

amorously. Something inarticulate came from my Lord Sherborne.

"The gentleman is surely unwell?" said Mr. Healy.

"No. 'Tis his nature merely," said Jack Dane. "The porcine strain, you perceive."

"Whose manners Mr. Dane studies faithfully," said my Lord Sherborne.

"My good lord, he has finished his lesson. You may go!" Mr. Dane flung wide the door. My Lord Sherborne laughed, crossed his legs and settled himself more easily.

"You are really a pleasant juvenile, Mr. Dane," said he. "Pray, Mistress Charlbury, shall we chastise the child?"

Jack Dane flushed and started forward. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton closed on him.

"I think I have let you bear with him long enough, Rose," said my lord carelessly.

But Rose's cheeks were white, and her eyes aflame. "'Let!'" she cried. "There is a frowardness of old age, my lord, and I like it less than a boy's. Mr. Dane, may I beg your arm? Gentlemen, I have been honoured!" With a stately curtsy she was gone on Jack Dane's gratified arm.

My lord Sherborne, crimson as his clothes, started up to follow. Mr. Wharton obtruded a shoulder, and as my lord recoiled from it, "Clumsy, always clumsy," Mr. Wharton muttered pensively.

"Sir!" cried my lord.

"Always your servant, my lord, always—at all places," said Mr. Wharton. My lord thrust by without a word.

"Sure, a courageous gentleman," says Mr. Healy.

"Why," said Mr. Wharton modestly, who had never fought a losing fight, "I am thought deadly."

Outside the playhouse they saw my lord Sherborne staring after a coach. Jack Dane was gone home with his flame, and my lord's venomous air was not soothed by the triple laugh, the mock reverences of Mr. Wharton and his friends.

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "we mislike trespassers."