

innocent face. "It is more than a month since I saw you."

"It's exactly six weeks to-day," said Cecilia.

"What a memory you have, my dear," said Sir John, much complimented.

"In some ways it is very bad," said Cecilia. "I forget about everything I ought to remember."

"If you remember me, I shall not mind whom you forget," said the old courtier. "My dear, I think you have grown."

She played seventeen with him.

"I believe I have a little," said Cecilia, who knew better.

"But you are no prettier than you were," said Sir John. He sighed.

"Hullo, John, my boy," roared Clarendon, "you used to be complimentary."

"It is the nicest compliment ever paid me, papa," said Cecilia. "Sir John was always nice to me since I was up to his knee."

They went in to lunch, and Cecilia spoke of Jack.

"He's in town," said Jack's father, "and what is more, he went up to town the day after he came over here last. I believe you made game of him, Cecilia."

"I believe I did, a little," said Cecilia, penitently. Her father bellowed.