

**TOLD AT
TUXEDO**

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Told at Tuxedo by A. M. Emory

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A. M. EMORY

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BY

A. M. EMORY

FROTH—It is an open room, and good for winter.

CLO— Why, very well, then ; I hope here be truths.

—Measure for Measure.

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TOLD AT TUXEDO.

PROLOGUE.

THERE is no doubt that the appearance of a blinding, unappeasable storm, when the general temper is disposed to out-door sports, is annoying, especially when every facility for enjoying these sports is at hand in alluring readiness. But storms, like fate, like death, like landlords, take no cognizance of individual tastes and intentions, even when the individuals are of the importance characterizing the gay company assembled in the very prettiest club-house that ever hid itself in the woods, like a patrician beauty coyly deserting the brilliant town to draw all true lovers after her into her sylvan retreat.

Yet surely the unkindly elements without might have been forgiven for the imprisonment they enforced on all but a few of the most adventurous spirits, for who but these singled favorites of fortune could have found this luxu-

rious captivity irksome? Ah, fellow scribblers! have not we, *nous autres*, been also in Arcadia and learned the exquisite pain of the crumpled rose-leaf?

The long, gay evening wore away, fainter grew the

"Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk.

The curtain of silvery azure had long since hidden the bright and gallant forms that had moved through the spirited scenes of the gay little comedy on the stage in the ball-room. The wild waltz music, sadder in its sweetness than any song, had sobbed itself into quiet. The circling chairs were no longer freighted with the stately figures of lace-wrapped dowagers, and the tripping feet no longer advanced and retreated on the shining round of the floor. One attendant, looking like a gigantic May-fly in the green and gold livery of the club, flitted alone across the deserted expanse of the splendid, silent room, with a sheet of music dropped by a departed player, and only the echo of his footsteps remained.

Outside on the piazza the lanterns burned low, and a faint mist gathered on the glass that shut out the white winter world. The festoons of Christmas green trembled no longer to the