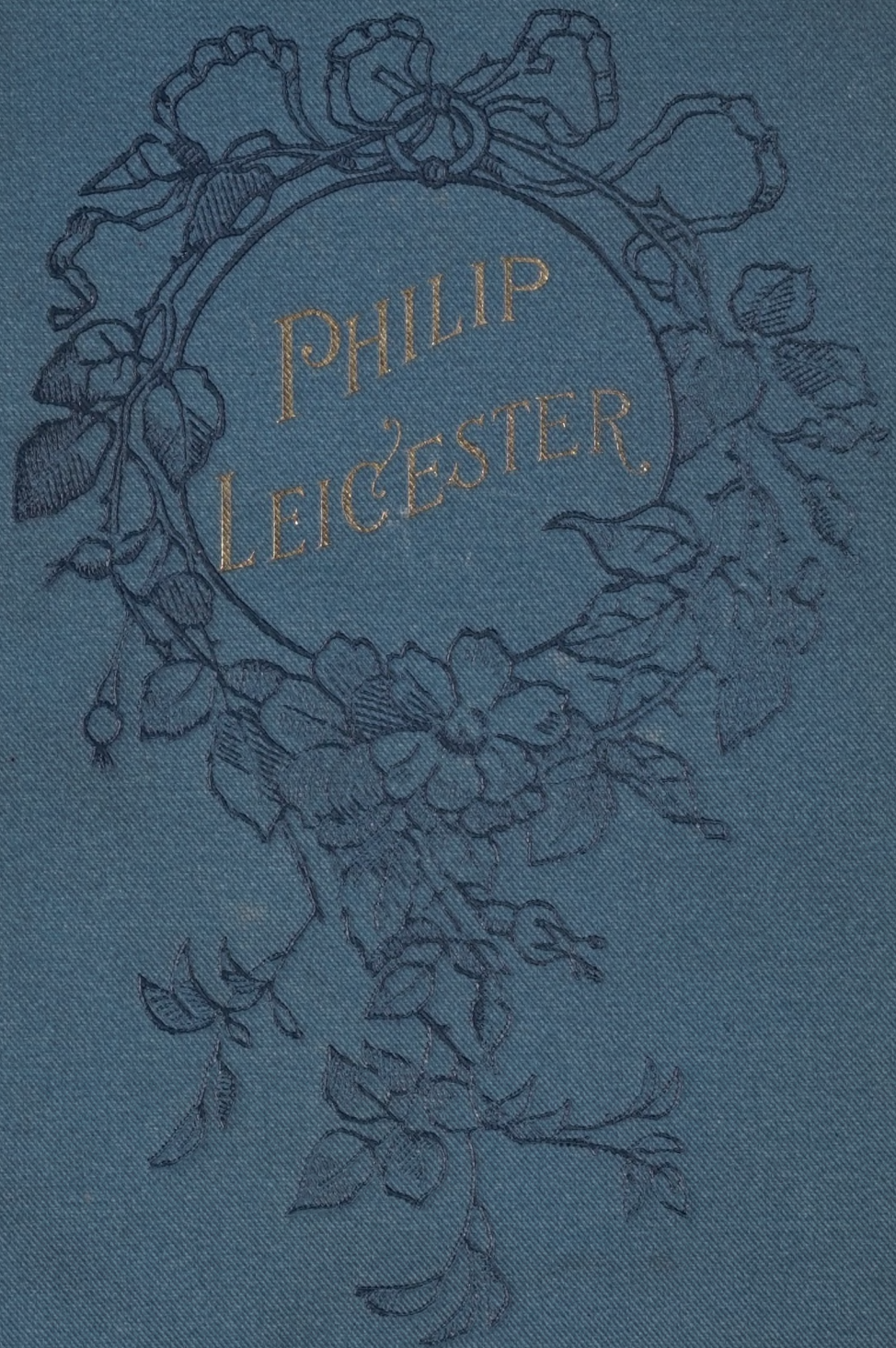

JESSIE E. WRIGHT

A SEARCH FOR PHILIP.

PHILIP LEICESTER.

BY

JESSIE E. WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF "FRESHMAN AND SENIOR," "MARJORIBANKS," ETC.

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CONTENTS.

PHILIP LEICESTER.

CHAPTER I.

A VERY KING.

He was a nice baby, just the nicest baby in the world; three months old, and so big, and strong, and bright that everybody thought he was at least three months older.

The sunshine was streaming through the long windows in the drawing-room of the Leicesters' lodgings in Russell Square, London. Mrs. Leicester sat in a low rocking-chair, right in the sunshine, with Philip in her lap. She was admiring him. She spent a large share of her time admiring him. He had such wonderful little feet and hands — not so very little, either; and he had such a soft, smooth, warm little face, and his hair was already so lovely, such sunshiny, soft, curling hair — everybody spoke of

it; and his eyes were already such a beautiful color, and he already had such long eyelashes and so dark. She always noticed his eyelashes particularly, because they were like his father's, and for the rest he was emphatically her boy, or so people said. She had only to look in the glass to see hair and eyes very much like the baby's on her lap. But what was the very nicest about him was his astonishingly satisfying way of talking, such good pleased noises, such nice little chuckles and grunts; and then the way he could laugh — no colicky smiles those. And strong — his father used to feel his muscle every day, and say, "Muscle, now — how's that for muscle?"

Mrs. Leicester rubbed the baby's legs, while he laughed, and she rubbed his arms while he laughed more still, and she tousled his nice little hair, and kissed his fat little neck, and his hands, and his feet, and all the rest of him, and he goo'd and gurgled to distraction.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in, Katy; is that you?" as the door opened and a

bright-faced girl of sixteen entered — a girl somewhat stunted from overwork.

"There, now, Katy, you are nearer ready than I am, for all you had so much to do. Is Betty ready?"

"Yes, ma'am; she's been in the window-seat this long time, has Betty."

"Well, I'll soon have Philip all ready. Mr. Leicester will be here in a few minutes now, probably," and the habiting Philip in his outdoor garments went on vigorously. "There — you're so sweet — kiss your mother. Haven't even sense enough to kiss your mother. I meant you to be the nicest, cleanest, sweetest baby on earth, and you certainly are. Now behave yourself! Let me tie your cap. You are going riding in Regents Park with Katy and Betty. Katy had better take good care of you, too, tell her that! Your mother doesn't want you with a broken back, or any of those things you weren't meant to have."

Katy stood looking on, smiling. She had often begged their American lodger to let her

wheel the baby alone, but Mrs. Leicester had always accompanied her. Now the Leicesters were to spend the morning at St. Stephen's Club, and Mrs. Leicester had agreed to let Katy wheel Philip to the park. Katy had engineered the five of her mother's children younger than herself successfully through the trials of babyhood, and she felt a very superior interest in this young American lady's zeal for her first-born. Babies had been Katy's portion since she could walk alone, and she felt like an expert.

"Now, Philip, are you going to be a splendid boy? Yes; that's it; yes, I know you are. I hear your father. There, Katy, take the robe. Now, sir, down you go."

Philip was deposited in his carriage, with a vast deal of arranging. Betty was brought up from the basement window-seat, and stood solemnly beside the carriage. Philip was kissed good-by, and Mr. Leicester stood in the door by his wife, watching the little procession move off.

"You are so sensible," he said contentedly to his wife. "You are as sensible as you are infatuated. Isn't he nice?"

"If anything were to happen to him we wouldn't think it so sensible. Yes, just *isn't* he nice?" she answered, with a laugh.

Mr. Leicester was a young American lawyer, most fortunately, as he considered it, called to London on business.

Mrs. Leicester had been in London before, and was now spending the greater part of her time with her baby, as she would have done at home, though Katy, the landlady's daughter, was nominally officiating as a baby tender.

Katy walked gaily on in the sunshine toward Regents Park, easing the carriage over the stones, pointing out objects of interest to Betty, letting her help push the carriage, or straightening her lop-sided bonnet, shaking a rattle at Philip to make him laugh, and otherwise having what was for poor Katy a very giddy and hilarious time. The streets, some of them, were very quiet at that time in the morning.

The steps, and sidewalks, and areas had all been cleaned, the milk and bread left long ago, and the dinner orders were not yet being sent in. Everything was very quiet and peaceful.

Crossing an alley, while Katy was giving her attention to guiding the carriage, Betty stumbled and fell. She began to scream, and after Katy had safely rested the carriage, she turned to rescue her. She picked her up, petted her, brushed off her dress and her bare knees, straightened again the lop-sided bonnet, and encouraged her to continue crossing the alley to the carriage.

She leaned over to pull up the robe over Philip — but there was no Philip there! She could not believe it, and mechanically put her hand on the seat. She looked over the carriage to the pavement. Then a dim realization that the baby was really not there came over her, and she screamed, a wild, piercing scream. Windows were put up suspiciously. People came to the door. Katy screamed louder and longer, and wrung her hands.

"He's gone! The baby's gone! He's gone!"

With confused questions and answers, the simple story was elicited.

"Americans!" "Three months!" "Here's a policeman!" "Lot of money?" "Can't be far!" "Only two or three minutes — must be right near here!" "Oh, you'll have the baby before the mother gets back!" "Give the policeman your address and go home before you lose the other one." "Oh, that baby will be back in an hour!"

Katy went stumbling home, weeping bitterly, and seeing just one picture all the while; not Philip; not Mrs. Leicester's grief; not her own family's horror. No, just a picture of Mrs. Leicester as she stood in the door that morning saying good-by. Katy hadn't thought anything about it then — it seemed years and years ago — but now she saw her so plainly, as she stood with the old black door for a background, the golden lights in her hair, her happy eyes, the smiling, beautiful lips, the graciousness, the beauty of her figure.

When Mrs. Leicester returned to the house and opened the great dark door, she heard the most unwonted sounds — sounds of crying and reproaches. The baby's carriage stood in the hall, and she went into the nearest room to take him. An appalled silence fell on the group as she entered. Then Katy gave one shriek of despair and dropped on the sofa, holding her head in her hands.

Mrs. Leicester was very pale. She knew something was the matter. In a low, quiet, but terribly tense voice, she said, "Where is Philip, Katy?"

"They'll find him, indeed," groaned Katy. "He'll be here right away, they said. He was took right out of the baby carriage. Oh, I'll *never* know how it happened."

The story was easily enough told. It was no story at all. Mrs. Leicester thought in a numb way that she had read all about it in a newspaper when she was little.

The detectives came, of course, and the chief tried to discover something that would identify

the child, but there was nothing; the spotless fairness of his skin, which had proved such a source of gratification to his mother and father, was now a matter for regret. There was no curious mole, nor proper mark, nor anything such as a child ought to have who means to be lost.

The description of the child, which seemed to Mrs. Leicester sufficiently accurate and characteristic, and certainly unusual for his age, seemed to the detective applicable to any number of children.

Mr. Leicester felt as though everything was against them after the first day. As the child had not been traced then, he believed that there was almost nothing to secure success later; but this very conviction seemed to give him a sort of heroism of despair. It seemed as though he must conquer all these things that were against him, as though gigantic effort must in itself accomplish what otherwise would be impossible.

That was where it hurt to be young, to be new in his profession, to be comparatively with-

out money — money, when he needed thousands, millions — nothing was enough if it could not bring back that baby.

All they had should be spent; and all they had was spent. Life was like a nightmare. For a week there were constant reports that the baby had been traced, had been found. Hope was at its strongest then, at the first, and in the midst of the grief, and dumbness, and aching sense of loss, there was this unreasoning leaping of the heart at any good news, the sure faith that Philip was found — would be found — must be found. It was better that way. But when several babies had been brought in with loud trumpetings of victory, not one of whom bore the faintest resemblance in any essential points to Philip Leicester, hope made room for a vague, haunting fear that Philip was gone — gone forever. As time wore on Mr. Leicester found that the sight of Mrs. Leicester's struggle against breaking down, the sight of her restless eyes, her continued paleness, her hard efforts for patience and self-con-

trol, was more agonizing than the suspense about Philip.

He could not stand it.

And their money was all gone. What money he had or could borrow was as nothing to the task before them. It had come to a pass of staying and starving.

She was very patient — Mrs. Leicester. She offered no objection to the seemingly forced conclusion that they must return to the United States.

"Only for more money," Mr. Leicester said, for though hope had left him, it was replaced by a dogged determination to find out something, one way or the other, if it took his whole lifetime to do it.

"Wasn't there anything about Philip, anything peculiar at all?" urged the chief of detectives for the twentieth time.

"No," said Mrs. Leicester sadly, "nothing at all, except what I have told you. I often noticed that his left hand was absurdly like mine, the tip of the third finger being so much

more slender than the others, and the nail, as you see, quite unlike the others, and there was a funny little crease back of each ear; that, I suppose, might change, only his father has a crease exactly like it, and there is just a possibility that when he gets his second teeth he might have quite a peculiarity. It is hardly likely, though."

"What is that?" asked the chief, whipping out his memorandum book.

"One of the double teeth on my lower jaw, right side, never came in; and my mother and her mother were the same way. But I had a brother who had the proper number."

It wasn't much. It wasn't anything, in fact.

Mr. Leicester tried to assume a courage he did not feel. But it was bitter work.

"Oh, if I could only *know* he was dead!" said Mrs. Leicester that night before they left London. She had been walking restlessly up and down the room, looking at all the things she had recklessly given him for playthings, at the rug where she used to lay him before the

open fire to kick, at the particular chair she used most often to hold him in.

"Don't you believe," said Mr. Leicester, his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, "that God can and will take care of him as well away from us as with us?"

"Oh, I don't believe it! I can't believe it! I have gone over it and over it. I have no faith to cover this. I know I could have stood his death, and even, it seems to me now, have thanked God, for I would have felt that our baby was then even doubly ours, that other children might come, and grow up, and have other ties, and belong more dearly, as would be right, to others; but that our Philip would be ours through all eternity. I could have felt that way. And I can feel now that if Philip lives and grows up, that, bad, or wicked, or worn, or hopeless, God will keep his covenant of mercy, and that somehow, somewhere, he will know and feel the grace of God. But, oh, it isn't enough. I want to believe that he will grow up good, that he will not have to be forced

into sin, and wickedness, and misery. Look at this London. Oh, if he only had been lost at home — even that would have been a little better. This wicked, miserable, horrible London! These children on the streets — what chance is there for them? It is a miracle, one of God's miracles, if one of them escapes."

She had been walking, walking up and down, pausing, talking, again pausing; she stood before the window, looking out into the darkness but poorly illuminated by the street lamps.

"How can I believe? Here I have thought so much, and planned so much, and hoped so much. I have thought how, by heredity and training, he would be so gladly open to all Christian influence that he would have a natural love for right from the very start; but how can he hear unless he be taught?"

"Perhaps it is so; perhaps it will be just that way now. It is hard to believe that he could live a great while in this country without hearing something that you would have taught him. Perhaps there is enough in what you say to

warrant our believing that God's mercy has already been shown to him in the greatest possible way, so that any little chance will be to him enough; that his tendency to right, his inborn desire for the good, and pure, and true — if it is as you believe — will help him grasp for good all that comes in his way, however pitifully inadequate it might seem to us."

"Oh, why haven't I a strong faith?" was the despairing answer.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE COWGATE.

ONE evening, soon after the Leicesters' arrival in London, Mrs. Leicester had noticed a woman, a pale, forlorn little woman, standing idly by a crossing. She noticed her as she noticed so many more, with a quick, irrepressible longing to do something to help her; but she seemed to be one of thousands. And yet it was that woman who was to cross the Leicesters' lives so terribly.

When Katie stopped to comfort the crying Betty, a woman — this woman — known down St. Pancras as Half-wit Sal — passed the carriage. Philip stretched up his little arms to her. Her thin, watchful, wistful face became suddenly radiant with happiness. She lifted the baby out swiftly and tenderly, and sped like

a shadow down one of the narrow, winding streets.

There was only one thing that kept Half-wit Sal alive, and that was a wish to go to Scotland. Her tie to Scotland was a baby's grave. To her darkened mind it seemed that if she could but reach that little grave her baby might come back to her; that she would feel again its soft helplessness, the warm cheeks, the squirming of the little body against her in the night. And wherever she went she was always looking for her baby; looking to see its features, to hear its cry.

When Philip stretched up his arms to her, she saw her baby; the same face, hair, eyes. Her own puny, wailing, thin-faced baby, born in deep trouble and after weary wanderings, was remembered by her as all that Philip Leicester, the king of babies, actually was.

She made her way back to Scotland, but she thought no more of the little grave she had pined for. Her baby was with her, growing more bright and loving every day. The way

his dimpled hands stroked her face was an intoxication to her — those hands that his mother agonized for in the long slow watches of the night. And the musical baby's voice learned to say mammy for this half-witted woman, when his own mother had never heard him form a word.

Half-wit Sal's previous experiences led her to prefer the name of Philip to any other, and Philip she called him — Philip, plain and straight.

When he began to walk he was a royal sight; his skin was of a fairness and clearness that even the dirt and neglect of the Cowgate could not seem to deteriorate; he had a frank, direct glance that won all hearts, and a laugh that was a very tocsin of mirth. Compared with the other children around him, Philip had good care. Half-wit Sal grovelled before him; she had but one idea, and that was Philip. He always knew what it was to be loved. She held him, and carried him, and watched over him in a very abandon of devotion. But the accessories, all

the thousand and one items which unite to make the law and the gospel for the intelligent mother of these later days, were so lacking, or so perverted, as to have convinced Mrs. Leicester, had she known all about it, that Philip could not have lived a week. But he lived and throve. Never a sick day, few of the ills that baby flesh is heir to.

Tourists are fond of peering around the Cowgate, and many a one went home carrying a vision of a golden-haired boy, whose eyes had lights in them like the sea itself, a vision to last when storied castles and historic streets had grown sadly indistinct.

One lady watched him run down the pavement, followed by his retainers, homely, hard-featured children of the gutter, who, one and all, combined to do homage to their youthful lord.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the lady, stopping him, and looking earnestly at the happy little face; the mouth with such sweetness and purity of outline as to have ravished an artist.

"Philip," was the prompt reply.

"Mine's Sandy," put in another boy eagerly, but he was unheard.

"How old are you, Philip?"

"Nigh to four, my mammy say."

"Philip, my king," she murmured, smiling.

The children heard her and repeated it among themselves, and shouted it after him as they played, until finally he was called Philip King, as though it were his name.

When Philip was four years old he formed the acquaintance of one Tony Kempton, then aged seven.

Tony was vastly superior in interest to all of Philip's other acquaintances, for Tony was the son of an indigent show manager, a purveyor of acrobatic performances, farces, and pantomimes, all of a kind to be within the intellectual and financial range of an equally indigent portion of the population. And Tony himself was already far advanced in his training as an acrobat.

Philip used to accompany him to the room

where the show was conducted, and there he was filled with admiration for his freckle-faced friend. He sympathized with him in all his falls and misfortunes; he rejoiced exceedingly over his successes. Manager Kempton, perceiving the grace and beauty of the boy, and reflecting on his own success as a trainer, wished to incorporate the boy into his show. He endeavored to bring Half-wit Sal to his own views in the matter, but she was singularly obtuse, and apparently quite incapable of listening to reason. When he had given up the arts of persuasion and had resolved to take the child, anyway — not believing that Sal had any greater claim on the child than he had, and not caring if she really had — the half-witted little woman took feebly to her bed, and after two days of wandering in her mind she died. During those two days Philip could not be out of her sight, and stayed beside her, patting her cheek and her thin, bony hands, sobbing sometimes, and sometimes singing softly to her, and saying, "Philip's mammy feel better — feel better

soon." But she died, and Philip followed her to her grave, sole mourner, and with a bit of crape pinned around his arm by a compassionate neighbor.

When Philip returned from his first funeral, tear-stained and tired, the neighbors held a caucus over him; but before they had reached any conclusion Manager Kempton appeared upon the scene, and with some plausibility asserted that, as a friend of his own boy's and a "likely chiel," he would take him to his show and bring him up to earn a good living.

This seemed to settle the matter to the satisfaction of all but one woman, who had a liking for the child, but had no means of substantially expressing it. Philip was led unresistingly to the show. There his friendship for Tony became further cemented under trying circumstances. Life in a show, in a down-at-the-heel, precarious, travelling show, is not the kind that most people would pick out as the best school for a child's mental and moral development. Manager Kempton did not wish

to do his own boy or his new acquisition such bodily injury as to impair their show usefulness, but a good many blows and unlimited cursing could be bestowed before culminating in sprains or breaks. And Manager Kempton was by nature and cultivation a most passionate man.

He discovered that Philip never would make so good an acrobat as Tony. He would not pay for over-training; but he was a wonderful card in his farces and pantomimes.

After Philip had been advertised as "Philip King Faro," and had been paraded upon the stage in both sock and buskin, he proved an unprecedented draw; and the Kempton show so looked up in its financial affairs that the manager indulged more and more freely in old rye, and evolved plans for travelling with his prodigy, and piling up the shekels. In the meanwhile Philip's invulnerably happy temperament helped him over many a hard place, and his brightness and conciliatory disposition won him some favors. But the element which

worked most largely for his ease and safety emanated from his friend Tony.

Ever since Philip had watched with round eyes his friend's acrobatic performances, and Tony, in turn, had watched the little fellow's smiles of approval, and had heard his wails of sympathy, Tony had felt bound to him by quite a slavish partisanship.

Philip was to Tony all that he knew of beauty and of love. While Tony, at the mature age of seven, was for Philip the embodiment of all masculine qualities worthy of imitation; strength, dexterity, independence, glibness of tongue, street lore, and show lore — all were Tony's.

And Philip's mother, kneeling at night by the side of her brown-haired baby, her second boy, as he slept quietly in his crib, would cry to God for Philip, beg in agony of soul that He would keep him unharmed, untainted, keep him somewhere where he might grow good and true. Could she have seen Philip, surrounded by a very leprosy, so far as morals were con-

cerned, totally unacquainted with even the name of God, save as used in oaths, and then introduced to the scenes of the Kempton show, to the tender mercies of a man as thoroughly wicked as Kempton, to a boy as thoroughly bad as Tony, little as he was, she would not, could not, have believed that her prayers were either heard or answered.

CHAPTER III.

TONY.

"WHAT yer speerin' at me brither fur?" inquired Tony aggressively in his cockney Scotch, for his parents were Londoners, and his language was a heterogeneous mixture of everything he had heard.

The stranger who had stopped to look curiously at the five-year-old Philip replied indifferently, "He's no brother of yours. What's your name, boy?"

"Philip."

"Is this boy your brother?"

"Are you me brither Tony?"

"'Course I be! Dinna ye ken that?"

Then Philip nodded affirmatively to the man.

"What's your father's name?"

"Kempton!" struck in Tony, "and he'll

break you're head fur you gin you speer at his bairns ower lang!"

Tony was thoroughly incensed by something in the man's manner.

"Come along with me, Philip, and I'll buy you the most barley sugar you ever saw at one time."

Philip seemed ready to accept the inducement, provided Tony might also accompany him, but Tony refused flatly.

"Go 'long — git out of here — my father will show you! Philip, dinna you speak to the loon again!"

"Come, Philip," urged the man; but Philip found no temptation in the offer of barley sugar if Tony thought little of it.

Kempton, hearing Tony's angry voice, lounged out of the low door near by and scowlingly surveyed the scene.

"That is not your boy, I see," said the man pointing to Philip.

'No; he's my sister's boy. What you want?"

