

master's chair. It was understood that he lodged in the village and played bowls with the villagers when the weather was fine. He too had need of the art of making himself as snug as might be—for Lord Bendish was as restless as the wind, and never moved without Mackintosh. He alone was in the secret, except for Mrs. Bendish herself, his lordship's mother, and the two Henikers. It was fine now to see him marshalling the Welbore maid-servant. He did it entirely with his eyebrows and a very occasional protrusion of the lower lip. The girl watched his face with the pathetic dependence of a performing dog upon the showman's whip. Her eyes were wild with anxiety; tears stood in them; she was on the verge of nervous hysteria—so great was Mackintosh, so potential. With this little comedy of belowstairs as with everything else, and himself most of all, Lord Bendish was delighted.

Meantime the ladies would receive the gentlemen, and there should be tea and conversation. The gentle Mackintosh, with the sober voice of one who relieves himself of a secret of State, reported so much to his master, who paused wine-glass in the air, to flash out upon it, "Very good, Mackintosh—but will they overlook Mr. Heniker's boots?"

Mackintosh felt sure, but Bendish would push his rallying of Roger to the extreme point.

"You had better make sure, Mackintosh. Present my compliments—Mr. Bendish's compliments—to the ladies; and will they please to excuse Mr. Heniker's boots?"