

or two's private conversation he had with his young nephew, after his public duties were at an end, he seemed tempted to drop into his old manner.

What he had done to-day was quite creditable, he was good enough to say. But there were other things that had come to his ears, about painting a certain mare red—oh, it wasn't the Doctor who had told him, Nugent needn't think that!

"I don't, sir!" put in Nugent. And the look he threw at the Doctor was quite a good return for the one the latter had given him.

But to paint a mare red! the general went on. Who had ever thought of doing such a thing before! Had Nugent himself ever heard of anything worse?

But Nugent seemed to understand him better to-day. And the general certainly couldn't complain of any want of spirit in his reply.

"Well, sir," he said, slowly, looking the general straight in his face, "I did once hear of a chap who used to get his tailor to slip a couple of sovereigns into his trousers pockets, when he ordered a new suit of clothes, and charge it up to his grandfather, in the bill!"

"You young dog!" said the general, when he could speak. But the call in Nugent's laughing eyes was to his own far-away youth,