

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

"You are so wild, Ilma," she said. "How do you leave the house this morning? There was not a bolt withdrawn."
"I got out of my window, auntie, and climbed down the creeper."
Darrell burst out laughing. Miss Durnford was obliged to laugh too, though she tried to look grave.

Ilma thought that this man looked as if he had stepped out of some frame at the Pitti Palace; he seemed to belong more properly to an age in which words righted wrongs. It was no wonder the people considered him almost an alien; no one could be more unlike the usual representatives of great country families. Sir Philip Darrell was pale, slender, and a little supplie, with the hues of an Italian, clear-shaven save for the soft moustache that shaded the resolute lips, a man of courts and cities, all but a stranger in his native country, his every speech giving, neither in tone nor accent, the faintest indication of the British soil, the faintest intimation of his birth; but that he was neither better nor shrewd, nor took any part in county doings, being indeed an absentee. It was no wonder that some of the most superstitious shook their heads and said that some strange influence had presided at the hour of his birth.

"You must take care, Ilma," and Mrs. Sabine smiled at her niece. "I will look after her, mother," said Roland, but Ilma shook her head. "Thanks, Roland; I don't need coaching. I am as much at home on horseback as on my feet."
"Can you jump?"
"Of course, you mean to say you can't open your eyes to her great clear eyes?"—gates, ditches—anything. "I'll try conclusions with you."
"You're confident, Miss America. Do you challenge all creation?"
"Of course, my dear. I should not have done without you, if I had any doubts."
"Would you like to see the farm?"
"Of course, if it is a pleasure."
"Then we must have some riding parties," said Sir Philip. "All your coming ride well, I shall be on horseback, and her coat, she should not enjoy that pasture, as her skin is had only those who they themselves rode. Sir Philip however divined the position at once, and added—

"You let orders with the head gardener for my fence to be gratified," said the old lady. "No, no, Sir Philip; I cannot encroach any more on your kindness. Why, I have a whole range of flowers that are admired by all which come from your hot houses!"
"Have you? I am so glad. I wish you had a hot house full. I must see it—the more the merrier. Why should the flowers waste their sweetness on the desert air?"
"Then, if you would, I would like to see them. They are in the garden, and I should like to see them. They are in the garden, and I should like to see them. They are in the garden, and I should like to see them."
"Of course, my dear, if you wish to see them, I will show them to you. They are in the garden, and I should like to see them. They are in the garden, and I should like to see them."
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