

fell on the presenter of Lady Sarah's cheque. He put two and two together, as he thought, and wished he also had a wealthy spinster god-mother to help him out of his holes, though young Burney's were not the same kind of holes as his own, more after the fashion of his ancestors' of Cheshire.

He scored out Lady Sarah's signature and asked the young man with the nose how he would take it. The young man winked and replied, with great good humour, that he didn't care a twopenny rap how he took it so long as he got it, and Barty paid him as short as he could make it.

Two days later, as luck would have it, Lady Sarah, being about to start for the Riviera, sent to the bank for her pass-book, which she was in the habit of conscientiously looking over once a year or so. Then followed a hasty visit from herself and an interview with Mr Burney in his private room, which left the old man staring with a much disturbed face at that £950 cheque. For Lady Sarah disowned it *in toto*, and with considerable warmth, and when Lady Sarah got excited her tongue played like a snake's.

Finally he sent for George Barty, into whose hands the cheque had come in the first place, and asked him if he had any recollection of the party who received the money. Barty remembered the young man perfectly, his nose, his eyes and his manner. When he had withdrawn, John Burney sat down at his desk and gloomily eyed the £950 cheque again. He went heavily for the rest of the day, and young Frazer Burney, from his distant place in the bank, regarded him with sulky apprehension.

His father barely spoke to him during dinner, and confined the few remarks he had to make to Julia Cleeve, his ward, the only other member of the Burney household.