

not put under much stricter rules ; and really, if she grows up as she is, I do not see how you are ever to take her into society. I do think, Mrs. Dormer, this riding about by herself should be stopped. It encourages these wild gipsy habits.'

This was growing serious. From the first moment of Miss Lambert's arrival at the Deanery, a year since, I had regarded her with sentiments of hostility, not unmixed with both suspicion and contempt. If she was going to interfere with my liberty—I listened eagerly for the answer. When it came, I detected by the sound my mother was speaking through a yawn, and I breathed more freely. I did not think people generally yawned when they were much in earnest.

'You must talk to the Dean about that,' she said, 'but I do not think you will get him to interfere. He has a theory that girls who ride should know how to manage their own horses, and that they learn best by going about alone. He tells me the way Vera can manage that pony is quite extraordinary. It will come expensive though, if she takes to running over pigs, for I suppose we shall have to pay for them. Do you know the price of a pig, Miss Lambert?'

'No, indeed, I cannot help you there,' replied Miss Lambert, in a deeply offended tone, which was quite lost upon my mother.

'I suppose they can't be very dear, or the poor people couldn't afford to buy them. Be kind enough to ring the bell, Miss Lambert. I think Murray shall bring my bonnet and cloak, and I will walk as far as the Court before dinner.'

Much reassured I made my way up to the nursery, where my nurse, Mrs. Waters, was seated, mending some fine old lace of my mother's.

'Waters,' I promptly demanded, 'what is a Bohemian?'

'A Bohemian, my dear? Why a native of the country called Bohemia.'

'But I'm not a native of it.'

'Certainly not. You were born here, in the Deanery.'

'Then that isn't it. I heard Miss Lambert tell mamma I was a born Bohemian.'