

tiny foot, incased in the daintiest of shoes, that drove one nearly wild, and made me envy the ball she placed it on—(we did not play loose croquet then, but did the old-fashioned way of holding one ball tight with the foot). I played so that she might croquet me each time; therefore, I need not say that I lost the game—but I was rewarded with a glance that was worth all the games ever known. I led her to a seat—I procured refreshments—I strolled with her round the garden—I made love to her. She listened, and at last informed me that she always took a walk in Hyde Park at 11 a. m. Soon after this the party broke up, and we bade farewell to each other with a gentle pressure of the hand, and a glance that said as plainly as could be—“We part to meet again.”

Every morning at eleven o'clock, a tall handsome man, with an extremely long moustache and an aristocratic air, might be seen wending his way beneath the branches of the noble trees that, verdant with foliage, shed their shadows over that most celebrated equestrian way, ycleped Rotten Row.

Gentle reader, *I* was that man.

At the same hour, approaching from the opposite direction, a tall handsome girl of about eighteen summers could be observed. Her step had that peculiar elasticity which shows anxiety to reach the beloved object of her search. A gentle flush spread over her peach-like cheeks as she drew near the gentleman before mentioned. That sweet girl was Sophia. We meet, and——But no; I cannot describe the rapture of our meeting!

Things went on in this way for a couple of months. I found Sophia all that I could wish, and I was all that she desired. She scorned wealth: I was poor, and therefore escaped her scorn. She doted on mysteries: I was a complete one—therefore she doted on me. She loved romance: I had a particular reason for romancing. What two people in the world could be more suited to each other?

During our walks I discovered that Sophia hated anything common-place or low. Thus she would have had no objection to my poverty forcing me to abstain from dinners for a week or a fortnight; but she would have hated me had I dared to mention that I was unromantically hungry, or expressed Mr. Pickwick's desire for “chops and tomato sauce.” I also found that I had a rival, but, luckily, a rich one—therefore Sophia scorned him, but at the