

cized her own acts. She seemed to be merely progressive, to have contradicted in her own person the law of reaction. Her life represented one cumulative diastole, the systole when it came was rapid, intense and final.

The *tête-à-tête* was interrupted before Jacob was half through his first cigarette. The door was flung open and a small red-haired boy of between three and four years old burst into the room like a whirlwind. He made straight for his mother and scrambled eagerly into her lap, crying, "Hide me, hide me!"

"Oh! you little beggar!" laughed Madeline. "Don't wriggle so!"

"Nurse is coming. Hide me, hide me!" persisted the heir of the Paigntons.

The nurse, indeed, had arrived. She was standing demurely at the open door, waiting for her instructions.

"Oh! she's there!" grumbled Lord Arthur Crawley, catching sight of her. "Why didnt you hide me?"

He was a vigorous, handsome little fellow, Jacob thought. He was wearing a smocked overall which was now all round his neck, exposing a pair of splendidly sturdy legs clad only in the shortest and loosest of knickerbockers. That common strain introduced by Lady Felmersdale had done something for the blood of the Paigntons.

"Shake hands with Jimmy, you rude little beggar," said Madeline, "and get off my dress; you're making a nice mess of mummy's dress."

"Who's Jimmy?" asked Lord Arthur, regarding Jacob with a childish stare.

"A friend of mummy's," replied Madeline.

"Oh! Didn't see you. Howdy do?" Lord Arthur tumbled off his mother's lap and shook hands with Jacob. "Never seen *you* before," he added, partly in explanation. Then he turned to his mother. "I'm goin' to stay here," he announced.

"Oh! no, you're not, dear," said Madeline, and at this hint the nurse advanced into the room.

"I am, I am, I am," shouted Lord Arthur vigorously, and