

"The Marquis extended an invitation to me to accompany him for a walk this evening," said Lady Primrose, "and I trust he is not going to disappoint me."

"I think he will not disappoint any one," said Mrs. Busybody. "He has such a distinguished air about him. Is he really a Marquis? So nice, too, and jolly."

"Have you seen Luke Southern since dinner?" asked Lady Primrose of Mrs. Busybody.

"Oh! yes; I met him on the staircase, and he was in such a hurry. He expects the steamer every moment, and a friend of his, who is aboard and will remain a few days."

A shrill piercing whistle re-echoed, time and again, in the cañons and the mountains in the near distance. A large swift steamer was approaching the wharf.

Clang! Clang! The great paddle wheel of the steamer was reversed and she glided gracefully up to the wharf. The gang-plank was shoved out, the passengers landed and were making for the hotel.

Luke Southern, the polite and affable manager of the "Grand" was extending his courtesies to the newly-arrived guests, when a young man, hurrying along, ran up against official Southern. "If ever I cease to love! Why, it's Horace!"

"Southern, old fellow; how are you? Gad, it does a fellow's eyes good to see you. How are the dames and ladies, and what's new in your thriving little Y? Drink, do you? Well let's have something, Luke!"

"An iced sherry, thank you." What will you drink? Sherry cobbles are my drink, now, Templeton."

"Married yet, Southern? Have you your heart intact yet?"

"Not married yet, Horace, nor likely to be. Are you, Horace."