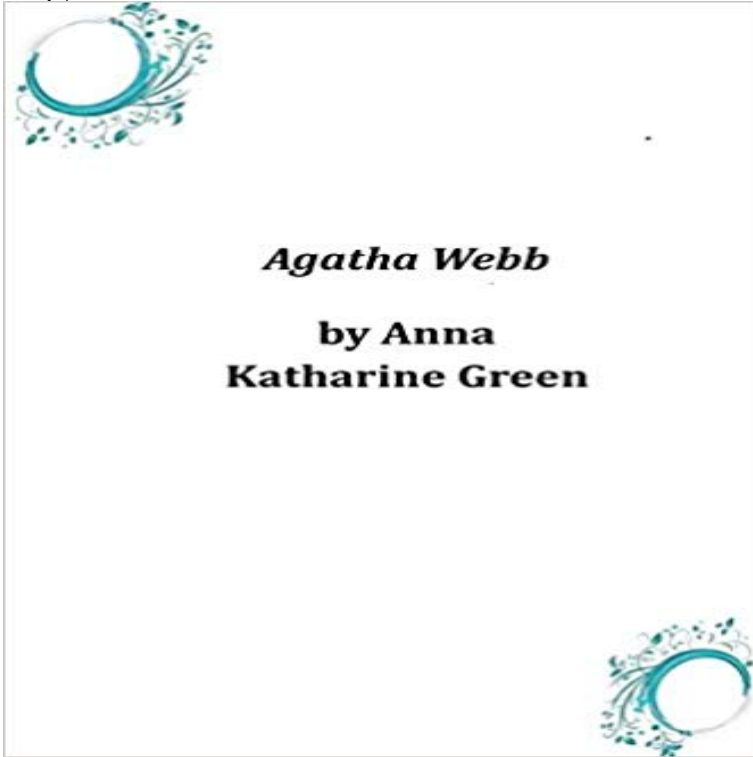


# Agatha Webb



The dance was over. From the great house on the hill the guests had all departed and only the musicians remained. As they filed out through the ample doorway, on their way home, the first faint streak of early dawn became visible in the east. One of them, a lank, plain-featured young man of ungainly aspect but penetrating eye, called the attention of the others to it. Look! said he; there is the daylight! This has been a gay night for Sutherlandtown. Too gay, muttered another, starting aside as the slight figure of a young man coming from the house behind them rushed hastily by. Why, whos that? As they one and all had recognised the person thus alluded to, no one answered till he had dashed out of the gate and disappeared in the woods on the other side of the road. Then they all spoke at once. Its Mr. Frederick! He seems in a desperate hurry. He trod on my toes. Did you hear the words he was muttering as he went by? As only the last question was calculated to rouse any interest, it alone received attention. No; what were they? I heard him say something, but I failed to catch the words. He wasnt talking to you, or to me either, for that matter; but I have ears that can hear an eye wink. He said: Thank God, this night of horror is over! Think of that! After such a dance and such a spread, he calls the night horrible and thanks God that it is over. I thought he was the very man to enjoy this kind of thing. So did I. And so did I. The five musicians exchanged looks, then huddled in a group at the gate. He has quarrelled with his sweetheart, suggested one. Im not surprised at that, declared another. I never thought it would be a match. Shame if it were! muttered the ungainly youth who had spoken first.

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