

to subsist, would be gone directly. And then what would become of the boy?

Roger did not ask the mental question "What would become of me?" His anxieties were never on his own account, but on Dick's. If there had been no Dick, Roger would have looked calmly onward, though close before him he could see the end of all earthly things, so far as he was concerned.

He had been on the point of telling the boy about the gift of the five-shilling piece. It would have been delightful to repeat the girl's sweet words, and to speak to some one of the delicate way in which she had conferred a kindness. He checked himself, not because he wished to have any reservations from Dick; but he did not want to open his eyes just yet.

Why, if he told the lad all that had passed, Dick would begin to ask himself what made the young lady give Grandad money? "He is not a beggar. She must have seen something about him that made her think he was in need," the lad would say to himself.

Dick would begin to look at him curiously. He would become conscious how poor his clothes were, how shabby was everything about him, in spite of care and cleanliness. He would notice that the old garments which used to fit him fairly a few months back, now hung very loosely about him. His limbs no longer filled them.

He would turn from the sight of the garments to his face and see how thin it was, and that all the ruddy colour had left it, no matter what the weather might be. Neither cold nor heat would bring a tinge of red to the grey, old face now. He would notice that the back was more bent, and the step slower than of old. He could not help it.

Roger thought of all this, then said to himself, "What is always right before our eyes we don't see. Dick is so used to having me straight before his eyes that he sees no difference between what Grandad is and what he was when he came to me first. I'll not wake him to the knowledge until I've done something else. I mustn't put off beyond next Sunday, or it may be too late."

Dick was not, however, so uncon-

scious of the change in Grandad as the old man imagined. To be sure, it had been a gradual one, but the boy's memory was good, and he was keenly observant. He could picture exactly what Roger's face looked like when he brought him, orphaned and nearly heart-broken, to the archway chamber. For some time past he had been conscious that Grandad's daily task was too hard for him that each day his step became slower, and his tread less firm.

The lad had qualms of conscience too. Indeed, the trouble was no new thing. It began some months before, when it had cost Grandad such a struggle to get him new clothes, because he had outgrown his others and the boys at school made game of him and called him "Guy Fawkes." At that very time Roger wanted clothes even worse than Dick did. Dick had got them, and Grandad had gone without, and still wore his old ones. They could not be made to last much longer—that was only too evident.

Grandad had always talked about having got some money after Mrs. Holgate's death, but Dick was sure it could not have been much, and it must have been spent long ago. If any of the little nest-egg still remained, surely Grandad would not have had any difficulty about getting necessary clothing for both of them.

A sharp boy, in his fourteenth year, who had taken advantage to the utmost of every opportunity offered him at school, could do more than put two and two together.

Dick's mind had been greatly exercised about his own position with Grandad for a good while past.

The lad could not close his ears to the comments of the neighbours. The dwellers in Glinderses were nothing if not frank. It was seldom necessary to ask their opinion about things in general—never with regard to those who inhabited the court.

What were neighbours good for, if not to be talked about, and to furnish food for speculation?

Dick had noticed that inquiries after Roger's health became more and more frequent. He thought little of this at first, regarding it as a token of the ever-increasing respect which Glinderses felt for its oldest resident. Grandad