

never lightened in expression. It was just a frequent, and rather discordant sound, he had apparently got into the habit of making.

"Yachts and motors," whispered Sophonisba to me, "what does a bag matter after all?"

"You will have to help me to amend my ways. Time eh! Ha, ha!"

"Your life must have been so interestin', so full of variety," murmured Sophonisba, "you must tell us all about it."

"Variety is a mild word for it," he owned, "what a charmin' garden, and this is the house! Quite a nice little crib. Ever been cracked! Ha, ha!"

"What a sense of humour!" whispered Sophonisba to me.

"And whose this smart lady coming up the drive? Pretty gel, eh, you might introduce me."

"That's Jane," I said rather awkwardly, and tried not to remember the gardener's wife. Sophonisba, I could see, was also trying not to.

"And who is Jane when she's at home?" he enquired.

"Jane who w-w-waits," explained Edward the Second readily.

"Indeed! We don't have such smart waitresses abroad I can tell you. Now-a-days it seems one can hardly tell maid from mistress, and perhaps maid would not always be flattered at being taken for mistress. Ha, ha!" And he continued to stare at the advancing Jane.

"Don't you see, Edward," whispered Sophonisba to me, "it's only because he's been accustomed to be waited on by men, perhaps niggers an' things."

Sophonisba as usual was right, for her uncle said something of the sort, "after my meals being shoved at