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were not frequent, though I can remember him—a thin, pale-faced, reserved man, whose sphere was the House of Lords, where he occupied appreciable time every Session “explaining his position,” a matter seemingly of not absorbing interest to the political leaders on either side of the House. Besides the Duke, there were three girls, whom I knew well, for my services were often requisitioned to field balls at lawn-tennis, and to carry various odds and ends when they went fishing. Nice, homely young ladies they were, if my memory does not play me false, although rather given to squabbling together, regardless of the little nine-year-old urchin trotting at their heels.

Sometimes, but very seldom, and only when the door was shut and the lamp was lit, and we were cosily seated by the fire, my mother would refer to their dead brother Oswald. A far-away look would come into her eyes, and her hands would clasp and unclasp, as she told me how good he was, and how handsome. The tears would stream down her cheeks until I hated the mention of his name. Even as a child, I wondered.

I have not described my mother. The old Scotch housekeeper at the Castle, who often invited me to take tea in her room, told me she was once “unco’ bonny.” But I remember