

"No, sir," answered Mr. Flinn.

"Why not?" gasped Tupper.

"Because," answered Mr. Flinn, "you use improper language."

At this Tupper fell back in his chair, a limp wreck. Courtland screamed afresh, and I began to stuff a napkin into my mouth. (I valued Tupper's opinion.) Even the butler slightly relaxed his automaton's expression for a moment. Mr. Flinn appeared to have forgotten the insult, and continued to smoke on calmly. Suddenly he glanced at the clock, and said:

"I'm very sorry, gents, but I've got an engagement down town at four o'clock, and I must go." Then he rose slowly, picked up his hat, brushed it carefully on his sleeve, and bowed himself out of the room. Courtland followed him to the street door. I watched the two figures moving slowly down the hall until they disappeared behind a portiere. Then I turned around toward Tupper,—but the socialist was gone! In utter amazement I looked about the room and under the table, but our friend had disappeared. Going to the window, I looked up and down the street, but no Tupper could be seen. The window was closed, but unlocked. A moment later Courtland entered the room, and I turned to him and exclaimed: "For heaven's sake! Tupper's gone!"

"Yes," he said, "I saw him just now flying down the street with his hair streaming in the wind. I wonder if he'll ever come back for his hat?" The poor fellow had actually jumped out of the window hatless, and fled. He could not bear to face Courtland when the latter returned.

"By the way," said Courtland, strolling into the drawing-room, "Do you want to know what that tramp's real name is?"

"Yes," I said, in surprise.

"I called him Mr. Flinn, here in private," he said, "but the public know him as Richard Mansfield."

Then he smiled thoughtfully.

JOSEPH BAYARD PFIRSHING.