with his blunt nose, and stared about him with heavy, convex eyes, which seemed to be swimming in a bluish fluid.

'D' you think she 's foreign ?'

'She 's dark. Perhaps she 's an Italian.'

'I don't believe it. Somehow I believe she 's English.'

'Oh, no! Never! What makes you think so?'

'Something-the way she sits.'

'Sits! How could any one sit any different from the way she does?'

'How you do catch one up, Jenny! The way she is then ! Say what you will, there is an English way and a foreign way. I do like her things. Look! She's stroking the dog's head. Would you call her pretty?'

'Yes, very.'

'Well, I think it's more mysterious than pretty—her whole look, I mean. Now she's going on again.'

The footman was up on his box onec more. The coachman touched the horses with his whip, and the carriage moved. Just at this moment two children with their attendant came between the school-teachers and the carriage, a girl of about four years old and a much smaller boy, who struggled forward with a sort of haphazard precaution, laughing, as if almost intoxicated with triumph at his own powers in being able to walk at all. Both children were clad in white plush coats and white hats, and the girl, going backwards before the boy, and holding out her arms towards him, kept erying out: 'Addio, Peppino! Addio, Peppino!' as she receded, taking a charming care to keep always very near to her brother.

Peppin o grew red with determination not to be escaped from. With the doughty, and almost ruthless air of a young warrior, no longer laughing, but now frowning with concentration, he measured the might of his short legs, encased in white woollen gaiters, against the might of the impeding atmosphere. And still the girl roguishly eried out : 'Addio, Peppino !' as she tempted him prettily onwards.

The woman in the carriage looked at the babies—they were little more—in their white coats, taking their first steps into life; at the girl child leading the boy child onward with her voice and her outstretched arms.