, in the Strand. Do you come by our way?" says M. de Beaujeu.

"Why, monsieur, across Leicester Fields at least. I rest with Mr. Wharton in the Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Turning they passed again to a country lane, and, skirting the white palings of Leicester Fields, came to the scattered cottages beyond St. Martin's. At the door of one was a splash