

almost as plainly as words, "There ! What did I tell you !"

Sophonisba's uncle was a stout, bland, little man with a very thin laugh, and prominent light eyes. Indeed so light were they that they seemed devoid of pupil as of expression. They were eyes that hid emotions rather than revealed them. He had altogether rather a bleached look, possibly he had been much in hot climates, though it was darkness rather than light that he made me think of. In some odd fashion he reminded me of sea-kale, that vegetable we rear in the dark. Sophonisba's uncle looked as if he had lived in the dark. He was considerably shorter than I, though I am far from tall, and his clothes fitted him very closely. I never saw a man who looked less like dying.

Sophonisba sighed suddenly, and then said in a brisk tone, "What about the luggage ?"

Before he could answer, Satan changed his mind about going to London, dashed out of the train again, saw us talking to our guest, and came up and bit Sophonisba's uncle.

It made things very unpleasant for me. I said he,—Satan I mean,—did not mean it ; that it was only his high-spirits ; his playfulness ; that he had not noticed where he was going, what he was doing I meant ; that he was very absent-minded, but always meant everything for the best ; that he never bit people ; that whoever he bit, he would never dream of biting Sophonisba's uncle ; that his journey to London must have gone to his head owing to his being such a bad traveller—

"He is," joined in Sophonisba hurriedly, "do you know uncle we can never let him travel with his back to the engine—dear little fellow !"