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was as cool a one as you could find, for all its flaming cover. If you say that I ought to have spent my time in useful labor I am out of court and have nothing to say, save that my parents had no business to leave me two thousand pounds a year and a roving disposition.

"The difference between you and Robert," said my sister-in-law, who often (bless her!) speaks on a platform, and oftener still as if she were on one, "is that he recognizes the duties of his position, and you only see the opportunities of yours."

"To a man of spirit, my dear Rose," I answered, "opportunities are duties."

"Nonsense!" said she, tossing her head; and after a moment she went on: "Now here's Sir Jacob Borrodaile offering you exactly what you might be equal to."

"A thousand thanks!" I murmured.

"He's to have an embassy in six months, and Robert says he is sure that he'll take you as an *attaché*. Do take it, Rudolf—to please me."

Now when my sister-in-law puts the matter in that way, wrinkling her pretty brows, twisting her