

parative luxury, seemed to be forthcoming with a sort of Arabian Nights profusion.

Then, to crown all, they had left West Australia in its autumnal month of March, and were here in April.

Oh, to be in England, now that April's here!

sang Browning from Italy, and it seemed as if every thrush and blackbird in Hexham woods had echoed the aspiration. It was a season of hope and joy, if ever such a halcyon time occurred on this occasionally untoward-seeming planet. Mrs. Banneret was serenely, though secretly, exultant, because her husband and first-born had safely returned, having successfully carried out the object of their mission. Hermione and Vanda, passionately fond of their brothers, and much petted by their father, were charmed with the state of matters generally, and looked forward to even more important developments when Lord and Lady Hexham, with 'darling Corisande,' after which fashion that young lady was generally alluded to, should arrive in a week's time. Eric had taken his degree creditably at Cambridge, if not brilliantly. If he had not won the triumph of a 'double first' like Reggie, he had done enough for honour.

There were, of course, the hunting fixtures to be arranged for. The Hexham stud was in great form and buckle. The Banneret girls, who had ridden all sorts of horses over all sorts of fences and roads since earliest childhood, were finished performers across country. Truth to tell, unless they came to grief through 'trappy' hedge and