

vainly keeping her solitary vigil, Henry and Emma, now on their return, were displaying their wisdom somewhat in this wise.

"When was he there last?"

"Three nights ago."

"Well, if there be any foundation for your conjectures, he will most likely make his appearance again to-night."

"He may—I trust that he may."

"It is going to be a beautiful night—see, the moon is about rising—'tis just a time for lovers' lutes—if he be what is supposed, he certainly will not lose so fair a chance as this."

"Let us get along, then, lest we miss him."

"See here, Emma; for the last two days I have been troubling myself so much about this incomprehensible being that if he do not come to-night, I'll give him up, and worry my brains no more about him."

"Not so will I."

"More gosling are you, then, if you don't."

"Oh, there certainly was *something* in that serenade."

"If there was, it is the first time that a serenade was ever burdened with any such commodity."

"It was intended expressly for her—it was quite personal."

"Don't you know that any serenade would suit ten thousand anybodys, and appear, too, as personal to anybody as anybody might please?"

"The one that he sang was not applicable to me."

"Go, Emma—chuck! Some few years ago, if I had sung it for you, as sure as day it would be your dream all night."

"No, indeed, Henry! no, indeed!"

"A serenade is made as mechanically as a pudding."