"I want him to come with me for a few moments until I talk with him. He is a fine boy."

"Well he ain't goin'. Into the house, both of you!" and Kempton relieved himself of a few oaths, aimed at the stranger in particular and the state of things in general. The stranger walked away and almost forgot his interest in the course of the next few hours. He was a friend of one of the London detectives who was employed by the Leicesters in the search for Philip. He had heard the story, and the sight of Philip had in some way suggested the facts of the case to him.

Kempton would have been very loth to have parted with Philip on any terms, as he had proved a most paying investment, and, fearing for an inquiry into his claim on the boy, he hastily moved his quarters.

That very summer the Leicesters were again in London, accompanied by their second child, Lloyd, a boy of two years. They never could get over a horrible fear that he, too, might be

stolen ; a feeling they argued and strove against, lest it should spoil the boy's life, besides making their own a nightmare. The detectives insisted on the theory that Philip, if alive, which they scarcely believed, was surely in London. And wherever Mrs. Leicester went, in the East End or the West End, down in gloomy Stepney or over in Hyde Park or Kensington, or Oxford Street, or in blind alleys, in respectable playgrounds, or in the Homes for Little Boys, she was looking for some child's face she might think her own. Sometimes blue child's eyes would look at her from under a thatch of sunny hair, and her heart would beat a double quick, and she would think perhaps that child was her baby — her little lost Philip. But it never was.

Toward the end of the summer they travelled in Scotland, and they went to Edinburgh; and down in the Cowgate Mrs. Leicester heard rumors of a certain Philip who had gone away with a show, and the thought — the hope almost — that this might be her Philip came, as it always did, no matter how foolish she knew it

to be. Nobody knew where Kempton and his show had gone. But later, as they drove through a small town, they saw a tent and on the tent, in large letters, the words, "Kempton's Great Consolidated Acrobatic Show and Theatrical Representations."

Their carriage was stopped, and Mrs. Leicester was determined to see this boy she had heard about in the Cowgate. Kempton was at work inside the tent, preparing for an afternoon exhibition. Tony and Philip were outside, at the back of the tent playing. When they heard a new voice in the tent they cautiously moved the canvas and peered through. They saw a very beautiful lady, and a dark-haired, handsome little boy, holding her hand. A tall gentleman stood in the shadow by the door. Philip looked at his mother, and father, and little brother, with a vast indifference in his large eyes.

"Have you a fair-haired little boy of five with you in your show, Mr. Kempton?" asked the lady in a rarely musical voice.

"That's you, Poke! Ain't she purty, though? Looks like you," and Tony nudged his friend in the ribs.

"Got a red-headed, freckled boy of eight," was the gruff reply.

"My hair ain't red!" whispered Tony indignantly.

"I was told in Edinburgh, down in the Cowgate, that you had a little boy of five with you, a boy named Philip."

Kempton was devoutly thankful that he had not yet hung out his bill on the tent, announcing the name of his star, and Tony again dug his sharp little elbow into Philip's unoffending ribs.

"Quit, I say," remonstrated Philip.

Kempton heard the remark and threw a stool over against the boys' side of the tent, which added largely to their enjoyment of the scene.

"Yes. I had a boy named Philip from Cowgate, my dead sister's boy, and he was white-headed, and five years old, but he died of scarlet fever eight or nine months ago. Nance, you

old fool, when did Philip die? Was it eight or nine months ago? Speak up now and don't keep gentility waiting!"

Nance, so pleasantly adjured, appeared at the small opening in the back of the tent and drawled out, "Eight months, accordin' to my recollect."

"Eight months, she says," repeated Kempton savagely. "He was the sickliest child! Nursin' just wouldn't keep him alive. My sister died of consumption, and he was just like her, white-livered and puny."

Tony by this time was in an ecstacy of delight, rolling over on the ground, and pointing his finger at Philip, and repeating, "Eight months ago — scarlet fever — sickly — oh, my eye — oh, my — bless him for a liar, out and out! — oh — I shall choke. He never beat that *yit!*"

And Philip, rejoicing as ever in his demi-god's pleasure, laughed in unison, and peered with him around the corner of the tent, and watched his only hope of a loved, happy, cared-for childhood drive away, and yet felt never a pang.

The Leicesters had not expected anything else, and were only a little more patient and tender with Lloyd, as an evidence of any disappointment.

But if Mrs. Leicester could only have guessed in some way that her own little boy had been gazing at her through that dingy canvas wall; if she could only have known that the eyes she loved so, and had kissed to sleep so often, and had dreamed of watched her curiously as she drove away on that sunny August morning; if she could only have seen him, it might have been that something would have told her, he was hers — her Philip. For surely she had never seen such a five year old, and who could better have grown to be such a child than her own wonderfully beautiful baby?

But perhaps she was saved something, after all. If she could have looked through that tent and have seen that dirty little boy in his ragged little trousers and shirt, without any sign of mother care about him, and could have seen the freckled, tow-headed, stocky little imp

beside him, that acrobatic prodigy of eight, that mine of ill acquisitions open at all hours to her eager, admiring baby, what depth of sorrow would have been hers. Always imagining the worst for her little boy, she had never imagined anything worse than the reality. She had never imagined that her child could be in the power of any one any worse than Kempton, a passionate, bad-hearted, bad-tongued, bad-lived man; with a woman more lost to all womanly heartedness than Nance, his wife, for Nance had nothing of kindness or truth left in her, except so far as concerned her oldest child, a little dwarfed idiot girl; with a boy for a friend more precocious for evil and more capable of instructing her Philip in all the evil he knew than this Tony; in a life more fitted to bring out all false ideas, all perversions of wrong, to develop brutality and meanness, to foster a love of evil for evil's sake, than this wandering show life among the worst specimens of their kind.

And any mother would have agreed at once.

Truly, what could be worse? But one cannot always tell. People are very poor judges of just what things will influence a young life toward good or ill. Philip's strong reverential love for this Tony, this scamp of the streets, this bloom of the hothouse of iniquity, a love which his mother would have deprecated as, perhaps, the worst feature of his present existance, was, after all, the saving grace.

Tony's love for Philip was of the passionate, protective kind. Blame or abuse of Philip would put him in such a rage that he would be incapable of performing, and this fact tended greatly to diminish the harshness of Philip's treatment. A certain amount of brutality Tony regarded as natural and inevitable, but beyond the airy limit set by himself he could not endure it to go. He was well aware that his interference and partisanship doubled his own portion of abuse, but he cared little for that; a blow or an oath, more or less, was but as the proverbial water on the duck's back.

Philip was indebted to Tony for what physi-

cal comfort he enjoyed in the way of sleep, and food, and cleanliness.

Was the bedding scarce, Philip had his own and Tony's, too; were rations low, Tony was vigilant that Philip should have the larger share of the oat-cake and of the porridge, no matter how he felt the gnawings and rebellings of his own wretched little stomach. When he walked abroad, his snapping blue eyes watching for everything to yell at and jeer at, and would see the well-kept children of the better classes, his derisive amusement at their condition would promptly change to envious feelings on Philip's behalf. One day he saw a little boy, who reminded him of Philip, walking in the park with his nurse, and the little fellow looked so clean, and sweet, and fresh that Tony was goaded to the very quick. The spirit of emulation seized him, and from that time on, whenever opportunity offered, Tony, greatly to Philip's satisfaction, for he had a spaniel's delight in water and cleanliness, would industriously scrub the young man. He knew nothing of washing the

"corners," but his wholesale application of water, and soap when he had it —wherever it would go on Philip's dimpled body, greatly improved his appearance and presumably his health. Having washed Philip, Tony next discovered a discrepancy between the appearance of his skin and his outer coverings. And so the tow-headed son of rascality, little more than a baby himself, again suiting himself to time and opportunity, would wash Philip's wearing apparel in a streaky fashion, while Philip either wore no clothes at all worth mentioning, or half of Tony's, for his stage toggery was carefully reserved for his brilliant performances in character.

Tony also took upon himself the cultivation of Philip's moral nature. He was very apt to cultivate it immorally, but his intentions were for Philip's progress. He greatly admired a cold, calm, unflinching lie, and he spent much time teaching Philip to lie and be proud of it. But, to his horror, as he walked behind two impressive-looking gentlemen in the street one

day, he heard one say emphatically, "The man is a liar!" The voice was sufficiently scornful, but the speaker added to the impression by spoken words. "If there is one thing I have unbounded respect for it is for a man who honors his word, who scorns a lie or anything approaching it."

Tony had no interest in those remarks, so far as he himself was concerned. He could lie as easily as he could speak, and he trusted to his own wit to lie at convenient seasons — but Philip. Philip should not be scorned by any one. If to hate a lie would win respect from great men, Philip should hate a lie. And Philip was speedily instructed.

"Yer to hate a lie, Philip. Yer not to lie to nobody no more. I'll hae nae mair o't! Gin I catch you tellin' a lee, I'll welt you from heel to crown. It's aye weekit to tell a lee. If you tell anither ane, I'll break every bone in yer body, and Tony Kempton won't be fooled with!"

Philip promised faithfully to abstain from lies and to cordially hate the same; and Tony

questioned him threateningly about every statement he made, until he was convinced that Philip "honored his word," and then he let the matter drop.

Tony taught Philip every bad word he knew, and found the keenest amusement in seeing the pretty baby mouth say the words in such a way as to clothe even their foulness with a sort of beauty.

But while Tony was reviling a companion one day in his blackest style, a clergyman seized him by the shoulder and berated him soundly for using such language, and wound up with some remarks on the grief such words caused the Saviour who died for him, and how displeasing they were to the great God.

Tony would ordinarily have overwhelmed such an interrupter with reproaches and more "language," but he was attracted by the application the clergyman's remarks might have to Philip's case, and he listened respectfully. Philip should never be talked to that way. If such language caused such a storm among

well-dressed people, Philip should have none of it.

And when Philip next saw Tony, he was instructed to stick to decent language. Not that Philip rightly knew what decent language was, but the use of objectionable words, according to Tony's standard, brought a sharp cuff on the head, and he speedily learned to speak most circumspectly; for Philip's chief ambition was to do as Tony wished him to do, and to win his approval in all things.

"What are kirks for, Tony?"

"For folks to dress themselves up and go to of a Sunday."

"What do the people do?"

"They look at you like you wasn't there, or like you was duddie if you're me, and say sit back here and behave yoursel'."

"But what do they *do?*"

"Oh, one man has it all his way, and the people they sing back at him, and its waur nor naething, and I rin out the on'y time I went."

"But what's it *for?*"

"Gin ye dinna haud yer claver I'se use me nieves."

Tony always made a point of threatening dreadful things when he was cornered by Philip.

"Tony, who's Jesus?"

"Swear word, ye ken. Yer no to say it."

"But who is He, Tony?"

"Oh, He's a man."

"Is He aleeve?"

"No, I ken He's no aleeve, for I've seen pictures of Him nailed up, and I ken He maun die in sic a position."

"How did you learn?"

"I'se aye kent all aboot Him lang syne. In the ragged school they tell it a'."

"Why canna I go to the ragged school?"

"Kempton don't want you speered at. You'll no get into a ragged school, nor a Bible school, nor no kind of a school. But I'll tell ye a' aboot everything in the warl'."

"What's a Bible?"

"It's a deilish tiresome black book, wi ower lang words intil it."

"Why dinna you have a Bible, Tony?"

"I wadna read it gin I had ane. Gin I spelled out a page o' readin' I wad read aboot smugglers, and fightin', and sic like."

"Where did Jesus live?"

"In Lunnon."

"Who nailed him?"

"A rabble o' Lunnoners. Now haud yer tongue. I canna thole sae mony questions!"

A kind-faced man patted Philip on the head one day, gave him a tract, and told him always to say his prayers.

The tract was on the subject of baptism, and Tony stoutly refused to read it, after having been terribly floored on the first line. Philip was intensely disappointed, but he began after a pause: —

"What's prayers, Tony?"

"Some's on beads, and some isna."

"Do you know how?"

"Of course I know, you loon!"

"Who told you?"

"A boy in the Cowgate tell me one, and there's a picter I seen shows how."

"Show me."

"You'd ought to have on a long white sack. Get down on your knees, put yer hands thegither in front of you — higher — now tip back your head and roll up your een so's to show the whites — now ready,

> 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
> Bless the bed that I lie on.'"

And at that very hour Lloyd was kneeling by his mother, repeating after her in the clear distinct tones that were like Philip's, "Our Father in heaven, please bless Philip, and papa, and mamma, and help me want to be a good boy, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

CHAPTER IV.

GLADYS.

THE little maiden stepped right merrily down the street. Since she had been in London she had not known such liberty as this; and was not seven years just as old in London as in Boston?

It was one thing to go out with her mother, or her father, or her nurse, whom she regarded as a wholly unnecessary indignity, and quite another to start out bareheaded and unaccompanied, as was much more becoming, it seemed to her, a young woman with a will of her own.

The sunlight flooded the square. There was a smell of spring and of spring flowers in the air, for hyacinths in orderly ranks guarded the winding paths inside the tall black iron fence, and whiffs of hyacinths and other fragrant

flowers came out to greet one from the balconies of the houses.

It was a fine day to be out; there was no question about that in the mind of the little maid. She could feel a delicious thrill of life, and happiness, and freedom, and fresh air as she ran along the pavement, looking backward half fearfully to see if she were already pursued.

The day was warm and that was decidedly in her favor. The little slippered feet might not otherwise have felt quite so equal to the demand made upon them, and the soft little white cloth suit would not have furnished all the protection from occasional shivers necessary for comfort. No one was coming. She was free; she tossed back her dark hair, wondering why the curly ends would fly in her face, and darted around the corner. She had a tolerably accurate notion of the way to reach the crowd, and get away from the quiet Russell Square. She wanted to see things herself, and finally found herself on one of London's greatest thoroughfares. Hansom cabs dashed in a reck-

less way over the asphalt, heavy teams rattled along, little red-jacketed street cleaners skipped and dodged between wheels and horses' feet. Flower women plied their trade on the street corners, joking and bantering each other and passers-by, and giving the curious call which to the initiated means a "penny a bunch."

But Gladys, the runaway, cared nothing for flowers on this trip; she wished to see the strange and the wonderful. In and out among the straggling or hurrying passers-by she went, and every one looked curiously and wonderingly at the odd sight,— the dark-haired, beautiful, eager child, running from window to window, clasping her hands with delight, her dark eyes round with excitement, her cheeks flushed, executing now and then a *pas seul*, and smiling at every one she ran into.

But Oxford Street was not all the world, and she turned down a side street in quest of new adventures. The streets grew narrower and dirtier, and then she heard very dreadful noises. She stood on the corner and looked up the street

with a queer little sinking feeling inside of her. A woman, followed by a man, rushed screaming out of a "public" near by, and seemed to be coming straight toward her. Two other women stopped them, and they all talked in loud, excited tones. With her hands clasped in front of her, the poor little girl stood there, too frightened to move. She felt as though she would cry out for very fear, when a hand was placed on her shoulder, and someone stood close beside her, and a kindly, musical, child's voice said: —

"Frightened? Don't mind; nobody'll hurt you!"

She looked up with a faint smile; she did not have to look very far. She had seen beautiful things all her life, but until this moment had never had any conscious realization of the beautiful.

The long-lashed, pleasant eyes that looked down into hers seemed to smile, and her own smiled gratefully back. Soft, curling, golden hair framed the boyish face; she was conscious that one of his curls touched her cheek, and it

felt like a kiss. She knew that he must be as much as nine years old. A very old boy to have long hair, she thought. Surely, this was a wonderful boy. She did not know that his tight little dark green trousers and jacket were almost out-grown and out-worn, and were only dingy velveteen. She only knew that he seemed strong, and straight, and kind, and as beautiful as the sun, and that his smile had taken away her fear.

The disturbers of the peace passed on up the street.

"You ran away, didn't you?" said the boy, smiling and looking at her hatless head.

"Yes," she nodded, "I had such a good time! I don't know where I am now, though," very confidingly.

"Where do you live, do you know?"

"Course. In Russell Square. I'm an American."

And the boy's heart did not leap. The word American meant nothing to him. He had no recollections about a long-ago May day

in Russell Square, or of a smiling mother with hair and eyes like his own.

"Russell Square," with a meditative look in his eyes. "I know where Russell Square is." He seemed to hesitate a moment; then, with the same frank, winning smile, he added, with sudden determination, "and I'll take you back, too. You won't be afraid then, will you?"

She put her hand promptly in his. Her terror was scarcely a memory.

"And my nurse — do you have to have a nurse? She's just dretful. She is French and I'm to learn French; do you know French?" with a respectful little look into the face above her.

"Oh — ah. *Parley vous Français* — about all."

"I'm so glad. I don't know why I should speak French. I'm not going to live in France. I'm American. If you *only* were American. What are you?"

"Scotch, p'raps. But I'm cockney now."

"I cry over my French."

"Don't — I wouldn't — only boobies cry. Don't you cry."

"Don't you cry?"

"Not much I don't! And I've been licked times enough, too!" He knew that he stood a very fair chance of having what he elegantly termed a licking within the next hour, but he walked determinedly on in search of Russell Square.

Gladys, talking cheerfully about Boston, and the Soho Bazar, and her doll, and her brother, and her pony at home, could not have guessed that the graceful little fellow at her side was only a little "show" boy, in one of the very cheapest little shows in London, and that in a short time, with a scarlet sash around his waist, scarlet pointed slippers on his feet, lace cuffs up to his elbows, endless lace collar and lace shirt front, and with a little sword clanking at his side, he would be going through a morning rehearsal of Prince Poco and his wonderful adventures to be exhibited that evening before a small portion of the London public, as a tail

piece to an acrobatic performance in which he would also figure largely.

"I hope your nurse won't scold," he said.

"It won't make any difference if she does. I don't mean to cry any more. I won't be a boob — what is it?"

"Booby," with a laugh; "you'll do. Wisht I had something to give you."

"Haven't you anything?" encouragingly.

"Nary thing;" then his face brightened. "Yes, a lucky farthing. Got it yesterday. Got one on me," pulling a mysterious little string at his neck, and bringing to the light a farthing with a hole through it.

"Now you keep it, won't you?" pleadingly. "Wear it 'round your neck on a string. It will keep you lucky."

"Yes; I truly will keep it. Ah — what is your name? Mine's Gladys."

"Philip."

"Philip? We know a lady and she lost a little boy named Philip when she was in London, a teenty weenty baby, and she lost him

right out of a carriage, and she lived right in the very house where we live now, and she prays for him every night. Do you kneel down by your mamma to say your prayers?"

"No."

"Oh, you're big enough to say them by yourself, I suppose. My brother says his by himself."

"Do you have to learn verses?"

"No."

"Not even Bible verses! My! I do. I have to learn one every morning."

"What did you learn this morning?"

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"*See* God?"

"Yes. My mamma said it meant two ways —see Him after we are dead and have gone to heaven, see Him now with the eyes of our souls; the purer and better we can be the more able we would be to see Him; but I would rather see Jesus. She said it meant to see Jesus, too. I don't understand very well, but mamma said

the main thing was to understand the being pure in heart and do it, and the rest would take care of itself."

"How are you going to be pure in heart?"

"Why, you mustn't think anything naughty, and if a girl tells you anything you wouldn't like anybody to hear, like Nellie Brown did to me once, you're to not listen, and say it's naughty, and make her quit talking; only I didn't. I wanted to hear about it; but I'm not going to be that way any more; and you are to fill your mind with nice, good thoughts, and all. I don't suppose you ever listened to anything bad, did you? And you wouldn't think anything naughty a minute, would you? Are you hot? What's your face so red for?"

"Oh, nothing. I'll learn your verse, too. 'Blessed are the pure in heart because —'"

"No; '*for*.'"

"'For they shall see God.'"

"That's it! Wasn't Jesus Christ good to come down and save everybody that would ever want to be saved, and bless little children? I

just know He wouldn't have made me tag around with a French nurse all the time. He is with you all the time, anyway. I don't think my mother has very much faith, 'r else she'd just as soon I'd go around alone with Jesus as with my nurse. I'd have consider'ble more faith if I had a little girl as big as me. I'm going to dress my little girls in pink dresses with white aprons."

"How do you mean Jesus is with you all the time?" and Philip looked around curiously, as though he half expected to see somebody.

"Oh, you don't *see* Him," was the prompt answer. "But He's with us — anyway, with those that want Him — for He said so. That was my verse yesterday: 'So I am with you always.' So He is, you see. If He had said any more words about it, I should have forgotten it by to-day. It's a very nice feeling that He loves you, and takes care of you all the time. Makes me feel very nice nights when I wake up. When I'm comfortable, eating, or something, I don't seem to think so much about it."

"My farthing will help, too; will you surely keep it?"

"Yes, I truly, really will keep it."

"Here we are."

"O Philip, you won't go away, will you? Come in! O Philip, don't!" and she held him by both hands, and in a pretty, wilful way, begged him to accompany her.

The door opened and the unnecessary French nurse appeared upon the scene; at the sight of Gladys she waved her hands frantically, crying: —

"Mees Gladees! Mees Gladees! You haf deestracted your parents! You haf broke my heart in two pieces! You are weekit, and will zurely be chastized! Helas! Helas!"

Philip smiled down into the little maid's beseeching eyes, disengaged his hands, whispered, "Good-by, Gladys," and, with a long, last look at the distressed little face, ran down the square, straight as an arrow, and graceful as some boy Mercury.

Marie, the French nurse, who had not, in

spite of her remarks to Gladys, divulged to her mistress the disappearance of her little charge, for the simple reason that she had only discovered that absence within the last fifteen minutes, and had been hoping to find the child without incriminating herself, took the delinquent to her room and expostulated with her.

"Why haf you so behafed? Why haf you make so much of misery? It ees vicious! These Americans! In France the little ones do not act so! They move with their bonnes, and are much graceful and quiet, and are like leetle angels! And to find you with a truly, horrid boy!"

"Oh, you cruel woman, he was not horrid! he was beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! You can say what you like to me, but you shall not say such things about Philip."

"I repeat, Mees Gladees, a truly, horrid boy of the streets."

She had gone too far.

Gladys, struggling to keep back her tears, rushed to the breakfast-room, where she was

sure she would find her mother writing letters, flung herself inside the door, and precipitated upon her mother a perfect avalanche of incoherency.

"She shall not, mamma, she shall not! I have endured it as long as I possibly can. The beautifulest boy, and she says horrid! And I *love* Philip, and she shall not speak so, mamma! I cannot live if Marie speaks so!"

It was very perplexing, but this impetuous little daughter needed great skill.

Mrs. Marshall took the little girl in her arms and tried to soothe her. In a few moments the inestimable bonne appeared to relieve Madame of Mees Gladees, but Gladys refused to allow her mother to be relieved.

"He gave me a lucky farthing, mamma, Philip did, and I jus' know Marie will try to take it away! She is cruel, cruel, and I can't endure it. I wish I had died before you ever got such 'diculous notions, mamma! I *did* think you were sensible! and she must not call Philip horrid."

Little by little the story came out, and when Mrs. Marshall realized that the one thing to guard against which she had indulged in this nurse had happened, she made some resolutions relative to the nurse which would have much calmed her melancholy daughter.

She very much wished she had seen this wonderful boy whose beauty had so impressed Gladys, and to whom she was so much indebted for the little maiden's return. She looked at the lucky farthing, but it seemed like any other farthing, with the exception of the little hole, and gave no clue to its whilom owner. Gladys was assured that she could keep the farthing "for hers always." And Marie indulged in some private reflections on "these Americans" not complimentary to their intellects.

