

necessary violence. But I will not have your orders disregarded!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Foreman Andrew Jackson, looking, with a curious admiration, at Mr. Molesay's kid of the goats, who had turned out a man.

"What a Kid!" he murmured, as he went out with the weekly statement in his hand, examined and countersigned.

Baby Lant is still to be had for the asking. Many, indeed, have asked and have not received. Heiress of Egham—a new and remodelled Egham—young, rich—and Baby Lant—yet in spite of all, her time has not yet come.

She pets Marthe and her babes, and talks to her about the Kid's wonderful career. She upholds the hands of Mr. Molesay, and, I think, pets him a little, too. And when Patricia comes across the herring pond in winter—for she loves not the cold—they have great times shopping, for themselves and for all the world. Pat talks chiefly of a younger Hearne Mackenzie, and buys the most extravagant apparel for that young gentleman, who (it appears) is his father's image, only, if anything, handsomer. Certainly, at present, he makes more noise in the world. Three Ridings is very gay in winter, and some day Baby Lant is going back with her sister (as she says) to look for another "Hearne."

"You will have to wait till this little one grows, then," says Pat, "for there is no one in the world like his father!"

Which, after the years, is an excellent and most wifely spirit.

It was a November evening, early dark, and the two girls, Pat and Baby Lant, found themselves cozily installed at the house in Glencairn Crescent, which the Eghamites and the Three Ridings people