

sharp," he added in a tone of voice which sent the butler off in post-haste.

"That's a flea in his fat old ear," cried the young man, laying his hand on his father's shoulder. "And now look here, gov'nor, you would please me very much if you would stand up for your rights. You know I'd back you up."

"Would it please you, Tom?" said the old man, gazing in his son's face, and patting his shoulder. "Well, I'll—I'll try, Tom, I'll try; but—but—I'm afraid it's too late."

"Nonsense, gov'nor. Come, it will make things more comfortable. Keep an eye, too, on Maude. I don't want her to be married off to a millionaire whether she likes him or no."

"I'll try, my boy, I'll try," said the old man, in a hopeless tone of voice. "Her ladyship said——"

"Who's that for, Robbins?" cried a deep masculine-feminine voice outside the door, just as the jingle of glasses on a silver waiter was heard.

"For Lord Diphoos, my lady," was the reply, in a voice that seemed to come through a layer of eider down, and the door was thrown open; there was a tremendous rustling of silk, and Lady Barmouth, a stout, florid, well-preserved woman of forty-eight, swept into the room.

"Ah, my dear child," she exclaimed in a pensive, theatrical tone of voice, as she spread her skirts carefully around her, and exhaled a peculiarly strong scent of eau-de-cologne, "this is a terribly trying time."

"Awfully," said Tom, shortly. "That will do, Robbins; I'll open the seltzer." Then, as the butler