

the one I spoke to you about. He turned up last night, and you might have knocked me down with a feather. The last person in the world I expected to see."

Mr. Kemp, in a good rolling voice, said, "Good evening, miss; I hope you are well," and, subsiding into a chair, asked for a cigar. His surprise when he found that the best cigar they stocked only cost sixpence almost assumed the dimensions of a grievance.

"It'll do to go on with," he said, smelling it suspiciously. "Have you got change for a fifty-pound note?"

Miss Bradshaw, concealing her surprise by an effort, said that she would see, and was scanning the contents of a drawer, when Mr. Kemp in some haste discovered a few odd sovereigns in his waistcoat-pocket. Five minutes later he was sitting in the little room behind the shop, holding forth to an admiring audience.

"So far as I know," he said, in reply to a question of Mrs. Bradshaw's, "George is the only relation I've got. Him and me are quite alone, and

**I  
can tell you I was glad to find him."**

**Mrs. Bradshaw sighed. "It's a pity you are so far apart," she said.**

**"It's not for long," said Mr. Kemp. "I'm just going back for about a year to wind up things out there, and then I'm coming back to leave my old bones over here. George has very kindly offered to let me live with him."**

**"He won't suffer for it, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Bradshaw, archly.**

**"So far as money goes he won't," said the old man. "Not that that would make any difference to George."**

**"It would be the same to me if you hadn't got a farthing," said Mr. Wright, promptly.**

**[Illustration: "It'll do to go on with," he said]**

**Mr. Kemp, somewhat affected, shook hands with him, and leaning back in**

**the most comfortable chair in the room, described his life and**

**struggles**

**in New Zealand. Hard work, teetotalism, and the simple life combined appeared to be responsible for a fortune which he affected to be too old**

**to enjoy. Misunderstandings of a painful nature were avoided by a timely**

**admission that under medical advice he was now taking a fair amount of**

**stimulant.**

**[Illustration: "'Ow much did you say you'd got in the bank?"]**

**"Mind," he said, as he walked home with the elated George, "it's your game, not mine, and it's sure to come a bit expensive. I can't be a rich**

**uncle without spending a bit. 'Ow much did you say you'd got in the bank?"**

**"We must be as careful as we can," said Mr. Wright, hastily. "One thing**

**is they can't leave the shop to go out much. It's a very good little business, and it ought to be all right for me and Bella one of these days, eh?"**

**Mr. Kemp, prompted by a nudge in the ribs, assented. "It's wonderful how**

they took it all in about me," he said; "but I feel certain in my own mind that I ought to chuck some money about."

"Tell 'em of the money you have chucked about," said Mr. Wright.

"It'll

do just as well, and come a good deal cheaper. And you had better go

round alone to-morrow evening. It'll look better. Just go in for another one of their sixpenny cigars."

Mr. Kemp obeyed, and the following evening, after sitting a little while chatting in the shop, was invited into the parlour, where, mindful of Mr.

Wright's instructions, he held his listeners enthralled by tales of past expenditure. A tip of fifty pounds to his bedroom steward coming over

was characterized by Mrs. Bradshaw as extravagant.

"Seems to be going all right," said Mr. Wright, as the old man made his

report; "but be careful; don't go overdoing it."

Mr. Kemp nodded. "I can turn 'em round my little finger," he said.

"You'll have Bella all to yourself to-morrow evening."

Mr. Wright flushed. "How did you manage that?" he inquired. "It's

**the**

**first time she has ever been out with me alone."**

**"She ain't coming out," said Mr. Kemp. "She's going to stay at home and**

**mind the shop; it's the mother what's coming out. Going to spend the evening with me!"**

**Mr. Wright frowned. "What did you do that for?" he demanded, hotly.**

**An elderly man sitting in a cozy living room, surrounded by family photos and mementos, engaged in a lively conversation with a young couple.**

