

go and dine somewhere to-night—it's splendid," and he went into a fit of laughter, recovered himself, and continued, "We can arrange the whole campaign best over dinner, eh?"

"You needn't be so beastly hilarious," exclaimed Delaunay.

"No! old fellow, it isn't that. I'm just going over to the coachman's. Open the seltzer when it comes," and the speaker tore down the stairs like a schoolboy going for a holiday.

It should be explained that Mr. James Bell, barrister-at-law, not having any banking account, generally had his cross cheques cashed by his coachman; that sable tradesman simply stipulating that Mr. Bell should always allow him to deduct whatever might be owing at the time and as he not only had a coal-yard, but purveyed eggs and milk, there was generally an account, large or small as the case might be.

"It's a nuisance, of course," said Bell to his croney, "seems a pity to pay one tradesman in full, spoils the others, makes 'em tiresome, no confidence. Well, come along now, we'll go to St. James' and dine."

II.—"THE WOOING OT."

Most things can be achieved by determined men; the introduction was the easiest and most natural thing in the world. As Bell and Delaunay, faultlessly got up, sauntered slowly along the Marine Parade at Eastbourne, enjoying the breezes, listening to the strains of the town band and critically eying the passers-by—one might say stargazers-by, in view of the immense amount of fixed gazing that goes on by sea fronts—Mr. Delaunay bowed and stopped to speak a moment to a handsome dark-eyed girl, his cousin Amy, who was walking alongside an elderly lady who had just alighted from a victoria by the Cavendish Hotel, and in a natural order of events an introduction followed.

"Your cousin? Oh, indeed, Amy. Are you staying any length of time, Mr. Delaunay?"

"My friend, Mr. Bell—allow me to have the pleasure—and myself have just come down for a few days, Miss Carmichael. What a charming invigorating place Eastbourne is? Pretty town, bright and Continental-looking. I'm sure Amy is very fortunate in living in such a beautiful place."

"You cannot think, Mr. Delaunay, what a change it is from Scotland, where I lived until very recently;" and so on, little conversational tags that meant nothing, but served the young men's purpose by verbally breaking the ice. Little that poor lady who had lived so long in Scotland recked of the Southern's design upon her.

"I like Eastbourne," said Jimmie Bell that evening after dinner; and later that night he settled down with a book of Lavater, a lengthy treatise upon alcoholic skin-invigorators, and a bottle of essential oils, and began his second article upon the Erasure Wrinkles. There were certain emotions that creased the face, according to Lavater, more than anything else—such as immoderate laughter, or anxiety about money matters; so Jimmie Bell sat down with the sunniest of smiles, and commenced writing. Delaunay had filled his cigar-case and gone to the theatre. He said he needed distraction, and the sea air made him feel lively.

The next morning the two men, one of them leading a small dog (this was Delaunay's id.), arrived before the gates of Park Lodge and halted. Delaunay referred to his watch and made calculation; judging by the time they had met the ladies yesterday, that they might be expected to issue down the carriage drive in another five minutes. They lit cigars and strolled away; returning, Bell gently took the dog from Delaunay, slipped its leash off, and deliberately kicked it across the road.

The little animal yelped considerably as Delaunay caught it. Carriage wheels sounded behind them; Ted adroitly pinched the terrier's tail, its yelps were redoubled; he soothed it, and turned round, and—

"Why," said Miss Carmichael to Amy, "I do believe it's Mr. Delaunay; whatever can be the matter?"

The two men bowed, and the dog yelped again.

Miss Carmichael stopped the carriage.

"Is it hurt, Mr. Delaunay? Poor thing."

"A man," exclaimed Jimmie, "deliberately kicked this poor little beast right across the road by that gate-entrance, and Ted—I mean Mr. Delaunay—caught the animal. He says he doesn't think any bones are broken."

"Dear me," said the charitable Miss Carmichael, "how shocking! It's very kind of Mr. Delaunay, I'm sure. Would you,"—she hesitated, turned to Amy Tudor, then after a momentary conversation, "it would be dreadful if the animal were hurt and left on the road. Would you mind—Amy thinks I might trespass on your good nature, Mr. Delaunay—taking it up to the house?"

"Which house, Miss Carmichael?" asked Jimmie Bell, with the bland innocence of a courteous stranger.

"Park Lodge, there, that is my house, and ask Mrs. Joyce, the housekeeper, to care for it till I return; it seems a pretty little dog, and a Dandie Dinmont, I declare."

"It's a kind suggestion of yours, replied Delaunay, "which I will gladly carry out."

"Thank you. Shall we see either of you gentlemen on the Front?"

"We cannot have that pleasure," said Bell readily, but with his blue eyes on Miss Tudor; "we were just off for a long walk over Beachy Head, when my friend saw this man kick the dog over the road."

"Poor thing," said Miss Carmichael afresh; "perhaps if we do not see you again to-day, you will call to-morrow afternoon and see how the dog is getting on. I do hope no bones are broken."

"I'll take it to the stables and examine it thoroughly before I hand it to the housekeeper."

"You're very kind. Then we may expect you to afternoon tea to-morrow afternoon?"

"We shall be delighted," said the men, and the carriage was gone.

"I think," said Delaunay, as they went to the stables to give the dog a drink of water, "that the two sovereigns for that pup were well laid out."

"Ted," said Jimmie, as they left the house, "I should discharge that housekeeper if I were you, she's too much of a madame."

As Amy Tudor was walking along Treminus-road that afternoon she met Jimmie Bell, and, of course, he stopped to inquire about the dog.

"I left it fast asleep," said Amy smiling, "after a very good dinner."

"The man starved it," said Bell decisively. "Did you ever read about the faithfulness of Bill Sikes' dog, hungry and kicked as it was? Which way are you going, Miss Tudor?"

"I'm going shopping for Miss Carmichael." She looked demurely up and down the street. "Where is cousin Ted?"

"He's resting indoors. Very delicate, you know."

"Oh, he's not, Mr. Bell. I mean, I beg your pardon, but I've often heard my brother Jack say that he's as strong as a horse."

"Well, horses are overworked sometimes. Will you allow me to accompany you shopping? I suppose you're going to the library and then the post-office. I was just going to those identical places myself."

The girl hesitated a moment, and then rather feebly said, "If it's not taking you out of your way?"

Jimmie laughed and said, "Let my way be your way, to-day, Miss Tudor."

So Miss Tudor, with a little extra pink in her cheeks, silently acquiesced, and off they went together to the library.

To a discerning mind it need scarcely be stated that Mr. James Bell not only suggested, but absolutely insisted upon going the longest way round the town, not to mention a walk through Devonshire Park grounds on the way home, and that he did not leave the young lady, though she earnestly assured him she was accustomed to walking about alone, until he had climbed the hill and seen her quite

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