

was abruptly hushed. Outside, a voice uttered a curt command.

"Yes, yes; that will do. Come for me at dusk."

"The master!" cried Trisket softly, springing up from his stool and carrying it with him to the window recess, where he placed it. Hastily he drew back the curtains, exposing a view of old Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the passing figures of two servants bearing Mr. Sharp's empty sedan chair.

Sycamore jumped from his desk, and, bustling about, made a great show of getting the place in order, at the same time berating the boy as though he were solely to blame for the office not being open.

"Sluggard and idler!" he was declaiming loudly, as Humphrey Sharp entered, slowly removing his gloves. "Nigh to eleven, and not a curtain drawn yet! A lazy, idle, dawdling sloth! And with such a gentle,