

man has a mind," said Clarendon. "I give you my word the service members in the House haven't a mind between them. I've got up and as good as said so, said it delicately, you know, so that every one but them knew what I was gettin' at. The House roared, I can tell you."

Clarendon, in the House or out of it, had the delicacy of a bull at a gate, combined with the ample tact of a steam-roller.

"It's a pity he hasn't something to do," said Cecilia. "I told him he ought to farm something, if he was fit for nothing else. But that was only chaff, Sir John. I think he's really quite clever in many ways. And he wants to work at something. He's the only young man here who does."

It was the "oldest" thing she had ever said to Jack's father, and it opened his eyes a little. He looked at her curiously, and she looked down at the table.

"If I'd been Jack, I'd ha' boxed your ears, my gal," said Clarendon, with a hearty guffaw. "Rummy the way the new generation of girls speak, ain't it, John?"

Bexley paid no attention to Clarendon.

"He told you he wants to work, eh?"

"Yes," said Cecilia.

"Yet he's very reserved about such things."