

The waiter now approached the lady and respectfully asked her orders.

"An omelette and a cup of coffee, please. Ah, yes; a slice of toast, too."

"Now, Marquis," quizzically asked Lady Primrose, "you know, you never answered me when I asked about your dreams last night."

"My dreams?"

"Yes; yours."

"Now, my dear Lady Primrose, I tell you, I dream of you, and you alone."

"The deuce you do!"

"Who, what's that?" eagerly asked Lady Primrose of the now excited nobleman.

"It's only me," said Luke Southern, hovering in view. "I came to ask you, if you had completed arrangements for the fishing excursion."

"Yes; oh yes;" but about the baits and luncheon, Southern?"

"I'll see to that, and will give orders to the servants immediately."

A short time afterward the trio happily disappeared in a turn on the beautifully shaded road leading to the fishing stream.

"Well, Horace!" exclaimed Luke, who had just met Templeton descending the stairs to the breakfast room, "They're off at last, Horace."

"Yes; well, let's wish them all manner of success."