

put all the mustard on your chest that is now on the market."

Jack wriggled uneasily and frowned. He changed the conversation so clumsily that Sir John wrote to an old friend of his to make a few inquiries about him. Jack didn't make his father his confidant any more, and, when he answered any lightly put but carefully considered questions, he replied with generalities. Mr. Cassilis answered Sir John's letter very briefly.

"I hear Mrs. Buckingham has your boy in tow. I suppose you have heard of her. The husband makes jam and biscuits, and she is as pretty as the very devil. I'd look after him if I were you."

Sir John sighed. Though he did not live in town, he had heard a little about Mrs. Buckingham. He walked up and down the room for a few minutes, and then rang the bell and ordered his horse. He rode over to Ashwood, a place about five miles away, to see his friend Thomas Clarendon.

"It might be worked. It must be," said Sir John. "I think Cecilia Clarendon is the very girl for him. If I'm not mistaken, there is a soft spot for Jack in her hard little heart."

He found Clarendon at home in his library, at work on a paper which dealt with subsoil and drainage. He was always at work. He was a