

what he said—it was so elegant, so touching, just like the grand speeches we read in the books from the circulating library. He spoke about your sad lot in being thrown amongst a class of beings so vastly inferior to yourself, so incapable of appreciating the priceless treasure they had amongst them. He asked, too, why you never went out driving or walking now, and on my telling him, I thought it was Mrs. Wentworth's fault, he called her an old She Dragon, and said that lady Huntingdon, (I beg your pardon, Miss Eva,) was another."

"How very impertinent of him!" exclaimed Eva hastily. "Mr. Arlingford would never have said such a thing. So remember, Sefton, if ever you accept flowers from him again, I will be compelled, though unwillingly, to tell Mrs. Wentworth, no matter what the consequences may be."

The girl heard this threat with great composure, for she was perfectly well aware of the awe in which her young mistress stood of the very individual whose name she had threatened her with, and with a snappish courtesy, she left the room. "How generous, how kind he is!" murmured Eva as the door closed. "Calls me an angel, wishes me so well, I who have never done anything for him, yet withal, perhaps he would not help me with my French, sit with me for hours explaining and translating it as Mr. Arlingford does. Well, well, however it may be, I will never accept his flowers, and I am glad I told Sefton so. I must go and practice now, and think no more of him; but, 'tis no use trying to banish Mr. Arlingford from my thoughts,—him I could never forget."

CHAPTER VI.

"WHERE is Mr. Huntingdon?" asked lady Huntingdon of one of the servants who had just entered the room where she sat.

"I do not know, your ladyship. He has not been in since breakfast!"

"Speak of the — hem! and you see him," exclaimed a clear ringing voice, and the next moment, young Huntingdon, accompanied by his three dogs, burst noisily into the room. Really startled, Lady Huntingdon sprang from her seat with a nervous scream, whilst her son, laughing immoderately, threw himself on a sofa, careless of the broad impressions his clay covered boots made on the delicate blue damask. "Why, mother, I never knew you were so active before. I really think, I'll train my dogs to give you the start in this fashion. It will do you good, rouse your physical powers, which are lying dormant for want of the necessary stimulus."

"'Twould be fitter for you, sir, to train yourself and them to better manners," was the angry reply of his companion, who had not yet recovered from the effects of her fright.

"Well, indeed, mother, I sometimes fear my dogs and myself are almost incorrigible. Come here, you beauties," and he called around him the restless animals, which had been springing on the damask couches and chairs, and rubbing their mud-covered coats against the velvet ottomans. Caressing one, teasing another, he soon succeeded in setting the whole party by the ears; and the result was an uproar,—a Babel confusion, that was perfectly deafening."

"Good Heavens! Augustus!" exclaimed lady Huntingdon, starting suddenly from her seat. "Do you mean to drive me mad? Silence those odious animals immediately, or I'll leave the room."

With a muttered diatribe against all womankind and their ridiculous whims and antipathies, the honorable Augustus disciplined one dog, and caressed another into sullen harmony, placing the most warlike of the party, who was also the most diminutive, on a heap of embroidered cushions near him. "There, Vixen!" he exclaimed, "you have earned your throne more fairly than many a crowned head. And, now, is your ladyship satisfied?" and he turned with a low obeisance to his mother.

"Perfectly. That hideous looking creature in the corner is gnawing off the silken tassels on all the ottomans near him; but leave him alone. Anything, rather than the uproar you have just quieted. My nerves have not yet recovered from it."

"I really do not see what business nervous people have in this world," was the dutiful reply. "They are a burden on the public—a perfect nuisance. Were I a king or a law maker, I would certainly exile them all."

"Your mother among the rest, I suppose," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"No; I dare say I would grant her a reprieve; but what is the matter with you to-day? You are as cross as lord Huntingdon the day he pays off my debts. 'Tis just as well for me, I've made up my mind to start."

"Start! surely, my dear Augustus, you are not dreaming of leaving us yet?" exclaimed lady Huntingdon, in an eager hurried tone, entirely forgetting her previous feelings of irritation.

"But, indeed, my dear lady Huntingdon, I am," he rejoined. "I'm tired to death of this humdrum house—tired of the stupid neighbourhood,—tired of myself."