

over and come to a different conclusion, I shall have nothing to say. I defer to your judgment."

"I'll say nothing," nodded Clarendon. "But did you say Jack was running wild? He must stand for Parliament, if you won't. He's a brilliant example of — but do you mean very wild?"

Bexley explained that he did not mean very wild, but rather wild, and that was satisfactory to Tom Clarendon.

"No wilder than you and I at the same age," said he. "We were sad dogs thirty years ago, Tom."

"So we were," said Tom Clarendon, who was tickled to death at being included in the same class of roisterers as Bexley. For Bexley had been notorious. "So we were, John. Do you remember little Mrs. Shoosmith?"

"Bless my heart," sighed Bexley, who hadn't the least idea who Mrs. Shoosmith was.

"She kept that tobacconist's shop in the Haymarket," said the wild Clarendon. "Well, well, boys will be boys! I hope Cecilia will see it as we see it, John. I think your boy Jack is a brilliant example —"

"So do I, Tom."

"Of the typical young Englishman," said Tom. He added in the platform tone, "one of those Eng-