

dency, possibly of necessity, to be hard: and there was certainly nothing soft about Evan Evans. He never went back on his word; he ruled his wife and daughters with a rod of iron, his sons with a thin malacca cane as being more flexible and capable of greater execution. He was fond of his woman kind, that is to say, of his wife and daughters three, but if he entertained any affection for "the boys" his efforts to conceal its existence were so successful that he managed to convey a totally different idea to the outside world. He did not understand boys; he entered into none of their games nor pleasures, and looked upon the holidays as a semi-annual nuisance—for schools had only two vacations a year in those days. Evan, the eldest boy, used to say the Guv'nor was born at forty.

"The little mother," as the boys always called her, ever did her best to smooth matters over and act as a buffer between father and sons, but she was in reality afraid of both, and probably suffered most, as buffers frequently do, in the family encounters. The boys said they hated "the Guv'nor." They told their mother so, which made her miserable. The Guv'nor said the boys were the burden of his life, which made her