

house, looking out over the broad bay, with its multitudinous waves flashing in the sunshine, and listening to the shrill chattering of the little brown sparrows in the trees.

Suddenly a harsh, discordant voice breaks the sylvan silence croaking his name."

"Larry! Larry! Larry!" shrieks this hoarse voice. "Kiss me, Larry! You're a fool, Larry! You're a fool! Oh, demmit!"

"Ah! you're there, are you?" says Longworth, glancing at an upper window, where the author of these remarks sits in the sun.

"You're a fool, Larry! A fool, a fool! Oh, demmit! Sacre bleu! donner und blitzen! You're a fool! You're a fool!"

Longworth's response to this torrent of bad language is a grim. He turns, looks up, and nods familiarly.

"Good morning, Polly. You're in a heavenly temper this morning as usual, I see. I shall have to go and see about your breakfast, or you will curse up hill and down dale for the rest of the day."

For the speaker is a parrot in a large gilded cage—a bird whose looks are handsomer than her conversation. She is the pupil and property of Frank Dexter. She is still screaming when Larry disappears.

Mr. Longworth reaches New York by nightfall, and spends the evening at one of the theatres. He attends to the business that has brought him next day, ascertains that the Hesperia will not reach her pier until eleven to-morrow, visits a few friends, and dines with sundry congenial souls at a literary club to which he belongs.

Next day, at eleven sharp, he is down on the pier waiting for the Hesperia and grandmamma's granddaughters. Punctual as he is, the Hesperia is still more punctual. She is there before him, and her passengers are hurrying in wild haste hither and thither. Longworth boards her, glances about for any young ladies likely to answer the idea he has in his mind of the Demoiselles Landelle. He has not thought much about these young ladies. What he has thought has not been exactly flattering. Even with right on their side, that "round robin" of theirs has a stupendously cheeky sound. Their feeling, he opines, cannot

be any too delicate or sensitive in thus forcing themselves, uninvited and unwelcome, upon their grandmother. He sees many young girls, dark and dashing, fair and stylish, but none that quite answer that private idea of the ladies Landelle. Presently he sees the captain, and makes straight for him.

"I am in search for two young ladies due in this vessel," he says. "They are French—their names Landelle."

"My little ladies," cries the captain, with animation. "They were afraid no one was coming to meet them, after all. Are you relative, sir?"

"No. Where are they?"

"In my cabin. This way, sir. All right, madame; I'll be back in a second. They are going to their grandmother. You are from her, I suppose?"

Longworth nods. The captain of the Hesperia throws open the cabin door, Longworth takes off his hat, and stands in the presence of the French granddaughters.

"My little ladies," exclaims the captain, cheerily, "here he is at last, sent by grandmamma, and come to fetch you; and as I am tremendously busy, I will say good bye at once!"

He shakes hands with both and departs.

Longworth is alone with the orphan girls, whose case he pleaded at his own cost. He thinks that one is without exception the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. Anything quite so faultlessly perfect as the taller of the two he does not remember ever to have met. He turns to her as she looks the older of the two, but no trace of the admiration he certainly feels is in his face.

"My name is Longworth," he says, concisely; "I live in Baymouth, and as business was bringing me to New York, your grandmother, Mrs. Windsor, requested me to meet you here and escort you there."

She bows without a word, excepts the arm he offers, the small dark sister takes the other, and in profound silence Mr. Longworth leads them to and places them in a cab, mounts besides the cabby, and they rattle off to one of the grand Broadway hotels.

"How will Madam Windsor receive these two young people?" he thinks. Civilly he hopes, icily he knows; but,