

and with absolute correctness, but they found her unsympathetic. She would not discuss servants, though she was practically her father's housekeeper. The old housekeeper was little more than a visitor who had come to stay, for Mr. Clarendon was even kinder to his dependents than Sir John Bexley. Cecilia would not talk about Sunday school, either, though she taught at one. When clergymen were spoken of, she became weary. The old ladies said she was conceited without natural interests. She had flouted many of their sons, even at eighteen.

The young men never knew what to make of her. The "brilliant examples of typical Englishmen" who stayed at home in country-houses with their parents, and knew a tenth as much about horses as their grooms, and a quarter as much about dogs as the gamekeeper, never knew what would interest her. She yawned in their faces with the utmost carelessness. When she did not yawn, she was vicious. She asked them questions which implied something more than a knowledge of the Badminton Series. They knew that she read German and French and Italian, and they averred sulkily that she ought to marry a schoolmaster.

"I certainly won't marry a silly boy to be a schoolmistress to," said Cecilia. She was much older than her years when youth followed in her