

member of Parliament, a justice of the peace, the deputy chairman of the County Quarter Sessions, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. If he had nothing else to do, he wrote to the *Times*. He was an authority on manures and drainage, and on education, and he had an exceedingly pretty daughter, who took after his dead wife, and two exceedingly ugly sons, who took after himself. He was a wonderfully loud talker, and as big a bore as could be found in England, but he was very kind. He said that no one but Bexley understood his character. From this it may be inferred that the baronet was universally popular. He understood human nature.

"Well, Tom," said Sir John.

"My dear fellow," cried Clarendon. He jumped out of his chair and grasped his friend's hand as if Sir John had just returned from the Antarctic. "I'm delighted to see you. But what has brought you over so early?"

He pushed Bexley into a chair as if he loved him, as indeed he did, and told him all about sub-soil drainage.

"I'm reading the paper to the Society," said Clarendon, eagerly. "I'm throwing a new light on a difficult subject. It must be dealt with by Parliament. It shall be before I'm much older."