

CHAPTER III.

IN the meantime it was not only old Cassilis who was talking about Jack in town. He hadn't done Church Parade in the Row three times before every one knew who the handsome young dog was. Ancient bucks of his father's day took him by the hand and swore he was the living image of Sir John Bexley. They asked him to dinner at their clubs, and told him all about themselves, till he nearly died of them. They took him home, and told their wives all about his father, throwing out hints, as they prosed, of the chimes they had heard at midnight before marriage and gout got hold of them. The wives adored Jack, he was so simple and so innocent.

The daughters put on their best frocks for the lad, and found him shy. They tried to teach him love and bridge, but he was luckily such an ass that he could play at neither. It was a good thing for him, as far as cards were concerned, for, though his allowance was five hundred a year over and above the run of his teeth at home and the two horses kept for him, he soon found it little enough.