"Mamma, he was dressed in green velvet, and he had long hair, mamma, sort of curly, and not dark like mine, but goldeny-colored hair; and, oh, I don't know how to tell about him, but if I only could see him again! If Marie

had invited him in, now, I think he would have come!"

Marie clasped her hands, raised her eyes ceiling-ward, and murmured, "*Ciel!*"

"*He* hasn't any nurse, Philip hasn't, and only knows *Parlez vous Français*, 'cause he said so, mamma; and I wish and I wish you would get him for me again!"

And that night when Gladys went to bed and her mother had her kneel down by her in the bright light of the open-grate fire, to say her prayers, the child's usual prayer had a new addition.

"Dear God," said the childish voice most reverently, "please bless Philip, and keep him a good boy. Amen."

"Now Philip will be good, won't he, mamma?" she said, jumping up.

And her mother thought somewhat sadly of childish faith, and wished that her dear friend, Mrs. Leicester, in her home over the sea, in Boston, could have the same faith that God would keep her little lost Philip from evil and

sin. For she knew well that, bitter as that strange loss was, the agony of it all lay in the thought that the long-prayed-for, much-loved firstborn would grow up to meet temptations, with no skill to parry them, with no mother-tended strength for the good and the right; and that, as she looked on her other son and little daughter, there was always the dull, dumb grief that her first child, her Philip, was missing all the mother love, and mother help, and mother care she lavished on Lloyd and Hazel.

All that night Gladys trembled and tossed in her little room next her mother's, and her mother heard her call, "Don't go, Philip! Please, Philip!" And then again, "Philip, Philip, O Philip!" And she wondered what manner of boy this could be who could so attract her fastidious little daughter, and if they could find him again.

But they did not find him. They heard nothing more of Philip; and a sign seen by Mrs. Marshall on a curious-looking building in a questionable street, to the effect that every

night could be seen, on payment of the merely nominal consideration of a sixpence, the Famous Child Acrobat, Philip King Faro, and Other Wonderful Performers, meant nothing whatever to her.

CHAPTER V.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"How, now, you young villain! I'll teach you to loaf around the streets when you are ordered to be here! Where have you been, sir?"

Philip skilfully dodged the whip cut that the exasperated manager had made in his direction. He had not expected such a reception as this, though he knew when he decided to take the little girl to Russell Square that he would not be received with the warmest cordiality. Manager Kempton must be in a very bad temper, indeed, thought the little acrobat, and he endeavored to make a run for the door into another room, where he hoped to find Dame Kempton.

"None of that, sir!"

Manager Kempton placed himself before the door and grasped the boy by one arm. He was a heavy-set, square-built man, with beetling black eyebrows, under which his eyes seemed to gleam out, either with a hard, grasping expression, or, as now, with hot, uncontrolled anger.

"Where have you been, sir? Coming in at this hour!"

Kempton's raised right arm brought down the leather lash swiftly on the boy's back. The red blood rose to the little fellow's face, he gave one convulsive shiver, then seemed to stiffen. His hands clenched themselves into little fists, his teeth ground together, his shoulders and knees straightened, he shook back his sunny hair, and looked square into the man's eyes.

"I'll teach you to look that way at *me*, you dog!" and down came the stinging lash again. It would have come down again, but at that moment there sounded from the room behind the most blood-curdling yell; a scream that would have called a halt in the nefarious proceedings of the devil himself. Kempton

dropped the boy's arm and hastily opened the door.

"Run, Poco! Up the rod with yer!" cried a boy's voice; and Prince Poco, otherwise Philip, acting upon the suggestion, immediately climbed a pole with astonishing agility, and seated himself on a cross-bar at the top.

"Who yelled?" shouted Kempton.

A shock-headed, under-sized boy of about twelve, in a suit of tights, with his thumbs in his belt, appeared at the door, and giving a succession of surprising leaps, and grinning like a Cheshire cat, bestowed the desired information.

"*I* did, guv. Yah! I'll yell again if you lick the kid! I'll yell like you never heard! Won't the Bobbies be in after yer in a hurry, though? Yah! Think how they came in on yer in Leeds las' time I yelled! Yah, I say! Stick it out up there, Poco, my boy! *I've* nailed him!"

Kempton muttered between his teeth, slashed his whip through the air, and strode past the little jumping dervish in front of him.

Tony Kempton, for this enterprising young rebel was none other than the manager's only son and heir, turned four somersaults to the foot of the pole, and was at the top in less than a second, beside his companion in arms.

"Don't it fetch him, though?" said the imp. "Aint it a bully dodge? That yell ought to make my fortin. Weren't that the rip-tear-inest yell I give this time? You ninny," in the most affectionate tone, putting his arm around the little fellow's shoulder, "*you* wouldn't squeak if it killed you! Why, dad would have thrashed the life outen you afore now, if yer hadn't had *me* to pertect you, me son," in a theatrical tone. "He's in a whoopin' bad temper. Coz can't do the ring trick, and he's all bunged up. Mam's takin' care of the little fool. And the tail of Miky's dragon and part of the headpiece is busted and things is in a fine fix for this afternoon and ter-night; and then you not turnin' up — I knowed you'd git it, and I was a-watchin'. Did them two licks hurt you? Stingers! Pop's got the bulge on a whiplash," with some pride.

"'Taint hoffen he's so mad as he'd furgit to 'ave you take offen yer jacket. That saved some, didn't it?"

Philip nodded and tried to smile; it felt good to rest his sore little back against Tony.

Manager Kempton had found this prize of his, this child that made him more money by his beauty than he had ever gained himself by any trick or device, a rose not without thorns. It aroused almost too much comment to have a boy of such parts. And Kempton's angry fits and drinking sprees stood him in bad stead when the boy had awakened interest in some philanthropic breast. It was only by disappearing in the night and by all sorts of lies and chicanery that Kempton had kept himself out of the clutches of the law, and all because that boy would interest people in him wherever he went. The trouble Philip had caused him made Kempton much more venomous in his treatment of him than he might otherwise have been; but Philip had a secret, though inefficient, supporter in Dame Kempton. There was a

reason for her kindly offices to Philip which he never suspected. The Kempton's oldest child was an idiot and a dwarf-girl. She was fifteen when Philip first became a member of the Kempton show, but was not larger than a child of three, except for her huge head. The child was a frightened, helpless thing, scoffed at, and kicked, and cruelly ill-used by her father, but loved and pitied by her mother in a secret, passionate way, though the woman had very little feeling for her other children. And this little girl, this little deformed dwarf, was pathetically fond of Philip. She would creep up beside him, when he was home, and rest, happy if he would stroke her little claw-like hands or enormous head. He did not seem to feel repulsed by her; he never pushed her away from him, or tried to avoid her. He would walk out with her on the street, and, because of their fondness for "King Philip," the children, though they could not forbear hooting at the little deformity, would not pull at her, or frighten her, or hurt her.

Noticing these little things about the boy touched something in Dame Kempton that he never could have reached in any other way.

Only a short time before they came to London, the dwarf had died. Her death was only something to be thankful for, but Dame Kempton felt an angry, helpless sense of loss that she knew no one could suspect or believe in — that no one would heed. The little body, so small that it looked like a baby's, was laid out in an upper room; two candles burned, a white cloth covered the body. Dame Kempton went up for a last look, and there she found, kneeling by the bed, a golden-haired boy, shaking with sobs. It seemed as though death was never guarded by anything so fair. He loved her crooked, dwarfed treasure. And those tears could not be forgotten by the inscrutable woman standing in the low doorway.

But the night of the very morning in which Philip had felt the lash — and called it easy payment for his memory of the little Gladys

from Russell Square — the belligerent Tony was doomed to receive his reward for his interference of the morning. Things had not gone with that degree of smoothness necessary to keep Manager Kempton in a first-class humor. His son's championship of the recreant Prince Poco had left a sting. He felt his fingers burn to retaliate upon his offspring. Matters went worse and worse, and by twelve o'clock that night Manager Kempton was, unfortunately, able to lay hands upon his son. He had his whiplash ready and, urged on by the very give of the boy's quivering flesh under the whip, he gave him such a thrashing as he had never thought of giving him before. The boy's screams at that time of night and in that quarter would not have done him much good; and Tony was more of an adept at yelling for his friend than for himself.

When his father's rage had expended itself, and he had pushed the boy from him, and had betaken himself to a neighboring public to finish his bout, for he had been drinking heavily all

day, Tony limped to the little room where Philip was waiting for him. Bleeding, and moaning, and sore, Tony dropped on the little makeshift of a bed in the corner. Philip knelt down beside him, his throat choked and his poor little chest heaving.

"O Tony, Tony! O Tony, Tony!"

"He about killed me, Poke," groaned Tony.

Philip lit a bit of a candle stuck in a potato, brought in a tin basin of water, some rags and some oil. Then, half blinded by the tears that would come, he tried in the gentlest way to bathe the poor little swollen, bruised body, and to put on some of the oil and some of the rags.

"Poke, I'll kill yer, if you touch that place again!" Tony would groan — then, "Philip, Phil — if it wasn't fur you!"

"Poke, you *are* a good fellow!"

"I'll leave yer my fortin, Philip, sure's yer born, and a pistol to shoot the guv."

"Oh, wouldn't I like to fetch a welt or two on him just onct!"

"I'll knock yer yeller head offen you if you don't leave me alone!"

Philip kept on, with his firm, soft, ready little fingers, making his friend easier all the time, smoothing back the rough hair, placing his cheek against Tony's dirty, tear-stained face, soothing him with all the rough kind words he knew.

"You'll feel better, Tony. Don't it help you any? All for me, Tony. Oh, I'd die fur you, Tony. I'll kill the guv fur you; don't you furgit it! O Tony — Tony!"

When he could do no more and had made Tony as comfortable as he possibly could, he lay down beside him, trying to rest the tired head against his shoulder, and tirelessly smoothing the hot forehead, for he saw it soothed him. Finally, Tony dropped off into a restless sleep, tossing up his arms and muttering to himself. In about an hour he was wideawake. He was so stiff he could hardly move. He woke up Philip.

"Philip, I want to tell you something. I can't stay in this place any more. Father's

gittin' wuss and wuss. I'm goin' away, but I can't leave you. Will you come?"

"Where you goin'?" Philip was alert.

"Well, I'll tell you. I've been thinkin' bouten it. I wasn't goin' to say nothin', because I liked our show, and I'm the best tumbler in it" — with some pride — "and I wouldn't a-left you for nothin'." Philip gave him a tight hug. "But now I've thought you could go, too, and I can't stand this no longer, I can't!"

"What is it?"

"You know that man I was talkin' to Saturday? Young fellar with a red cap? Well, he kin do the rummest things you ever see. He's been in a travellin' show summers, and in a Lonnun one winters. He's been sort o' chummy with me, an' he says this here 's no place, and he's a-goin' to pull up stakes and strike for America. He says he'd take me if I'd come, and we'd hire out to some show there and make our fortins. He's a-goin' to sail this very next Saturday from Liverpool. He's a-goin' to — lawk, what is that there place?"

"Boston?" said Philip, mentioning the only American city he had ever heard of — the city where Gladys lived.

"How'd you know? Who told you? Well, that the very place, sure's you're born. Now you must keep mum, or I'll shoot you dead's a nail. You'll go, will you?"

"Jes' won't I 'f you do, Tony?"

"I'll see if he'll take you, and find how much money, and he can pay fur you, stid o' me, and I'll see to the money fur me."

"How?"

"Oh, I'll see to that! That's none of yer business. We'll go, noways. Oh, I'm that stiff! Mind, you're to keep quiet, and you'll come, sure's you're born?"

"I'll go anywhere with you."

"You're a rum young-un. Never see such a tough for nine years old, someways — catch onto anything! And, my soul, such an awful good boy — never did see such a customer! Rub my head some more. You've got fingers like them little winds that blow over the Loch

in July. Oh, I just wisht I could see the Loch onct more."

And both boys dropped asleep, having taken the first steps in the plan that was to take Philip back to his native land and native city.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME OTHER PHILIP.

THERE was great jubilation at Elm Grove — the fine, elm-shaded, gabled, verandahed home, well back from Centre Street, in Jamaica Plain. The Marshall family had been in their native land, under their own familiar and well-beloved vine and fig tree, for a full two days, and the children's hilarity was at high tide.

From sunrise it had been, "O Chalmer, the bird houses are all right!" — "Oh, how jolly!" — "Oh, I shall never go away again as long as I live!" — "I just hate England, and Scotland, and all of it!" or,

"Benjamin! Benjamin! what did I tell you? My peach trees are fine! Just look!"

For Chalmer, for some reason known only to himself, had always called his sister Gladys,

Benjamin. Mrs. Marshall had argued with her eldest in vain. He called her Benjamin, and Benjamin she seemed likely to remain to the end of the chapter.

Their pets had been brought back from the country, where they had been kept during their absence; their favorite nooks and corners had been put into something of their accustomed shape; their "very own" fruit trees, and vines, and flower beds, and garden plots had been examined, and now they were ready to see their friends.

Chalmer was preparing "to look up some of the boys,"and Gladys was beginning to wonder where Nellie, and Virginia, and "all the girls, mamma," were, when a carriage stopped under the porte-cochere, and out jumped Lloyd Leicester, followed by Hazel. Lloyd and Gladys greeted each other most effusively, for they were the same age, and had always been warm friends. Chalmer, who was nearly four years older, was too patronizing in his manner toward Lloyd to altogether please that young man.

Then Gladys hugged and petted the four-year-old Hazel, and was rapturously delighted to see how she had grown.

Mrs. Leicester stood by, laughing at the children's delight and enjoying the scene heartily. Hazel fairly jumped up and down in her excitement, her brown eyes dancing, and her soft, short, little brown curls bobbing every which way.

Mrs. Marshall hurried out to greet her friend, and they adjourned to the library, "positively the only room in order," while the children adjourned to far more enchanting quarters.

Mrs. Leicester knew it was absurd, but still she did have a faint, irrepressible hope in her heart that her friend might think she had some clue to Philip's whereabouts. Straight from England — from London, even — knowing the whole story, perhaps she had seen some child she had thought might be Philip; perhaps she had heard something that might give a clue.

Mrs. Marshall realized this well, and the conversation soon drifted to the lost child. Mrs.

Marshall told of the children she had interviewed, of the traces she had thought she had found, for she had felt confident when she left Boston that it was to fall to her lot to restore the lost boy to his mother. Her experiences were some of them very amusing, and Mrs. Leicester was always ready to see the humorous side of a situation.

"And so," said Mrs. Marshall finally, "my fine hopes all deserted me. I have been, if anything, more unsuccessful than all the rest, for I did not ever really think I had found a trace."

"Benjamin found him, though, Mrs. Leicester," said Chalmer, in a quiet, good-natured tone that made Mrs. Leicester and his mother start, for he had come in unobserved; "and his name is Philip yet."

"Come, Chalmer," said his mother severely, "it is well enough for you to joke with Gladys, but you do not realize what we are talking about."

Chalmer reddened; he had spoken on the impulse of the moment. "Well, anyway, it is

only fair Benjamin should tell Mrs. Leicester about her Philip," and, without waiting for any further remarks, he stepped through the long open window, and called Gladys.

"Come on and tell Mrs. Leicester about Philip," he said, as she drew nearer.

She needed no other invitation, but, running in, seated herself in a little rocking-chair beside Mrs. Leicester, and began her tale. She clasped her hands around one knee; her large, dark eyes seemed to open wider and wider; she tossed back her dark hair impatiently every few minutes, and her voice was convincing to a degree.

"Oh, he was the beautifullest boy, beautiful, beautiful! His eyes were pre-cise-ly like yours; his hair was just like yours, only goldier, and long to his shoulders, and curly at the ends, and his lips smiled like yours!" Gladys seemed to be fascinated by her hearer's face as she went on with her recital. "And he was the bravest, and the strongest, and the straightest, and the most remarkably good boy you ever

saw! He was the best boy I ever saw! He took me home. He drove away drunken people. He held my hand all the way; he was so much higher than I," indicating with her hands. "He was very rich; he was dressed all in velvet — dark-green velvet; oh, beautiful clothes! His voice was beautiful to hear; it was just like yours. He said for me not to cry, and I don't any more — Chalmer, be still; hardly ever now, you know, and I mean to make a new rule never to cry again. He gave me a lucky farthing," and she triumphantly pulled at a ribbon on her neck, and brought to view the little brown farthing. That was the climax of her story, and she always displayed the farthing as proof positive of Philip's beauty, much as the good Othere remarked, "Behold this walrus tooth!"

"You didn't tell his name," suggested Chalmer.

"Philip; Philip, of course. He said his name was Philip."

"It is odd there should be so many beautiful

Philips," said Mrs. Leicester, smiling faintly. It was so hard to hear such things ; somebody's beautiful Philip, cared for and loved. And hers — where was he ?

"You know in the Cowgate I was told about a beautiful Philip in a show ; but the show manager said he was dead; and here is your Philip, Gladys, and mine ; surely, mine must be beautiful, too."

And Mrs. Marshall nodded vigorously. The Baby Philip's beauty was not to be forgotten.

The conversation had assumed a slightly oppressive complexion. Lloyd, with the deepest sympathy in his dark eyes, put his arm around his mother's neck, laid his cheek against hers, and said wistfully : —

"If I only had one blue eye and half my hair yellow, I could be Philip and Lloyd, too."

"Bless you ! " said his mother, giving him an impulsive hug, "I want you just exactly the way you are,— the best little boy a woman could have ! There now, Philip is all right, and we are, too ; you run off and have a good time."

And Lloyd, with a lighter heart, went off with the others.

"I just dread sacrificing my other children to my grief for Philip," said Mrs. Leicester; "and it is such a temptation to spend money we really need for the children, to give them the sort of home and advantages that are their right, on the search for Philip. If John Leicester hadn't seemed to be blessed in everything he has touched, we never could have gotten on at all, for large sums just had to be spent. But the temptation is constantly to spend all. And we feel it to be so useless."

Another carriage had driven up, and Miss Mackenzie, from Brookline, was ushered in. Both ladies felt a sudden cheeriness and exhilaration at her entrance. They knew her well, and knew what to expect. Who could be anything but amused and cheerful in her presence?

Margaret Mackenzie, spinster, householder, and tax-payer — a good friend and a rabid hater; at least, she claimed to be, though nobody really believed her on that point — strongly

partisan, never in doubt, always for or against whatever could be mentioned, yet not unapt to veer suddenly from one side to the other, in she came.

"Well, ladies, I am delighted to see you both — two birds with one stone, as it used to be quite the thing to say when I was young, though we are all far more elegant now. I never see Mrs. Leicester.

"Indeed, yes, there is quantities of news! Brookline has suddenly become seething with reformers! I, myself, am completely upset! I am out now trying to hold my head up and recuperate! We have a firebrand in our midst! Miss Gardener's successor. You know when Miss Gardener died. Yes, good soul, we all went to the funeral; and she left her house and all her money to a mere chit of a girl, not twenty-five, anyway, if she is at all near it. She doesn't look twenty, and she is as set in her ways and as independent as if she were forty. Of course, it wasn't exactly Miss Gardener's fault that this girl got the property. If she

had thought to do anything to prevent it, she probably would. But she didn't. And of all things, the girl came out to live in the house herself — alone; with only a servant and a little crippled boy — no kith nor kin of hers, either, right out of the gutter — and a born angel, if there ever was one — and there she stays, turning the place upside down, and filling us all with the most unheard-of notions — unheard of in polite society. Why, if you'll believe me, she fills the house, *Miss Gardener's* house, with dirty newsboys and bootblacks any night in the week, and keeps one or two living there all the time — and she just harps on two things all the time — or three — no, two. Temperance and cleanliness. Only it isn't temperance. I am, or was, temperance myself. It is prohibition — abstinence from one end to the other, total extinction doctrine. Yes, and they believe all she tells them, every one of 'em! And, ladies, I can't ask you to believe it, I don't believe it myself until the hours come; she propelled, ejected me — yes, me — into the

business myself. I have girls — little, dirty, miserable, no-account, slovenly, sloppy, inquisitive, unmannerly, Irish girls — only they are all lovely, as a matter of fact, after you are acquainted with them. And I am to instruct them in morals, and sewing, and neatness, and if that hasn't run into temperance, too! It is appalling, positively appalling! The prohibition extinction kind of temperance at that! This very day I have been forced to empty out my wines and brandies that I cook with — my wines that I have had in my house for years, for extra occasions — empty them all out — a waste of good gold — all gone — down a drain! Where now shall I have jellies and puddings worth mentioning? Where are my mince pies? Where is my hospitality? Yet I have done it! I have come out to recuperate!"

There was an amused twinkle in the good lady's eyes during her narration, and her hearers had no hesitation about laughing.

"Well, I am thankful," said Mrs. Leicester, promptly; "I am thankful something can be

so effectual. Think of all the years you have let me talk, all to no effect. This young woman must be worth knowing. What is her name?"

"Joyce — Miss Joyce. And don't you come over to Brookline, I don't want you; two of you would be insufferable. She is bad enough, but she is young, and she is not officious nor didactic; but if she should be bolstered up in her opinions by a woman of your appearance she might be both, and ruin my chance of peace. For I am beginning to enjoy her doings immensely. And that cripple — John, his name is — he is an angel; and there is no chance for his life," and two tears stood in the little lady's eyes, and she turned sharply to Mrs. Marshall. "And I'd thank you, Maria, for a glass of water and a slice of cake! It is positively sinful to let people sit here and swelter and starve just because you have been abroad. No cake! Good horrors! Bread, then, woman, bread and water — if you keep such prison fare!"

And Mrs. Marshall went off, laughing at her good friend's unchanged style.

"Just the same, isn't she?" she called out to Mrs. Leicester, who smiled appreciatively back.

"What do you think, Mrs. Leicester? Is it a good thing for this young woman to get these ragamuffins and — and temperance them? Will it amount to anything? Is there any use in it?"

"Thank heaven, yes!" was the fervent answer. "There is nothing equal to it. That is the most terrible thing to me about having lost my Philip in England instead of in this country. It seems as though there he could have no chance for his life; it *seems* so to me, I say. And it seems as though here in this country there might be a chance. For instance, if my little boy had been lost in this country, and were one of the little street children she has gotten together, that would be a chance — a great chance for him."

And, after all, it was this Miss Joyce who was to give her Philip his chance for his life.

When Mrs. Marshall came back with the refreshments, so insistently demanded, she began to tell about her trip and the sights they had seen. The Leicesters had been over four times since Philip's loss, but this was Mrs. Marshall's first trip.

"By the way, Chief Malvern told me he had sent you over another boy."

"Yes, poor little fellow, at least a year too young, very small, and red-headed, but rather a nice little face. I can't help loving him. I love them all. If it hadn't been for that, for these boys, and thinking that all this had been a little good to somebody, I couldn't stand it sometimes."

"Which one is he?"

"Irving — the last I."

Mrs. Leicester's despondency had been so great after their first return home that Mr. Leicester, trying to bring some sunshine and hope into the gloom, had suggested that the next absolutely destitute child brought to their notice by the London detectives as possibly

their boy they should try to provide for, should try to find a home for, and help as occasion demanded.

