

too; he liked driving, on the whole, though too much of it bored him, and he had not at all approved when his mistress "put down" her carriage. They set off next morning in the brightness of noon, through the country which had not yet lost any of its beauty, though here and there the trees had yellow patches on them, and the parks were all burnt brown with the heat of summer. They were a very merry party, notwithstanding that the final examination was hanging over Dick's head, and the parting which must follow. Winks, for his part, after two or three hours of it, got bored with the levity of the conversation, and rustled about so, that he was put out of the carriage to run for the good of his health. He went along for a mile or two, pleased enough, gathering dust in clouds about him. But when he intimated a desire to be taken in, the boys, hard-hearted beings, laughed in the face of Winks.

"A run will do you good, old fellow," said Dick, with cruel satisfaction. A short time afterwards, I am sorry to say, a dreadful accident, nature unknown, happened to Winks. He uttered a heart-rending shriek, and appeared immediately after making his way towards the carriage, holding up one feathery paw in demonstrative suffering. The anxious party stopped immediately, and Winks made his way to them, laboriously limping and uttering plaintive cries. But when, all a-dust as he was, this hypocrite was lifted into the carriage, holding up the injured member—and was softly laid upon the softest cushion to have it examined, words fail me to express the sardonic grin with which he showed his milk-white teeth. There was no more the matter with the little villain's paw, my gentle reader, than with yours or mine.

Never was there a pleasanter two days' journey than this which Mrs. Eastwood made with her boys through the sunshiny autumn country, along the road, where gold-coloured leaves dropped in her lap as they drove her along, now one on the box, now another, in their turn; till the High Lodge at last appeared in sight all covered with white downy clusters of clematis done flowering, with late roses, and matted network of interlacing leaves. Innocent rushed to the door, slim and pale in her black dress, her eyes shining with sudden delight, her soft face inspired.

"You have come to take me home. I am Nelly now!" she cried, throwing her arms about the common mother. Jenny, whom she had not noticed, leant back upon the carriage, looking at her with eyes that glowed under his dark brows. He had always stood by Innocent since the day when he had read Greek to her in the Lady's Walk; he had always been sure that "something would come of her." "We don't know half what Innocent will come to!" he repeated now to himself.