

definitely rebelled against his lot. Not infrequently—especially of late—he had been dimly conscious of a certain sense of dissatisfaction and unrest. Then he had said to himself that he was tired; that the work of his office was monotonous; that the ventilation was not of the best. But for these things

other young fellows? There is Hope Hepworth, for instance, that poor mother thinks such a model! Why, the chances he has chucked away would have been the making of me; and now, at the end of all, his old uncle is there to give him a hand and to push him along! Why haven't I a rich uncle?



"THUS THEY STOOD SILENT."

there was no help; they were all in the day's work; there was nothing for it but to grind on at the mill, looking forward to the quiet evenings at home, to Sunday and to the next brief holiday that loomed on the horizon of the future. But now young Kerruish found himself in sudden and daring revolt against the established order of things. "Why shouldn't I have as good a time as

or rather, what is the use of having one when it's only for the honour of bearing his name? Peterson indeed! To think that I was called for him, and yet he never put forth as much as his little finger to help poor mother! And still she goes on talking and hoping. I've no patience!"

Certainly at that moment he didn't seem to have much; for as the thought