

the ladies. I was in earnest about the cards, Mr. Penfold. Young Windridge, the surgeon, of whom you spoke so favourably a minute ago,—though I must say he is an upsetting young ass,—is as sweet as he can be on Miss Miriam. They say she's the beauty, but give me Miss — Eh well, my girl, what message?' he broke off suddenly, as a servant appeared at the door.

'Mrs. Cheyne's compliments, sir, and she is sorry she will not be able to see Mr. Hardwicke to-day; but if he will take the trouble to call to-morrow, she will be glad to see him.'

'All right, my girl. My compliments to your mistress, and I'll ride over to-morrow morning, about eleven. Good evening, Mr. Penfold. Happy to meet you, sir. Hope we may have the pleasure of becoming better acquainted some day.'

The lawyer thanked him, but did not re-echo the hope. When he was again left alone, he walked to the window and watched the squire mount his beautiful thoroughbred, and ride away. When he was out of sight, the lawyer left the room, and, taking his hat from the rack, went out of doors. As he passed out he could hear the sound of excited