

plained later. She had become conscious of the power she possessed to influence others. Her charm, her beauty, her quick, alert personality were receiving recognition among those whom she regarded as the great ones of the earth. She had, in some slight degree, been intoxicated by it, and had, in consequence, lost her sense of proportion.

So in the meantime John Glide had to stand back. He had done so because, mingling with his faithful affection, there was an indomitable pride which would not suffer him to make himself cheap.

Glide helped his master into his shabby overcoat with that care and attention which had never failed in all the years they had been together.

It grieved him to observe the fine lines of care that were more deeply marked than usual on his face, and the whitened hair about the temples, though Rodney was not an old man, as age is accounted in these days.

Each evening the same small routine was observed—so many doors carefully fastened and the padlocks safeguarded; though Rodney often jocularly remarked that members of the light-fingered gang were hardly likely to tamper with their safe. These would only take risks where they had the certain chance of bigger booty.

Rodney usually carried the day's takings in a small black leather bag. On this occasion Glide relieved him of it at the street door, after he had once more examined the locks and the shutter fastenings; and he was truly sorry that his burden should be so light.

Rodney, however, naturally a cheerful man—somebody at Bethesda Chapel had called him "a real Christian optimist"—recovered his spirits before they got out at the station and walked down the hill to Bigwood Lane, in which his house stood.

It presented a very cheerful front, and Rodney pulled