

do what I like with it. Mr. Horsley said I could part with it if I chose.'

'Sell it, do you mean? That would hardly be kind, Heather.'

'Oh no,' in a low, vehement tone; 'of course I would never do that—Sydney loved his home so. But, Carus, don't you think it would just do for Christian and Jack? Many Bushes is not nearly good enough; and I want you to give that to Mr. Hamill and Pen.'

'Heather, my dear child!'

'Oh, do just listen to me a moment!' returned the girl beseechingly; 'I have thought it all out. You know they are not likely to go to India for a year or two,—Jack will not be strong enough,—so they will want a nice house, and one that they can come back to whenever they like.'

'And you mean them to rent it and be your tenants?' Carus's voice was undoubtedly pleased, but Heather meant nothing of the kind.

'I mean them to live here and pay no rent, Carus. I am too rich now—I cannot possibly use any more money—and, you know, you told me yourself that until Mr. Vigne dies, Jack will have only a moderate income.'

'Uncle Jasper is not likely to last many months, dear.'

'No; poor man! And then they will have all his money; but, indeed, Carus, Chesterton will be quite good enough for them even then, and they could always improve it. Christian does so love the country, and Jack can ride the Black Prince, but he must promise never to take him out of England; he would take care of the dogs too, only I should love to have them myself'; and Heather's voice was very wistful.