

Roebuck's Spaniard—till, hastily circumnavigating the pond, Madame presented herself breathless and unblushing, and broke in upon me imperiously.

"Harry, quick! Round here this way. Who do you think is here? Such a darling! I must introduce you at once, come;" and the cockatoo was left to mourn the proverbial uncertainty of mortal happiness, or to scramble down his perch after the split nuts, as he preferred, when, with a Charley nowhere within the horizon, I was being presented to a very attractive young lady.

"My husband" (I don't know whether the capital is due here). "Miss Fenchurch, Harry, that you've heard me so often talk of." (If I had my memory must have been--no matter.) "Only think of us meeting here, when I thought she was away in Switzerland." By this time, having mechanically made my bow, I was stealthily peering round the bushes and statues for The Other, and paying very little attention to my new acquaintance. "Why, what are you looking at? Haven't you a word to say to Charley!"

"A word! I should think I have, though. Where is he; I can't see him?"

"Where is he, you stupid! Here *she* is, Charley Fenchurch, who used to be at school with me at Madame ——."

"Oh!" said I, very much relieved, "this is Charley, is it? I assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to know you, Cha—Miss Fenchurch, I mean. The name is, perhaps, more frequently applied more roughly, and it really was rather incomprehensible for a moment."

Miss Fenchurch laughed merrily. She had good teeth, and could afford good humour. "My name is Charlotte," she explained, "but I was very little when I went to school, and a great romp, some of the others said, and so they gave me a boy's name, though I never deserved it, and it's such a shame—people will keep it up still, even Nelly here, who knows me better than anybody."

"That's just the reason," assented Madame. "What else should I call you? Charlotte is so starched and prim, and you're not, *you know*. Lot reminds one always of a pillar of salt, or something like it, and Lotty—that's what the children play with in a box, or at least it's Lotto, and it's all the same. And besides you *were* a romp until I quieted you, and they told me the other day that you were only half tamed even yet, and broke out into mischief, now and then. But I can chaperon you now, darling, and keep you in better order."

While the two schoolfellows were rattling on, I had plenty of time to observe Miss Charlotte. The period at which she had been so little had passed away irrevocably, for she would have been acknowledged as a tall woman anywhere, and absolutely towered beside my little, very little,