

between the whiles, till one's gorge rose at the very sound of it. And all the time the fellow standing there, tricked out in silk and velvet, as though 't were any gentleman, and as familiar with his lordship as if the old Lord Brandon were not ten feet underground, and the new one were still the play-going vagabond he had been when his father was alive.

“‘I’ll make your fortune, Dick,’ quoth he, laying his arm across the fellow’s shoulders, ‘I’ll give your name to all the corners of the earth, and we’ll out-Garrick Garrick in his own field.’

“And then, ignoring *me*, they fell to talking of some ‘School for Scandal’ that the fellow had in mind—as though a school for *that* were needed, and it were a goodly thing to build! And if it were, should not players be the last to sanction it? Should not—”

The rising excitement in Sycamore’s tones