

waste time on disreputable bags. Do you see uncle?"

I had no idea what sort of a man to look for, and said so.

"He was christened Parsifal," explained Sophonisba, "because his god-mother was romantic. Then, when she died without leavin' him anythin',—as they have a way of doin',—it was changed to Percy. I suppose he'll be old and tall and distinguished, have white hair an' all that. Lets go down there. The first person surrounded by porters an' luggage will be him."

However it wasn't, and the person addressed said so with some asperity, and I felt shy of addressing anyone else. Sophonisba would not take any steps in the matter, "I can't go fallin' on the necks of strange men an' kissin' 'em," she said, "suppose it wasn't uncle. He might be annoyed."

"Not so annoyed as I should be," I returned fondly, knowing how far from annoyed anyone so honoured would be.

Then a funny little fat man bustled up to Sophonisba, and took off his hat and began to say somethin', and Sophonisba told him with considerable heat that there was some mistake; that she neither knew him nor wished to.

And he gave a high shrill laugh and said:

"My dear niece Soapy, and not know her poor old uncle! Why I knew her at once from her likeness to poor dear William. And this is my new nephew of course—the boys are his very image!" And he turned and grabbed the astonished hand of an open-mouthed young man who "isn't quite," as we put it delicately hereabouts.

Sophonisba went her lovely pink, I gasped, and the young man fiercely denied being Sophonisba's husband,