

He was essentially selfish; he was vain of his good looks, which were certainly striking; and with his changed fortunes he became arrogant, and, as the squire's servants said, hateful, and yet the change had brought him less pleasure than he expected. It was true that he had the pony, that he was not obliged to trouble himself with lessons, that he was an important person at the Hall; but he had no play-fellows, no one to admire his grandeur, and the days often passed heavily, and there was a look of discontent and peevishness upon his handsome face.

Perhaps the reason why he so seldom came down into Sidmouth was not only because the fisherboys were not sufficiently impressed with his importance, but because they looked so much happier and more contented than he felt in spite of his numerous advantages. On this day he was in a particularly bad temper. He had lamed his pony the day before by riding it furiously over a bad road after it had cast a shoe. The gardener had objected to his picking more than half a dozen peaches which had just come into perfection, and had threatened to appeal to the squire.

Altogether he was out of sorts, and had walked down to the sea with a vague hope that something might turn up to amuse him. He stood for some little time watching James sail the boat, and then strode down to the edge of the pool. The boat was a model of a smack, with brown sails. James had taken a good deal of pains with it, and it was an excellent model. Presently in crossing she stuck in a shallow some twelve feet from the edge. The intervening stretch of water was a foot deep.

James picked up some small stones and threw them close to her, that the tiny wave they made might float her off. He tried several times without success.

"What's the use of such little stones as that?" Richard said roughly; "you will never get her off like that;" and picking up one as large as his fist, he threw it with some