

said the father, proudly. "She says so. Some were good. Young Lashmore was one of 'em. The old earl came over to see me about it, said his son would go to the deuce if she didn't relent. But she stuck to her old dad, and that very day typed me a long letter to the *Times* about drainage. That's a girl for you."

He looked at Bexley with tears in his eyes.

"She's a damn fine girl," said Bexley. "Refused young Lashmore, did she?"

"I don't care," cried Clarendon.

"She would have gone out of your life altogether," said Bexley. "She ought to marry the son of a neighbour, Tom."

"It would be better, wouldn't it?" replied the father. "But I believe she'll never leave me, old boy. There's no one she has any fancy for."

"I want her to marry my boy," said the baronet. Clarendon fell back in his chair.

"Eh?"

"My boy, Jack," said Bexley.

Clarendon sighed.

"I wish she would, but she doesn't take to him. If she's said so once, she's said so a dozen times."

"All the better," replied Bexley.

"She says he knows far too well that he's a handsome chap," said Clarendon.