

"What kind of trouble, sir?" asked Jack. "I'm very angry with mother. She did it."

"She did, Jack," sighed Sir John. "She does all that is done, and I do all that isn't. I meant you to be a soldier when you were born. If you had a brother or two, it wouldn't matter so much."

"Bein' an only son is rot," said Jack, sulkily. "It makes me wild."

"Are you wild, my boy?" asked the wise father. "Don't be wild; on the whole, bein' wild is a mistake. Do you want another hunter?"

"Of course I do," said Jack. "But huntin' is rot, I can see that."

"It is undiluted idiocy, my boy," said Sir John, "but I can't stop it. You, I suppose, are what is known as a good sportsman, Jack?"

Jack believed that he was, but he was so savage that he said that sport was rot.

"So it is," said his father; "it is, without doubt, nothing but a miserable survival of comparatively useless instincts. But as you have no brains, Jack, you may as well be a sportsman, and you can get a new hunter from Jenks. I've told him how far I'll go in the matter of prices. I told him this morning when your mother said she was goin' to make a parson of you. Hunt all you can, and leave the girls alone."