

all happy the rest of that day. He could not forget Maysie's flushed face and wet eyes, nor the scornful tones of her voice. He could not forget, either, what she had said about John Doyle. He watched him in school the next day, and noted his thin, pale face. Once John coughed, and Charlie shivered at the sound. The following day John was absent, and someone said that he was sick.

That night Charlie went to his father and told him the whole story. His father listened in silence. When the story was ended, he said, quietly, 'Well, my son, what are you going to do about it?'

'I want to buy John a new coat, father,' Charlie replied.

'Do you mean that you want me to buy it for him, Charlie?'

'No, sir, I want to pay for it myself. You said last week that you would pay me if I would work in your office Saturdays.'

'But, Charlie, it will take a great many Saturdays for you to earn enough to buy an overcoat, and meantime this boy is suffering for one.'

'That's so. What can I do, then, father?'

His father looked at him keenly, and then he answered slowly, 'You can wait six months longer for your bicycle.'

Charlie's face flushed, and he looked gloomily at the carpet. He did so want that bicycle, and his father had promised it to him on his birthday in March. He had a hard struggle with himself, but the remembrance of that hollow cough of John's and of Maysie Corey's indignant glances and words prevailed at last.

'I'll wait for the bicycle, father,' he said.

The very next day a handsome new overcoat was sent to John Doyle, and with it went a note from Charlie. The writing was very scrawly, and the blot were more numerous than ornamental, but the message had come straight from Charlie's repentant heart, and John could not refuse to accept the peace offering.

Charlie had to wait till September for his bicycle, but long ere that time he and John Doyle had become firm friends.—'American Messenger.'

SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE

'O dear! I wonder if my life will ever be anything but "Make up the blue linen into a skirt for Alice," "Wash the drawing-room ornaments yourself," "Maggie says you may finish the cushion she began for the hospital bazaar, and send it with her compliments," "Mend the lace on that green blouse of mine"?''

And Cicely Bacon laid down the letter containing those and other commissions with a hand that trembled, and presently pressed itself, still trembling, first to her hot forehead, then to her eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Rimmer and family had betaken themselves from Liverpool to Margate for a holiday, which, in the lady's opinion, afforded an admirable opportunity for having the house thoroughly cleaned. Of course, some one had to stay at home to see that the work was properly done; and equally of course that some one was Mrs. Rimmer's orphan niece, who paid the penalty of having had a father who had been an indefatigable imitator of that portion of the Good Samaritan's charity which consisted in calling at an inn, consequently he had left his only child totally unprovided for—matters of history whereof Cicely was frequently reminded by her cousins.

Mrs. Rimmer esteemed it a virtue in herself that, in spite of her brother having been a spendthrift, she had given a home to his daughter; but she laid less emphasis on the fact that Cicely saved her the expense of a servant. The girl had 'so small a sense of duty, propriety, and gratitude' that she had engaged herself to a young banker's clerk—a misdemeanor exaggerated in the eyes of her relatives by the circumstances of his being good-looking, well-bred, and not much better off financially than Cicely herself. Mrs. Rimmer was fond of saying that the engagement would never come to anything; and in dark hours Cicely agreed with her, though finding consolation in the thought that, at any rate, it had brought her a good deal of happiness and all Jack's love; and she was content to wait for him, even if part of her probation were to be spent in the grave.

After the little 'grumble' provoked by her aunt's letter—arriving as it did on a day when Cicely had felt rather overpowered by the amount of work already allotted to her—she re-read it, wondering which of the new tasks should be undertaken first; and then she was suddenly, incomprehensibly, irresistibly seized with a longing for woods and glens and acres of purple heather, for the scent and sound of the sea, far away from the odors of paint and soap, and the wrangling

of plumbers and charwomen. It is a long lane that hasn't a turn, but Cicely felt that into that lane she had got, and, to her own astonishment, burst into tears.

'What on earth is the matter?'

She looked up as these words fell on her ear to behold that constant occupant of her thoughts, Jack Walmsley, standing before her. What a silly, ungrateful creature she was to cry, when, whatsoever she had not, she had him!

'Look here, Cicely,' said Jack, without waiting for an answer, 'put on your hat and come with me for a stroll in the Park. It's a shame to waste an afternoon like this indoors, so I came straight from town to take you out. The house must get along without you for an hour or so, anyhow.'

Presently they were strolling together through the almost deserted fashionable quarter of Sefton Park, its terraces and drives a realm of brown-papered, shuttered windows, here and there a forsaken cat gazing wistfully at a closed door. The Park itself was quiet; a few boys idled on the shores of the lake sailing tiny boats; in the haze of heat the geraniums flamed, white butterflies flickering over them.

'My mother wants you to go to Llandudno with her for a few days,' observed Jack. 'Now, don't say it's impossible, if you have any affection for me at all!'

'Why should you think I have?' said Cicely wickedly. She had forgotten worry and overwork, forgotten the anxiety to please joining hands with the certainty of displeasing her relatives, in the joy of walking beside Jack through balmy air, whilst blackbirds called from the green boughs swinging above. 'It is certainly impossible for me to leave home until aunt returns.'

'Well, when she does return. Mother will be giving a little dance in honor of my birthday, and you must be there.'

'But I am like the girl in the story. I should like to dance, and I am sure I could, only the music puts me out, and the man gets in my way.'

'You will have to dance by yourself, then,' laughed Jack, 'and in solemn silence. It will be very interesting to lookers-on.'

Thus talking they perceived a solitary, shabby man seated on the grass with a piece of paper spread upon his knee, from which he was picking bits from wedges of bread that apparently had been cut with a view to quelling appetite by brute force. Misery had written her autograph all too plainly upon him. Thin, gaunt, wretchedly clad, he was a blot upon the landscape.

'O Jack, look at that poor man!' whispered Cicely. 'Go back and give him this, please!'

'Keep your money, pet!' said Jack, returning 'this,' and pressing her hand at the same time. 'I'll have a talk with the poor fellow. He looks very ill.'

A few strides brought him up to the man, who raised his eyes with an aggressive inquiry in their depths.

'I couldn't help noticing that you were ill,' Jack explained.

'But you could help speaking to me, I should think, and you ought to do,' replied the other, in accents that contradicted his appearance, suggesting as they did 'better days,' when refinement and culture had played a part in his life. 'I am not respectable. (Can't you see for yourself? If you are deceived by the sumptuousness of this repast and the dazzling splendor of my attire, permit me to inform you that I begged the one and have no understudy for the other. I am a vagabond, an outcast—'

'I was not questioning you,' mildly interposed Jack. 'I only want you to accept this money. It will procure you food and shelter, and medical advice, which you should get without delay. You must take it, if only to save me from a sleepless night. I couldn't rest if I left a fellow-creature in such distress without trying to help him. I should deserve kicking if I did.'

The man's mouth quivered; his defiant, mocking manner gave way.

'Thank you!' he said, hoarsely. 'It's all my own fault, so don't waste pity on me. I had a good home and good chances of advancement in my father's office; but I got into bad company and debt, and did everything I shouldn't have done. My father turned me out, and from bad I went to worse, from worse to this—starvation, death in the workhouse if not in the streets. So ends the career of the only son of Edgecombe Briarly, merchant in the city of Liverpool!'

Jack's face flushed with excitement.

'Is your name Edmund?' he asked. 'Do you know that for some time there has been an advertisement in the "Mercury," saying that if Edmund, son of Edgecombe Briarly, would communicate with a certain firm of solicitors, he would hear of something to his advantage?'