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JOYCE HUNTER'S TRUST.

A WORKING GIRL'S STORY.

THE big clock in the Exchange dome had just struck five. In the thronged Glasgow streets the day's rush of business was beginning to slacken a little. Some wise early birds were already comfortably *en route* for the suburbs, by train or tram; later travellers would have to put up with a good deal more squeezing and crushing. Bargain-hunters in the better-class shops were turning their thoughts towards home, and tea or dinner, as the case might be. Tired assistants were thankfully shrouding the various attractions under linen wrappers till to-morrow morning.

In one big wholesale house, Grant and Greaves, message-boys hung over the banisters comparing the day's adventures; the clerks gathered into little groups round the different desks and talked in energetic undertones; the typewriter leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes, tired with poring over interminable rows of figures and keys. She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, in a sober brown frock, a little frayed at the edges, but worn with a certain grace altogether lacking in many of the showier damsel's gossiping on the other side of the partition.

"That is all for to-day, I think," said Mr. Boyd, the staid elderly cashier, locking up his desk and coming across to the typewriter's table. "Ah, no! There is one more letter, and then you may close. Be good enough to hand in the letter at the private door as you pass, Miss Hunter. I am going now."

Joyce Hunter nodded and turned back to her machine. She was still listening to the girls behind, as she touched the keys. They were talking about the annual excursion for the employees at Grant and Greaves'. It was to come off next month—the twenty-first—and promised to be even better than last year's, inasmuch as it was to break new ground, and include a three hours' sail out and in.

"Anything is better than being penned up in a stuffy railway-carriage all day, as we were last summer," observed one of the girls. "On a boat you can walk about a bit and change your company now and again."

"I'm getting the loveliest blue frock for it," said the other; "yards of lace on it. Mr. Cathcart believes in nothing but pink; but that's not my colour."

"Will you tell me where I can find Mr. Boyd?" interposed a strange voice.

Joyce took her fingers off the keys with a start. Her table faced the top of the staircase, consequently she was the first person visible to new-comers.

This one was a short, sturdily-built young

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fellow in seafaring rig-out—from the stoke-hole, Joyce mentally decided, as she noted his strong grimy hands, and blackened face.

"Mr. Boyd I asked for," repeated the visitor impatiently. "They told me he was up here."

"So he was," returned Joyce; "but he went away ten minutes ago. I don't know his private address."

"I've no time to look him up if you did," retorted the other. "I wouldn't have missed him for a good deal."

"I am very sorry," said Joyce politely, seeing the blank expression on the young man's face. "Couldn't you leave a message, or something? He will be here to-morrow morning."

"I'd a great deal rather have seen him; but it can't be helped, I suppose. My name's Blake, and I'm going to sea to-night. Will you give him this parcel? It's money; there's



"I AM GOING NOW."