"Yes; he had two sons and a daughter, and they were all very pleasant people."

Milord came near inquiring if the daughter was beautiful, but it would hardly seem a suitable question; and he turned to the piazza, where his imagination answered him in the affirmative. He lighted a cigarette, and paraded the piazza in hopes of seeing his friend of the moonlight in the person of the Kentuckian's daughter; but no one seemed to be stirring, and, tidying himself up a bit, he went in to dinner. Even beauties had to eat, he soliloquized, and he should certainly have his question answered within the hour. He glanced at the other tables, but few people were present, and he fell to studying the bill of fare.

Consommé and tomato soups were the first choice; and as he was making up his mind which to order from the dimpled girl waitress at the end of the table, he heard a rustling of a dress behind him. Even the noise of her skirts was distinctly her own, and he knew before he turned to see her that it was the girl of the cliff. She was dressed with neat simplicity, as she had been on the night before; and as he met her eyes, a half light of recognition shone from them in greeting. He wondered how she could have been in the room when he entered without his seeing her, but the thought quickly left him as he saw her coming directly to where he sat. For what reason she should wish to speak to him he could not surmise; but as she drew nearer, and it was evident that she was intending to say something, he rose from his chair, and, coloring slightly from embarrassment, waited to hear what she would say. The moonlight, of course, had flattered her; but she was nevertheless a handsome woman, and her eyes were as large and brilliant as he had seen them in his mind's eye ever since. Her figure was excellent, and her carriage would become a queen. He made up his mind in the glance that he had not been deceived in believing her exceptional, and bowed slightly as she opened her lips to speak.

"Consume y or termater?" she said, as she reached across the table for the glass before his plate, and passed by him to the iced-water tank at the corner of the dining room.

It is remarkable how a man, or a nobleman, perhaps, will leave even his dinner and ride furiously over five miles of road to catch a train, when he could as easily have finished his meal, and departed in comfort an hour or two later. However this may be, Lord Arthur arrived in New York unexpectedly on the 21st of November, and a week later the fashionable world were set a-gossiping over their Thanksgiving dinners with the news of his engagement to the daughter of a celebrated Wall Street banker.

No doubt the fortunes of Micheldean prospered from the union; but do the family records of this noble house carry down to posterity the true account of the first and only love of the young Lord Arthur?

How the Old Man Saw It.

I cum to town tu visit John;  
An' found him Sat'd'y arternoon;  
Sich duds as he wuz puttin' on,  
Thinks I, he's crazy as a loon.

Sez I, "Thet dirty canvas rig  
Aint fit for decent folks tu wear;  
Your tailor bills are pooty big,—  
You oughter hey some clothes thet air."

Sez he, "I'm on the football team;  
We've got a game to-day, at three."  
"Well, John," sez I, "it doesn't seem—  
But I won't say so, till I see."

Thet football game wuz cur'us stuff,—  
They went right at it, miss or hit;  
I tell you it was orful tough  
Tu see the way them players fit.

An' when a feller got the ball,  
They knocked him over mighty quick;  
It wa'nt no arthly use at all  
For any one to try to kick.

I don't know what 'twas all about;  
They kep' a fighten' just the same,  
Till all the men they give a shout.  
An' John, he sez, "Tech. won the game."