

Trimmer looked around at them piteously. Once more Bobby felt that touch upon his sleeve. Understanding, he went over to Silas and took him gently by the arm.

"Come over here to the window with me a minute," said he, "and we will have a little business talk."

"Business! Oh, yes; business!" said Silas, brightening up at the mention of the word.

He rose nervously and allowed Bobby to lead him, bent and almost palsied, over to the window, where they could look out on the busy street below, and the roofs of the tall buildings, and the blue sky beyond where it smiled down upon the river. It was only a fleeting glance that Silas Trimmer cast at the familiar scene outside, and almost immediately he turned to Bobby, clutching his coat sleeve eagerly. "You—you said something about business," he half-whispered, and over his face there came a shadow of that old, shrewd look.

"Why, yes," replied Bobby uncomfortably. "I think we can find a place for you, Mr. Trimmer. You have kept this concern up splendidly, no matter how much beset you were outside, and—and I think Johnson will engage you, if you care for it, to look after certain details of buying and such matters as that."

"Oh, yes, the buying," agreed Silas, nodding his head. "I always was a good buyer—and a good seller,