

on the boy's behalf, had taken him into his employ, provided him with food, clothing, and a warm bed among the bales of merchandise in the back premises, and for fifteen years the bonds had gone on strengthening until the two were now like father and son.

Indeed, Rodney was far more intimate with John Glide than he was with either of his sons. Cyril he stood in awe of, feeling in his presence that he was regarded as a person of no importance and as one who, somehow, had made a mess of things in general. Jack he dearly loved, but that happy young animal, with his passion for sport and outdoor life, puzzled him, and it was not possible to conceive of his pursuing successfully, or even contentedly, the even, dull tenor of daily existence in the City Road shop.

Glide having been brought up, in a sense, with his master's family, was intimate with all its members; but of late, for certain reasons which will immediately become manifest, Mrs. Rodney had discouraged his visits to Denmark Hill and had pointedly instructed her husband that he was not to continue to give him free entry to the house.

The assistant had dared to raise his eyes to Kathie, the second daughter—a petite, charming creature, on whose future her mother was already building the highest hopes.

Kathleen had the charm which Estelle, with all her solid qualities, lacked. She was bright, quick, elusive, artistic in her conception of ordinary affairs, picturesque in appearance, and interesting in personality; and, being secretary to a lady whom Mrs. Rodney, unacquainted with the world of books, imagined to be a shining light in the literary world, she had prospects of too bright a character to include within their scope a person like John Glide as a possible husband.

"The weather has been against us, sir," said John