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A MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

It is possible that some of the readers of *London Society* may be fond of ghost-stories, and therefore I relate for their benefit the following legend about a certain London house. For obvious reasons, I suppress the names of persons, and exact localities, and I further desire it to be understood that I do not hold myself responsible for accurate truth of all the details of the story; I need only add that the events are to be taken as having occurred some years ago.

Some years ago, then, a gentleman, whom we will call Col. Somerville, was desirous of buying a house in the west end of town, and passing one day through a well-known square, he observed a house to be sold, which seemed to him, as far as outside appearances and situation were concerned, to be the very thing he wanted. The printed bill referred him to a firm of estate agents in the city, and to them he at once went; though he could not help entertaining a misgiving that the price would be exhorbitantly high, and beyond his means. No harm, however, could be done by simple inquiry. He was agreeably astonished to find that the sum demanded was only four thousand pounds. Not being a commercial man, he could not help expressing his astonishment at the small sum demanded and naively inquired if the mansion was very much out of repair. The representative of the firm replied unhesitatingly that the house was in good repair and would not require more than the usual outlay upon decoration.—The Colonel pressed his inquiries, and, as he seemed to be a likely and desirable purchaser, he was soon informed of the circumstances under which the house in question was to be sold. It had belonged to a queer old gentleman who lived in Clerkenwell, and who had died intestate, and the sale was ordered by his next of kin, who had been found with some difficulty. This old gentleman had died, strangely enough, in the very act of drawing up his will. He had just penned the words: "And I desire that my house in ——square should be—" when some kind of fit seized him, and he was discovered the next morning by his housekeeper, dead in his chair. Now, the next of kin was found in Australia, or some remote colony, and was anxious to realize the property as quickly as possible. The house in ——square had been uninhabited for years. There was not a scrap of furniture in it; but it had been scrupulously cared for and kept clean by an elderly, deaf woman, who did not live in it, but used to go to it every morning and spend almost all day there, and preserved it in such a condition that the owner might have furnished it at any time and come to live there without experiencing any sense of discomfort which would ordinarily arise from residing in a house which had not been inhabited for a long time.—It was well known, I may add, that the elderly care-taker never slept there. The Col. went to view the house. He found that he had not been deceived by external appearances, or by the description of the accommodation detailed by the agent; it was, in short, just such a house as he and his wife wanted for a town residence, and in due course the purchase was completed. As he was in no particular hurry to enter, and as Mrs. Somerville happened to be unwell at this particular time, and unable to come to London to superintend the furnishing, he contented himself with preparing a bedroom for his own use, on the first floor, and another for his valet on the floor above. He retained the services of the elderly deaf woman, who appeared to be grateful for his consideration, as she alleged that the pay she received for her trouble was almost all that she had to live on. The house became the property of the Colonel at Midsummer, 185—. Toward the end of July the rooms mentioned were furnished in a temporary manner for the accommodation of the Colonel, who, at that time, was frequently called to town on business, but it was not till the first week in August that Col. Somerville, accompanied by a valet who had been in his service about two years, actually entered as a resident. But in that house he only remained one night, and he never slept there again.

He arrived in town about midday on the Wednesday in the first week in August. The day was oppressively gloomy and dull in the country, and all London seemed to be seething in a sullen heat.—He went with his valet to his new house in ——square. The cabman took the fare offered to him without grumbling, observing (as he glanced somewhat suspiciously at the house), "This is the first time as ever I drove a gentleman, nor a lady neither, to this here one," and he went away as quickly as he could.

Col. Somerville took no notice of the remark at the time, though it came vividly to his recollection afterward.

Having deposited his baggage, and seen that his room looked tolerably comfortable, he told his servant that he intended to dine at his club and should be home about eleven. The elderly deaf woman, I should say, was in attendance.

Well, the Colonel transacted his business, dined at his club with a friend, and returned to his house shortly after eleven o'clock. His servant, a smart, active young fellow, opened the door for him, showed him to his room, asked for his orders for the morning, and having received them, retired to his room above.

