

"He must come here, Gladys."

Here—to Dykefield—nowhere else. He can live in the Bailiff's house, as a profitable lodger. Mrs Grange will be pleased to have the lodger; old Mallock will enjoy his company, indeed wants a companion to yarn with over his pipe at the evening fireside. Mallock and Mrs Grange have both said this—really enthusiastically. Papa will be comfortable in the Bailiff's house; and, as often as he cares to do so, he can walk through the archway, across the garden court, to the Family house, and dine with his son and daughter as a garrulous, still honoured guest.

"O Seymour, do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. I shall like to know that he is safe, well cared for—with those who"—and Lord Brentwood set his lips and made a gulp, as if he had been taking a dose of good but nasty medicine—"who are fond of him."