

Just then, Mrs. Elliott appearing upon the scene, the conversation was changed, and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly. Hal, having begged the pleasure of becoming the escort of the ladies to the Academy of Music the following evening, Alf, with his usual assurance, proposed to become one of the party, a proposition which was accepted with apparent pleasure by Mrs. Elliott, much to Hal's disgust, and the two young men took their departure.

After rolling along side by side for some time without exchanging a word, Alf at last broke the silence by bursting into a loud laugh, to which his companion responded by a look of extreme surprise, which only served to increase his merriment.

"I rather think I stole a march on you to-night, old fellow," he at last condescended to remark. "I knew by your looks at tea time that you were bound out here to-night, and also that you meant to sneak off without me if you could manage it. It was as good as a play to see the relieved look upon your face when I announced my intention of spending the evening down town, and also to witness the disappointment you vainly strove to conceal when you rode up to the house and found the fair Adelaide and myself enjoying each other's society," and the look of indignation upon the face of Hal as he listened to the flippant way in which he spoke of