It was hot in the streets as Col. Somerville drove home; it was hotter still in his bedroom, yet he felt scarcely any inclination to sleep. Another cigar, he thought would soothe him into somnolency; so he accordingly lit one, and tried to amuse himself by considering how he should furnish this new house, having due regard to the exigences of London gas and atmosphere. His cigar finished, he undressed leisurely and got into bed; the wind, such as there was, came from the South, and he heard the great clock of Westminster strike twelve. By-and-by he heard the quarter, and then the half hour, and then he fell off into a doze from which he was awakened by repeated knocks at his door. He called out "Who's there?" but the answer was unintelligible, though he heard a voice in reply. He hastily lit the candle and opened the door. In the passage he found his servant half dressed, looking frightfully pale, and shivering violently from head to foot.

"Why, Warren, what on earth is the matter?" he exclaimed; "are you ill?"

"I don't quite know what is the matter," was the reply. "I'please, sir, may I come in?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, who was one of the kindest of human beings; "come in, Warren, you must be ill.'

The man entered, shaking as if the ague had seized him, and the Colonel hastily took his flask from his dressing-bag and gave him strong brandy and water. This seemed to do Warren good, and then his master asked him again what was the matter.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he answered. "I went to bed all right, and went sound asleep. But I had a bad dream. I thought a pale-faced man came into my room, although I knew I had locked the door, and he stood beside my bed, looking for all the world, sir, as if he would like to eat me; and then the air in the room became so oppressive that it seemed to weigh upon my face and head, and then this terrible shivering came over me as if I was lying out of doors in a bitter frost, though I knew at the same time how hot it was.

"Incipient fever," said the Colonel; "let me feel your pulse."

The man held out his wrist and his master felt the pulse."

"Strange," he muttered after a minute or two. "Have you ever had malaria fever, intermittent, or that sort of thing."

"No sir, never that I am aware of."

"But yet you must be ill. Shall I go and fetch a doctor?"

"Oh, no, thank you, sir. I feel so much better now."

"Well, then, Warren, I think you had better go back to bed again."

The man became pale again instantly, and another attack of shivering seized him, and he exclaimed almost in agony:

"Oh, no, sir, not to that room! I feel certain that I should see that white-faced man again, and feel that weight upon my face and head. Oh, sir, do let me lie here upon the floor."

The Colonel looked gravely at Warren. He had, in India, seen a good deal of delirium tremens, and he entertained a very strong suspicion that this was the real cause of Warren's strange behavior, and yet the man had been in his service for some time, and he had never had any reason to suppose that he was not thoroughly temperate and sober. So he said, "Well, you can take this blanket, and lie down upon the floor, or sit up in a chair, as you please. I expect you will be heartily ashamed of yourself to-morrow morning, Warren?"

"I think not, sir; I shall only be most grateful to you."

So Warren rolled himself in the blanket, and Col. Somerville put out the candle and got into bed again, and tried to go to sleep.

His efforts were in vain. He knew himself to be provokingly wide awake, and though he counted numberless sheep going through a gate, and resorted to all those devices which are popularly supposed to encourage sleep, he remained as wide awake as ever he had been in his life.

Every one knows how preternaturally acute the senses are when after midnight they positively refuse to be lulled into slumber, and the Colonel felt as terribly on the alert as he had felt sometimes in the Indian mutiny. Warren had quite got over his bad dreams and indisposition, and snored in the most comfortable manner.

Suddenly some noise within the house made the Colonel start up in his bed and listen attentively. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; there was the sound of a stealthy footfall upon the stairs. He hastily lit his candle again, and his gaze was turned toward the door, which he had locked, after it was settled that Warren should remain. He saw the handle move.

In a flash of thought he asked himself what this could be? London thieves would never dream of running the risk of entering a house in which there was absolutely nothing to steal. To physical fear Colonel Somerville was a stranger, and so he at once snatched up the short, heavy poker from the fireplace and, without waiting to arouse his servant, whom he saw sleeping heavily, he went quietly to the door, unlocked and opened it suddenly, prepared to capture the intruder. But the passage outside was vacant and silent.

