

were known, she believes in love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing; but I don't," replied Mr. Brereton.

Sir William smiled slightly, but made no immediate reply. "You do not think Miss Brereton is too much left. Oh—I beg your pardon! Forgive my presumption," he said modestly, at length.

"Pray go on. I think you are very kind. What were you going to say?"

"You really are too good. I feel I have no right to offer an opinionyet as you wish to know.....I was merely going to ask whether you thought Miss Brereton suffered from being so much alone?"

"To tell you the truth I have sometimes thought so, and once even proposed to get a companion for her, but she begged me so earnestly not to think of such a thing that I listened to her."

"Really! well, I know nothing about such matters. But I should have thought that, being so young, a companion would have been desirable. There; I must ask your pardon again for my presumption."

Then the gentlemen relapsed into silence. At the end of ten minutes Mr. Brereton looked up and said, "you are right. She shall have a companion as soon as I can meet with one suitable to Maud. I suppose such people are not in your line?"

"This is amusing.....but I am truly glad that I know of one who will suit you exactly, I think. My sister happened to mention in a note I had from her this morning that her governess is leaving her, and is anxious to take a situation as a companion."

"The very thing! She is not too young, I hope?"

The baronet smiled. "Right again! No; she does not err in that line. She is something over forty, I should think."

"Excellent! Now, how can I see her?"

Sir William paused. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Murray—Murray is her name—is going next week to stay with some relations in the neighbourhood of Thornham. You might drive over and see her. It is not twenty miles from here. If you will allow me, I will write to my sister and let her mention the subject to her governess."

And so it was arranged to the mutual satisfaction of the gentlemen, who then joined Miss Brereton in the drawing-room.

Another hour found Sir William at Mr. Carlton's door. To prevent any mistake he was so kind as to dismount and deliver the ticket of admission to the hospital into the curate's own hand. "Pray make use of me whenever you can. I shall always be glad to help you, Carlton," he said, pressing that gentleman's hand as he wished him good-night.

"Carlton, indeed!" ejaculated the clergyman as he closed the door. "There is no end to the fellow's impudence!"

(To be continued.)