

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

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'By all means,' he said, seating himself beside me.

'I want to know what a Bohemian is? I don't mean a native of Bohemia, you know, something different.'

He looked rather curiously at me. 'Who said anything to you about Bohemians?' he asked.

'No one. It was something I overheard, but I will tell you just what happened. Then you will understand.'

I was tolerably accurate, and faithfully detailed all that had passed until I came to my candid remarks and Cumming's sudden bolt. Then I discovered that Mr. Charlcote was shaking with laughter.

'Why do you laugh?' I abruptly broke off. 'Is it at the pig? I am sure Miss Lambert would not consider that very humane.'

'I was not laughing at the pig, but at the idea of Miss Lambert riding Flash?'

'Why shouldn't she? If he did not run away.'

'Well, Flash is not exactly what is termed a safe and steady mount.'

'Is he very difficult to ride? I was thinking of getting Edith Cranley to change ponies with me some day, and see if she could ride him.'

'My dear Vera, do nothing of the kind! He would pitch her off in two minutes. You and Flash understand each other, but I can tell you I should be very sorry to ride him. But go on with your story. You have not got to the Bohemian part of it yet.'

I finished my recital, and then I saw he looked grave.

'Do you understand what they meant?' I asked.

'Perfectly well. A Bohemian, in the sense in which they used the word, means some one who will do just what he pleases, without attending to any rules of society, or caring what anyone thinks.'

'Well then, for once Miss Lambert is right, for I do always mean to do just what I like, and not care the least what anyone thinks. Aunt Marion is always going on about Edith Cranley,