“My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel,” said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen;” in the meantime you must try and put up with me.”

Framton Nuttl endeavored to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoping.

“I know how it will be,” his siter had said when he was pretending to migrate to this rural retreat; “you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introsuction to all the people I know