

'Great Scot!' was all Jack could mutter; 'do you really mean this, you two?'

'Of course we mean it, Jack,' interposed Heather softly. 'Do say that you and Christian will take it? It will make me so happy; and then Pen and Mr. Hamill can have Many Bushes.'

'Great Scot!' again ejaculated Jack, but Christian jumped up and looked out of the window; the tears were running down her face, but Heather, who followed her, soon kissed them away.

'Dear Chriss—dear sister Chrissy, only tell me that you like my little plan?'

'Like it!'—Christian nearly choked and then recovered herself bravely—'it is the kindness, the goodness, the generosity that breaks me down. Oh, Jack,' turning to her husband, 'why don't you say something when you see a person can't get out a word?'

'Don't worry, Chriss,' returned Jack, drawing a long breath; 'just wait a moment until I can pull myself together'; but Jack, when he did speak, managed to express himself with a certain rough eloquence that was very convincing.

'He and Chriss were awfully obliged, and all that sort of thing, and they weren't such fools as to refuse a good offer. Heather was a little brick; he had always had a fancy for Chesterton ever since he was a little chap in Eton jackets, and he preferred it infinitely to the Stone House.'

'You may have the farm too if you like, Jack,' interposed Heather; but Jack showed his good sense by refusing this.

'We had better leave it in Stanton's hands,' he said; 'he is a good fellow, and does his best by the land; and we shall have to go to India, you know.'