

"No, nor he never looked like a gentleman, which I've many a time said, as Mrs. Dixon can bear witness to," chimed in the butler, just making his appearance from the stairs.

"So you have, Mr. Brown, and such was my very own opinion too; but how does master take it?"

"Take it? Why like a man, and I may say a Briton, though he made a poor fist of his breakfast; such ungratefulness after all his kindness, it's enough to take any man's happetite away. I wonder what our young missus will say to it?"

"Lor', she'll feel it terrible," said cook; "poor thing, she's had a heap of trouble lately."

"That she has, cook," replied Mr. Brown.  
"I often feel the tears come into my hies