

upon his wits. "Glezen," said Nicholas, "I have brought this man here, looking for employment, because I have become very much interested in him."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes—the worst of him."

"Well," said Glezen, "I want a clerk. My work is getting too heavy for me, but I must have a capable and a faithful one. How long have you known him?"

"Since yesterday morning."

Glezen looked into the face of the applicant with an amused smile, which Cavendish not only understood but responded to for reasons which even Glezen did not apprehend.

Mr. Cavendish cleared his throat, and then, with some hesitation, turned to Nicholas, and said: "You have no idea of deceiving your friend. You will tell him all about me, some time, and if anybody is going to do it, I had better do it myself. Mr. Minturn"—turning to Glezen—"has been kind enough to bring me here, after I have abused his confidence, with the hope of giving me the chance for an honourable life, which I had supposed was forever gone. I am what they call a dead-beat. I don't know that I am very much ashamed of it. The world has used me roughly, and I have had a hard time, but I am willing to try again. This gentleman is the first who has given me a good word, or exercised a good intention toward me for years. I am not very hopeful of myself, but I am willing to try to please him. In fact, I have promised to do so. And now if you will give me employment, you will find that I am capable. So long as I stay, I shall serve you faithfully. You may come here some morning and find that I am gone, but you'll miss nothing but me. That's all, and I couldn't speak to you a more honest word if I were dying, so help me God!"

"I like that pretty well," said Glezen. "I believe you'll do what you say, too."

"Thank you," said Cavendish, "and you'll excuse me if I say that I think we shall get along very well together."

"Thank *you*," responded Glezen, "and now let's see what you can do with a pen."

Cavendish drew up to a table, wrote a polite note to Glezen, and signed it. Glezen gave it a glance, and said:

"That will do. Now what wages do you want?"

"I think," said Nicholas, turning to Cavendish, "that you had better leave that matter to Mr. Glezen. He will deal fairly by you, I know."

"All right!" said Cavendish.

Glezen comprehended the object that Nicholas had in view, and said promptly: