

THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, February 23, 1871.

(From "English Society.")
TWICE MISTAKEN.

[CONCLUDED.]
Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing; and I move from the shadow of the wall into the light.

She gives a quick start with her head and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her cheeks, and then she looks at me quietly to fetch her glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was down stairs, and I find it in the dining room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course; and to keep up the deception, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely up stairs.

She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconsciously as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to us.

"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks. "That's right. Now you want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be?" I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. O, here! Let me introduce you, Miss Linton, Mr.—

Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.
"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says, as she walks off.

"Some mistake, old fellow, whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room.
They are so close I can hear what they say.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks. "How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.

"Why should you?" He is a waiter; I know that. He was waiting at Mr. Domville's."

Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.
"It was very stupid of you," she says, half cruelly. "It forced me to be rude to him."

"What nonsense, Nelly! I shouldn't play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert, he is in the same office as I am."

"You are not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks him quite seriously.
"No, upon my word, I am not."

"O, I am so sorry, then," she says immediately. "But there was some body just like him at the Domville's. What shall I do?"

"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right." And they come together on to the landing.
"My cousin made a mistake, Herbert," he says, while she stands by him blushing deeply. Then he asks, laughing, "she mistook you for a—"

"I made a mistake," she breaks in very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."

"To save her from any further embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance; and it is immediately granted.
"By the bye, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing again, "you have never told me what you took me for. An error?"

"No."
Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips tightly together.

"Thank you."
"But it was quite excusable," she begins heartily.
"Thank you again," I remark, interrupting her.

"You won't listen," she says plaintively; "I want to explain—"
"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable for you to mistake me for a waiter." "O, no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh. "But where I was dining there was a waiter like you—exactly like you," she emphasizes the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so, "and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."

"So you mistake me for it by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."

"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."
"I can't grant that," I answer.
"Very well," she says, with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance, "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."

"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.
"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes tell her as she goes off laughing into the drawing room.

Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.
"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince pie. I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away.

"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never can mince pie."
"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.
"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I say, "I think that I never eat mince pie!"

"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince pie?"
"How should I know it, if he did not?" I say, with assumed simplicity.
She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I believe you men talk a great deal of nonsense; as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have seats in Parliament!"
"O, now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Domville's," she cries; "for I never said so till to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"

"Do you believe in the theory, Miss Linton, I begin with a grave face, "of a person, knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has never seen, but whom, when he is joined to me, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"

"No, I don't," she replies, laughing. "No, no, no, you are!"
Before I can say anything, laughing my impetuous theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.

"Well, Herbert, how's Crumma?" Roche has come to my room, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possessed him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.

"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know you want them with Crumma."
"What where?" she asks in surprise.
"To the Deseret," she answers.
"Mr. Herbert was there with Crumma, waiting. Now, wasn't you?" she asks, turning to me.

"So, driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession."
"What fun?" she says. "What I laugh at mamma! She said she would lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake after all."
"Excuse what you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."

did laugh at her, Mrs. Linton must have taken it very good-naturedly; for when I go up stairs after supper, she calls me "Mr. Walter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are all leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house in the following week.

"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak; "as a waiter or a guest?"

"In the capacity you think suits you best," she answers. Then she adds more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."

There is a further note in my diary for that Christmas day—something about Miss Linton—which, perhaps, it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterward, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding breakfast given at the Domville's. Crumma was there to wait, and Crumma's feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm, Crumma became unusually excited, and was with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the happy couple, and making speech to the effect that the occasion was brought about by him taking the bridegroom out waiting on a certain Christmas day.

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