

tunate than he expects, for in the doorway of the second he encounters his man.

Frank is standing whistling, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the street, when Longworth approaches and slaps him on the shoulder.

"What, my Frank! What, my baby!" (Mr. Dexter's sobriquet in times past, from his vast length of limb and breadth of shoulder, has been the Baby), "have I run you to earth at last? Bless the boy, how well he is looking!"

"Longworth, by Jupiter!" exclaims Frank, grasping his hand; "who'd have thought it? Awfully glad to see you all the same. What do you mean by hunting me down? You hav'n't been looking for me, have you?"

"For the last three hours, my boy. I know you crossed in the *Hesperia*. Is Miss Harriott here?"

"Oh, she told you," says Frank.

It is quite characteristic of Mr. Dexter to make this remark in good faith without pausing to think how she can have done it, not knowing he was on board until after they had started.

"Yes, she's here, but I don't think you can see her to-night; she was dead tired and went to bed early. But I say, old boy, how uncommonly glad I am to meet you. How are they all in Baymouth? How is Totty?"

"Blooming and lovely, and plumper than when you left."

"Is she? Do you know, I like plump women. How is my Polly?"

"Your Polly is well, and as uncivil as ever. A more disreputable old bird never talked. O'Sullivan has taught her to swear in Irish."

"Ha! ha!" laughs Frank. "How is that exiled Irish prince? I am going down to Baymouth for a week or two—going to have a yacht built."

"Where is Trumps?" asks Longworth. "You didn't leave him in Europe, did you, a present to one of the crowned heads?"

"Not likely. Here, Trumps!"

Frank whistles, and the big Newfoundland comes lumbering up, and recognizes Longworth with demonstrative doggish delight.

"I'd like to take a dog down to Totty," says Dexter. "She told me once she would like a King Charles—

they had an aristocratic sound, she said, and I know a little woolly fellow she could carry in her pocket. Do you think she would like it?"

Among Mr. Dexter's pet habits—and their name is legion—is a great and absorbing passion for animals. Down at home, in the Georgian mansion, he keeps a perfect menagerie, from small white mice to great black dogs, cows, and horses.

"Tot might," responded Longworth; "but her mother wouldn't—she abhors the canine race. A dog followed O'Sullivan home once. Stray curs always have a draggletailed habit of following the O'Sullivans. He was about the ugliest beast that ever wore a tail at one end and a bark at the other. He had only one eye and three legs—was such a hopeless and forlorn spectacle that the O named him—from some association of ideas with a certain lost cause—Head Centre on the spot. I think the name blighted him, as a bad name will blight any of us. Although he grew round and fat, and lazy and luxurious, the moment there was no possibility of his ever growing fatter or fuller, he disappeared, vanished, evaporated, made himself thin air, and never was heard of more. O'Sullivan always had dark suspicions of Mrs. Longworth and the cook, for he was of thievish propensities—the dog, I mean, not O'Sullivan—and made away with everything he could lay his paws on. But I always attributed it to his name. As a consistent Head Centre he could not have acted otherwise."

"It may have been consistent Head Centre nature," retorts Dexter, "to take all he could get, and rob his benefactors, but it wasn't consistent dog nature. I'll bring the King Charles down to Tot all the same."

"What kind of trip did you have, Baby? A good run and nice people?"

"A spanking run and a splendid crowd of fellow creatures. There was one young lady—awfully jolly little girl, with whom Miss Harriott struck up an intimacy. I wish I could find her again—never had a chance to say good bye even."

"What was her name?"

"Mademoiselle Roine."

"What was her other name?"

"I don't know. We got on with that."