Mrs. Leicester seized on the idea with desperate eagerness. Anything to make some good come out of her loss. She said then that she would not only take one, but that she should take as many as were brought to her notice as there were letters in Philip's name. And she had kept her word. At times, Mr. Leicester could hardly like the idea of taking money he was so anxious to spend on the search to pay for the passage, and clothing, and care of a boy to Boston, but Mrs. Leicester would not hear of anything else.

"John, as I long to believe that someone has taught, and clothed, and fed, and shielded our Philip, I must do something for these children so peculiarly brought home to us. We know they would drop back to their homelessness and slums if we do not reach out a hand to help, and it must be done. This hunt for Philip shall not be fruitless. We may never find him,

but these little fellows shall reap a benefit from it."

So, as each one they had decided to take had come, she had taken him into her home, fed him, clothed him, and taught him for awhile, and handed him over to the carefully selected farm home she had found for him. Each boy left her with a name according to the letter of Philips' name which fell to his lot, and it was understood by the family to whom he went that he was to keep that name. So in pleasant farm homes near Boston she now had a Paul, and a Hubert, an Isaac, a Luke, and an Irving. Every Thanksgiving the little fellows were sent for to spend the day at the Leicesters' house, and there they heard the story of Philip and of their own taking, and were talked to, and dined, and amused until each one always went home with a determination to be a good boy and make a man of himself.

Mrs. Leicester said she only meant to take one more boy, because she thought it hard to get a real home for older boys, but she meant to

help older boys, as many of them and as often as she could.

"Well, well," said Miss McKenzie, after thinking over some of the incidents told by Mrs. Leicester, relative to Irving, "you'd like Miss Joyce. You ought to see her and her boys. She's only a young thing, but she certainly does have a wonderful knack with boys. Land, why, I just hate a boy!" but she smiled so benevolently that she failed to rouse any feelings of horror in the breasts of the two mothers of boys listening to her.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW FRIEND.

THERE was some little question in the young lady's mind as to just how she should safely cross Scollay Square. Boston mud is not to be lightly overlooked, and Scollay Square is as mean and muddy a square, when there is any mud, as is to be found in any ward in Boston. Miss Joyce stood on the corner of Court Street and Cornhill, looking irresolutely at the bedraggled old worthy on his stone pedestal, and wished she were not so encumbered with bundles.

A little boy leaning up against the corner store was watching her. Every one that passed looked at him, but he didn't notice it; he was so used to manifestations of that sort that they failed to attract his attention. He was wonder-

ing, in an amused way, what the young lady was going to do about crossing the square. He moved around where he could see her face, and her bright, half-laughing expression made him smile sympathetically.

If a certain little damsel, named Gladys, could have come up the street at that moment, she would have recognized the boy whose lucky farthing she still treasured, even though he had grown much taller and his hair had been cut short. Short though it was, it was long enough to make a golden halo around his face under his tight-fitting little round cap.

The beautiful curve of his lips, the firm, honest chin, the wonderful coloring, the pleasant, deep-gray eyes that seemed to flash out bits of color like the sea and the sky, the dark lashes would have been noticed at once by the most casual observer; but a reader of faces would have been more attracted by the kindly, friendly expression, and by the touch of dignity and reticence, noticeable in such a mere boy.

Philip was eleven years old, and it was the

very day in May on which he had last seen his mother's smile, and here he was in Scollay Square, Boston, watching a young lady who was to give his life's wheel another turn; but little he cared for the month of May.

"Won't you let me carry some of your bundles for you across the square?"

The musical tones of the boy startled Miss Joyce; but when she looked down and saw the graceful little fellow, cap in hand, by her side, and saw the expression of sympathetic amusement on his face, she smiled gratefully back, and gave him half her bundles. They started across the square, under one horse's head and then another, the mud making them slip in the most contradictory directions, until they gained the opposite side of the street. Philip was going to hand back the bundles and run, but Miss Joyce had no intention of letting the boy off so easily.

"Don't go just this minute," she said; "wait till my car comes. Are you in a hurry?"

Philip shook his head.

MISS JOYCE MEETS PHILIP.

"How good it was of you to carry my bundles! I don't believe I ever had so many before. What is your name?"

"Philip."

The boy puzzled her tremendously. She could see by his shoes and by the careless, half-raggedness of his jacket that he came from no family where she might reasonably expect just such a face. Philip's clothes looked well. He could wear anything and it would look well on him; and his clothes fitted, for, much to Tony's amusement, he insisted on buying clothes of a "good cut," even if there was no wear in them.

"Philip what?"

"Oh, Philip King," he answered, thinking of the programme's "Philip King Faro," and deciding hastily to omit the Faro.

"Philip, my king," she thought, and said aloud: "Well, now, Philip, if you will excuse the liberty, I would like ever so much to get acquainted with you. I know lots of boys. I live at Brookline — just the house boys always like. May I ask you to come and see me? If

you could come? Would it be too much to ask you to come out — let me see, to-day is Friday. Can't you come Sunday, and take dinner with me, and spend the afternoon or as long as you like? You can go when you are tired," with the humorous smile that had so fascinated Philip in the first place. "Do say you will come. Here is my card; let me expect you?" pleadingly.

Philip nodded, handed the bundles into the car for her, smiled good-by, took off his cap, and jumped off while the car was in motion.

"What a beautiful boy!" was murmured through the car.

Miss Joyce puzzled and wondered all the way home. Who was that boy? Where could he come from? Wherever did he get such a face, such a manner, such a figure?

Of course she wouldn't see him again. Yes, she would, too.

Philip walked back across the square. He must certainly contrive to see the young lady on Sunday.

"She's boss," he said aloud.

"Who's boss?" Tony came up behind him and clapped him on the shoulder. It was just the same Tony, with his happy-go-lucky manner and broad smile. He was fourteen, but very little taller than Philip. People often wondered to see a boy of Philip's appearance walking sociably with the shambling boy, usually smoking, who seemed marked all over as a loafer and embryonic villain.

The boys were as devoted to each other as ever. Tony was Philip's slave. He adored the boy's beauty. He loved him with all his black little heart.

Philip looked up to Tony gratefully as his protector. Boy as he was, Tony was a match for any one when it came to a question of Philip's rights and privileges. Philip recognized that nearly all his benefits in life had come from Tony, and by reason of Tony's loyal, enduring affection.

Tony also exercised a rather laughable supervision over Philip. With apparently no con-

science worth mentioning in regard to himself, he had spasms of being strikingly particular about Philip.

He took great pains to have Philip learn to smoke, and because the boy refused absolutely to use the dirty cast-off cigar stumps in which Tony indulged, simply because they were dirty, Philip was to be bought whole new ones. However, he had no sooner initiated Philip into the smoker's paradise than he happened to read in one of the rare bits of literature he deigned to look at that smoking stunted a boy's growth. He never thought of applying the moral to himself — not at all; he already prided himself on being a confirmed smoker; but he was particularly proud of Philip's straightness and tallness, and he promptly decided that Philip should by no means smoke until he was through growing, a great deprivation, to be sure, but quite in the interests of the true and the beautiful. The decision was announced to Philip with all of Tony's usual force and elegance of expression.

"Philip, me boy, smoke another thing and I'll lam the head right offen yer. I aint goin' to have you no undersized lummox like me! Understand!"

Philip acquiesced easily. He always deferred to Tony. Tony had been brought up on beer, ale, and porter since his baby days, and was not fond of the water limitations that he found somewhat forced upon him in Boston. But in one of the short sessions in school which his managers had not been able to evade, he saw some charts representing the brain, heart, and stomach of a drinking man, as compared with those of a man in health. The pictures made a great impression on him; he was the most eager questioner. Not for himself — not at all. He should drink what and when he could. But Philip — "Philip shouldn't have no such messy things inside o' him. Not ef he knowed it," and Philip was straightway put under a cold water regime that would have satisfied a prohibitionist.

"Who's boss, kid?"

"Oh, a young lady — nice one, and, say, Tony," confidentially, "she asked me to go to her house Sunday to dinner, and I ain't fit, and, say, how can I fix up?"

Tony had to have all the particulars.

"Brookline? Swell place, likely. Fix up? Oh, you dandy!"

"Don't, Tony," Philip smiled in an embarrassed way. "But I want to look all right, and my coat's all tore, and all — help a fellar, Tony?"

"Well, kid, I'll lend you my jewelry." Tony's only outlay in the dress line was for watch charms of size and weight, large scarf pins, and rings.

Philip laughed. "Rather have a clean shirt waist, and decent jacket, and stockings, and shoes. Tony, can't you make Nick shell out a little?"

"We-e-e-ll, we'll see. Nick's in pretty deep at pool and poker. I dun-no. He makes a lot outen us, sure's you're born."

Philip shrugged his shoulders. He had

never had an overweening affection for Nick. Nick was the expert tumbler with whom Tony had clubbed his own and Philip's fortunes on going to the United States. They had sailed straight to Boston, and, within a week from the day they landed, Nick had made an engagement for himself and the two boys at Hart's Theatre, a ten-cent theatre off Tremont Row. He represented that the boys were his brothers, a story so very unlikely as regarded Philip that no one thought of believing it. But it was not a question of any importance to anybody. The money for their services was paid to Nick, and he lived royally after providing for their barest needs. Tony himself was beginning to feel rather restive. He was beginning to have many uses for money himself, and he did not appreciate having his earnings running into Nick's pockets.

"Yes, I suppose you do need a jacket and things, and breeches, too."

Tony's meditations were of such a forceful character that they resulted in his presenting his claim to the manager, who good-naturedly

paid his own and Philip's money. With the combined sum, Philip was able to recruit his scanty wardrobe.

So Sunday morning Philip in his new apparel, with Tony, all admiration, beside him, walked over to Brookline. They found the house, and Tony waited at the corner until he saw the door open and then close upon the entering Philip.

"I am so glad to see you, Philip. Come right in. John, this is Philip."

Philip never forgot the cordial handclasp, the pleasant air of the hall, the drawn portieres, the deep bay window of the sitting-room, the sofa and rich-colored afghan, and the eager-faced little boy lying on it.

"John is seven years old, Philip," said Miss Joyce, as Philip shook hands with the boy; "he doesn't walk, because he was hurt a few months ago. His mother lets him stay here with me until he is better. He has been very anxious to see you."

"Poor little fellow!" said Philip sympatheti-

cally. Never you mind, John; you'll be up soon."

John's eyes were riveted on Philip's face.

"O Miss Joyce," he half sighed at last, "ain't he jus' the loveliest boy?"

Miss Joyce gave John a picture-book, and then took Philip to the library. The air of the house was as balm to Philip's soul. She showed him books and pictures, and soon discovered that, though he was remarkably bright, he knew nothing that a boy of his age and appearance ought to know. Then she found that he was a theatre boy and played at the rather disreputable Hart Theatre. She realized, with suddenness and intensity, something of what his surroundings must be.

She could not have imagined all that was really so, but she had a sickening consciousness of the unusual danger of the boy's position. His very beauty would make it worse. He might be not much harmed now — the fair face, the honest eyes, the frank expression made her fain believe so — but that could not go on

forever. The taint must come. What *could* she do?

Hardly knowing he did so, Philip told his little story, and if Miss Joyce had expected to find some fitting background for such a face her expectation was laid in wreck around her.

And the good dinner they had! Philip had never in his life sat down to a table the like of that. The curtains were drawn back, so that John could look in and hear all they said. The table astonished Philip, the table linen was so snowy white, and the silver shone so, and the flowers were so fragrant, and the things to eat — Philip knew he had never tasted such good things. And Miss Joyce made him feel so much at home, and told such funny stories, and he liked her so well. He always remembered that day as until then the safest, best, happiest day of his life. Some way he found himself placing it with his one beautiful memory, the memory of a sweet, fresh little face, smiling up into his, the dark eyes and dark hair, and the happy little voice telling all sorts of inno-

cent little things he liked to hear. For weeks and weeks he had put himself to sleep thinking of the soft little fingers, and the pleading look and voice, when she begged him not to go away from her. He had always had the feeling that he must be a pretty good sort of a boy when he thought of her — thought of that sweetest and best thing in his life — and he couldn't always mix up thoughts of her with other things which had not left him quite so good a boy.

Miss Joyce thought and thought; what could she do? What could she say? This might be the chance of her lifetime; and before he went home, while she was showing him a handsome book, she stopped, and, leaning her arms on the high, carved desk beside her, she looked down earnestly into the boy's eyes.

"Philip, you are just a little boy now. I wish — I do wish I could say something — "

But she couldn't. "Just like you, you never can use an opportunity," she thought to herself.

The boy looked up at her, a new light in his

eyes, and, smiling sympathetically, said quickly, "I know what you want — you want me to be good. Yes, and I *will* try, too!"

She was very much surprised. She could not have explained her feelings just at the moment. But she knew a good deal about boys, boys of that class, newsboys and boot-blacks, and, worse yet, little do-nothings, but boys whom she dimly felt had had more advantages in moral lines than Philip could possibly have had; yet none of those boys could have fallen in so quickly with her thought. She had been accustomed to playing them as an angler would trout; going over and over an idea she wished to have penetrate their brains, in different ways, for weeks, interesting them, arousing them, awakening something like conscience in them, overcoming all sorts of stubborn little likings for things that were crooked, just because they were crooked, reasoning, explaining, humoring; and yet here was this boy, sympathetic, understanding at once, evidently wishing the good, whether he rightly under-

stood all that meant or not. She was young, but intensely interested in social problems, in educational questions, in psychological distinctions, in all the difficulties of heredity, religious instincts, and religious training. She had thought a great deal, and had read a great deal, but this little fellow contradicted everything.

"How did you know, Philip?"

"Just felt it, I ken."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"I never was in a church. I sort of wanted to, but Tony doesna like kirks."

"Do you," she hesitated, "do you know anything, were you ever taught anything about God?"

"Oh, yes!"

That was better; perhaps she would get at the key.

"What do you think when you think of God. What is in your mind?"

"Oh, I don't think of Him — He kills people."

The reply was perfectly frank and unconcerned. She knew boys who would have said a thing like that to be funny. She fairly ached, she felt so badly.

"Listen to this, Philip," and very reverently she repeated, "'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Philip's face was a study.

"My," he said finally, "who is His Son?"

"Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"Gee whiz!" he burst out; "is *He* His Son? Why, I thought He was dead!"

"Oh, you poor little boy," said Miss Joyce, involuntarily. "Philip, you must know something about all this; a very, very little will do, if you care and want to understand. And, as we get better acquainted — for, Philip, you *must* come to me, and let me be your friend, and help you, and teach you — I can tell you more and see better what you ought to know. Only to-day, Philip, just get this in your heart:

God is love, and He cares for us, and sent His Son to die for us, and save us; and we must long with our whole hearts to be good, and true, and pure, the way He wants us to be, and meant us to be."

She didn't say any more about it, but tried to entertain him and John, and the afternoon was gone before he was quite sure it had begun.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

"O TONY, just the great time! Wish you could have seen that house, and the good things we had to eat! And, John, he's a little lame boy, awful nice little boy. And she's — well — she's — she's immense! "

Tony had never seen Philip so enthusiastic, and he entered into the spirit of the occasion with great good-will.

"What'd you have to eat? "

"Oh, fried chicken; no, soup first, then fried chicken, and mashed potatoes, and gravy, and peas, and tomatoes, and some sort of little biscuits, and bread and butter, and jelly, and pickles, and — and pineapple jelly with cream on it, and lemon-pie, and pineapples, and white grapes. And I didn't know there would be

more after the soup, and I was going to just stuff myself on that, it was so good ; and John called in : 'Philip, there's more things after the soup; I thought that was all, too, first time.' Wasn't he smart? Only seven! And look, Tony," with the greatest pride, "look what I brought you!" and Philip unbuttoned his jacket, and pulled out a paper.

Tony opened it gingerly, and found himself the possessor of a huge slice of chocolate cake.

"Ain't she boss, though, Tony? She wants you to come out, too, and she wanted me to come out to a boys' club they have there. 'Thinking Club,' they call it, and that little John is the president, because he's lame. Some of the boys are fourteen, but I told her I couldn't, havin' to play nights ; and she said come out next Sunday same as to-day. And the books, Tony, you'd ought to see 'em!"

Tony was delighted with Philip's warm reception, and enjoyed the thought of his pleasure, but he decided privately that he would leave Brookline religiously to Philip. He felt

sure he would find it pretty "slow" out there; even the good dinner didn't seem to him quite so attractive as boiled pork and greens in other company.

And the next Sunday afternoon, when the hour came to which Philip had been looking forward all the week, Tony stoutly insisted that he had "an engagement with two fellows to go up the river," and that Philip must go to Brookline alone. However, he produced a great orange which he had bought for Philip to take to John.

Philip, armed with his orange, presented himself again at the Joyce mansion.

"And Tony sent this orange to John, Miss Joyce," said Philip, with shining eyes; "he had to go up the river with a couple of fellows, and couldn't come, but he sent the orange to John."

Miss Joyce felt her heart sink within her. She was sure that Tony had not come because he did not want to; and he was Philip's hero; and it didn't seem possible from things Philip

had said that he could be anything but a bad boy. What should she do? what *should* she do?

Could it be possible that this boy, with the beautiful face, and beautiful voice, and winning manners, could be already on the road that ends in moral and physical ruin? Could he be already familiar — those beautiful lips — with bad words and bad talk, with tobacco and beer, and all such things?

"Did you ever smoke, Philip?" she asked in as careless a manner as she could assume.

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the cheerful answer. "Tony had me learn quite a little."

Miss Joyce had not thought this answer, which she certainly expected, could possibly have hurt her so.

"They say it isn't a good thing, especially for boys."

"Just what Tony says! He made me stop. He said I shouldn't touch another tobacco thing — pipe, nor cigarette, nor cigar, nor chew, until I was through growing. Tony just put his foot down square."

"Did he give it up?"

"Oh, my, no!" with a laugh. "Tony would think he couldn't quit."

"Why did you stop?"

"Why, I would do what Tony says, of course! Of course I would. I didn't think it was any fun, anyway — so smelly and dirty, I think, but other folks don't seem to think so."

"I think so. I believe it would nearly break my heart if I thought you would smoke or be bad in any way."

Miss Joyce spoke so earnestly that Philip started, then reddened.

"Well, I wouldn't smoke, anyway, if it made you feel bad," he hesitated.

"Does Tony drink — beer and things?"

"Yes, indeed, when he can get them — strong things, you know, mixed drinks and all; the men say he has a wonderful head for a boy! But," with a sad, worried look in his eyes that made him doubly beautiful, "I've wished he wouldn't so — strong things—or much—for he gets — silly— sometimes — and — it's awful. I

thought I cried hours the first time it was real bad. But it wasn't often, you know, for his head's so strong; but he says it is foolish to get that way, and he only means to drink what he can stand."

Miss Joyce felt sick from head to foot.

"Did he have you drink?"

"Oh, yes, beer and things — mild things and not much. But he put his foot down on that, and says I shan't touch a drop of anything of the kind — not one drop — just must drink water. And I didn't care; I never liked the taste of any of 'em."

Miss Joyce felt personally grateful to this queer, queer Tony.

"Why did he stop you?"

"He said it would make my stomach messy inside, or something."

"Why doesn't he stop, too?"

"Oh, he couldn't. And he doesn't care about his stomach," with a laugh; "it's my stomach he's interested in!"

"Philip, what can we do for Tony?"

It seemed to Miss Joyce that there was something about all this pathetic and tragic to the last degree, and her voice bore witness to her deep feeling.

"What can we do for Tony? He has done so much for you. You can't realize it now. You will some day, and wonder — wonder at it all! Why, Philip, Tony will be ruined before he is twenty; no boy can stand such things! It is terrible, terrible. Can't you try to get him out here? Can't we interest him in something? Can't you help him? He must love you with all his heart. Why, Philip, if you could only realize what terrible danger he is in, your best friend. I never heard of a boy having so good a friend! Do you know, Philip, I talk to my boys so much about tobacco, and liquor, and about the danger and evil of it?"

And then she went on and talked to Philip. It was like opening a new world of thought to the boy. It had never occurred to him before that people cared what other people did. He supposed that people looked on and saw others

poor, and miserable, and wicked, and cared nothing for it all. That people looked on and saw others ruin themselves by drink, as he had seen people ruined, and cared nothing for it all. And now he learned that a constantly increasing body of people were banding themselves together to fight what they called the drink curse — the liquor evil. That they meant to persuade people that it was wrong and hurtful to drink, and so make them give it up themselves. That they also meant to work constantly toward the end of preventing the liquor from being made and sold.

"Why, of course that's the best way, if it does so much harm!" said Philip promptly, when that side of the question came up; and Miss Joyce smiled.

He learned that they meant to get hold of the children and teach them how great an evil the liquor traffic was, so that they would hate it for themselves and for others, and when they were grown would use their votes and their influence against it.

"Well, of course!" said Philip energetically, "I should think so. I will, sure! I didn't know anybody cared except to be down on a man who didn't have a strong head."

Miss Joyce got out her physiology charts and showed him the most amazing pictures of his "insides," as he called them, and of the effect liquor had on the human system.

"And Tony — Philip, use all the brains you have to help Tony. You alone can do it. I am positive of that. Nobody but you, Philip, to stand between Tony and ruin — ruin. I mean it. The word don't half say it!"

Things seemed to have turned around for Philip. He hardly knew what to make of it. In all his recollection it had always been Tony who helped him. Tony had been his guardian in every way. He had always expressed his affection and appreciation by simply doing as Tony said, and fagging for him when opportunity offered. Now he was to — what? Save Tony. Save him? How could he?

A grave responsibility seemed to have

acquired possession of him, and it was in some ways a changed Philip who went back to their dingy mite of a hall bedroom, where all that was theirs was stored.

Tony had not come in, and Philip waited apprehensively. When Tony came he was rather pale and grumpy, and smelled more than usual of tobacco and drink.

He avoided meeting Philip's eyes, and, muttering something about being tired, threw himself on the ill-kept bed.

Philip had seen this often before, and, fearing that Tony at such times did not feel well, had felt sorry. Now everything seemed different. He looked at things with new eyes. Ruin — ruin — the words would not go away from him.

Tony was soon asleep, breathing uneasily. He would wake up with a headache in the morning. Philip knew that. The light, fast fading, came in dimly through the dirty window. Philip lit the candle, and it guttered and sputtered in an unsnuffed, disconsolate way.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and

watched Tony. A new watch for him, new thoughts, new desires, a new life,— but so terrible. Oh, to throw it off and only think of the morrow when Tony would be himself and all right! He looked at the rough, shocky hair, the freckled, though now pale face, the wide mouth. It was Tony — good Tony. Tony who had fought for him, and protected him, and made him first always, and taken care of him, when he was sick, and spent money for him, and denied himself for him. What hadn't he done for him? How could Tony be ruined? Would he get drunk regularly after awhile? Why, Tony wasn't much taller than Philip himself, if he was fourteen. How could anything be so cruel as to hurt Tony? But Tony was hurt now. Yes, that wasn't right — for him to feel so, and come in so, and sleep so. Something was wrong even now.

Philip was such a light-hearted, hopeful, cheerful boy that his worst troubles had rolled off him easily. Now the trouble seemed inside. It couldn't be put away. He seemed to feel the

very dregs of misery — of hopeless, endless misery.

Tony had taught him that God lived in the sky; that Jesus Christ had lived a few years before and had died on a cross in London; and that good people prayed, and now that Philip had gained the new idea that God was love he wanted to pray, and in his misery knelt as Tony had taught him, according to a picture of little Samuel, and prayed to God with his whole heart in the words — the only ones he knew: —

> "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
> Bless the bed that I lie on."

