

out his watch at the gate to see whether they were later than usual.

"Ah, I forgot! This is the working-party day, and my wife was to have some sort of exhibition of the ladies' efforts through the summer and autumn. Wonderful organiser, Mrs. Rodney, John, and never spares herself! But I rather hope that the ladies have gone away."

Glide smiled covertly behind his slight moustache at these words, and he, too, fervently hoped so. Only his strong desire to see Kathleen had tempted him to face the possibly Arctic brightness of Mrs. Rodney's smile.

The moment the key was fitted in the lock, four persons came out of the drawing-room to meet the master of the house—Mrs. Rodney, flushed and quite evidently excited; Estelle, looking rather regal in the old velvet frock that she had substituted for her school garb; Jack, in his Eton jacket, with his hands thrust deep in his bulging pockets; and little Louie, aged nine, in a skimpy white frock, made rather short and having the effect of making her feet appear abnormally large and her legs abnormally fat! Her rosy face, however, was beaming, and her two long pig-tails with their blue bows flapped cheerfully.

Rodney smiled on seeing this family party, and he stood aside hospitably to permit his assistant to come forward.

"I have brought John Glide home to supper, my dear," he said to his wife, with a slightly deprecating air. "You all look very cheerful and happy. I hope your afternoon was a success, Louisa."

"Oh, yes—that is, I have not given a thought to it; there are other things, Cyrus," she answered significantly. "Ah, good-evening, John," she said, as if she had just noticed him. "Please come in; supper will be ready soon."