

sign-boards, (which would reappear over night like a growth of disagreeable fungi), there was an unusual number of policemen sauntering about, and it was one of these whom Mr. Harkness was trying to attract with his cane. If any saw him, none heeded, and he had to wait till a policeman came down the mall in front of him. This could not have been so long a time as it seemed to Mr. Harkness, who was breathing thickly, and, now and then, pressing his hand against his forehead, like one who tries to stay a reeling brain.

"Please call a carriage," he panted, as the officer, whom he had thrust in the side with his cane, stopped and looked down at him; and then, as the man seemed to hesitate, he added: "My name is Harkness; I live at 9 Beacon Steps; I wish to go home at once; I've been taken faint."

Beacon Steps is not Beacon street, but it is of like blameless social tradition, and the name, together with a certain air of moneyed respectability in Mr. Harkness, had its effect with the policeman.

"Sick?" he asked. "Well, you *are* pale. You just hold on a minute. Heh, there! heh!" he shouted to a passing hackman, who promptly stopped, turned his horses, and drew up beside the curb next the Common. "Now, you take my arm, Mr. Harkness, and I'll help you to the carriage." He raised the gentleman to his benumbed feet, and got him away through the gathering crowd; when he was gone, the crowd continued to hang about the place where he had been sitting, in such numbers that the young man first took his arm down from the back of the seat, and the young woman tilted her head away from his, and then they both, with vexed and impatient looks, rose and walked away, seeking some other spot for the renewal of their courtship.

The policeman had not been able to refrain from driving home with Mr. Harkness, whom he patronized on the way with a sort of municipal kindness; and for whom,