He was conscious of the dissimilarity between the words and his thought, but he felt better for it. It seemed as though the great God would help him, and, worn out with his new taste of sorrow, he fell asleep. And his mother was such a little distance from him — such a few miles — telling Lloyd as he went to bed of the love of Christ for him, and hearing his prayers — the prayers of a well-taught, Chris-

tian child, while her Philip, little heathen, prayed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Philip woke early the next morning and fixed the room to look as neat as he could. He went for fresh water and filled the tub they used. Then he sat on the bed and stroked Tony's head until he woke up.

"Poor Tony, my poor old Tony — got a headache?"

"Git out with you. Yes, my head's splitten. How d'you know?"

"Here's fresh water for you and I'm going for something."

While Tony was performing his ablutions and feeling better for the performance, Philip brought up a pail of strong, hot soup and some rolls, and Tony found that he had a fine appetite for precisely that breakfast.

"You were awful cross last night, Tony."

"I know it. Them fellars had some whiskey in something, and they gave me too much a purpose. *They* didn't know I had any too much, though. I was too sharp for 'em."

"I thought I could cry my heart out, I felt so bad," stammered Philip awkwardly.

"You!" exclaimed Tony, spoon in air, and spilling his soup in astonishment. "What fur?"

"Because you were — that — way. You'll hurt yourself, and I can't bear it."

"Are you sick, Poke? Stick out your tongue," and Tony looked so anxious that Philip couldn't help laughing.

"No, but it's awful. Think of old Kempton, and Dan Combs, and Grandy Hopper, and even Nick here. I'd *die*, Tony, if you went that way."

"Ho!" said Tony, much relieved. "Don't you fret; weak heads, all of 'em."

"Your father's wasn't."

"No; tough, wasn't he? Well, I ain't any like him. I wouldn't hurt anything if I could help it, and hurting things was food and drink to him."

Philip didn't know what to say. Things looked different by daylight.

"But, Tony, you wouldn't let me touch such

things on account of my insides, and if it would hurt mine it would hurt yours."

Philip felt some pride in his argument and it showed.

Tony looked at him meditatively for a short space.

"See here — you — Poke. That woman been talkin' to you?"

Philip nodded and promptly told all he could remember of her remarks. Tony listened attentively, and finally signified his approval.

"That's all right. She must know a heap; just you take it all in. I'd oughter knowed enough to tell you myself. You mind what she says abouten it, but don't you get to thinkin' it means *me*. I'm different stuff. I ain't got no concern to know any of that talk for me. I'd like first rate to see her, but I aint goin' to have her preachin' to me, and if she's goin' to lay down her notions to me fur *me* to benefit by, I aint a-goin' near her. But if she'll talk ordinary, I'd lay out to put up with it for half an hour or so."

Half a loaf was always better than no bread to Philip, and, seeing Miss Joyce soon after on the street, he frankly explained to her Tony's position. Miss Joyce profited by this new view of the situation, and, inviting both boys out to an early tea, confined herself strictly to general conversation and to being amusing.

She was a great surprise to Tony, and his endurance widened into pleasure, and his half hour to three hours, and when he left the house he had no hesitation about admitting his changed attitude of mind.

"She is boss, Philip, fur a fact! You're in luck to know her, and she's a mighty nice lady fur you to know! Don't you never do nothin' fur to displease her. Her gettin' up such a good dinner and all, and being so good to that nice little John! I'll just buy him suthing pretty, I will, so! Nicest little fellar I ever did see, after you. But all the same I ain't got no manner of use fur her myself, and don't calc'late to see her no more. I wadna live gin I had to live sic a way."

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF SHOW LIFE.

Miss Joyce saw Philip frequently after their acquaintance was fairly begun. If the boy puzzled her at first, he became a mystery to her as she knew him better, but of one thing she became certain, the boy had remarkable ability, and in his present position would come to little short of ruin. His only ties were to Nick, for whom he cared nothing, and to Tony, to whom he was devoted. She interested him in books, and did everything in her power to arouse in him a desire to become something better than a hanger-on in a theatre. She became more acquainted with Tony, and she recognized that in him she would find her greatest supporter or most determined enemy. She sent for him one day to come out and see her alone. "Tony,"

she began, when opportunity offered, "what do you think about Philip? You know more about him than any one else."

Tony always felt somewhat impressed by Miss Joyce, but he also felt somewhat combative. He suspected that his interests and hers in Philip might clash.

"Yes'm; there's no un for Philip but me, and no un for me but Philip," with a decided shake of his shock head.

"That's just it, Tony."

Miss Joyce felt as though she were walking in the dark.

"And I want to know what you think will become of him. He is eleven years old. His beauty is marvellous, and he is very bright."

"He has a long head on 'im," assented Tony meditatively.

"And what is he coming to? That theatre is no place for him; his tastes don't run in that way. He likes books."

"I'm allus tellin' him to let readin' alone, ma'am," apologetically, "but he will be after it."

"Well, Tony, what I want to know is this: if Philip could be put in a position where he could have an education, and grow to be an honorable man — with money, and good clothes, and influence — don't you think it ought to be done?"

While Miss Joyce was speaking, Tony's face was a study. It began to dawn over him that this might be the first steps in some plan to take Philip away from him.

The slight description of Philip's future as a man among men fired all Tony's ambition. He had no ambition for himself, but his ambition for Philip was endless.

Then he saw the awful contrast. Respect and honor might do for Philip, but Tony felt, with the most sickening sense of despair he had ever known, that there was no such thing for him, the homely, undergrown little acrobat, whom the worst men he knew said, with a laugh, "was as bad as they made 'em. A regular bad un right through."

He felt it all in an instant. Should he keep Philip, his idol, or let him go?

It was a terrible moment for the boy. It was his first acquaintance with real thought.

He tried to speak. He could not. He felt terrified at the awful thing that was going to happen to him. His under lip trembled, and then, with a perfect abandon of grief, he put his head down on his arms on the table and sobbed and sobbed. He was only a little boy, after all. Miss Joyce realized something of his struggle. She put her arm around him, and smoothed his hair, and comforted him, as she would have tried to soothe a baby or the poor little aching cripple in the next room.

"Poor little boy! My dear little boy! It will all be all right."

And the strange newness of the soft, loving voice, the kind words to him — Tony — who had never heard anything like it in his life. "My dear little boy." He gulped down his tears and his sobs and kept perfectly still.

Miss Joyce's hand patted the hot, throbbing head, and she talked on for awhile about Philip, and his future, and about Tony. "You can

keep him down or help him up and on — which shall it be, Tony?"

"Oh, I know," came a muffled voice. "I knowed right off he'd 'ave to go. I want him to 'ave a lot of money, and all — oh!" the voice stopped in a sob. "How'll it happen?

And Miss Joyce told him of a fine school where he could go on a scholarship.

"But there'll be clothes, and books, and money to spend; he won't be makin' nothin' out there, will he?"

"We can fix all that some way if you will only be willing to help him. He has owed everything he has ever had, he says, to you; now you can give him the best chance of all, or take it away from him. He is sure to do as you say."

"Oh, he'll have to go," groaned Tony. "I don't see how I can get along one whole day without looking at him."

When he went back to Philip he was gloomy and silent, and stared at Philip until Philip put his hand over his eyes, saying, "Quit it, Tony; tell a fellar what's the matter."

"It's that confounded Miss Joyce," burst out Tony; "why can't she mind her own business, anyway? Bobbin' around like an apple in a bowl o' water! I aint never hurt her!"

"Go on; tell me, Tony."

"Oh, shucks, I aint a-goin' to do such a thing," and he kicked the stone rampart of the bridge, against which they were leaning, as they gazed off down the river. "What she want to be stirrin' things up all the time fur? I aint had no peace at all since she first set eyes on you. I can jes' feel how mad old Kempton used to get when folks was always turnin' up speerin' about you, when they hadn't no business about you at all."

"Go on, Tony; what'd she want?"

"Oh, she's all down on a show, nice show like our'n, too, and us kind steady; and she says it won't suit you, and you just as suited and jolly's you can be. She says you ought to go to school, and here you been to school twice since you been here, and she says more rubbish; how she could send you to school, and where'd I be?"

"Wouldn't you go, too?"

"Oh, come off!"

Philip knew that was a silly question himself.

"I'd like goin' to school well enough, Tony, but nobody need think I'd leave you. I'd die!"

Tony moodily watched a rowboat shoot into the blackness under the bridge, and then said viciously, "Oh, *you!* you'd die a lot! You know you want to go."

"I don't."

"Well, you're goin', anyway."

"I'm not."

"Oh, I tell you you are!"

"Who's able to make me leave you?"

"Me."

"You wouldn't make me go, Tony!"

"Yes, I would — confound her!"

"I rather stay with you."

"Well, she says you can be rich and a big gun, and everything, or something or other; anyway, she made me think if I didn't send you I'd be wronging you."

"You wouldn't either."

"Well, I said you could go. She says she knows the school. Has she talked to you about it?" suspiciously.

"No, not a word."

"Don't know as it would 'a' made much difference if she had, only I should 'a' thought she was cheating. It's near Boston."

"Who's going to pay?"

"She says its a scholarship she can get, something free. But I'm going to save every cent I can for you; I don't want no charity."

"I won't take it, Tony; if you get any money you've got to spend it on yourself."

Tony struck at Philip angrily, but Philip moved closer to him.

"You've got to do jes as I say; that's flat, Poke! You needn't to leave me and be sassy, too! I know I can get my pay, instead of Nick, and I know I can get enough for your clothes, and money to spend. If you only stayed here you could 'a' been a real swell like Nick, after awhile," regretfully.

Philip didn't admire Nick's style, and merely shrugged his shoulders.

As they strolled back to their room, Tony's arm around Philip's shoulder, as was his favorite way of walking, he almost whispered in Philip's ear:—

"You going to forget me, Philip, if I let you go?"

Philip's face reddened.

"If you're going to say things like that to me, I won't go, whether you let me or not!"

"Would you get to thinking mean of me?" persisted Tony.

"Quit, I say!"

Tony turned Philip swiftly around so that they faced the large window of a second-hand store; the window was filled with dark clothing, so that it made a very fair mirror in some lights.

"Look there, Philip," insisted Tony, "do you see 'em — that tarnation homebly, mean slouch of a cuss,— *me*, and that other one, handsome as a picture from top to toe, so s't everybody's

always staring at him,— *you*, and, tell me, will the sonsie little lad stick by the ither one verra long, once he gets a chance to gang free frae him?"

Philip began to laugh.

"I'll stick to you till I die, Tony; come on!" and his laughter was so infectious that Tony threw off his unaccustomed gloom and looked at the prospect of Philip's going to school less funereally.

And so it happened that Philip was suddenly transported into a new life. Miss Joyce had urged that the boy should be pushed to the utmost limit consistent with health. He had no time to lose, she thought. There was no telling what might happen. Tony had a grand and final row with Nick, and vindicated his right to receive his earnings himself. Then he saved them, oh, so carefully. His drinks were all given to him. He only smoked what he could get for nothing. He carried his first savings to Miss Joyce.

"There, Miss Joyce, that's for Philip. *I* want

to pay what I can, myself. I wants him to have money to spend like them other fellars. Philip's to have *something*, anyways!"

Miss Joyce could hardly keep the tears back.

"You must take it to him yourself, Tony, next Saturday."

Tony had never thought of going to see Philip, but the idea pleased him. He fixed himself up with his jewelry, and, with a feeling of uneasy anticipation, started on the morning train to see Philip. Miss Joyce had written to the principal of Tony's visit, but with some misgivings. Surely the principal would not be favorably impressed with a youth of Tony's appearance, and her well-meant plan might only end in Tony's discomfiture.

Philip had been in such a rush and hurry in his new surroundings, everything had been so strange to him, he had felt such an impetuous longing to learn things and get ahead, that he had hardly had time to think of the difference between the fellows he knew now and Tony. But when Tony wrote a terrible scrawl, to an-

nounce his visit, Philip felt the difference. He looked up the school hall,—all sorts of boys, some common enough looking boys, some with mean faces and ill shaped, but even the worst, well dressed and with some indefinable suggestion of good condition, of means, of refinement. And Philip found himself wondering what they would think of Tony.

One boy had a particularly attractive face. He was about Philip's size, though he was thirteen. But Philip was taller than any boy of his age in the school. The boy's name was Chalmer Marshall, and Philip thought he was the nicest boy he had ever seen, and wished that he could be smart enough to get up to Chalmer's classes. But poor Philip did not know anything the other boys did. There were a great many stories afloat about Philip. Some said one thing and some another. The principal kept his own counsel, and Philip told nothing. The ordinary school questions, "Where do you live?" and "Who is your father?" had received anything but satisfactory answers.

Now Tony was coming. He could just see Tony's scarf pin, and watch chain, and ring, and plaid suit, and he wondered, in an amused way, what the boys would think when they saw him.

But when he went to the train and Tony stepped off, Philip never thought once what the boys on the platform would think. He was so glad to see him. And Tony, with an unaccustomed feeling of diffidence and embarrassment, felt his whole heart leap with relief and gladness as he saw the happy light in Philip's eyes, and felt the swift, warm pressure of the firm little hand.

"By Jiminy, Poke," sputtered Tony, hardly able to contain himself, "aint I a-rippin' glad to see yer?"

As they stopped a moment at the station, the other boys gazed in undisguised astonishment. Tony's exclamation might have aroused their derision, but on looking at him, they were so impressed with the fact that he was "a tough," not a big boy at all, and yet wearing so unaffectedly every mark of being a hard case, that

their first feeling was merged in one of secret admiration. Who *could* Philip be that he could be receiving in a friendly manner a boy of whom it was safe to say that what there was bad that he didn't know wasn't worth knowing.

Further up the street, Chalmer Marshall passed them. Philip saw his look of disdain and the slight stiffening of the boy's figure as he passed.

"An' who was that little cove?" asked Tony, unconscious of the impression he had made.

"Oh, he is Chalmer Marshall, Jr. His father is a big gun. He has lots of money. I know him."

Tony felt himself dilate with pride. He had not made his sacrifice for nothing. Philip already knew boys whose fathers were somebody.

They passed more boys, and Tony finally noticed how curiously they looked at him, and, with his wits sharpened in Philip's behalf, he

began to contrast his clothes and appearance with theirs, and he drew some conclusions that made the hot blood rush to his face.

"Say, Philip," he said so awkwardly that Philip stared, "can't you come off some place with me where we can't see them fellows? I can't stay long. Only wanted to see you a minute."

Philip, with his quick sympathy, felt what was the matter. He knew that Tony had fixed himself in his most stunning way and meant to stay all day, and now that he felt ashamed — he — Tony — ashamed! Philip felt choked.

They made their way out to Clark's woods, and sat down on a log. Tony fumbled around for the money he had so carefully hoarded, told about his final row with Nick, and how he "wanted Poke to be like the other fellows," with money, and handed over his savings.

"I won't do it, Tony," burst out Philip; "you need the money twice as much as I do! I won't, Tony, I won't!"

And Tony protested, and Philip objected, and

finally they compromised by Philip's taking two thirds.

But Tony was not satisfied.

"O Philip, I knowed how it would be — all these fine, slick fellows, and me no good, nohow — stunted and homebly as blazes, and bad — I *am* bad, I suppose, but I don't *feel* no worse than anybody, and I want you to remember us, you and me together, and I want to have a hand in it all, and slave fur you, slave fur you," excitedly. "Nobody cares like me! Nobody! Nobody!"

And Philip squeezed Tony's hands, and could hardly speak, and they felt very near each other, and stayed there an hour.

Tony made up his mind to leave.

"Philip," he said abruptly, "I'd like to make a contract that I'd serve you through thick and thin, anything for you, if you'll only keep the same to me — not so almighty high up and far away, as I'm afraid of."

"O Tony, don't; you're *everything* to me!" cried Philip. And when Tony left on the train

the boys felt as though they had made an arrangement which would last forever. A good many of the boys joked Philip about his friend, some were only curious, some sneered.

After supper Chalmer Marshall came up to Philip. They walked down the corridor and sat on the steps. "Who was that queer customer with you, anyway?"

Philip felt like unburdening his soul.

"That was the best friend I have," flushing. "He's saved me lickin' after lickin'," and then he had to stop to laugh at Chalmer's wide open eyes, "and he's bought me clothes, and fought for me, and been good to me, and took care of me once when I was awful sick with a fever, and now I'm here not earning anything he's saved his money and gave it to me." Philip pulled out a roll of bills and some loose silver.

"Never heard of such larks! Why, how did it happen?" That night, contrary to rules, for Philip just couldn't get used to rules, long after the lights-out bell, Chalmer, in Philip's little room, listened to the most wonderful

things he had ever heard. He could not seem to believe that Philip, whose appearance he had admired so much, in company with every one else in the school, had acted in a circus and a show, until Philip went through a few performances.

Chalmer gazed entranced.

"O Philip, we will be friends, won't we, and teach me some of those things, won't you?"

"Yes," laughed Philip. "But you ought to see Tony once."

And, after they had parted for the night, while Philip was thinking with a glad heart of his two sure friends, Chalmer was relieving his excitement in a letter.

"O mamma, the most wonderful boy. Tell Benjamin I have a Philip, too. You ought to see him. Benjamin won't think any more of her Philip when she sees mine. He's *wonderful!*"

CHAPTER X.

ABOARD THE "QUEEN."

PHILIP had a difficult task before him, to make and maintain a position in school. His book ignorance of itself would have made most boys of his age a laughing stock. He showed himself constantly guilty of lapses in the ordinary forms of life which the other boys observed almost unconsciously, having been taught them from babyhood.

But a month's trial showed him to be of the stuff which is not overcome by trifles.

It galled him to be in the baby classes, and he studied with a vigor and purpose not equalled by any one else in the school, and consequently with a larger share of success. His teachers were constantly astonished. He was unusually bright, but other boys in the

school were all of that. His mind had been forced into a practical turn that enabled him to look ahead and comprehend the use in things, and the objects in view; which was, perhaps, his greatest advantage. The novelty of his style of life was in itself an impetus, and, by reason of all things combined, he soon had no reason to feel ashamed of his class rank.

He was the favorite of the school among the boys, big and little, and with all the teachers. No one could grudge him that pre-eminence, it so indubitably was his right. He was such a good friend, such a good-natured, forgiving enemy, such a hard player, and so excessively brilliant — according to the boys' ideas — in his athletic performances, that the big boys were unswervingly proud of him, and the smaller boys and those his own age yielded unquestioningly to him as leader.

Miss Joyce received letters from the principal warm in his praise. She thought herself that the principal did not say too much, but she

wondered at it. How could it happen? She believed that good parentage and good birth should give the best results, and here was a boy from the slums, from the very dregs, who was certainly the finest boy in every way she had ever seen or ever expected to see.

She invited him to spend the Thanksgiving recess with her in Brookline, and Philip thought he trod on air. How fine to pack his bag and go away just like other boys.

School was over at noon, and the boys all scattered for home on the afternoon trains. Philip meant to surprise Tony, and he could hardly restrain his eagerness. Why wouldn't the train go faster? And, once in Boston, he couldn't help running almost all the way to their old room. How glad and astonished Tony would be!

No one was in the room, and Philip rushed out to find someone who knew where Tony was. He had not gone three steps from the street entrance when he stood still, his very blood seeming to stop in his veins. There was a man

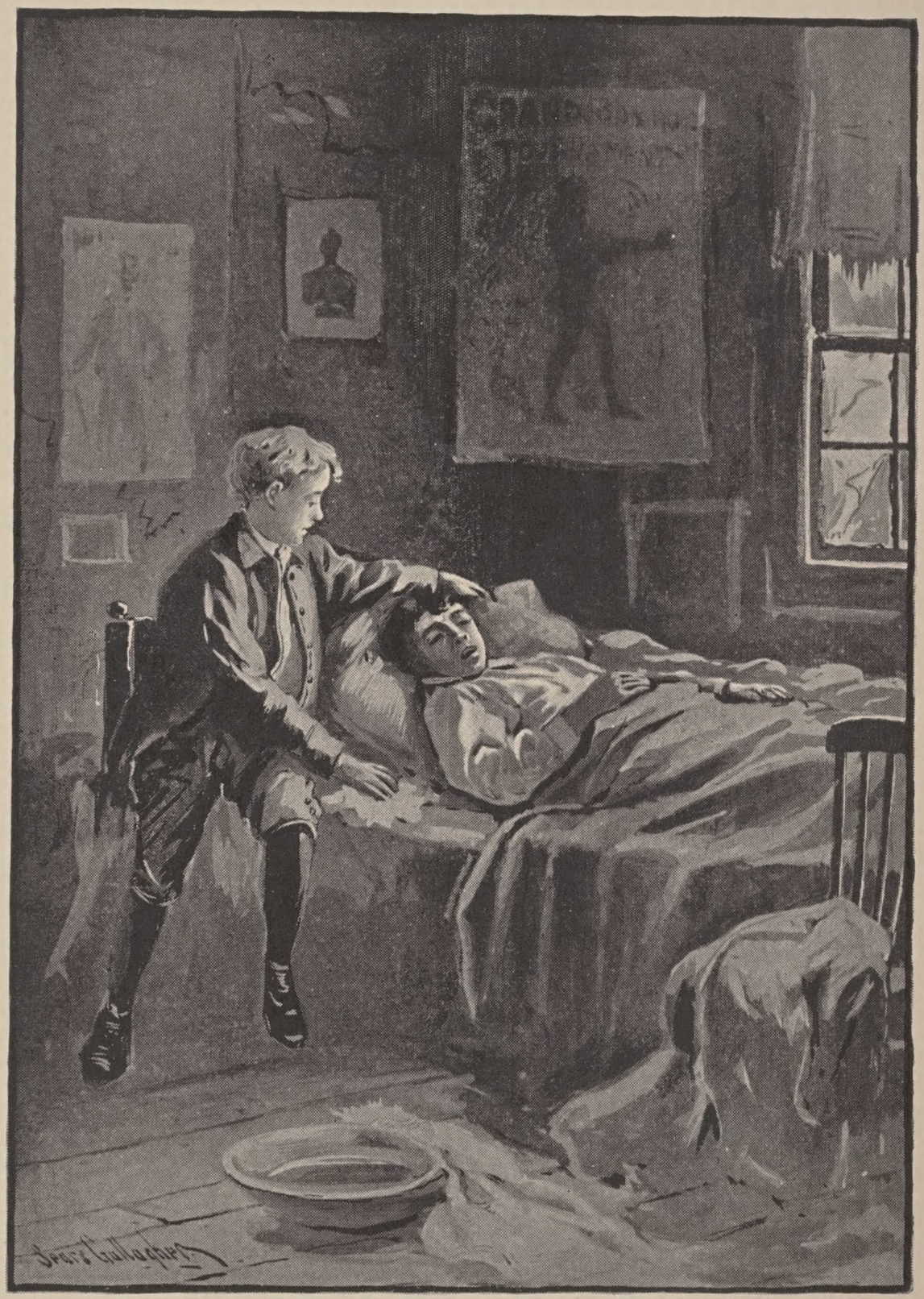
— Nick — supporting a boy, who reeled and staggered, and looked very white and sick. Tony — drunk; just as drunk as he could be; and he looked so boyish and small beside Nick. Nick was far from steady himself, and Philip waited, sick at heart, until he had assisted Tony up to the little room and had stumbled out again. Then Philip went up.

