

THE NEW TALES.

A NEW STORY BY ANTHONY HOPE.

CHAPTER III.—MUSIC OF THE WORLD.

If a philosopher learned in the human mind... a Platonic in the course of the stars...

fallen, I thanked him for his kindness, and made bold to ask after Miss Barbara...

"Why did he say that about the king?" I pondered...

"What said he of the king, Simon?" "Why, he said, 'that the king is a man who has nothing to pay for it...'"

"Simon, whatever else the king may be, still he is the king." Reason and youth are bad bedfellows...

"I was nearing my 23d birthday when I returned to Hatchedwood with an air and manner I doubt not, sadly provincial...

"I don't think it's my lord," said he. "But why not, sir, and who else?"

do so much by telling him. He will wonder as much as we."

Laughing again, I ran off and left the company crowding to my round the stabbard...

"I have nothing to do with it," he said bitterly. "I and my family have done the king and his too much money to have the king's favor..."

"The letter says," I remarked, "that the king is minded of my father's services..."

"I collected myself as well as I could, and answered: 'One that would give me a commission to the Life Guards, my lord...'"

"My lord looked at me as I ran panting. Soon I should have to give in, for the horses made merry play down the avenue..."

"I don't love those guards. What need of a guard has the king except in the love of his subjects?"

"I don't think it's my lord," said he. "But why not, sir, and who else?"

for at least I am fairly on my way and may grow late early."

"Come, let us call chairs and be gone, for it grows late early."

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