

"I own it freely," said Botfield, "but a broken-hearted man —"

"I'll put it in hand at once," said Sir John. "And all expenses connected with Molly I'll pay, of course. What will they come to, Botfield?"

"Five bob a week for fourteen years is the law, Sir John," said Botfield, promptly, "seein' that it's Master Jack —"

"Hush," said Sir John, with a frown, "let us leave him out. I see you are a sensible man, Botfield."

"I do have that name round about," said the gamekeeper.

"I'll make the expenses ten shillings a week while you stay with me, Botfield, and there will be no need to drag in my son's name. It is a great blow to me, too, Botfield, and if Lady Bexley heard of it, I don't know what would happen."

"Her bein' so delicate, too," said Botfield. As a matter of fact, Lady Bexley was as big and strong as a Shire mare. "Thank you kindly, Sir John. You was always the best gentleman I ever set eyes on, and, seein' that I taught Master Jack all that he do know about beasts, I'd be sorry to part with either of 'ee, Sir John. And as for Molly, dang 'er, I always told the missis she was likely to do as she shouldn't. And the missis has tore her hair