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The table had been cleared in the banquet hall, and wit and humor were having full sway. A noted speaker was addressing the assemblage, being somewhat satirical and combative in his remarks on "Modern Tendencies in the Literary Field."

No sooner had the toast been given than Dick arose. Extremely sober, he began an impromptu rebuttal. Surprise was depicted on all faces; but as he progressed, becoming thoroughly enthused with his theme, every face was turned in rapt attention. Aglow with enthusiasm, he impressed his hearers with the truth of his convictions. A burst of applause recalled Dick to his surroundings and, much confused, he resumed his seat, among the first to congratulate him being his opponent.

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It was rather late when Dick arose the next morning feeling somewhat the worse for his dissipation. A bundle of letters and the morning paper lay upon the table. In large type his name stared him in the face, while below was given his speech in full. Among the letters lay a missive addressed in a hand evidently known to him, if one might judge by the avidity with which he seized it, tore it open, and commenced reading

"MY DEAR DICK,

I heard your speech last night and think it was simply *fine*. Allow me to congratulate you. I have *something* to tell you, so do not fail to see me this evening.

Faithfully,

BESS."