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job bad enough, but somehow you looked worser off nor me. It don't do to be selfish, do it?"

John Grey looked at him in surprise.

Three other men blundered to the gate, and pushed past, muttering oaths.

oaths.

"Poor chaps! it won't help 'em to swear about it. We can't all get it."
The elderly man spoke resignedly.

"What a lot of them there were."

"Aye. Yer see it's like this, mate; the gentry is all puttin' down 'osses an' takin' up motors, an' them wot drove 'osses 'as to keep up wi' the times, see? They gits a few lessons in drivin' and fancies theirsel's is chooffeurs, with their leggin's an' mackintoshes. You ain't got up for the part, mate," glancing at the old tweed suit. tweed suit.

"I don't think it mattered," said John

tweed suit.

"I don't think it mattered," said John Grey with sudden misgivings.

"It would 'a' done wi' anyone but Miss Pragg. She's a deep 'un, she is," he chuckled.

"You know her, then?" said John Grey in surprise.

"Well, as you might say—I do, and I don't. I lives in the Mews round the back, an' what was once stables is turned into a garage. Miss Pragg's car an' brougham is kep' there."

"She has two?"

"Aye—but she's mean, mind yer, for all she makes a power o' brass with 'er books."

"Her books?"

"Aye. She writes books. Littery 'ooman, she is. You mightn't a' knowed it 'cause she don't use 'er own nyme; she writes under a halias. If yer'll come along o' me, I'll show yer wheer I lives with my old dutch—she'll make yer fair welcome."

John Grey thanked him, but explained that he had to get back to Chelsea and was very tired.

"Git a 'bus, mate. You looks fair beat. It don't pay to overdo it; a copper more or less won't make no difference in the long run."

This seemed a philosophical way of looking at things. John Grey smille, and parted with a hand-shake.

"So long, mate. Glad to see yer againe. My nyme's Jacob Smillie.

"So long, mate. Glad to see yer againe. My nyme's Jacob Smillie. 'Smilin' Jacob,' they calls me. So long!"

HEY parted at the side street lead-

THEY parted at the side street leading to the mews. John Grey boarded a 'bus. He had still a copper left, and was glad of a lift, part of the way, at least.

When he reached Rose Court, he found number two in darkness. He knocked several times before the door was opened, and Violet Vernon peeped out timidly, shading a lighted candle. "Mrs. Bindels is out," she stammered, surprised to see him. "It doesn't matter—I know my room," said John Grey. "I hope it is ready!"

"I hope so, too," said the girl doubt-

"I hope so, too," said the girl doubtfully. "Mrs. Bindels has been drinking. She was very abusive when I came home. She went out an hour

By the light of the candle in her hand, John Grey could see that her eyes were red with crying.
"Can I have a candle?"

"I think I can find one," said the girl, as he followed her down the dark passage.

John Grey looked into his room. was exactly as he had left it in the afternoon. No sheets were on the bed, and the dirty blankets and quilt looked uninviting of repose.

"I'm sorry," said the girl, seeing his look of disgust. "I have a shawl of my own it is close if really like the said of the said of

of my own; it is clean if you like to use it."

"Certainly not. I can manage for to-night. I am so tired I could sleep on the floor. Don't trouble about on the floor.

me."

"Did you—were you—successful?"
she asked timidly.

"I am not sure. I shall know tomorrow," was the sober reply.

"I prayed for you to be," she murmured brokenly. "You look lucky; I am dreadfully unlucky."

John Grey started. For a second time that evening, another struggling soul had prayed for his success. He felt inexpressibly touched.

"Why should you pray for me?"

"You were kind to me. If you had

"You were kind to me. If you had not spoken to me when you did this

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