

CHAPTER II.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WILL CARYLL was very reticent on the subject of where he was going that night. He ate his shrimps as fast as Evelyn could peel them, and chatted to her of the events of the past day, animadverting strongly on his uncle's meanness and strict *surveillance*, which prevented a fellow ever having a moment to himself.

"And he's so beastly suspicious, too," he wound up with, "that he never believes a word one says. He asked me the other day where I dined, and I told him, and I found out afterwards that he'd actually been round to the place to learn if it was true. As if a fellow would tell a lie about a stupid thing like that!"

"O Will, that is horrible!" said Evelyn, her grave eyes dilated with indignation. "I could not stand being suspected of an untruth. Didn't it make you very angry? Didn't you tell him you are too honorable and too much of a gentleman to stoop to a falsehood?"

"My dear girl, it's no good telling the old fool anything. He wouldn't believe me if I did—he's as obstinate as a mule. The only way to deal with him is to get all you can, and do as little as you need."

"Oh, but that's not right," cried Evelyn.

"Ah, well, well, you know what I mean. You must stick up for yourself if you don't want to be put upon. I plucked up courage the other day to ask the old gentleman for an increase of salary. He glared at me as if I had offered to poison him. 'A pound a week is not much pay for a fellow of my age, Uncle Roger,' said I."

"A pound a week, sir! What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I pay a pound a week to Miss Rayne for your board and lodging, and that makes two pounds a week—one hundred and four pounds a year,—double what you're worth."

"I suggested he should pay the two pounds into my own