

"Why?" said Humphrey Kent.

"'Why!' Are you serious? Because your income is an unknown quantity. Because you've had a literary success, not a popular one. Because, if you keep single, you've a comfortable life in front of you. Because you'd be a damned fool."

"The climax is comprehensive, if it isn't convincing. But the discussion is a trifle 'previous,' eh? I can't marry you, my pretty maid, et cetera."

"You are with her all day," said Turquand—"I conclude she likes you. And the mother countenances it."

"There's really nothing to countenance; and, remember, they haven't any idea of my position: they meet me at a fashionable hotel, they had read the book, and they saw *The Times* review. What do they know of literary earnings? the father is on the Stock Exchange, I believe. I am an impostor!"

"You should have gone to the little show I recommended on the quay, then. I find it good enough."

Kent laughed and stretched himself.

"I am rewarding industry," he said. "For once I wallow. I came into the money, and I put it in a bank, and by my pen, which is mightier than the sword, I've replaced all I drew to live during the year. Ain't I entitled to a