

bullies filled the pit, and the orange wenches were busy. Overhead decent citizens in linsey-woolsey were packed tight, and purple and fine linen glittered in the boxes. Even the ladies and gentlemen of fashion were come in time. For the second part of Mr. Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* was to be the play, and Betterton had for its sore-tried heroine Almahide the incomparable Rose Charlbury.

But there was one box still empty when the play had well begun. Abdelmelech (or it may have been Abdalla) was ranting to the roof when Mr. Wharton, Mr. Dane, Mr. Healy, and M. de Beaujeu lounged in. Mr. Wharton sat down and yawned immensely. He resisted Beaujeu's attempt to put him in front.

"I had rather you be deafened than I," said he as Abdalla (or it may have been Abdelmelech) roared on his way. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton shared the background.

"Sure the gentleman is himself a thunderstorm," says Mr. Healy.

"Te-hee," Mr. Wharton sniggered, "this is the heroical drama, sir."

"I'm ambitious of its remoter acquaintance," said Mr. Healy.

But Mr. Dane and M. de Beaujeu were watching the stage.

The roaring ceased. Then trumpets blared, a troop of guards gorgeous with copper lace marched on, and behind them came Boabdelin the King and his Queen Almahide—the incomparable Mistress Charlbury in cloth of gold. Alsatian bullies, sober citizens, and Mr. Dane rose at her and shouted. Mr. Healy leant forward to look. He saw Mistress Charlbury fall to the very ground in a curtsy, while her sparkling eyes looked archly upward.

"'Tis a beautiful woman—with eyes," says Mr. Healy, leaning back again. Mr. Wharton sniggered, and Mr. Dane gave an angry backward glance, but Beaujeu took no heed.

Beaujeu was staring at the incomparable Mistress Charlbury. Sure, this was beauty unmatched! Tall as Diana she