

"I think you ask more questions than any one I ever saw," he said.

"I certainly receive fewer answers from you than from anyone I ever saw," retorted Mrs. Montgomery. "But I am delighted. Oh! I see, *that* is the reason why you will not come to the wedding. Pray accept a blessing, as Miss Flite said."

"It was very kind of Miss Flite," said Percy lazily.

"It was more than you deserved," said she. "But I forgive you. She and her mother are both coming; he is not. What do you suppose Lady Stoakley will say to it?"

"Will say to what?" asked Percy, composedly.

"To your proposing to Blanche. How tiresome you are."

"I don't know. I haven't asked her."

"Doesn't it interest you?"

"Immensely. But I give you warning; I am not going to answer any more questions."

"That will be very rude of you, then."

Percy laughed.

"I like being rude to you, Mrs. Montgomery," he said, "because I like to see how very little effect it has on you. You certainly belong to the Pachyderms."

"Who are the Pachyderms?" asked Mrs. Montgomery with dignity.

"They are a very old family," said Percy, "and they have a tendency toward exploration, being im-