

was smoking a cigar and listening, cackled audibly.

"How can you laugh, John?" asked his wife. He regarded her with an air of infinite curiosity and interest, peculiarly characteristic of him. Nothing made her so uneasy.

"Instead of laughing, you ought to help me to persuade Jack to do his duty," said Lady Bexley, plaintively.

"My boy, always do your duty," said the father; "all you have to do is to find out what it is. When you are in doubt, come to me and we will discuss the matter quietly."

Jack declined to discuss the duty of being a parson. "I'm not going to be a parson," he roared. "I'd rather be a gamekeeper. You wouldn't let me be a soldier or a sailor, and now I won't be anything."

After roaring, he sulked, and Lady Bexley wept, while her husband consoled her by telling her that she didn't know when she was well off.

"He might have been a thorough-paced young blackguard, the way we've brought him up, and he isn't. I made up my mind years ago that he was going to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, my dear."