Being a man of more than ordinary strength, and thoroughly accustomed to danger, he did not hesitate about continuing his search. There were only two other rooms upon this floor. These he entered, and as they were destitute of furniture, a glance was sufficient to show him that there was no one there. Then he went up stairs and carefully examined Warren's room; then he went down stairs, walked through the drawing-room, dining-room, and study, then into the offices, but he encountered nobody. Then he proceeded to examine the doors and windows of the basement, and satisfied himself that nobody could have entered there. His examination of the lower part of the house occupied him about a quarter of an hour, and then he arrived at the conclusion that he had been the victim of his own imagination. Then he yawned and began to think that he felt really sleepy, so he ascended from the offices, thinking that he should get a few hours' rest at last. Just as he put his foot upon the first step of the stairs leading from the hall something glittered from the floor.—He stooped down to see what it was, and he picked up what appeared to be a needle of about four times the ordinary length, with a tiny steel button on one end. He examined it curiously, for he did not remember ever to have seen such an implement before. The point, he remarked, appeared to be slightly tarnished. With this, the sole result of his search, he returned to his bedroom. He entered, and locked the door after him, and was about to throw off his dressing-gown, when, to his intense astonishment, he found that Warren, whom he had left sleeping soundly, was gone!

He opened the door again, and called loudly. No answer. He hurried up stairs to his servant's room; no trace of him there; indeed, no trace of him anywhere, and Colonel Somerville never saw or heard of James Warren again. He had no reason to suppose that there was any motive for his mysterious disappearance, for he had not robbed or defrauded his master in any way whatever. The next day the police examined the house thoroughly, but nothing of importance transpired.—Need I add that Colonel Somerville's new house was up for sale again immediately?

Three facts remain to be recorded: first, the strange looking needle which the Colonel found, was subjected to chemical inspection, and the tarnishes upon the point were pronounced to be human blood. Secondly, when the house had been for sale about six weeks, Colonel Somerville received a letter from the agents, announcing that the house was sold for the same amount that he gave for it. The Colonel, being a man of strict honor, thought himself bound to make the purchaser aware of all that had occurred, and hurried up town to the agents for the purpose of procuring the name and address of this person. All that the agents could inform him was that the purchaser was a gentleman named Williams, and appeared to be an American. He gave a check upon a well known bank for the amount, and it was duly honored. The only peculiarity about Mr. Williams was that he had a remarkably pale face. Thirdly, the house has never since been put up for sale, but it remains, to all appearance, untenanted, though I understand that the deaf old woman is still the care-taker.

To the lovers of mystery, I commend this story.

ANOTHER MAN WANTED.—Old farmer Pratt went into his house one day and caught John, the hired man, hugging Mrs. P. The farmer said nothing, and went into the field.

After dinner he wanted John for something, but John was not to be found.—He went at last into John's room where the latter was on his knees packing his trunk.

"What's the matter, John?" said P.

"O, nothing," replied John.

"What are you packing your trunk for?"

"I'm going away."

"Going away! What are you going away for?"

"O, you know," replied John.

"Come," rejoined P., "give me the reason of your sudden desire to go away."

"Well," meekly answered John, "you know what you caught me doing this forenoon?"

"O, pshaw!" laughed Pratt, "do not be so foolish. If you and me can't hug the old woman enough, I'll hire another man."

☞ This is a story told of Mr. Thomas Carlyle:

It is said that a lady who lived near him kept Cochin China fowl, and the crowing was such a nuisance that the philosopher sent in to complain of it. The lady appealed to was indignant.

"Why," she said, "the fowls only crow four times a day, and how can Mr. Carlyle be seriously annoyed by that?"

"The lady forgets," was the characteristic rejoinder, "the pains I suffer in waiting for those four hours."

How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.

THE ROSE.

The Rose had all its freshest grace
Pleasing to the startled eye,
Peeping out the leaves between
Cheering to the passer-by.

The Rose dwells in the dawning light
The Rose just opening to the sun
The 'primrose path' of joy to tread
Its fragrance from the Summer wind.

The Roses now have bloomed their full
And brightly all things hang along
And perfumed floats the evening breeze
Welcomed heyday of his love.

Once again the Roses bloom
Sweeter far than all the rest
There's no prey of beauty's form—
Latest gifts are always best.

Shrouded lies the Earth in white,
The sheet that hides the dying year
The frowning clouds hang overhead,
Emblems of the Heart's despair.

"Leaf by leaf, the Roses fall,"
One by one the leaves decay,
Thus all the hopes that fill'd my heart
Slowly, surely, pass away.

A RUN WITH THE HOUNDS.

In England, from the 1st of September to the end of March, "a day with the hounds" is the most sportive of all sports. In every county there are three or four "packs," and the "hunting appointments" for each week are published in the various local journals. A "pack of hounds" consist of twenty to fifty couple. The majority of the "packs" are owned by individual gentlemen, but "subscription packs" are by no means uncommon. The only interlude to continuous sport throughout the winter is caused by "Jack Frost," whose hoary presence is seldom of longer duration than two or three weeks.

