

as he passed me, he took out his watch and distinctly I heard him say—"Sch! Sch!"

"Splendid fellow," I said to Dandy. And so he was. I would have given much to be in need of such little deception myself. Someone else's romance, however, is very engrossing when it happens that you have none of your own. Dandy and I followed him secretly with our eyes as he sailed down the path like a bold man-o'-war in pursuit of his capture. I say, secretly. There was no secrecy about Dandy. He jumped off his chair and, standing in the middle of the path, he looked directly after them. At least, I think it was after them. There was another dog in sight, but he was very far away.

However that may be, we were not permitted to see the most interesting part of it. She was quick and she was cunning in her manoeuvres, was that little nursery maid. Before I could have contemplated the action, she had put about and was off up the path which turns sharply to the right and leads into the solitary heart of the Park. That pram went round that corner bumping on two wheels. I saw the fat, round baby clinging to the sides. Then, sure enough, round went my electrician after her and, but for Dandy, the Park seemed empty once more.

"Well," said I, "that's all there is to that," and I leant back again with disappointment in my chair. There was no such thing as following them. It was not to be done. Love is a timid thing at such a stage as this, and I would not have frightened it for the