

lishmen to whom we, who are on the verge of departure from the business of the Empire, can trust the destinies of England."

"I'll tell him you said so," said Bexley. "And now about these drains, Tom."

"We'll have lunch first," cried Clarendon, "and you can see Cecilia. After lunch, I can explain the whole matter in less than two hours."

Bexley sighed. He wanted to get back home and go up to town to see Cassilis, and hear a little more about Mrs. Buckingham. But he stuck to his post and made love to his future daughter-in-law; while she made up for her detestation of Jack by being exceedingly pleasant to his father.

She was always pleasant to fathers. All old and oldish men loved her because she was pleasant. They said it was a terrible thing that the older men got, the more they appreciated beauty and tenderness. She almost always said the right thing to them. But, even if she said the wrong thing, she did it so sweetly that it only became an additional proof of her obvious innocence. They raved about her to their wives, thus proving once more man's infinite capacity for going wrong in any way that offers itself.

The elderly women, wives and widows, did not approve of her. She treated them very sweetly