

"No; decidedly not; why, it's as much as I can do to support my extravagant habits."

"By the way, Templeton, come up to the parlor, I want to present you to Lady Primrose and others, whom you would like to know."

A pleasant time was spent that night at the Grand Pacific. The following morning Dick Darrell was up bright and early; so was Mr. Frenchy and Mr. Scribe; they breakfasted late.

"Good morning, Marquis," said Lady Primrose, approaching that individual.

"Good morning," he replied. "Dont you know, Lady Primrose, I am really. Ah! too bad, isn't it? I'll pon my honah, Lady Primrose, and I ought to go angling this afternoon, don't you know? Too bad isn't it? Ah, really!"

"Don't feel too bad about it," said Frenchy, laughing lightly.

"No; that will never do," said the Scribe. "Ha! ha! ha! Ladies going too?"

"Ah, now, damn it all gentleman," said the Marquis sarcastically, turning around.

"What for?" asked Mr. Leggins, just sitting down to his breakfast.

"You don't know anything about this affair at all, gents. The Marquis, here, is going to try a fly on the mountain streams, and is to be accompanied by a couple of ladies."

"The deuce he is!"

"Lady Primrose, I hope you had pleasant dreams last night," said the Marquis to the lady who had just been seated.

"Now, Marquis, don't ask me any foolish questions. Why, you know I always have pleasant and happy dreams."