

Do take me to a room where I can get something to drink!"

"Can't do it, old fellow, at any price; you would be found out, and I should lose my money. You must get on as best you can without liquor."

"But I am dying with thirst; I can't hold out till supper time, and my pluck is oozing out at my finger ends. I feel I am in a mess, and I am sure I shall put my foot in it, and be discovered, if I don't get some stimulant to keep me up."



"FRED, MY BOY, WHEN WILL SUPPER BE READY?"

Supper was at last announced, and I felt better. I got Fred to take me in; any partner not in the secret would have been perfectly amazed to see how much I ate, and how many glasses I drank when I thought nobody was noticing. Fred watched one side of the table, and I the other. When he thought it was safe he gave me a kick, and when I was satisfied I was not watched on my side, down went the champagne in the twinkling of an eye.

At length the company began to disperse, for it had commenced raining, and an awful thunderstorm was evidently coming on.

Soon the storm broke, it was something frightful, and after the thunder and lightning had spent itself, the rain came down in torrents. Sir George and Lady Connel would not hear of the few guests who remained going home. The house was very large—"the young ladies could sleep two in a room," (oh, how my heart sank!) "and the bachelors could rough it for once on the soft cushions in the billiard room," was the verdict.

Mrs. Dundee easily persuaded her husband to stop. What on earth was I to do? My face showed the state of mind I was in, for one of my friends came and whispered to me: "Keep your pluck up, old boy, a few minutes more and you will have won your bet, for you are sure to be separated from old Dundee."

The sleeping arrangements were soon made. Of course, unless compelled by circumstances, I was not to state who I was. In a few moments I found out that I was to sleep alone in a tiny little bedroom close to that of Captain and Mrs. Dundee.

"Good-night, Lady Connel."

"Good-night, my dear Miss Fenwick, I hope you will sleep comfortably."

My conscience smote me as the kind-hearted old lady kissed my forehead.

I was alone in my bedroom, I had not locked my door. I sat with my elbows on my knees in a most unlady-like position, my head filled with most unmaidenly thoughts. A knock at the door. "Come in!" I cried, thinking it was the lady's maid, and that I would quickly dismiss her. But I was wrong. Radiant with beauty, robed in a charming dressing gown, with her lovely hair hanging to her waist, there entered a young lady, Miss Evenlode by name, to whom I had been introduced during the evening. I had taken an immense fancy to her, and would have given worlds to have created a favourable impression on her, and here was the result of my consummate piece of folly!

"My dear Miss Fenwick," said she, "excuse my entering in this unceremonious manner. I have been undoing my hair in