

board—an arrangement which their father hated, but which his thrifty wife had insisted on as giving the girls an opportunity of learning the spending value of money.

Two were wholly dependent—Jack and little Louie, the baby and flower of the flock; and the problem of Jack's immediate future was beginning to press for solution.

As Cyrus Rodney sat poring over his desk under the flaring gaslight on a murky November evening, his kind face wore a distinctly worried look.

It was about half-past six; business was suspended for the day, and John Glide was putting up the shutters, while his master made a note of the earnings. There had been considerable fog in the city that day, though the atmosphere had been quite clear on the outer fringes, and trade had consequently suffered.

"This has been a disappointing day, John," his master said when he came in with the keys of the shutter padlocks and laid them on the desk.

John was a tall, handsome young man, and in his shirt-sleeves he looked extraordinarily boyish. His face, flushed with the exertion of putting up the heavy shutters, was an open and winning one, and his keen grey eyes dwelt with affectionate interest on his dear master's face.

The relations between these two were rather idyllic and altogether exceptional in these days of keen commercial and industrial competition. Glide had never ceased to be grateful for the helping hand that had raised him from the gutter to a respectable place in the world of men.

He knew nothing about his parentage, and he had been a waif of the streets, selling newspapers at the nearest corner to Rodney's place of business. The child's pitiable condition had touched Rodney's kind heart, and he had enlisted his wife's practical sympathy