The horror, the real agony of that moment, was present to Philip to the last day of his life. This was no silliness or feeling badly. Tony was drunk! Philip groaned. How could the sun shine? How could he have been so happy ten minutes before? How could all the boys he had left go home and have a good time? It was wrong, and wicked, and cruel. Why didn't the whole world rise up and save Tony? Now he could hate. He hated the stuff; he hated the traffic in strength, and mind, and will-power. Had Tony meant to get drunk? No, he hadn't; his will-power had been stolen from him. How pale and weak he was; his strength had been stolen from him. He wasn't

asleep, and yet he didn't know anything; his mind had been stolen from him. How could people allow it? And Philip hated it all.

He loosened Tony's clothes, and took off his shoes, and bathed his head. And the tears would come, and run down his nose, and drop off faster than he could wipe them away. Of course Tony couldn't play that night; or wasn't there to be any theatre that night? What could have happened? Well, it was of no consequence; nothing could make it any worse. Miss Joyce would be expecting him; she would be worried; it was getting late. He must run out and let her know what had happened, and hurry back to Tony. He dreaded leaving Tony like that, but he knew he wouldn't waken, and he must do it.

It was a heart-broken boy that Miss Joyce opened the door for that evening, instead of the jolly boy she had expected. He was almost too excited to talk, but he made her understand what had happened, and rushed off back to the city. She did not think it right to let him go,



PHILIP COMES TO TONY'S RESCUE.

but there was evidently no stopping him. She wondered why it should seem so terrible to him; something like this must have occurred before, and he was well used to such things.

But Philip had grown in his short stay at school; he had other standards now. He had clearer notions of right and wrong, and of what people thought on the questions of the times. He was awake now, as he never had been before to Tony's condition, and what his life would be should this go on.

That was a dreadful night for the boy. He was afraid to have Tony wake up; he was afraid not to have him wake up. He thought of a thousand things to say, and knew he would say none of them. He felt sure that he ought to leave school and stay with Tony. Perhaps that would be some good.

When Tony opened his eyes they rested on the sad, mournfully beautiful face of his boy.

"Philip," he murmured, not sure he was awake.

"O Tony!" sobbed Philip.

"What's the matter, Poke; you feelin' bad? Anybody done anything to you? I'll kill 'em, if there has!" and he turned over weakly to reach Philip's hand.

"O Tony, you'll break my heart if you don't stop! You were so drunk — awful drunk; and I came to see you and was so glad — and you didn't know me — *me* — Tony!" and the tears would come again, in spite of him.

Tony was speechless.

He had a racking headache, but he could realize the whole situation. He remembered clearly all the incidents of the afternoon before. And he knew how he must have come home. It was the third time lately. He knew it was dreadful. He knew it was rare for a boy of his age to do as he was doing. And Philip had come and had seen it all, fresh from a school of well-dressed, decent boys. What could he think of him in contrast? Philip had begged him before to be careful. He was not unwarned. Philip would hate him, would loathe him; he ought to! O Philip, Philip, he was

so beautiful! How he had loved him when he was a little, rounded, dimpled boy; how he had cared for him, and defended him, and protected him; and Philip had looked to nobody but him, and had cared for nobody but him. And now Philip was crying for him, had been bitterly hurt by him; and why should he continue to care for him? What good looks, or virtues, or talents had Tony that Philip should continue to prefer him? No, it was no use now. He said nothing and turned over with his face to the wall.

Philip gave a despairing cry, and threw himself down beside Tony, and put his arm around him.

"O Tony, I love you so! There's nobody like you for me! How can I stand it, Tony?"

"Do you mean you will stand by me yet?" said Tony softly, hardly breathing.

"Oh, I'll stand by you through everything! I'll leave school and stay with you! Tony, don't touch the stuff! I hate it — I hate it!"

"Well, you aint goin' into no such foolishness. I won't hear a word of such talk. Philip, will yer — like — me yet?"

"I'd die for you, and I mean it straight. Just think what you've been to me! Don't touch the stuff ever again. Don't!

"Lord, no, kid, course I won't if you ask me! Th' aint nothing I wouldn't do for you asking."

Philip sat bolt upright, his eyes stretched their widest.

"Do you mean you'll never touch anything of the kind again? sure — certain — honest!"

"Yes, I mean just that, if it will do you one speck of good, and keep you — likin' — me."

Philip seemed to have received an electric shock; he danced, he turned handsprings, he shouted, he whistled, he sang, while Tony laughed, in spite of his headache.

"But, Tony, can you do it?" Philip was quiet again and anxious.

"Do it or bust! I'd bust quick enough to suit you."

"No, that wouldn't suit me either," said Philip so soberly that Tony laughed again.

A short time later, when Philip again presented himself to Miss Joyce, he was so exuberantly cheerful that she was puzzled.

"Tony has promised me he'll never touch a drop of liquor again!" he said triumphantly.

Poor Miss Joyce! She couldn't enter into Philip's hopefulness; she felt confident it was a promise of straw — perhaps might stand in the way of any radical improvement.

"But, Philip, does he know what he is talking about? If he stays where he is now he will never keep his promise in the world!"

And Philip sighed mournfully. It was hard to have his secret fear spoken aloud in that decisive way.

"I had an idea last night. Perhaps you will think it a good one. How would Tony like to go to sea, do you think?"

"He always said he wanted to go to sea," said Philip, eagerly snatching at the faintest ray of hope.

"I happen to know a sea captain, Captain Bradley — owns the coaster 'Queen.' He is a fine man and a strong temperance man; won't have any liquor on his ship, and he has been the making of many a young man and boy. He is in Boston now; sails some time this week, I suppose, and it may be he would want a boy or know of someone who did."

They went into the city to the office where Captain Bradley was likely to be found, and he appeared before they had waited ten minutes. But it was a long wait to Philip. Suppose Captain Bradley wanted a boy, would Tony go? Would he leave the theatre?

Captain Bradley was a square-set, hearty, bronzed man, with a deep voice, and Philip admired him intensely at once.

Everything worked like a charm. The captain said the one thing he needed was a boy, and that he would try Miss Joyce's boy, if he wished to go, simply because Miss Joyce wished it, and without any reference to his notion of the boy. He would return to Boston in three months.

The captain kept looking at Philip.

"Where did you ever pick up a boy who looked like that?" he inquired as soon as Philip had started for Tony.

Miss Joyce told of her acquaintance with him.

"His friend ought to be a good fellow, if a boy with that face is so fond of him."

"Well, he isn't. Tony is, unquestionably, a bad boy."

Philip rushed to the old room. Tony was still sitting there on the edge of the bed.

He was gloomy to the last degree. Angry with himself and with everybody but Philip. The manager had been in and had summarily dismissed him from further attendance on the theatre. Tony did not feel that particularly, as he was sure the manager would retract on a promise of good behavior. But there did not seem to be any use in anything.

"Guess what, Tony! the jolliest thing! say you'll do it before I tell you."

"Yep — you skinflint!"

"Just the jolliest chance to go to sea, and the finest sort of a captain — to be gone three months and go lots of places — only I forget where, or I didn't find out."

It was Tony's turn to be interested, and he had to hear all the details. He shrugged his shoulders and showed a momentary disposition to rebel when he found that Miss Joyce knew of his performance the night before, but Philip's good spirits were infectious, and the coaster carried the day.

Captain Bradley fell in with Miss Joyce's opinion unhesitatingly when he first saw Tony. But there was something about the wide mouth and the boy's manner to Philip very taking, after all.

"Making myself a deal of trouble," thought Captain Bradley, but he made the engagement, and warned Tony to be at the ship the next afternoon at half past five.

Miss Joyce had disappeared before Tony reached the office, much to his satisfaction, but there was a message for the boys to the

effect that if Tony engaged to ship with the captain he should come out for Thanksgiving dinner with Philip and stay all night and they would get his outfit the next morning.

The proposition was far from pleasing to Tony, but Philip was so anxious and Miss Joyce had been so kind there did not seem to be any way out of it.

At Philip's instigation he spent a large part of his fortune in a bath, a shampoo, a shirt, and a shine, so that Miss Joyce was agreeably disappointed in the neat and even polished appearance of her not altogether desired guest.

She was ashamed of not feeling a keener interest in Tony's welfare. She felt positive that the reason for it was one too mean to even express. She had counted on seeing Philip, and hearing of his successes and improvement, and on doing a great many things to render this little visit pleasant and memorable which now were rendered impossible.

"Yes, that is just you all over," she remarked to herself. "You know Philip's whole

heart is in doing something for Tony, and that if this turns out well it will be far more pleasure to him than hearing you harangue on nobility, and bravery, and success, and all that; and you feel mean about it because you want to run everything your own way. I do just despise you! Why can't you be large and worth while, instead of so mean and contemptible?"

Unlike many people, she was able to profit by good advice when she heard it, and she straightway reformed and gave her whole mind to Tony, on the principle that nature would teach her to suit Philip, but that it would take reasonably hard effort to make the occasion anything but irksome to Tony.

Philip was far more astonished at the success of her efforts on Tony's behalf than he ever had been at anything done for himself. How could Miss Joyce know just how to please Tony, and when Tony was in his very worst mood, too? How could she make him feel so at home in her house and at her table — for Philip

was quite conscious of an incongruity? How could she get in just the right things that Tony really wanted to hear, and really did listen to appreciatively, so unaffectedly and naturally?

And as Tony expanded and finally even began to speak of himself, and of how he had promised Philip never to touch a drop of liquor again, Philip kept saying to himself, "My, just isn't she wonderful? My, I wish I could be as good as that! I wish I could pay her back for that!"

Miss Joyce was so successful that the next day when she engineered the process of buying the necessaries prescribed by Captain Bradley, Tony had ceased to feel that she was a superfluous character. He shook hands warmly with her when she said good-by, and he had a choking sort of feeling in his heart that he was glad she said some things to him that she did, and that he hoped he could show it was all worth while.

Philip stayed with him until the "Queen"

was ready to sail, feeling alternately glad and sorry that Tony was going.

Every few minutes he would squeeze Tony's hand, with, "O *Tony!*"

And Tony would always reply in the softest sort of a voice, "There, you shut up!"

Just before it was time for Philip to go, Tony said: —

"I dun know what I'd do if you quit — likin' — me — Philip — up there with all them fine fellars, and me such a chunk. I dun know what I'd do!" .

And Philip gave a happy laugh. "You won't forget your promise, Tony — honest, sure — hope I may die if I do — and, oh, won't I be glad to see you back?"

CHAPTER XI.

LLOYD.

"THE hardest thing will be leaving Lloyd; but you certainly are right about it. He should not be out of school another day."

There was a long pause, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Leicester looked profoundly miserable.

"Poor little thing, what a hard, hard life she has had — and so good and cheerful always — and now consumption! I can't help being thankful it isn't your side of the family."

The "poor little thing" was Mr. Leicester's little step-sister. She had suffered an injury as a child from which she had never recovered, and now a long-continued state of ill health had run into quick consumption. She was over twenty, but everybody spoke of her as

little, she was such a childish little body. It had become necessary for the Leicesters to take her South as the last chance of benefiting her, and in all their discussions on the subject they could only come to one conclusion, — that Lloyd must not be kept out of school.

He had never been away from home, but now they had decided to send him during their absence to Clapham, where Chalmer Marshall went. They thought it would help Lloyd to feel that he had a friend there before going, and every one had a high opinion of Clapham as a home school for boys. Chalmer was to be home that day and was to go over to the Leicesters, that Mr. Leicester might talk with him about the school.

When he came he gave the most glowing accounts, as usual, of his school life.

"Don't get such good things to eat as we do at home, you know, and we grumble terribly, but, then, it's a fact that we all do look fatter and better in school than out; and real flabby, pasty-looking boys, when they first come, often

get to look first rate by the end of a term. So I guess the feed's good enough. Well, the playgrounds are fine, and a good skating pond; and the gym is just a dandy; all the fellows take more interest in the gym since Philip came. He's the Philip, Mrs. Leicester!" turning pleasantly to her. "Talk about good-looking Philips! I tell Benjamin hers couldn't have been a circumstance, with his silly curls and velvet breeches, to mine. You ought to see Philip in the gym! Why, what he can't do is just nowhere! There isn't a fellow in the school can hold a candle to him! And run! and skate! and baseball! And he's going to take all the prizes there are that come to his classes next spring.

"You'd just better believe it! If there's any fellow can beat Philip, I'd like to see him!"

Chalmer looked as though, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't like to see him, but they went on talking about other school matters.

Mrs. Leicester wondered in a sad way why it

was she had to hear about so many Philips. And she still had another to hear about that same day.

Miss Mackenzie drove up in her coach to discover if the Leicesters really were going South. After that subject had been thoroughly canvassed Mrs. Leicester asked about Miss Joyce and her boys.

"Oh, everything goes on just the same, but it isn't the same house to me since that poor, dear little John's death. She has two permanencies now in the way of boys,—a little scalliwag, named Will, that the country would be better without, and a sickly, little, downtrodden, drink-cursed boy, named Dan; but she will put some life into him if anybody can. She has a prodigy, too, though it has never been my lot to see him,—a boy named Philip. She says he is the most beautiful boy anybody ever saw, and he seems to be remarkably bright and everything else."

"Is he cared for? Has he relatives and friends?"

"Oh, my, yes, everything — appears to have been born with a golden spoon in his mouth."

For Miss Mackenzie had been so dazzled by the extravagance of the little she had heard about Philip that she could not imagine anything lacking.

"Well, good-by," she went on; "I can't keep Peter and Jane waiting any longer. Those animals and the coachman just tyrannize over me! Good-by! I shall see you again before you leave," and the lively little lady bustled out of the house into the carriage, the horses reproachfully turned their heads, the coachman gravely adjusted the lines, and the old turnout rumbled off in a stately and dignified manner.

And so it happened that when Philip was twelve years old he saw his brother for the second time.

It was his twelfth birthday, though little he suspected it; indeed, feeling the necessity of having a birthday sometime or other, like all the other boys, he had elected to have it on the

first day of January, and as he knew and Tony knew his approximate age, he had been considering himself "going on thirteen" for a month and a half; and, skates in hand, he was starting for Long Pond for a skate and a grand race with the two best skaters in the school. Just as he cleared the last four steps at a bound he heard the principal calling him.

"Yes, sir," said Philip at once, turning with the smile that was like a revelation to most people.

"Sorry to stop you," said the principal kindly, "but I need your help." And then he explained that a lady had that morning left a little boy at the school. She was obliged to go South for a couple of months, and had determined to have her little boy there, as he knew Chalmer Marshall.

"But I don't know where Chalmer is," continued the principal; "and the little fellow looks so lonesome it is enough to break one's heart; and *you* can help him through."

The principal was thinking that the very

sight of Philip's eyes, and smile, and golden hair ought to cheer any one.

"All right, sir," said Philip cheerfully; "I'll look out for him. What's his name?"

"Lloyd Leicester," answered the principal, and the next moment Philip stood face to face with his brother.

The boy was standing where the light shone full on him, and Philip's quick eye noticed at once the straightness of the little figure, the way the dark hair clung closely to the finely shaped head, the long dark lashes, and the dark eyes almost full of tears as the boy raised them to look at him. Philip always felt sorry for anything small or in trouble, and he felt very kindly for this lonesome nine-year-old.

"Come on, and I'll show you the gym; there's nobody in there now," and as he took the little fellow's hand and smiled at him, Lloyd pressed back his tears, comforted, and smiled bravely. There was something in the boyish voice that made him think of his mother, and he felt happy.

After they had looked at the gymnasium and Lloyd had laughed two or three times, Philip proposed that they should go to Lloyd's room and "fix it up."

It was a large, sunny room, much finer than Philip's, but Lloyd said mournfully that it wasn't much like his room at home; there he had all sorts of things, and the furniture was just the right size for him.

"Oh, come now," said Philip encouragingly, "let's hang up your things, and get out your books, and this will be fine. You just be brave and you can write your mother how well you like it. Chalmer Marshall will take you to his room. My room's not much good, but Chalmer's is fine, I can tell you."

They opened Lloyd's trunk, and Philip marvelled at the beautiful underclothes; at the shirtwaists, and the neckties, and slippers, at the comb and brush box and toilet apparatus, and at the dainty way everything was packed.

"My," he said, "did your mother put these

things in this way? Mustn't she love you, though?" a little wistfully.

But Lloyd's play-box was the most fun,— marbles, and a bat, and some machinery toys, some games, a racket, books, and pictures,— all had to be taken out.

Lloyd pounced eagerly on a package carefully done up and opened it.

"Look, this is my mamma," and Lloyd kissed the picture passionately, "and this is Hazel, my little sister, and this my baby brother, Philip."

"Ho, isn't he a fat little chunk, and how he laughs!" said Philip, laughing, looking, with never a suspicion, at this picture of himself when three months old. "Did your mother take him with her?"

"He is older than I," said Lloyd quietly, "and to-day is his birthday; that is his baby picture."

Philip sat down in a rocking-chair to look at the picture of Lloyd's mother. It was a beautiful picture, one that almost did justice to the bronze and gold lights in her hair, to the eyes

and the perfect lips. He couldn't guess that those lips had kissed his a thousand times, that his face had been pressed against that rounded cheek; but he sighed a little and thought of the way Lloyd's things were packed, and said, almost sadly: —

"I wish I had a mother like that!"

"Is yours dead?" asked Lloyd, in an awed tone, and Philip nodded assent.

"Where's your father's picture?"

"Mamma is going to send it to me. I look like my papa."

"So you know Chalmer Marshall, do you?" asked Philip, laying down the photographs, and beginning again to help Lloyd arrange his personal property.

"Yes, I've always known Chalmer and Gladys."

"*Gladys!*" said Philip with a jump.

"Yes, Gladys Marshall, Chalmer's sister. Don't you know her? What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I didn't know Chalmer had a sister Gladys."

"Well, he has, and I have a cousin Gladys, too,— Gladys Park."

So there was more than one Gladys in the world. Gladys! the sweetest word in the world to him, and he had never even said it aloud, and it seemed sort of awful to hear that there were more people of that name. And he saw again that little bareheaded maiden, and felt the warm, soft hand in his. So Chalmer had a sister Gladys. He supposed Benjamin was the only sister Chalmer had, and said so to Lloyd.

"Oh, Benjamin *is* Gladys; that's not her name, Benjamin isn't. Chalmer just calls her that, and his mother doesn't like it, either."

"Do you like her?" he couldn't bring himself to say Gladys.

"Mrs. Marshall? Oh, Gladys! Yes, I guess I do; we have lots of fun together. We're the same age. I don't like Chalmer very well."

"Don't like Chalmer?" in great astonishment.

"Not very well. He plagues us lots, and he's so — oh, so sort of bossy. I don't believe

Philip would have been that way. I think Philip would have been like you," looking at him with frank admiration.

"Don't you know what he's like?"

"Why, no; I never saw him."

"Oh, is he dead?"

"No, I'm sure he isn't dead, and Hazel is sure, too. Hazel and I just pray and pray about him, and I know my mamma and papa do, too."

"Why, is he so awful bad?"

"People don't have to be bad for you to pray for them! We pray for papa and mamma, too, and they're not bad; they're the best people on earth!"

"Never mind — but where is he?"

"We don't know. He was stolen away when he was a baby, just as big as that picture, and now — to-day — he is twelve years old. How old are you?"

"Twelve last New Year's."

"Aren't you glad you weren't born Christmas — pretty close shave!"

"Why?"

"Because you would have had your Christmas and birthday presents all mixed up together, of course, and you wouldn't have half so much."

Philip never spoke of himself, or of what he had or did, but this little fellow was such a nice, sociable little fellow, he said almost before he knew it, "I never had a birthday present in my life, nor a Christmas present, until last Christmas, Miss Joyce gave me a watch," pulling out a small silver watch, "and that was nice enough to make up for all the birthdays and Christmases ever were, I thought."

He loved that watch; it was a cheap one, but it ticked, and kept fair time, and it looked so chubby and companionable; he always took it to bed with him.

Lloyd felt like exhibiting his own handsome gold watch, but something kept him from it, and he simply said, "Yes, a watch is nice." Then his mind reverted to Philip's statement and his wonder grew.

"Why didn't your mother and father give you presents?"

"I haven't any."

"Oh, dear; who takes care of you?"

"Somebody that knows how," Philip replied, growing reticent.

"Have you a guardian?"

"No."

"Well, that's funny, if you haven't any father nor mother, not to have a guardian. Who takes care of your money?"

"Here, you are asking too many questions," laughed Philip.

"I'm sorry," said Lloyd; "mother says I can ask all I want of her or papa, but I'm not to ask any of other people, and here I've gone and done it first thing."

He looked troubled, and Philip felt conscience stricken. "I was only joking. Show me some more of your things, and tell me about Hazel."

"She's only five. She's the prettiest little thing you ever saw, and so funny. Papa loves her so; you never saw anything like it."

"What's your father like?"

"Oh, he's nice, I can tell you! I guess he's the strongest man on earth — and good! My! And he holds you in his arms with your face up against his coat — it's lovely; sort of a nice, lovely smell, and all comfortable and happy feelings inside of you. But my mother — oh, dear, — when *she* loves you, you just can't get enough of it — and if it's in the dark night, and you're afraid, sort of, or lonesome, or just feel bad — her face is so — so delicious against yours, and when she kisses you, — your cheeks, and eyes, and forehead, and all, — why, oh, I don't know what — only I think a moustache is in the way about kissing, and I don't mean ever to have any myself, only my mother doesn't seem to mind papa's, but I think I like 'em better without. Well, I don't know what I shall do, if I tell any more about my mother. I've just got to talk about something else, Philip. You sort of look the way she does at me. You will like me, won't you, Philip?"

That very night Lloyd wrote to his mother,

as he had promised, and after having scrawled several pages blotted with occasional tears and full of protestations of his lonesomeness, for he was a very intense, rather melancholy little fellow, he wound up with, "And I have seen Chalmer's Philip, mamma, and I mean to call him my Philip. He is the beautifullest boy, and the kindest, and the very best on earth, just like Chalmer said, only a thousand times nicer. I love him next after you and papa and Hazel, and if I must be away from you, mamma, I'd rather be here with Philip than anywhere, he is so good to me."

CHAPTER XII.

TONY'S PLEDGE.

Mrs. Leicester seemed to be fated to hear about very beautiful little boys named Philip. One morning in Charleston, she was out in a park with Hazel. Hazel was tired, and wanted to sit on a bench, and have her mother sit beside her and repeat rhymes and verses to her.

A young fellow with something of a seafaring air sat on a bench near by, and listened attentively to all Mrs. Leicester said.

"Now, mamma, 'Philip, My King,' and then we'll go over to the little pond."

And Mrs. Leicester began: —

"'Look at me with thy large, brown eyes,
Philip, my king.'"

The man became more and more interested

as she went on with the words, and when she had concluded, as Hazel was jumping down from the bench, he walked over to her, touched his cap, and hitched up his trousers in sailor fashion.

"And what might be the name of that, ma'am, if I might make so bold as to ask?"

"'Philip, My King.' Did you enjoy it?"

"I did that. Can you buy them words?"

"Probably not by themselves. The lady who wrote them, Miss Mulock, wrote other things, and they are published together."

"Well, would you mind saying that first lot of words again?"

After Mrs. Leicester had smiling complied, she asked why they had so struck his fancy.

