

your position in the mill? It is possible I may be able to give you some promotion; but what I think more possible still is that perhaps you would like another sphere altogether."

Fletcher started, and looked keenly into his employer's face. He had never so far as he was aware breathed in mortal ear the vague unrest, the consuming discontent, the vaulting ambitions of which his turbulent soul was full.

"What makes you think that, sir?" he asked, suddenly.

"Well, I couldn't exactly say," answered Bremner, "only I have never thought that your heart was much in your work. Tell me what it is you would like to do; there can be no harm in that, at least, and you may surely believe, Robert, that I would respect any confidence you might place in me."

"Oh, I am sure of that, sir," said the young man, quickly; "but it would be hard for me to put into words what it is I want, only I know that I'll not stop here long, although I hardly know what it is I would be after."

"Perhaps you would rather work with your head than your hands? Your father has told me of all the studies you have so constantly pursued; a man who will work so hard after his day's toil is over will make his mark, Robert. If I had some idea of your mind, it is more than probable that I could help you. Now, what would you like to be?"

A slow smile dawned on the young man's face.

"I am afraid you'll laugh at me, Mr. Bremner; but if I could only get into Parliament some day I should be a happy man."

"Do you think so?" asked the millowner, slightly