

hands, and let me provide for myself, but he wouldn't hear of it. He said I shouldn't pay for my keep at all, then, and the bills would come back into his hands. Did you ever hear of such an ogre, Eve? I'm sick to death of it all. Sometimes I think I'll give him notice, and look out for a situation for myself. I'd like to see his face when I sent in my resignation."

"No, no, Will! you musn't do that," exclaimed Evelyn, remembering what her aunt had told her. "Try and be patient, there's a dear boy. Uncle Roger can do so much for you if you keep good friends. It would be folly to quarrel with him."

"Of course he must do something for me. I am quite aware of that. Since Hugh is dead, I am the next heir, and ought to come in for everything when the old man kicks. So Pitman says."

"Who is Pitman?"

"The chief clerk. I believe he knows more than he will tell me, for he's very close. But, anyway, it seems a beastly shame, if I'm to have all that money some day,—fifteen thousand a year, Pitman says, if it's a penny,—that I can't handle a little more of it now. A pound a week! Why, it hardly pays for my dinner! And I have a tailor's bill three yards long."

"Oh, Will, however will you pay it?"

"I must leave it to pay itself, Eve. There's no way out of it. And to see the piles of money that go through Uncle's office every day!"

"But that has nothing to do with you, Will, no more than if it were through the office of anybody else. It isn't yours."

"I know that as well as you do, but it's a great temptation."

Evelyn looked at him wonderingly. Such a thing could never prove a temptation to *her*.

"Well, I must be off," cried Will Caryll, as he bolted the last shrimp. "Is there any hot water in my room?"

"I will fetch it for you at once," she answered, as she went downstairs.

In a few minutes he was out of the house, banging the hall door after him as if he were glad to get free.

He had good reason to keep his intentions a secret from his cousin. He knew that *she* would have reason to dis-