The "midlands" or "midland counties" are the most favorite resorts for fox-hunting; and Leicestershire, from time immemorial, has always been the most frequented. The hunting-ground of the old "Quorn"—taking its name from the village of Quorn—is most charmingly situated in the centre of the county, affording every variety of hill and dale, hedge and ditch, fences and wells, wood and copse, to satisfy the most venturesome equestrian. 'Tis a "run" with the "Quorn" we propose to give our readers—alas! only in imagination; but the reality can be witnessed by any one who may be so favorably circumstanced as to pass a winter in Old England.

Within an easy ride of the village of Quorn there is located one of the most ancient and extensive parks—'Old Bradgate'—in the world, being nearly twelve miles in circumference, and encompassed with a stone wall. It is of historic renown, and was formerly the residence of Lady Jane Grey, who was beheaded by order of Mary. Her memory has been handed down to posterity, and her marble monument, together with that of her husband, Earl Guilford Dudley, are carefuly preserved in that relic of antiquity, 'Lady Jane Grey's Chapel,' near to which is the sunken tournament grounds surrounded by stately elms, whose continuity is only broken on one side for the entrance of the courtly cavalcades of bygone ages. Bradgate Park is but sparsely studded with trees, almost its entire acreage being covered with beautiful ferns, growing to the height of two or three feet, which afford a splendid retreat for millions of rabbits, thousands of deer, and scores of foxes. The 'old sod' is velvety with age, and as you walk upon the sward it rebounds with an elasticity which obliterates the footprints. The Park is now the property of the Earl of Stamford, and is kept in beautiful order by the keeper and attendants, and is thrown open to the public for two days every week in the summer.

The 'Quorn Hounds will meet at Bradgate on Monday' is the welcome announcement in a Saturday's local paper. The neighborhood rejoices at the news, and every sportsman who attends "Divine service" on the Sunday fervently prays for fine weather on the Monday. Well, the morning dawns, and fine it is—one of those beautiful, balmy days that betokens certainty for a magnificent 'run with the Quorn.' At break of day, the entire neighborhood is on the *qui vive*. Bipeds and quadrupeds of every class seem to vie with each other in preparation with the gala. 'My lord' and 'my lady' are astir earlier than usual, and at 9 o'clock they are duly attired in hunting costume—the former with black silk hat, swallow-tailed scarlet coat, and white buckskin breeches of faultless fit, top-boots with a mirror-like polish, spurs equally bright, and hunting-whip with a six-foot lash of pipe-clay whiteness. 'My lady' is attired with a 'jaunty,' coquettishly-shaped black hat, illusion veil, dark-green riding-habit of richest hue, tight-fitting boots, and silver-mounted whip. Seated at the library-window of their mansion, they awaited the summons that the horses are ready at 'the hall' door. Here they come along the graveled carriage-way prancing, dancing, and gay. In another minute each rider is in the saddle, and at an 'easy pace,' accompanied by a groom at a respectful distance, Old Bradgate is reached half an hour before the 'Meet,' in time for mutual recognition of friends among the nobility and gentry ere the hounds 'throw off.'

The brightness of the morning has brought to the 'Meet' a large concourse of persons, some 300 or 400 of whom, in the proportion of one lady to three gentlemen, are mounted on magnificent 'thoroughbreds.'

The 'huntsmen' and the 'whippers-in,' (two in number,) wearing olive-green frock coats to distinguish them from their [illegible] are true to time. By 10 [illegible] huntsmen, horses and hounds are [illegible] The 'huntsman' sounds the horn, the 'whippers-in' close around the dogs, the lady goes off cavalcade to the covert, nought of Master Reynard.

As soon as the huntsman arrives at the covert [illegible] he takes up a central position, where the dogs are 'making' attentively listening for the unerring 'note' of a leading hound. 'Mary does' will give tongue on hitting up the scent of a fresher or better [illegible] 'leading hound' issues. The suspense is broken, an unmistakable 'note' is heard by the huntsman. He listens; again the note is repeated, and immediately a chorus of canine voices join in the song.

