

exclaimed the lady as she crossed the floor and disappeared by the opposite door. The master could hear the sounds of laughter and jingle of glasses. 'My, good man,' said the secretary, 'you had better go: his lordship will not see you today.' 'When will he be at liberty to see me?' asked the master, 'I will come when it suits his pleasure. I must have his word of mouth that what the factor says is his decision.' The secretary looked perplexed, and after putting a few questions, among them that he had paid his rent and wanted no favor beyond renewal of his lease on the old terms, he told my father to wait a minute and left. It might be half an hour or more when a flunkey beckoned the master to follow him. Throwing open a door he entered what he took to be the library, for it had shelves of books. His lordship was alone, seated by the fireplace with a newspaper on his lap. 'Now, say what you have to say in fewest words,' said the nobleman. Standing before him the master told how he had taken the farm 19 years ago, had observed every condition of the lease, and had gone beyond them in keeping the farm in good heart, for he had improved it in many ways, especially during the past few years when he had ditched and limed and levelled a boggy piece of land, and changed it from growing rushes into the best pasture-field on the farm. 'Gin the farm is worth more, it is me who has made it and I crave your lordship to either give me another tack at the same rent or pay me what my betterments are worth.' His Lordship turned and touched a bell.