

keeper's daughter, he went and told his father. It was a very remarkable interview.

"If you please, guv'nor," said Jack, awkwardly.

"Yes, my boy," replied his father; "what is it?"

They were in the garden together. Sir John was carrying a spud and executing dandelions.

"You always said I was to come to you if I was in any kind of trouble, didn't you?" asked Jack, nervously.

"Of course," said Sir John; "what the devil's your dad for but to give you advice and do the best he can? What's the use of being older if you don't look wiser? Jack, my boy, I'm wise to a perfectly sickening extent, and my sympathy for my own follies is not so great but that I can spare you some, whatever kind of an ass you have made of yourself."

He looked at him kindly.

"Well, my boy, what kind of an ass are you?"

Jack looked down at the dandelions.

"The very worst, guv'nor."

Sir John chopped a weed.

"I've been expectin' it, Jack. Girls, I suppose!"

"Yes, father."

"It might be worse," said Sir John, but what could be worse he didn't say. "I'm sorry for it,