

From Lord Connoughmore he obtained a few useful hints as to how he was to conduct himself, and he treasured them. The important event which occupied the entire attention of the world at present, was to take place at the first levée.

There was much ado about procuring the proper costume.

"You can hire a court suit for three guineas, sword and all," suggested the Major.

But Marjoribanks would not hear of such a thing as a borrowed suit; he would have one made of the very best material. He was not going to be knighted every day, and he would have everything done in first-class style.

When the dress was delivered to him he tried it on; and there was great fun to everyone, except Marjoribanks himself, in the rehearsal which ensued. A chair placed on the sofa was supposed to represent where Her Majesty would stand, Bess and the Major, Coila and her husband—who were passing through London on their honeymoon trip—Miss Janet and Killievar represented the attendant ladies and courtiers.

Marjoribanks went through the performance with painful gravity, and found much difficulty in managing the sword and his hands. Here the Major was invaluable to him; and was so diligent in his attentions that by the appointed day the Master of Ravelston was respectably perfect in his walk and general deportment.

Three o'clock was the hour fixed for the levée; but at half-past two, in obedience to commands, the gentlemen who were to receive the honour of knighthood were in the palace, and they were ushered into the presence chamber as soon as those who had the *entrée* had passed before the Queen.

Marjoribanks was among the first. He felt profoundly uncomfortable, dazed, stupid, and yet happy in his misery. The august presence made him feel a terribly poor creature.

Her Majesty was radiant, calm, and gracious. She touched him with a sword, first on the left shoulder and then on the right. She uttered only two words:

"Sir Robert."

And he was a knight!

He got out somehow; he never remembered exactly how. But in the corridor he paused, plucked up courage, lifted his head, and marched out to the carriage feeling that he was ten