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seats, the driver flourished & cracks his whip
(I'm not quite sure whether he did or not
but anyhow if he didn't he should have
done so — Mr. Weller always did) and
"away we went with our hearts content
"and the sweet little maid between" to
say nothing of the passengers inside.

((To be continued when convenient))

Everything went smoothly for about five
minutes & I was just beginning to feel happy
when, without warning, Elaine sprang the
following information on to me:

"I say Dick. I'm going to change my name!"
Holy smoke! Had that beastly driver proposed
been accepted? Impossible — unless he
worked it by means of mental telepathy
or the Morse Code — because I had been
with them all the time.

I was just about to ask (in the most
careless & indifferent tone I could assume)
who the lucky man was, when my doubts
and fears were set at rest by her serene
highness remarking:

"Yes! I can't stand 'Elaine'; In future