

kindly master! You'll end in the work-house, ingrate!"

"Sycamore!"

The master's tone was keen, and betrayed annoyance. His clerk turned in seeming amazement.

"Eh? Mr. Sharp! Oh, sir, is it you?"

"Aye. You are late this morning, Sycamore," said Mr. Sharp, coldly. "It has gone eleven, and the curtains but this moment drawn. Boy!"

Meekly Trisket came forward to receive the lawyer's hat, gloves, and gold-knobbed cane. Having hung up the hat, and placed near it the other articles, he vanished discreetly to the small outer room.

"It was Trisket's fault, sir," protested Humble Sycamore. "I bade him be here early, as the errand you sent me on last night would keep me up late, and prevent early rising. But the untrustworthy ingrate must needs go to the playhouse, and oversleep