

utterly spoil the lad, and advised her not to do so. After giving that advice, he retired upon his supports in the library and watched the process of his son's ruin, as if he were an astronomer watching an occultation of some star.

"Of course he ought to go to school," said Sir John, "but of course he won't go. She won't let him. However, all schools are equally bad, and every schoolmaster is a fool, or he wouldn't be a schoolmaster."

When a man is so wise as that, nothing can be done with him. He can also do nothing. Sir John did it gracefully and read books, though he said that books were foolishness, and that he would never have read them if he hadn't been married. He had married at forty. During the first forty years of his life he had read next to nothing, and knew more about men and women than any one he ever came across. He even knew Lady Bexley. Therefore she had her own way. Jack never went to school; and, by the time he had worn twenty tutors to rags, and thrown one into the biggest pond they had at Charteris, every one said he would go straight to the devil.

It was a great pity, for he was of the honest, straightforward bull's type that Englishmen love, since every typical Englishman in his heart detests