

extent that at the period when our story commences, there were not more than a dozen legitimate Mutual Adorationites left. Still, they sufficed to maintain the character of the Hunt, and effectually drove away any rash stranger, who, tempted by the beauty of the country, and the convenience of Morbey Anstead as a sporting centre, took it into his head to come out with the hounds.

First and foremost ranked the master, Lord Littelbrane.

He was a small, fair, colourless, insignificant-looking man, about forty-five years of age, with a drab complexion, and hair to match. He wore an eye-glass, which stood him in good stead, since the number of persons he contrived *not* to see at one of his meets was truly remarkable. He also was distinguished by a stony stare very disconcerting to its object. His eyes always seemed to look just a little above his neighbour's head, making that individual feel there *must* be something wrong or queer about his hat.

Another famous M. A. was old General Prosieboy, or The Squasher, as he was lovingly called by his intimates. He was a most useful personage, and had derived his sobriquet from the fact that he could annihilate an objectionable stranger better than any other single M. A. in existence. His method was very simple. He discharged a volley of oaths at the offender, and as these were by no means choice, generably forcible, and nearly always unprovoked, nine times out of ten the audacious enemy who had dared to address an M. A. without waiting to be first spoken to by him, retired in dismay, and never repeated the hazardous experiment.

Once, and once only, it was said that The Squasher met his match. The gentleman was fresh from California, and displayed a fluency, a facility and an originality of language, which fairly discomfited his opponent, whose vocabulary was limited in comparison.

Taking him all in all, Captain Straightem might fairly be reckoned the flower of the Mutual Adorationites. He was the best dressed, the coolest, the most silent, and least gregarious of the party. He had never been known to laugh, and seldom seen to smile. His brethren