

"None as I knows on, sir," replied Dolf quickly, "'cept Miry an' the Scotch 'un."

"Your mother, for example?"

"Oh, muver!" cried Dolf. "No apron-string a-'oldin' there. Gone an' left me. Don't know where she's took 'erself off to, more'n Adam."

"Come with me," said B. B., and they went straight to the Scots mission. A little later Dolf was going round with a grand air bidding his friends good-bye.

"Where yer off to now, Dolf?" they asked, wondering from his manner whether he had fallen heir to a vast fortune.

"To school," announced Dolf loftily. "Not one of 'em blessed places round the corner, no fear—way out in the country, where Peter'j'n used to tell us about. Ta! ta! Send ye some roses an' a bunch of 'omegrowsed 'ot'ouse gripes when I get fixed up."

In fact Dolf was leaving London in the charge of Jim and Chris Heath, and at the cost of Mrs. Cadwallader Roy and Rachel, who made his education a joint concern. Should four or five years of absence fit him for the post, he was to have the corner of a desk in the house of Savoury and Son, or, if it should please him better, in the Standard Metropolitan Bank.

"And who knows," Mrs. Cadwallader Roy told him, "if you're very, very good and a little bit clever, you may one day be a great and rich