

four months more here, and in that time, why—" Aunt Carolina rose and taking a pair of scissors from her workbox, cut out the little notice. "I'll do it," she continued firmly. "It is awful, but I'll do it."

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Haliburton was a young man, who, for a time at least, had nothing to do. He sat at one of the windows of his rather expensive London lodgings, yawned once or twice or thrice, and then rose and stretched his arms above his head, after the manner of young men when all alone. He frowned.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "this is the first time in many years that I've had absolutely nothing to do. I feel like a cat in a strange garret."

He was a strong individual with a bronzed complexion. His attire was of the cut and fashion of the season, but there was about him an unconventionality of movement and appearance that set him just a bit apart from other London men.

"Nothing to do for the first time in years," he repeated. He reseated himself listlessly at the window and picked up a morning paper which, with the exception of the advertisements, he had already read through. Under the circumstances, therefore, he tackled the advertisements. With a curiosity that would have done credit to a Yankee or a woman, he first examined that column of the paper which, in America, and in England, too, contains personals, spicy and otherwise; those delicate bits of inquiry and answers inserted by ladies desiring husbands and by gentlemen desiring wives; by sportive youths who, having seen for the first time, upon a tramcar or a coach, some object of especial admiration, seek to extend their admiration into acquaintance, and acquaintance into friendship.

Half way down the column he paused with his finger on the page. "This one," he said aloud, "is not quite so nervy as the rest. By Jove, I'll answer one or two of these. It will give me a good sort of entertainment, and who knows—" he added with a laugh, "it may get me into good society, after all."

The published notice that he had selected read about like this:

EXCLUSIVE member of nobility will introduce into exclusive society gentleman or lady of wealth. Instruction in etiquette. Recommendation as to character required. Terms must be of the most liberal kind. Applicants must be persons of some refinement; strangers from other countries preferred. Address, Dowager, this office.

This young man with nothing to do—and therefore being a fit agency for the preparation of mischief—immediately answered this and one other such notice.

Two days later, by appointment, he entered the Metropole in London, and with but little hesitation, he picked out a sprightly little lady who seemed to be expecting him. He doffed his hat and bowed.

"I am 'Young American,'" he announced. The lady blushed. "And you?" he enquired.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady somewhat flustered, "dear me. Yes, I—I am 'Dowager.' There."

Now Haliburton was taken somewhat aback, for originally he had expected that 'Dowager' would turn out to be some coarse representative of the upper crust whose sole claim to gentility and refinement lay in title, and the former possession of some wealth. But this, which he had started as a joke, he found to be too serious an affair, when he realized that he was dealing with a woman whose breeding was of the best. And the Honorable Carolina Southdown, on her part, was quite as agreeably surprised, when she looked at this young "American."

Aunt Carolina, looking into the face of Haliburton, felt herself impelled to tell him all. And she did it—she gave him the whole story from beginning to end.

"And now," she asked him as she finished, "what would you have done yourself?"

Haliburton bowed. "Your course," he said deferentially and with a world of genuine respect in his manner, "was the only course left to pursue." Aunt Carolina breathed a sigh of relief.

"And now," continued Haliburton, with a strange smile on his face, for he had sud-