

Duke, in a tone of somewhat melancholy raillery. "Not the sort of fellow to take anything by storm."

Perhaps Dermot in his heart rather agreed that his eldest brother was a bit of a muff; for he was not sufficiently cultivated himself to appreciate the cultivation of Denis, and occasionally mistook the gentleness and gravity, born of suffering and solitude, for want of manliness.

But he was at once too good-natured and too fond of Denis, to have ever given utterance to his opinion; and he had no idea that the Duke had divined it.

He clapped his brother encouragingly upon the shoulder, and expressed both his sympathy and his affection as tersely as possible, in the emphatic utterance of his favourite monosyllable.

"Rot."

*(To be continued)*