"Hark-away, boys! Hark-away! Hark-away!" shouts the chief. "Heigh, there! Heigh there!" the "whippers-in" cry to the scattered hounds.

Old Reynard breaks away from the "covert," and then, as far as the ear can reach, the tilismanic words, "Tally-ho, boys!" "Tally-ho!" "Tally-ho!" resound through the air. Equestriennes and equestrians rush pell-mell for "the open" park, while the numerous pedestrians "make" for a slight eminence or knoll to witness the magnificent sight.

Reynard, true to his nature, is artful. Reaching the park wall, over it he jumps, and instead of "breaking" away for "the open" he skirts the other side of the wall for a distance, then, mounting the wall, runs along its top for about 200 feet, and suddenly drops into the park again. To the point where Old Reynard ascended the wall the scent has been good, but 'Mr. Cunning' having run on the top of the wall the scent is lost, and the 'dogs balked.'

Up comes the huntsman; he knows the trick of the 'artful dodger,' and in a moment 'puts' his horse to the wall, clearing it like a deer. The hounds follow suit, and with the huntsman run alongside the wall for a short distance, when one or more of the 'leading hounds' give 'tongue,' and away they go at a tremendous pace. The fox is a mile ahead, and has taken the principal carriage road across the park. The velvet 'sward' is slightly damp, the scent is magnificent; 'crack,' 'crack,' goes the huntsman's whip: the hounds lie well to their work; the ladies and gentlemen of the hunt urge on their steeds to lightning rapidity, and the whole galaxy of 'the field' is radiant with excitement—not an accident, as yet, to mar the sport.

A six mile 'run' from wall to wall, in twenty-five minutes has been accomplished! and Reynard, good old fox, is still 'pegging away' for 'very life' about half a mile in advance of the hounds. The park wall is safely cleared by fox, hounds, huntsman, whippers-in, and several ladies and gentleman who are 'well to the front,' but still presents a formidable barrier to many of the 'winded' and 'jaded' animals. A few 'spills' occur, several horses are riderless, and so numerous are the fruitless attempts to 'jump' the wall that it is soon sufficiently broken down to admit of an easy passage to the 'laggards.'

Reynard is now 'making' for 'the dell,' through which runs a beautiful trout stream, thirty feet in width. In it he plunges, swims across majestically, lands on the opposite bank, waits a moment to shake himself, puts his right 'paw' to his nose while taking a stern view of his pursuers, and away he scampers for the open fields. The hounds are 'well up,' and scores of them take a refreshing bath.—Many of the equestrians follow suit in the attempt to jump from bank to bank, the horses of others 'balk' at sight of the *aqua pura*, a few slide gracefully into the stream and swim, while some of the veterans who have 'refused' to leap are turned round by their riders, and, under the influence of the whip, gallop to the edge of the water, give a tremendous spring, and horses and riders are safe on the opposite bank without a 'wetting.' But, oh, what a leap! Thirty feet at a bound! 'Tis true, however.

The pace has now become 'clipping,' the day is rapidly advancing, and the next hour must decide the fortune of the hunt. 'Old cunning' is making 'very fast' for another 'covert,' distant some eight miles. The huntsman act accordingly—spurs his horse, cracks his whip, 'calls' on the hounds to increase their speed—they respond and a 2:40 gait is reached. Ploughed fields and green meadows are passed; hedges and ditches at every few hundred yards, try the 'mettle' and the 'blood' of the horses, horsemen and equestriennes (for some of the latter are 'well up' with the hounds.) nearer and nearer gain the dogs, and the game old fox shows signs of distress. In another fifteen minutes he is 'brought down.' Quicker than lightning the huntsman is on the spot. Rapidly dismounting he 'whips off' the dogs, lifts up the fox by its tail, cuts with his hunting knife in a 'jiffy' and cuts off poor Reynard's brush for presentation. Who is? To the first 'gent' who is 'in at the death?' Most certainly not. Wrapping one end of the brush in his white pocket handkerchief, he waits the arrival of the first fair equestrienne, to whom it is presented, in a graceful manner, as a memento of her pluck and endurance during the sixteen-mile run in little over an hour! How is that for high, gentlemen of Harlem lane and Bloomingdale road—you who are so fond of a 'three-minute' mile run, sitting in a spider-wheeled wagon? and then cry, 'Enough, enough?'

