

shrill singing of her baby daughter chanting with much spirit and 'go,' the ballad of the 'Ten Little Injun Boys'—hears the ear-splitting workmen's whistle—and still stands rapt and motionless, though the night has long since fallen, and all the room, and all the street is dark.

But Mlle. Mimi belongs to the public, and a couple of hours later, flashes before it in all the wonted bravery of tinsel and glitter, and even eclipses herself in the matter of hazardous flying leaps on the trapeze, and daring doings on the dizzy slack-wire. All trace of that darkly-brooding cloud of thought has vanished from her riant face, and at the after-circus supper she out-sparkles her sparkling self, and returns home after one, flushed and excited, as usual, with the amber vintages of France, as furnished by the Hotel Washington, and paid for by Mr. Lacy.

For Mrs. Hopkins, keeper of the most respectable temperance boarding-house in the good New England town of Clangville, it is the bitterest trial of her life. And she is powerless to help herself; the sting lies there. Mrs. Hopkins is total abstinence or she is nothing, the most daring foundry hand never returns muddled more than once. 'There is the door,' Mrs. Hopkins, with flashing eyes, 'and here is you. You git.' There is something in the Spartan brevity that takes bowen the biggest and blackest hand of them all. But Mlle. Mimi absolutely laughs in her face. 'My good soul,' she says, 'don't put yourself in a passion. I intend to go when my week is up, not an hour sooner. I require stimulants, prescribed by my medical attendant, I assure you. The life I lead is frightfully exhausting. I am not going to change my habits and injure my health to accommodate your old-fashioned prejudices, my dear Madam Hopkins.'

There is nothing for it but to suffer and be strong. Aunt Samantha knocks under to the inevitable, and counts every hour until the blessed one of her happy release.

'Land o' hope!' cries out, despairing, Mrs. Hopkins. 'Jemima Ann, will you look at this! Of all the shameful creeters'—a hollow groan finishes the sentence—words are weak to express her sense of reprobation.

Jemima Ann looks. She is not so easily scandalized as Aunt Samantha, and in her heart of hearts, rather envies Mimi her 'right good time,' but even she is startled at what she beholds. An open, double-seated carriage, bright with varnish, is flashing past; and perched high on the driver's seat, beside the renowned Mr. Lacy, hold-

ing the reins, and 'hi-ing' to four spirited horses, is Mlle. Mimi. An expert whip she evidently is, and remarkably jaunty and audacious she looks, a pretty hat set coquettishly on the gilded hair, a cigarette between her rosy lips, she smokes with gusto while she drives. Behind sits one of the Bounding Brothers and his young woman, also with cigarettes alight, and loud laughter ringing forth, and as they fly past, the whole deeply-shocked town of Clangville seems to rush to their doors and windows, to catch a glimpse of the demoralizing vision.

'I knew she smoked,' Jemima Ann remarks, in a subdued voice: 'she does in her own room sometimes of an afternoon.'

Mrs. Hopkins sinks into a chair, faint with despair. What will this reckless creature do next?

'She'll give the house a bad name,' she says, weakly, 'and there don't seem nothing I can do to prevent it. To sit up there, drivin' two team of rarn', prancin' horses, smokin' cigars, and likely's not half tight. I'll go over to Rogers' this very minute and give him a piece of my mind anyhow.'

The landan, with its four laughing, smoking occupants flashes out of town, leaving the coal smoke, the noise, and black grime of founderies and manufactories far behind, and whirls along a pleasant country road, trees on every hand, brilliant with crimson and orange glories of bright October.

'Does anybody happen to know a place called The Cottage,' asks Mimi, 'the residence, I believe, of one Mrs. or Madam Valentine?'

'I do,' replies Mr. Lacy, 'I've met young Valentine; queeced stiff young prig; puts on airs of British nobility—'aw, don't you know, my dear fellow'—that sort of thing. Felt like kicking him on the only occasion we met. Sour-looking, black-looking beggar. But he lives right out here, with his grandmother, or fairy godmother, or something.'

'His aunt, my friend; be definite. There is a painful lack of lucidity in your remarks, Lacy,' says Mimi. 'Well, I want to stop at The Cottage. I am going to make a call. Don't ask questions; it is my whim; that is enough for you. Madam Valentine is a real grande dame, so they tell me, and I've never had the pleasure of meeting one of the breed. So I am going to call, and see for myself. I may never have another chance.'

'You have the audacity of the devil,' says Mr. Lacy, with artless admiration. 'By George! I should like to see the old lady's face when you announce yourself. Judging from what I hear, and from the look of that black-visaged nephew, she is more like a venerable empress run to seed