

hung about the bars, and sending the dust flying like chaff before the wind!

"And what do you think of my son's pictures, sir?" he repeated. "Ah! that side's done! Gerald's very clever, isn't he, sir? But would you believe it," and here Mr. Grey left off toasting, and laid the fork across his knee, the bread nearest the table,—"Would you believe it,—that in last Sunday's paper some envious rascal said that his skies were 'garish,' and that his browns were greens?"

"Indeed!" said Richard.

"Yes," continued Mr. Grey, resuming the toasting. "As though any one's greens could be browns, or browns could be greens! As to the 'garish,'—the word puzzles me; but I suppose it means something bad!"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Grey, "see how you're burning that toast!"

"Ah! am I?" exclaimed the husband, and he drew back the fork, brought