"Why, thinkin' of a little messmate of mine. A little feller on our coaster."

"Was his name Philip?"

"Oh — excuse me — no. But he knowed a little chap named Philip, and after I got acquainted with him he wanted to talk about him all the time. I never in my life see anybody

so fond of another human being as that boy was of that Philip. Looked like he'd 'a' died fur him any day or minute; and always telling what handsome eyes he had, and hair, and such takin' ways, and so almighty good — though this little cove *wasn't*. Well, to hear him tell, I'd get a notion of an angel in heaven; such a beautiful face and ways as he would let on about. But, of course, thinkin' it all over I knew 'twan't so — any of it; this boy was making it up. Well, to cut a long story short, there was some great doings, which is neither here not there, and this little fellar was in a bad way, and I was quite broke up about him, when there came a letter for him, and it had a picture in it, and it knocked him higher 'n any kite you ever see. And shiver, my — excuse me — if he didn't show it to me, and that there boy's face beat all the angels I ever dreamt of. And I believed all that little fellar said after that. Well, he went off back with the coaster, and I've got around here. But when I heard you sayin' them words all about

his boy, for it just seems 's if they were meant for him, I thought as how I'd like to buy 'em and send 'em to him. Sorry to kept you talkin' so long, ma'am."

"What is your name?" she asked kindly.

"Jack Ludlow, thanky, ma'am," and he got away as fast as he could, rather embarrassed about his long story.

"Another beautiful Philip," thought Mrs. Leicester lonesomely. "If it weren't that I can be morally certain the one name my boy would not have would be Philip, I should go quite wild over hearing about so many."

The scenes Tony's shipmate had referred to in his ambiguous way had already come to Philip's ken long before the conversation took place.

Philip was to spend Sunday with Miss Joyce, and soon after he reached the house she said, "I have good news for you, Philip."

"About Tony?" he eagerly interrupted.

She nodded. "Good news and bad news. Though I know you will think it is mostly good news."

She had received a long letter from Captain Bradley, detailing his somewhat harrowing experiences with his new boy.

Tony had taken kindly to ship life at the start, but when the novelty wore off he began to be uneasy and restless. The excitements that he had grown to depend on were lacking, and even fighting with bitter winter weather and Atlantic swells could not take their place. He began to be moody about Philip. Why didn't Philip write to him? Philip didn't care for him; how could he? He only wanted to get him off out of sight somewhere. He was terribly ashamed of such thoughts, for they were quite foreign to his nature, but still they grew on him.

At one port he obtained permission to go ashore, though Captain Bradley, having observed the moods of the boy, hesitated about letting him go. Once ashore he acted disgracefully. He went stubbornly into a saloon for a drink, ordered it, started to drink it; then smashed the glass on the floor, and, paying for

drink and glass, went off. Went off promising himself that he would drink all he could hold the next day. Then he smoked all day long, and gambled, and fought until he was fairly dragged back to the "Queen" by Jack Ludlow in a bruised and lamed condition and very angry. Captain Bradley was intensely disgusted, but could not help wondering and secretly excusing the boy when he learned that he had not drunk anything.

He had received mail at that port, and there was a letter for Tony. He sent it by Jack to Tony in his disgrace.

When Tony saw the handwriting, which he recognized at once, his whole expression and attitude changed. He trembled all over and grew white and red by turns. He could hardly open it. When he did so, he took out a card photograph of Philip — the first Philip had ever had taken. It was a fine photograph, and looked as nearly like Philip as was possible.

One look at that bit of pasteboard and Tony gave way to a very passion of tears. He sobbed

and shook until Jack Ludlow was quite terrified and went for Captain Bradley.

The captain understood the value of the situation, and advised Jack to leave the boy alone for awhile.

Tony looked at the picture, and kissed it, and pressed it to his cheek, and held it up close to him, and then gazed at it again, until the tears would blind him. He lay down on his bunk and tried to quiet himself enough to read the letter. Such a fresh, happy, confident letter. All about school, and full of questions about sea life, and telling how he bragged about Tony to the boys, and how the boys envied him such a friend as Tony; and about Tony's promise, and how happy it had made him, and how he trusted him; and asking him if he remembered this, and that, and the other, all the happiest and best things of their days together; things that made the tears drop down on the letter, to Tony's disgust, for it seemed to him a sacrilege to blur such wonderful writing. "And, O Tony," Philip wrote near the end,

"you know how you taught me to say my prayers, you dear, good Tony. Well, I have learned more about such things here, and I can't think enough about them, and I can't bear to know about it all if you don't; and Miss Joyce says Captain Bradley is such a good man, and he can tell you just what I know, and then we can both help each other to try to be good and grow to be worth something. I do think you are so splendid, Tony."

That last nearly broke Tony's heart, but he cried more softly, and the highest, largest resolve he had ever dreamed of for himself came to him then. He would conquer life and bad things, and try to grow as Philip wanted him. He would try to be for Philip what he had always planned Philip should be. Of course he couldn't, but he could try. And an unutterable longing took possession of him to know what Philip knew which he mentioned in such an ambiguous way. He didn't want to be left out. He didn't want to be any farther away from Philip. He knew it was something about

being good, and for the first time his soul seemed to want it, and to find a strange, sweet charm in the thought of being good and doing right.

When Captain Bradley came to see Tony, still expecting to find him moodily reserved and hugging his grief, he found him eager to see him, and ready to talk, and full of the new thoughts that had so suddenly become his.

Captain Bradley was a very earnest man, and now that he found Tony would listen he talked straight from the shoulder, or, better, straight from the heart. Some of it puzzled the boy, but most of it was quite plain.

"Now, I'll tell you," said Captain Bradley, "if you really think that, with the help of God, you can keep a pledge, I will give you a triple pledge which I always carry, and you can study into it. It is against the use of strong drink, tobacco, and profanity, and impurity. If you don't feel equal to pledging for all, I can give you the pledge you want. But you had better think seriously about it, and start fresh and

clean to make a man of yourself. It is your last chance. I feel certain of that."

"I don't want another chance. This one is good enough for me, and I'll think about it, though I know what I'll do, and then maybe you'll send it to Philip, in a letter to Miss Joyce, perhaps. He'll like it fine!"

And Tony had thought about it, and Captain Bradley had talked, and explained, and prayed with him, and finally Tony had solemnly signed his pledge.

Captain Bradley had written to Miss Joyce and had told her all the details and enclosed the pledge.

Philip went nearly wild; he had never seen a pledge before. He wanted to go right back to school and tell all the boys about it.

"That's so good," he said, pointing to the last clause in the pledge. "Why, do you know," looking so frankly and honestly at Miss Joyce that she loved him for it, "it's just wonderful how real nice-looking sort of boys seem to want to talk and think all the time about bad

things. I just never would have believed it!"

Miss Joyce read him portions of the captain's letter, and Philip sat perfectly quiet with happiness, when she read, "And so, though it is so short a time since all this has happened, I believe Tony is a changed boy; he gives every evidence of being an honestly Christian boy, and I know he is, and I confidently believe in him."

But Miss Joyce could not help smiling when Philip said, with a flush on his face: —

"Oh, Tony is the best boy, such a good boy; you'd never know if you hadn't lived right with him, and had him be good to you the way I have. I never could be half so good a boy as he is, if I were to live to be a hundred and ten years old."

She wondered, as she was constantly wondering, what the explanation of it all could be — about Philip. Now, Tony — Tony was a demonstration of her theories. She believed what Captain Bradley said. She believed Tony was a changed boy, that he was a Christian boy, that

he would become better and more noble as he grew older, that he would make a reliable man, a good man; but all the same she thought he was stamped; he was the natural product of bad surroundings and bad parentage. He had taken to wickedness with unswerving alacrity; with some very lovable qualities, as she must think from his relation to Philip, he still seemed to have been stamped from birth with an easy tendency toward whatever was bad. And now that he had changed, it was so as by fire; and his increasing uprightness would always be the results of struggle. The boy would have to fight for every inch of ground he gained. He had received his inheritance, and it was a terrible one; not too terrible, for none could be, to be overcome by the help of God, but one to be a drag on him through life. So she believed; but here was Philip, from the same surroundings, probably from the same stock; and it was impossible to assume the same things of him. He seemed to have as strong a bias toward the right as Tony toward the wrong. Not

such a strong bias that he could not have overcome it, surely, but strong enough so that he availed himself of every slightest help toward the right and good. He seemed to have a judgment, a discrimination, an instinct, where matters of right and wrong were concerned, that were wholly unknown to Tony, and more or less so to all the other boys she knew who had been situated somewhat as he had been. It was as impossible to doubt that in any given case Philip would instantly choose to do what was right as to doubt that Tony would instantly have a strong desire in the contrary direction. It wasn't that Philip felt as though he was a good boy ; he did not. He was so conscious of all the various inflections of conduct, cognizable only to very sensitive or trained consciences, that he was constantly perceiving his shortcomings. Really desiring cleanness of thought, he was amazed and distressed at derelictions on his part, due not only to his desperate early training, but to the very fact of existing at all.

Wishing — almost unconsciously — to be

truthful and honest, he was disturbed far more frequently by what he noticed in himself of swerving from those characteristics than most would be at positive and intentional transgression. Miss Joyce knew all this, and, considering that it was not at all the product of teaching — though the exercise of it was becoming enlarged and modified by his new life — but just simply natural, like his facility with language or the color of his eyes, she was not finding her psychological problem very easy of solution. "He must just have had a good, good mother at heart, I don't care how she lived, or what she seemed to be like!" she asserted positively to herself.

It was not very long after that that Philip had a surprise. The principal, at Miss Joyce's request, sent him in to stay over Sunday with her. When he reached the house a carriage was standing at the door and Miss Joyce was waiting for him, ready to drive. Her face was so smiling he felt at once that something pleasant was going to happen. "The 'Queen's'

in, Philip!" she cried before he reached her "and we are going to drive for Tony. Captain Bradley said he would keep him there until we came."

That was an exciting drive to Philip, and, after miles of streets, it seemed to him, they reached the docks, and saw Captain Bradley, and then Tony — just exactly the same Tony, Philip thankfully thought, but Miss Joyce even more thankfully thought she detected a difference.

Tony was so overwhelmed that he acted very much embarrassed, but he couldn't take his eyes off Philip's face, and kept smiling broadly.

"Ain't he the scrummest boy you ever did see?" he asked Captain Bradley confidently, and the captain assented cordially.

When they were safely settled in the carriage, having promised to see the captain on Monday, Tony blurted out, "Well, you're just the same, and I'm so glad!"

"And you're just the same too, Tony, only browner, and, I do believe, bigger, and you

look so nice! Miss Joyce, I never was so happy!"

And then they were all sufficiently pleased to laugh as though that were a great joke.

Sunday, between the church services, Tony was the principal talker, and he told his adventures with great gusto. He talked and acted just the same, but Miss Joyce felt so much more comfortable and at home with him that she thought there must be a real difference in him.

It seemed quite a hardship to all three next morning that Philip should have to leave on the early train to get back to school, but, as Philip said, "Well, I've had enough fun, anyway. My head would be turned square around if I could stay another half day."

CHAPTER XIII.

A BOY NURSE.

MRS. MARSHALL had been promising Chalmer for a long time that she would visit him at Clapham and take Gladys with her. She wished to go and see how Lloyd really was situated, aside from having him spend each Sunday with her, as he did; and she also wished to see Philip, for Chalmer was so enthusiastic over him, and so anxious to have him invited to the house, and to have him invited to do a hundred and fifty other things during the vacation that she wanted to see what sort of a boy he really was.

So one fine May morning she appeared at Clapham with Gladys.

"O mamma," urged Chalmer at once, "do let Gladys stay with Lloyd out in the garden, and you come with me first to see Philip," and

they walked down to the pond where Chalmer thought they would find his friend.

"Philip is splendid, mamma; he is such a favorite! He has studied the hardest you ever saw, and you ought to see him play baseball — *such* a batter! There he is now; I can see his yellow head!" Philip was standing on a little pier, giving some orders to a boy in a boat. His cap was off, and his golden hair gleamed in the sunlight. He had a very masterful air, standing there, well braced on his strong, straight legs, his shoulders back, his clear voice ringing out over the water.

"Philip! Helloa! Come see my mother!" shouted Chalmer, and Philip came toward them, flushed, smiling, beautiful beyond any boy Mrs. Marshall had ever seen.

"I am so glad to meet you, dear," she said warmly, won quite over to Chalmer's opinion. "Chalmer writes about you in every letter, and I think I came out to see you as much as to see him."

They went back to the garden, and a sudden

turn in the path brought them close to Gladys. She looked around with a smile, and then her glance became fastened on Philip. She flushed, her lips parted, but she did not move.

As for Philip, he felt a tight knot in his throat. He seemed to be in London again. He felt a nice little hand in his, he heard a nice little voice say, "Blessed are the pure in heart" — words he had said to himself every single day since then.

"Gladys," he said very softly, almost under his breath.

"Philip," she said clearly, and then, with a bound to her mother, cried, "O mamma, mamma, it's Philip; it's my Philip!"

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Chalmer.

Philip started to say two or three things, but he couldn't do it; he looked at Mrs. Marshall, as though expecting her to help them out, and simply said, "Yes, and *I* never!"

Mrs. Marshall was even more surprised than the children. She had often thought of and spoken of Gladys' "mythical Philip," as she

called him, wondering at the tenacity of the child's faith in him, and at her unwavering determination to remember him daily in her prayers and to wear the lucky farthing, which she insisted on regarding as a veritable talisman.

"Why, Philip, how *can* you be Gladys' Philip?" she ejaculated.

"Oh, he is, mamma!" asserted Gladys eagerly, seconded by Philip's no less prompt "I am, truly, I am," for he had no idea of letting this little damsel, whose childish face he had carried so long in his heart of hearts, slip away from him again for lack of assertion on his part.

"I vow!" was Chalmer's next remark. He had been doing a deal of thinking in those few seconds. If Philip was Gladys' Philip, he must have been a circus boy when Gladys saw him, and from what Gladys had said they had decided that her Philip was a youthful lord, at least, if not one of the royal family itself.

A certain cautiousness, which is too often a characteristic of American boys in their relations

with their mothers, had prevented Chalmer from telling his mother that Philip had ever appeared in any other social strata than that in which being at Clapham presumably placed him. He meant to tell his mother sometime, after she had seen Philip herself — for it was too good to keep — but he wanted her to see him first without being prejudiced by any thought of his ever having been mixed up with the highly questionable associations of a circus, however delightful they really were, according to Chalmer's own way of looking at them.

It was very odd, certainly, and Mrs. Marshall was so happily surprised at the turn things had taken that she talked more than any one herself, and quite overcame Philip with some of her questions.

Lloyd had seen the marked effect of Gladys' appearance on Philip, and he went up to him rather timidly, saying in a low tone, "You don't like her best, do you?"

Philip gave him a reassuring look and wondered for a second if Lloyd were well. Mrs.

Marshall began another volley of questions, and Lloyd, after lingering a moment, slipped off to his room to throw himself on the bed and cry his heart out, wondering a little between sobs what he had to cry about.

Just before supper, Gladys, sweet and fresh, was standing on the veranda smelling a sprig of apple blossoms, and Philip stood by a pillar watching her. Chalmer was up in his room with his mother. The children had said very little to each other, but were just beginning to be relieved from the strangeness of seeing each other.

"I couldn't believe it was you, Gladys."

"Nor I," was the grave reply.

"Do you know, I never could forget that day and seeing you. Did you keep the farthing?" with a laugh.

Gladys promptly pulled a tiny ribbon at her neck, and lo — the farthing.

"Well, did I ever!" said Philip. "I never could forget how nice your hand felt that day. It always made me want to be a good boy to think of that."

She looked at him frankly and he at her. Just then the principal came to the door.

"Philip," he said hurriedly, "Lloyd is very ill, has a high fever, and calls for you. Mother Cole just found it out."

Philip turned and fairly flew up the staircase.

Lloyd, poor little Lloyd! he had noticed that the little fellow did not look well, and did not eat, and seemed nervous.

Mother Cole was darkening the room and making things orderly when Philip entered. Lloyd was tossing on the bed and murmuring, "Philip, don't forget me, Philip. Philip! oh, mamma, mamma!"

The doctor came and, after working over the boy all night, decided that his mother must be telegraphed for. There was a hush over the whole school. The boys went about the hall very quietly, and knew their lessons better than usual, and gathered in knots on the sunny side of the playground, to tell what they knew.

"Mother Cole says he's an awful sick boy."

"Philip can't leave him."

"Marshall's mother was with him, but he just calls 'Philip' and 'mamma' all the time."

"They telegraphed for Mrs. Leicester."

"They didn't want to do it. She's South with a relation who is dying,— Mr. Leicester's step-sister, or something."

"I saw her! Wasn't she lovely?"

On the third day after Lloyd was taken sick, Mrs. Leicester reached the school. And the boys told how pale she was as she stepped out of the carriage. The principal and Mother Cole met her and walked with her to Lloyd's room.

"The physician is full of hope," said the principal encouragingly. "The little fellow has made a strong fight, but really his recovery will be due to Philip. I am glad you have come, on Philip's account. The poor boy is almost used up. He hasn't been able to leave Lloyd at all."

They softly entered the sickroom.

"Philip, Philip, put your hand on my head," were the first words they heard.

Mrs. Leicester knelt down by the bed, turning the little hot head on her arm. He recognized her at once, gave a little sigh, murmured, "Mamma's come. Philip, you can go play," and fell asleep.

"He is all right now, if he sleeps," said the physician, in a tone of the greatest relief; "and just get this boy to bed, will you? He will be sicker than Lloyd." He drew on his gloves, took his hat, and left, and Mrs. Leicester lifted her eyes from her little boy's face to look at this Philip.

As she raised her eyes she saw a pale, beautiful, boyish face opposite her, gazing at her with great eyes that seemed to burn right into her.

"Are you Philip?" she said, smiling faintly.

"Are you Lloyd's mother?" he said, without a smile. He couldn't smile. He felt so tired and weary; and there was no one to hold his head, so, or kiss his face, so. Two big tears rolled out of his eyes, just for very weariness, and he turned to leave the room.

Mrs. Leicester slipped her arm gently from

under Lloyd's head, and as Philip passed her she took both his hands, seated herself in a low rocking-chair by the bed, drew the boy down into her lap, and held him tight to her.

"My poor little tired boy. Philip, you have done a wonderful thing for me; they say you saved my boy. I must love you all my life for that, poor little tired, tired boy; let me love you, too, as your own mother does."

"I haven't any mother," half sobbed Philip; and, afraid of crying before a lady whose respect he longed for with all his soul, he hastily left the room.

As she bent over Lloyd again, anxiously watching his breathing, and noting every little thing about his face that showed how severe his brief illness had been — brain fever, they had told her — she saw another face, too,— Philip's. Her heart had leaped in the most unreasonable way as she held him in her arms. She longed for him, to comfort him, to rest him. The dull ache for Philip, her Philip, rolled through her with almost unbearable intensity as she sat

there looking at Lloyd. And this Philip, Lloyd's Philip, seemed strangely mixed up with it now, inextricably so. Why, in that one moment she had held him in her arms she had loved him; and she had noticed everything about his face, particularly his eyelashes. They were just like Lloyd's, and Lloyd's were just like his father's, and her Philip had such wonderful eyelashes, just like his father's; the only things that was like his father, so people said.

Her heart was in a tumult, the result of her anxious, hurried journey, and of finding Lloyd better, but so ill, she thought; but why that constant, wordless prayer to God, that beseeching she knew not what, that ever-present face of the worn-out, beautiful, beautiful boy she had held in her arms for just one moment. It was hard for her to breathe. She wondered if she were to be sick herself. Surely not. She would not know how.

When the nurse came softly in, urging her to go into the next room, which had been prepared

for her, and rest a little, while Lloyd slept, she said she would, but that she must first see that tired little boy who had taken care of Lloyd.

"He is asleep. His room is at the end of the hall."

"Very well; I will wait," said Mrs. Leicester, and, softly, lingeringly kissing Lloyd, she went to her room. But she could not help it, she went down the hall to the end of the corridor. The principal came out of the room as she reached it.

"How is he?" she said anxiously.

"He doesn't go to sleep, as he should. He seems to be waiting for somebody, and seems overstrained. I rather suspect it is you, from something he said. Possibly," hesitatingly, "you could quiet him in a moment, if you are not too tired. He is a wonderful boy. He," and the principal smiled, "looks very much more like you than your own little boy does; quite a resemblance, positively."

Mrs. Leicester slipped into the room and closed the door. Such a bare, white little

room, and Philip was in his narrow little iron, white-covered bed; he lay there very quiet, with his eyes wide open, looking straight at the door, and so at Mrs. Leicester as she came in, but as he steadily looked at her, the expression of his eyes changed, softened, became satisfied, rested. She knelt down beside him, unconscious almost of what she did or said. "Oh, my Philip, my Philip, my baby, my little boy, my darling," and then she said nothing, and the little silver watch Philip held clasped in one hot hand ticked steadily on all by itself.

The hopelessness, the uselessness of what she was saying became present to Mrs. Leicester, to her judgment, but her heart would hear none of it. Still, she must say something as she looked at the happy, slightly wondering little face, so near hers, as she smoothed the beautiful hair. Oh, surely that *was* her baby's hair, whether it was possible or not!

"You see, Philip," she said quietly, but so lovingly, "I had a little baby once, and he was stolen from me, and I loved him so — O Philip,

if you could only understand how I loved him, and how we have looked for him, and I can't help it, Philip — I can't help it — it seems as though you were my little baby come back to me. I know he would have been just like you. If your mother is dead, we must get your father to let you come and see us; we will all love you."

"I haven't any father."

Something bound her heart so tight. Yet all the time she was thinking that she must not excite the boy, she must soothe him. But he was so quiet, so happy. All the weariness and tenseness seemed to have left him.

"Who takes care of you?" she said, with an effort.

"Miss Joyce got me a scholarship here. She is very kind to me. I guess Tony takes care of me."

"Are you Miss Joyce's Philip?"

He smiled assent.

"Haven't you any family, any relations?"

He shook his head. "Only Tony."

"Who is Tony?"

"My brother."

A brother! But her heart would not heed it.

"Your real brother?"

"No, he says he isn't my real brother."

"Where do you live?"

"Here. I don't know; I was with Tony in Boston."

"Have you always lived in Boston?"

"Only three years, about."

"Where did you live before then?"

"In London."

Now her heart did stop beating, she thought. A whole world rising to claim the boy with written, signed, and sealed proofs would not have moved her an inch. "My Philip, mine, mine, *mine!*" was all she knew and felt, but control was second nature.

"Go to sleep, my darling — mine," she murmured, and, tumultuously throbbing as she was, she waited quietly while the long, dark lashes dropped heavily down over the tired, happy eyes.

Very softly she looked for the odd little crease back of his ear, simply to see it once more. She was satisfied it was there, as it was. She held his hand in hers, and looked at it through a blur of tears — precisely like her own. The third finger so perfectly shaped, so faultless in every particular from knuckle to tip, the other fingers all more or less faulty. She looked for the one little lock of hair near the left ear that always would curl tight, though the rest of his hair was only loosely curly. There it was, scarcely showing, yet curled as tight as its short length would allow.