It often happens during the hunting season that 'covert' after 'covert' is drawn 'blank,' and the afternoon arrives without even 'the smell of a fox.' Such occasions test the capabilities of the hunts-

[illegible]

MARYING SOMEBODY.

'Tramp! tramp! tramp! Pray, Mrs. Mellick, is a regiment marching over this house, or has a private asylum taken possession of it? it would be a relief to my mind to know the worst.'

Mr. Sempronius Siverton stood erect and bristling, in the middle of the floor, in a gorgeous scarlet and maroon dressing-gown, slippers with spaniel's heads embroidered on them, and light blue eyes glittering with indignation. Mrs. Mellick, his landlady, quaked before his glance.

'I'm sure, Mr. Siverton, I'm very sorry, and I can only hope that no offence will be took when none is intended; but when there's a 'To Let' on the house, the law demands as it be showed to all as is civil and decently-spoken, between the hours of twelve and four. But, Mr. Siverton—

'House-hunters, eh? snarled Mr. Sempronius. 'I wish I had the settling of them. But I tell you what, Mrs. Mellick, admit any one of them in this room at your peril, ma'am! Do you hear? I am not a wild beast in a menagerie, to be exhibited to every one who has a permit from the landlord, and I won't stand it! Do you you hear, ma'am I won't stand it!'

And Mrs. Mellick fled from the presence of her infuriated best boarder, so to speak, gored to the death.

'It's very trying,' said the meek and much enduring woman to Eliza Ann, her freckled niece: 'but there's one blessing—he's to be married in a month. I pity his wife.'

'I don't,' said Eliza Ann. 'He's kind enough, if you only manage him a little; and he pays his way like a prince! I'm sure, I'll be sorry when he's gone. Hark! there goes the door bell again.'

'It's more of them tormenting house-hunters, I'll be bound,' groaned Mrs. Mellick. 'You go this time, Eliza Ann, and for the life of you, don't let them go near Mr. Siverton's room.'

And Eliza Ann, only staying for a moment to see if the bow of blue ribbons in her saucy tresses was straight, hurried to answer the tinkling summons.

Two ladies, radiant in spring bonnets that were all narcissus buds and yellow ribbon, rustling in silk flounces, stood there—two ladies who put the stereotyped question?

'Is this house to let?'

'Why, Blanche Beames! cried Eliza Ann Mellick; 'is it possible that this is you?'

Miss Blanche Beames looked with some ungraciousness at poor, shabby, hard worked little Eliza Ann, half disposed to forget that she sat on the same bench with her at the establishment for young ladies kept by Madame Farcili (in everyday life Mrs. Farelly.) For Blanche was dressed like a young queen, and gloved and booted to perfection, while a real India scarf was looped artistically across her shoulders, and her black silk polonaise was trimmed, inch deep, with thread lace.

'Yes,' said Blanche, 'it's me. I hope you are well, Eliza Ann. Aunt Sophie and I are looking for an elegible residence, I suppose we can see this one.'

'Yes,' said Eliza Ann, rather chilled by the frigid reception of her delighted recognition. 'It's a very nice place—My Aunt Mellick keeps boarders here.'

'Boarders!' echoed Miss Blanche drawing back the silken flounces, lest they should by any possibility come in contact with the faded calico skirts, of Eliza Ann the plebeian. 'How very common.'

'Oh, but they're quite nice people,' said Eliza Ann, mistaking the meaning of Miss Blanche. 'Very gentle I assure you.'

'I dare say,' said Miss Blanche, in a patronizing, mellifluous way.

'But dear Blanche is so fastidious and just about to be married, you know.'

'Married!' echoed Eliza Ann, stopping short with the instinctive interest that every female shows on the subject of matrimony.

Miss Blanche laid hold of the door handle of Mr. Siverton's room at that moment, and gave it an energetic shake.

'Is this door locked!' demanded she, sharply. 'Why won't it open?'

'O, please don't,' faltered Eliza Ann 'It's one of our boarders, a very particular gentleman, and I'll tell you all about the room, only he won't let anybody in,' [illegible] talk, but he always locks his door after dinner, and when he comes home at night he sits in his room and smokes and reads, and he's very particular.' [illegible] 'Dear, dear,' [illegible] 'Why, Blanche, what ever can he be?' [illegible] 'Why, Blanche, what ever can he be?' [illegible] 'Why, Blanche, what ever can he be?