

the advantage, as regards mere personal appearance.

"Smithers," said Falconbridge, laying down the glass on the bed, "I intend playing a practical joke upon the people of New York, and you will have to assist me."

"Very well, my lord," replied the valet.

"I came here, partly to see the country, and wholly to enjoy myself, Smithers, and I have come to the conclusion, I can do neither in this city, so long as I remain myself. I shall be simply bored to death, with people I don't want to see, and invited to houses, I don't care to go into, so my plan is that you shall do all this for me."

"I, my lord!" exclaimed the valet, in astonishment.

"You," returned his lordship calmly. "You may dress yourself in my clothes, call and leave my card on those whose names I will give you, take my place at table, and in short you shall be Lord Falconbridge for the next few days, and I will be William Smithers, at your service. I don't suppose these Yankees will find out the difference, so long as you are careful, and it will relieve me of a confounded lot of bother."

This ridiculous, and somewhat contemptible scheme, was carried out, master and man changed places, out side the Brunswick suite of rooms that is, and while Smithers personated Lord Falconbridge to the best of his ability, the latter donned in a tweed suit, rather too large for him, went about all over the city, as unnoticed as he would have been in London. His lordship was highly entertained to learn from the papers, that Lord Falconbridge, of Bicksley Park, Devonshire, England, was extremely affable, and had shown much interest in the mammoth stores of A. T. Stewart, and H. B. Claflin. In the afternoon, so the paper stated, he drove in the park, with Mr. and Miss Van Higgin, whom he also accompanied to the theatre in the evening. N. B.—Miss Van Higgin gives an "At home" on Wednesday evening, and the frequenters of fashionable society will be pleased to hear, that Lord Falconbridge has accepted an invitation to attend. Lord F. is a fair height, has a fine manly appearance; drops his h's like most of his countrymen occasionally, and speaks with an English accent.

"Not so bad, for a beginning, Smithers," said Falconbridge, laughing, "but who are these Van Higgins?"

"Can't say, my lord," replied Smithers, "you gave me a letter and your card for them, and they are very pressing in their attentions."

"Oh, they are very pressing in their attentions, are they?" remarked Falconbridge, grinning. "How do they show their pressure, Smithers?"

Well, my lord, they ask me to their house, take me out driving in Central Park, and give me a seat in their box at the theatre."

"Very good, Smithers. Let me know how the 'At home' goes off, and then I think I shall go off to Niagara or somewhere."

The "At home" was a great success and quite the event of the season, everybody in New York was there, that is everybody who was anybody at all, you understand.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and very beautiful Madeline looked in her capacity as hostess, for hers was a complexion, which would stand any amount of light, and her smile itself, brightened up all those, who came within its influence. Of course Madeline was well aware, that she was receiving not a few who would never have come, but for the presence of a real live lord, but she was supremely unconscious in her demeanor of that fact. Do not suppose, my dear madam, that I am accusing your daughter of being so worldly or so English as to run after a title; God forbid! I could see, I assure you, that it was the accident to your dearest child's train, which detained you in the neighborhood of your hostess, until the man, you all thought was Lord Falconbridge, made his bow and passed, and then it was unmistakably the crowd, which pushed you both into such close proximity to him. You also, sir, although there had been a coolness between you and Mr. Van Higgin, merely wished to practice that Christian quality, forgiveness, when you made your appearance on the evening in question, and lingered round Van Higgins, addressing him by his first name of Washington, which you had not done for months, and it was of course a business appointment, (at 10 p. m.), which you suddenly remembered, that caused you to hurry away, after Van Higgin had introduced the guest of the evening to several near him, but omitted you.

The crowd thickened, there were the Vanders, and the Asterblits, in all their glory, and several began to remark, that they could not see anything particular in this specimen of England's aristocracy, but it is curious, that these observations emanated from those who either had not been presented to Lord Falconbridge, "alias" William Smithers, or had no marriageable daughters. Speaking personally, I would rather walk twenty miles to win one smile from Madeline, than I would ride ten to spend a whole evening with Lord

Falconbridge, and so far from the American girl being honored should she succeed in becoming allied with that nobleman, I consider the honor would be all on the other side. There is Guy Ralston, a sort of cousin of Van Higgin, standing by Madeline's side for a moment after his arrival, who, though only a civil engineer or surveyor, with his way to make in the world, would in my humble judgment, be a good deal better consort for the beautiful heiress, than Lord Falconbridge, and Guy appears to be of that opinion himself, for he glared savagely at Mr. Smithers, as he went by and presently whispered, "I don't take much stock in him, Madeline."

"Hush, Guy, you do not know who may be listening," said his cousin in a meaning tone.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," retorted Guy, but he did not mean it all the same.

"When are you going away you foolish boy?" asked Madeline, "who being twenty years of age looked upon Guy Ralston, who was twenty-three, as a youth in his teens."

"Next week, I think."

"So soon—well come and see me before you go—ah, how do you do, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, so glad you are here." "Guy take Mrs. Fitzsimmons, and give her some coffee," and Madeline turned to other guests, leaving Guy outwardly very grave and calm, but boiling with rage within. The fact was, Ralston fancied himself madly in love with Madeline, whereas the latter, although fond of her cousin, did not feel that way in the least towards him, and treated him very much as she would have done a younger brother home for the holidays. Besides it was ridiculous, for the young fellow to suppose, she could devote much of her time to him on such an occasion. After receiving her guests, Madeline had to look after them, as a good hostess should, and though the crush was tremendous, the band had struck up a waltz, and several young ladies required to be provided with partners. Fortunately the supposed Lord Falconbridge, knowing as much about dancing as an elephant, does of playing the flute, managed to slip away early, when the crowd diminished instantly in the most astonishing manner, leaving plenty of room for those who remained.

There was a long account in the paper next day of the entertainment, with a list of those present, and a high compliment was paid to the Van Higgins; Lord Falconbridge, so the paper said, admitting the whole affair was equal to anything he had seen in London or Paris.

Poor Madeline, it was some time before she discovered the trick which had been played upon her, and it taught her to be more "American," in the better sense of the word, than she had been before; American I mean, in judging men by honest worth and not by mere title.

To be continued.