

stand on one side of us and the orchestra on the other, we are certain to kill a couple of hours that will die like swans."

"You mention the cigar-stand first."

"Why not? Smoke is more real than empty sound."

"Are you not equally empty, Ik, save after dinner? How have the preceding hours of this long day been killed?"

"Like boas. They have enfolded me with a weary weight."

"The snakes in your comparison are larger than your pun, and the pun, rather than yourself, suggests a constrictor's squeeze."

"Come, you are only abusing me to gain time, and you may gain too much. My horses have more mettle than their master, and may carry off my trap and groom to parts unknown, while you are wasting paint and words. You are like the animals at the Park, that are good-natured only after they are fed. So shut up your old paint shop, and come along; we will shorten our ride and lengthen our dinner."

With mutual chaffing and laughter the young men at last went down to where a liveried coachman and a pair of handsome bays were in waiting. Taking the high front seat and gathering up the reins, Ik Stanton, with his friend Harold Van Berg at his side, bowled away towards the Park at a rapid pace.

Harold Van Berg was, in truth, something of a paradox. He was an artist, and yet was rich; he had inherited large wealth, and yet had formed habits of careful industry. The majority of his young acquaint-