

great sheep-farm, besides, that he has left me. It will alter everything, and you will not need to go back any more to the City Road."

"Oh, but, Louisa, that would not be possible! What I mean is that one must still go on honourably working. The bread of idleness is not sweet, is it, John?"

"Don't ask John, dad; he has never eaten it," put in Jack facetiously.

Glide sat uncomfortably on the edge of his chair, hearing this announcement with considerable dismay. If it were all true—why, then, Kathleen was undoubtedly lost to him for ever!

"What has become of Kathie?" asked Rodney again, as if aware of the trend of his assistant's thoughts.

"She will not be home until later. Mrs. Dyner had an 'At Home' this afternoon; Kathie took her dress down this morning. You know perfectly well that Mrs. Dyner cannot possibly do without Kathleen on such occasions. She depends on her to see that everything goes smoothly. It is quite wonderful to think how she manages all these distinguished people, moving about among them as if she were one of them! I was very proud of her on the one occasion when Mrs. Dyner was so good as to send me a card for one of her 'At Homes.'"

All this was primarily and specially intended for John Glide's benefit, and he did not miss a word.

"Well, what I want to know is—is there going to be any supper?" observed Rodney good-humouredly. "We shall all discuss this better after we have eaten something. John and I had a very modest luncheon to-day—a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the back shop; though I must say, John," he added, "that your coffee would be hard to beat."

"Well, thank goodness, that undignified way of living will come to an end at once and for ever!" said Mrs. Rodney with a snap in her voice. "Estelle, you