

present from the tailor ; and indeed, not till he was a grown man did he cease to feel for a coin in any new suit and arrive sadly and finally at the conclusion that tailors are not like that.

His grandfather was hard on seventy when Rudd was born ; he died when Rudd was eight, years and years too soon, for they were great friends and would have been greater.

Although Rudd was so young he never lost the visual remembrance of his grandfather. It was one of the faces that he could always conjure up, even when the features of those much nearer to him refused to obey the call. The caprice of memory is never so noticeable as under these evocations. Your dearest friend, whom you left only this afternoon, can refuse to emerge from the void, while every lineament and gesture of the waiter who served you that night at Chatillon's ten years ago may be summoned and studied at will. Rudd, at any moment, could see his grandfather's gentle, refined face, his slow, thoughtful walk.

Rudd liked to walk with him, and was often allowed to accompany him back to "Sunnyside," which was not far, returning alone. On one occasion he noticed a shabby man creep up behind his grandfather, whose hands were behind him, take something from one of those hands, and disappear.

At the gate was Rudd's grandmother, who had seen it too.