

feel like going back to that London home of his just yet—but as he had lent it for the time to Count Gegechkory and his son, until the former could make some use of some powerful interests he had to try and secure a pardon from the Czar—it was pleasant to feel that it was always ready for him when he cared to go.

But General Nugent, almost as soon as he saw him, asked him to come and spend the holidays at the hall. And Hythe, quite flushed with the honour of it, because 'Nick' Nugent was such a great hero of his, still, said he couldn't all the time, because of that promise to Ayscough, and because he shouldn't like to disappoint the kid. But if the general would let Nugent come with them, first——

Well, the general would. There seemed no limits to his amiability, to-day. But they must promise not to get into mischief, and he must bring Ayscough along with him afterwards, and would Nugent like to invite anybody else?

"Care to come, Admirable?" asked Nugent.

Wouldn't the Admirable? You never heard an invitation accepted with more flattering alacrity than that. And because Giffard was so ostentatiously looking another way, in case they should think he was cadging