It had seemed to her that her life had been one prayer since she lost Philip, as though her heart had been constantly beseeching God to guard Philip, protect him, give him back to her, to keep him safely, to give her courage and faith about it, and now it was changed to a prayer of thanksgiving, throbbing with love and gratitude. Oh, but it was easy to have faith now!

She could not bear to leave Philip, she was

so afraid something might happen to him. She went to the door and looked out. The principal was just returning. As he looked at her he started. She seemed transfigured.

"I am the happiest woman," she said, in a low tone; "I have no proof, none at all, but I *know* I have found my lost baby — my little, stolen Philip."

The principal's face lit up with sudden conviction. "Yes, madam, I know it, too! He's the image of you; perfect image of you! Anybody could see it!" and he pressed her hand warmly. "This is grand, grand! We'll have proofs, never fear. Asleep?"

She nodded.

"Now, my dear madam, you must rest. Lloyd is doing finely, and Mrs. Cole will see to Philip. She dotes on the ground he walks on. Grand, grand, this *is* grand!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A KING AGAIN.

PHILIP slept eighteen hours without waking. Whenever Lloyd was asleep during that time Mrs. Leicester watched beside Philip, absolutely, unreasoningly happy. She was perfectly satisfied that Philip was her boy. Whether any proofs could be found, whether Mr. Leicester would feel as she did about it, nothing troubled her for a moment, as she sat and gazed at that perfect face. The news had somehow floated through the school. The boys accepted the theory at once and unhesitatingly. "Looks just like her, doesn't he?"

"My, I should think so! Isn't she just beautiful, though?"

"Yes, and I always did think he looked like Lloyd, though I could never tell why, — the way they're built, or walk, or something."

"Fact! I told Norton Lloyd was trying to copy the way Philip walked, and stood, and all, but I guess it was just natural to him, after all."

The largest mail that had ever left Clapham went out that week. Every boy had to write a letter home about Lloyd's brain fever, Philip's watching beside him, Mrs. Leicester's arrival, and her discovery that Philip was her lost baby. The receivers of the letters were all completely in the dark as to how Mrs. Leicester knew that Philip was her boy, and the boys did not know themselves, but they were as careless on that point and as easily satisfied as Mrs. Leicester herself. It seemed eminently fitting and proper that he should be her son, and that was enough.

Philip woke up to find the principal, the doctor, and Mother Cole all in his room.

"Where is she?" he asked at once.

"She will be here soon," said the doctor; "how do you feel, my boy?"

"Why, I feel all right; what's the matter?"

"You know Lloyd was sick, and his mother came?" said the principal.

"Yes, of course I know." Philip's face flushed deeply.

"She was in here. Is it supper-time?"

"It's nearer dinner-time," was the answer, while they all laughed. "It was yesterday you went to sleep."

"And I didn't have any supper nor breakfast! My, but I'm starving!"

"You can get up and save yourself from starving, I guess." The doctor had been feeling his pulse and looking at him.

"Why, I'm not sick any, am I?"

"Sick? No; you ought to be, though. You are a perfect model! good-by to you."

"Where is she?" Philip asked again of the principal.

"She is with Lloyd; you get dressed and you will see her if I'm not mistaken."

Mother Cole told Mrs. Leicester that Philip had wakened. She wished to go to him at once, but she waited. He did not know he was her boy. She could not prove it to him; he must believe it himself. She must not shock

him. The first fear she had had came into her heart; she could not expect him to believe it all at once. She could not expect him to love her. Oh, she must be careful. He couldn't feel at all as she did; it would all seem strange to him. He might not want to believe it. She felt faint at the thought.

"Lloyd," she whispered bending near him.

"What would you think if I told you I thought Philip was our lost Philip — that he was your very own brother?"

The boy's dark eyes looked into hers without a shadow of surprise.

"Mamma," he murmured, "have you found it out? I knew Philip was my Philip. I have played it to myself all along. You see, mamma, I couldn't have lived at all away from you if it hadn't been for Philip, but he smiles like you, and he feels like you, and he talks like you, and I knew it all the time."

"My poor baby, I never ought to have let you be away from me a minute; but we might not have found Philip if I hadn't.

Did you ever say anything to Philip about it?"

"Why, no, mamma; he didn't know it."

But of course Lloyd hadn't told anything. Lloyd never told any of his dreams, and fancies, and queer, strange notions to anybody but herself.

She decided to take Philip driving in the pony phaeton after he had eaten, and to try to tell him then, if she could. Her heart almost failed her.

The principal stood waiting with Philip by the phaeton for Mrs. Leicester to come. As he saw her coming, he held Philip's hand for a moment, and said earnestly: —

"God has been very good to you, Philip," and then helped Mrs. Leicester into the carriage. She looked only at Philip; she could not help it. It was the first time she had seen him since he woke. He was so fresh after his bath, and Mother Cole, glad to help in any way, however modest, had seen to it that he had on his best things, and he wore his clothes with

such an air of distinction, as though they were really worth something — which they weren't — and he was so straightforward and manly in everything he did, and looked at her with such a smile as he stepped in beside her, such a glad, confident, trustful sort of a smile, yet appealing, too. Oh, such a boy!

She did not say anything for awhile, as she drove slowly through a shady country road; she had meant to talk, to be interesting, to draw out the little fellow for awhile. But she could not. It was impossible. There was only one thing she could talk about, and she was afraid to begin.

"How is Lloyd?" he ventured somewhat timidly.

"So much better, thank you; quite out of danger."

"I'm so glad. I just love Lloyd more than any boy in Clapham. I love him so that I feel funny when I'm with him sometimes, afraid I'll kiss him, or something." He gave a little laugh, but blushed.

She looked at him right into his eyes,— those beautiful eyes! How she had kissed them and loved them twelve long years ago! She couldn't help it, and she couldn't speak. He seemed fascinated; he did not try to look away. His heart throbbed violently, and his face showed it; for a second it looked as though tears stood in his eyes.

"Philip, did Lloyd ever tell you about his brother Philip — my baby, my little one, my little lost son?"

"He — he has showed me his picture," Philip faltered.

Again she could not speak, but was forced to look straight into his eyes.

"Philip — Philip — that picture was — a picture of *you!*"

Now she had startled him. His lips were parted slightly, his face strangely pale; but his eyes never wavered.

"O Philip," she said longingly, insistently, "don't you know I'm your *mother?* Can't you tell it, don't you know I have found you

after all these years? Don't you know I have almost broken my heart longing for you? Don't you know you have never been out of my heart? Don't you know you were born mine, and that no baby ever was loved more than you were, or prayed for more, or longed for more? O Philip, don't you *know* I'm your mother?"

The pony was calmly cropping grass from the bank beside the road; the reins lay loosely over the dashboard.

"Are you my mother now?" said Philip softly, but so eagerly that Mrs. Leicester's heart gave one bound. Oh, it was all right now.

"Philip, O Philip," and her voice was so glad, with such a happy ring and a trace of tears in it, too, "always your mother; tell me so, darling."

Quick as a flash, he was on his feet, one knee on the phaeton seat, both arms around her, strained close to her, his face against hers, while he said in the softest, gladdest, sweetest voice, "My mother, my mother, I love you with my whole heart, and how glad I am; my

really own mother!" and he turned her face up and he looked down into her eyes from his vantage ground, and he laughed. Where had that rather shy, very deferential little boy gone to? He laughed, the happiest laugh in the world, and kissed her of his own accord and did it again.

"My real mother? and you're so beautiful! I thought I never saw any one so beautiful, and I wanted you so, I couldn't stand it, I just couldn't; why, I was afraid I'd cry. Oh, I'm the gladdest boy! but me," he said doubtfully looking down at himself, "how do you like me?"

"Philip!" and she laughed, too; but she couldn't look away from him, not if that miserable pony ate the whole grass crop of Massachusetts.

Philip kissed her again. "I couldn't help it," he said apologetically. "I always did want to kiss somebody since my mammy died."

Mrs. Leicester started. "Who?"

"My mammy, I just sort of remember her, and I remember she used to kiss me."

"THIS IS MY MOTHER."

"Did she die?"

"Yes, and I went to the funeral. Tony told me about that."

"Is Tony older?"

"He is fifteen."

"Has he always known you?"

"Oh, yes; Tony took care of me."

"Could he tell me anything about you?"

"Yes, indeed."

It seemed so strange, and painful, too, to know nothing, absolutely nothing, about her own boy. She told him about his first babyhood, and about losing him, and the search. She held his hand and pointed out the wonderful likeness between hers and his, told how funny she had thought his one little tight curl was when he was a baby, and how surprised she was to find he had it yet.

"Yes, and Lloyd and I," began Philip, "why, Lloyd is my brother! Is he my real brother?"

"Yes."

"And, why, his father — is Lloyd's father my father, too?"

"Yes, your father, and you will love him so! A boy never had a better father than yours, Philip!"

"But Lloyd has a little sister!"

"So have you. Hazel has prayed for you all her life."

"Oh, I can't believe it I — I just want to cry!" and Philip ducked his head in her lap and began to shake with sobs.

She liked to have him; it was a perfect luxury — twelve years old and he had never come to cry in her lap.

"Oh, now I know you won't like me!" he said abjectly, raising his head. "I don't know what ailed me. Tony would pound me good for that."

They drove on finally and talked and talked — but it was useless; the more they talked the more muddled things became, and Philip was so absurdly happy, and Mrs. Leicester wanted to look at him far more than she wished to do anything else. But they must go back. Lloyd would be waiting.

It had been rumored among the boys that Mrs. Leicester was to tell Philip he was her son during that ride, and it had been arranged that if they returned during playtime the boys were to gather around the carriage drive and cheer.

Sure enough, when Mrs. Leicester and Philip drove up, nearly the whole institution was in sight,— principal, boys, and domestics. A resounding cheer rang out as the phaeton drove up, followed by individual cheers for Mrs. Leicester, for Philip, and for Clapham.

Philip jumped out on the horse block, without a second's hesitation, took off his cap, and extended his hand to his mother, and, bareheaded, straight as an arrow, in his ringing, boyish voice that all could hear, called out: —

"Boys of Clapham! this is my mother." Not a studied form of address certainly, but it served its purpose, and was met by the wildest cheers, while Mrs. Leicester bowed and smiled, a very ideal to every boy there, for a month, at least, and to many much longer.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL TOGETHER.

Mr. Leicester's little step-sister had died the day Mrs. Leicester was telegraphed on Lloyd's account. Mr. Leicester had remained to attend to the funeral, as his sister had expressed a desire to be buried there. He and Hazel and her nurse were to return to the North as soon as everything was all over.

The very day after Mrs. Leicester had told Philip she was his mother she drove to the station to meet Mr. Leicester. She was keenly aware of how immediately Mr. Leicester would ask for proof that Philip was their boy. If he could only see Philip first, talking would be easy. But the talking had to come first.

"And Lloyd is still improving?" he asked

eagerly, after the first greeting. "How well you look!"

"John," she said in a low tone, "I have found Philip."

He turned her around suddenly to look better at her face. "Are you well?" he asked anxiously.

"Is anything the matter?"

"It is true. I have found Philip, *our Philip*."

"What makes you think so?"

"I can't help thinking so. I know it. Whether there is any real proof to be reached, I don't know; there is something we can find out, but I left all that for you. I haven't tried to know how or why — but I say — I tell you — our baby is found."

"I don't know what you are talking about, dear," tenderly. "I am afraid you are not well. Are you?"

"You will know when you see him yourself. I shall tell him you are his father; he knows all about it. O John, I see you don't understand, and I knew you wouldn't, but you will see him

soon, then it will be all right. I had him go in town to bring out two friends of his. I didn't want him here when you came. I wanted to see you and talk to you. It is all taken for granted at the school. Nobody seems to think it could be any other way. Principal Borden is as sure as I am."

Still Mr. Leicester did not seem to think it true for a moment. She knew he was casting around in his mind for a way to comfort her when she should be convinced of her mistake.

He saw Lloyd. Lloyd talked unceasingly of Philip, and filled Hazel at once with unquestioning faith in his tales of her new brother.

He saw the principal, and the principal congratulated him, with unquestionable sincerity and gladness, on the discovery of his son, by far odds the finest boy he had ever seen in his life.

But it only worried him the more. The matter was quite impossible.

The Leicesters sat in the room that had been enthusiastically put at their disposal by the

principal, as a sitting-room, until the matter should be settled. Mrs. Leicester was waiting with beating heart, for she knew the train was already in that Philip was to return on. She kept looking anxiously at Mr. Leicester, who seemed to be reading, watching Lloyd and Hazel talking together at a window, Lloyd reclining in an easy-chair, when she heard sounds suggestive of a new arrival. The principal's voice in welcome, a lady's voice, probably Miss Joyce's, then a rough boy's voice, and then a clear, ringing, boyish voice, so individual, unforgetable, "And where is my mother?"

The paper dropped from Mr. Leicester's hands. He seemed electrified, looked suddenly at his wife — had *she* spoken? — why, no, it was a boy's voice!

"That is Philip," said she softly.

Then a quick, firm tread along the lower hall, and lightly up the stairs, a pause, then that voice again, "Is Lloyd with my mother, Williams?"

"Yep."

"And, Williams, has my father come?"

Mr. Leicester sprang to his feet. He leaned slightly on the back of his chair, as though to steady himself, his eyes gazing with fixed intensity at the door.

Two steps at a time, the boy is coming now, and now almost at the door, and now, starting to say "O mother," he enters, but stands still —so beautiful, such a bright, fresh face, such an honest, manly little fellow he looked, standing there, so glad, so unconsciously appealing, for he was looking straight at his father. Why, it was his mother's face, his mother's hair, his mother's eyes, his mother's wonderfully winning smile.

Philip had been troubled about his father; he hadn't ever seen a man he wanted to have for his father, though he had never thought anything about it until he came to Clapham. But it was so different to look at this man, with the eyes like Lloyd's, and the long, long eyelashes like his own, and that look that went straight through him, just like Lloyd; and the

strength of him, the manliness of him; it was so different now; and his father's arms were stretched out to him, imploringly almost, and there was a break in the voice that said, "Come."

And Philip went, with a throb in his heart and tears in his eyes, and his father picked him right up in his arms, great, big boy that he was, and held him tight such a long time; and how Philip could feel his heart beat against his until it almost frightened him.

Then his father sat down, but he still kept Philip on his knee, with his arm tight around him.

"Come here, Hazel," he said quietly, "come see your brother Philip," and Hazel went, shy and reluctant, and Lloyd watched her, very proud, and anxious to have Hazel move faster. Mrs. Leicester stood beside her husband, her hand on the back of the chair.

"You knew, John, didn't you?" she said with a smile, as they looked into each other's eyes, each reading a world of thoughts in the others.

"This is your little sister Hazel, Philip."

"How pretty she is!" said Philip bashfully.

"You shouldn't say little girls are pretty," put in Hazel critically; "you should say how *good* she is."

They all laughed, and Philip felt quite an ecstatic pride in the thought that he had a little sister all his very own, who could talk just like anybody.

A sound of voices below floated up. Philip seemed to remember something; he slipped from his father's knee, stood up quite straight, looked anxiously from one to the other: "Mother — father! There's Tony — my Tony! Will you like Tony?"

"Anybody, everybody," said his father promptly and fervently; "only come back here where I can get hold of you."

"Our boy — how *can* it be? How did he get here? Who has taken care of you?"

"Tony," said Philip quickly; "Tony's the only one that knows."

"Well, we must have him right away; is he here?"

"Yes, he's downstairs."

"Go bring him — no, don't you stir a step," holding him tighter. "Lloyd, you go bring him — no, you can't, you're not to move. Sit down; you mustn't stand up another minute."

"I'll get him," said Philip hastily, and, wriggling out from his father's grasp, he vanished like a shot, to bring back a boy who nearly paralyzed both Mr. and Mrs. Leicester. A short, shock-headed, wide-mouthed, slouching sort of a boy, and with the greatest pride of tone and expression Philip said, "This is Tony."

"How do," said Tony easily, without waiting to be spoken to; "how'd you know he's your'n?" he looked at Mr. Leicester, and Mr. Leicester felt that the little wretch had cornered him, to start with.

. . . . . .

Philip had told Tony about his newly found

mother that very morning when Mrs. Leicester had sent him in to bring out Tony and Miss Joyce, if possible.

"And she's good looking, is she, Poke?" asked Tony, after Philip's first outburst.

"Oh, my, Tony, beautiful! You never did see anything like her!"

"Oh, I never did, did I?" incredulously, eyeing Philip from top to toe. "Come off. Rich, too?"

"Why, yes. I guess so. I don't know."

"Got a boy, too, have they, you say?"

"Yes, Lloyd; such a nice little boy."

"Oh, to be sure; and they want you. They aint the first that's wanted you! Does he look any like you?"

"Oh, no; he is a handsome little boy; dark —"

"And you aint handsome, I s'pose," with a snort; "course not! What made her think you were her boy?"

"Why, she lost hers."

"Oh! Why aint *I* her boy, then?"

Philip just shouted with laughter; that seemed too funny for words.

"And she remembered that kink in my hair."

"Oh, you're the only boy with a cowlick, I suppose! Yah!"

"And the funny creases back of my ears are like Lloyd's."

"Hear him! every Scot's born with a crease back of his ears; it's the way they make 'em."

"O Tony, is that so?" anxiously.

"Well, I guess it's so; what else?"

"My hands are like hers."

"Sho! mine's got four fingers and a thumb, too, so fur's ever I counted! Any more smartness she's been gettin' off?"

"You'll hear all about it when you get there, Tony," was the easy, contented answer. Anything Tony said was all right to Philip.

"See here, Poke," and Tony fiercely pinned Philip by his shoulders to the wall.

"What you mean now? You going to take up with these highflyers, jest cause they can *talk?* You goin' to leave me — you and me

always bein' everything to each other lang syne, lads thegither, all the warl til ane anither, here far frae our ain countree?"

"Stop, Tony," broke in Philip. "I wouldn't leave you for anything. All it amounts to is your finding folks same as me; my home is your home."

"Oh, *is* it? Don't be a fool! look at me. What did Miss Joyce think of me? Didn't she want to get you from me, and keep at it till she did? Now I've turned over and mean to do right — she kind and good to me, and all that, and as good a friend as a fellar ever had — does she think I'm fit friend for you? No, she don't!"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!"

"And look at me — just look at me once. I don't believe you're these folkses' boy no more than nothing. She's took to you 'count of your looks. Miss Joyce did, Sally Lamon there at Hart's did, everybody does — 'bout drove my father crazy hidin' you — and do you think she's goin to take to me 'count o' *my* looks?

Well, *I don't.* She'll say, 'Oh, how homebly! how bad! how shocking! My darling child, you mustn't have any more to do with such a wicked boy! I'm afraid he says naughty words and tells stories! Play with your dear little angel brother!'" Tony was mimicking a woman who had once rebuked him for saying "darn it" on the street, to his unending amusement, and Philip was giggling, in spite of himself.

"Now, I tell you, if you take up with them, they'll make you throw me overboard. Now I ain't goin' to the dogs, and I ain't goin' to smokin', nor drinkin', nor gambling, nor general badness if you do. I ain't. I'm goin' to make a man of myself, if I can, 's long as Christ died to save me, and is willin' to lend me a helpin' hand to be decent; but, Philip, I just don't know how I can stand it and live if you slip away from me!"

There was a world of feeling in his rough voice, and Philip, squirming free from his grasp, threw his arms around his neck and gave him a tremendous hug.

"You just come out and see what happens," he said quietly; but he felt misgivings he had not felt before.

. . . . . .

And now Tony was here before Mr. Leicester, not feeling prepared to admit his claim with much good-will.

"How'd you know he's your'n?" he said.

"That is one of the things we want your help about," Mr. Leicester answered, genially, if somewhat evasively. Mrs. Leicester had risen and gone towards Tony. She had not had time to talk so very much with Philip, or to find out very much about him. She had done little more than look at him, and love him, and be thankful; but in all he had said Tony stood forth prominently and pre-eminently. Tony, Tony, Tony. Tony had taken care of him, taught him, fought for him, shielded him, nursed him; Tony had been all he had.

She had felt her heart warm extravagantly toward this boyish hero of Philip's, whoever he

was. She could love the whole world, now her boy was back, and she longed to show her gratitude to any and all who had befriended her little lost boy. She felt from what Philip had said that this Tony had been godsent; he had been God's loving message in answer to her prayers. And now she saw him,— that rather ill-favored, stunted, rough boy in the doorway. But she did not see him as other people would have done ; it seemed as though she saw him through Philip's eyes. That boy, that little boy, for he really wasn't very much taller and heavier than Philip, though he looked older, had spent himself for Philip, had kept him, while she was away from him, useless, doing nothing ; to her, as to Philip, the blue eyes held a world of kindness, the wide mouth spoke of self-sacrifice, the square chin looked honest, the ill-favoredness and crudeness only suggested a lack of everything a childhood ought to have that was fairly pitiful, and made her heart ache.

She went swiftly toward him ; he turned to see her for the first time since he entered, and,

as through a mist in his astonishment, he saw a beautiful face beside him, so like Philip's, a smile — Philip's smile — felt his hands held in both hers, heard her voice — Philip's voice — so kind, so low, so sweet.

"And is this Tony — Philip's Tony? my Tony, too, now! It will take me a long time, Tony, all the rest of our lives, I think, for you are to be my boy now, Tony, just like Philip, to hear all you have done and been to him, and to thank you for it all, and love you for it all. Don't mind, Tony, I can't help it! I *do* love you so, for Philip's sake," and she kissed him on the forehead; and, metaphorically speaking, he sank through the floor. Philip was in a perfect ecstasy of delight; he had secured one of Tony's hands and was squeezing it enthusiastically, knowing very well that Tony would need all the support he could get, moral and otherwise, to live through the ordeal. And his mother had kissed him. Philip gave a little squeal, not wholly free from malice, as he thought what Tony was enduring.

"*There*, Tony!" he ejaculated.

"Here am I, Tony," said Hazel, entering the conflict. "I'm Hazel, Tony!"

"Bless my stars," ejaculated Tony, looking down at the brown-haired, brown-eyed, pink-cheeked, little damsel, "ef you aint the nicest little thing!"

"There," said Hazel, very much pleased, "he is a nice boy, and talks betterer than you, Philip."

"I'm your brother Lloyd, Tony," said Lloyd, who had left his easy-chair again, contrary to orders, and who was desperately mixed up now by his new family connections, "and is it so that you can turn a double somersault, and can you really walk a tight rope, and is it a true fact that you can climb a pole balanced on a man's foot, or was Philip lying when he said so?"

"I have done 'em all," said Tony modestly, mightily thankful to be on his own ground once more, and still not daring to look at Mrs. Leicester, and still red to the roots of his hair;

"but it takes constant practice, and I aint been show actin' and tumblin' for five months and over."

"Oh!" sighed Lloyd, "I hope you'll begin to practise up as soon as we get home."

"Well, Tony, my boy," said Mr. Leicester, who had had time to form a plan, "shake hands, and take a seat; and we want you to do the talking, and tell us all you know about Philip. We are depending on you entirely, for Philip tells us" — guessing somewhat in the dark — "that you know whatever there is to know. That's right, sit down. Lloyd, don't get up again; you will be sick. Philip looks like his mother, doesn't he, Tony?"

Mr. Leicester wanted to see if Tony were still belligerent, and meant to assail him again with, "How'd you know he's yourn?"

"Yes, he does, sure's fate," said Tony, with a sigh of conviction, stealing a look at Mrs. Leicester, but blushing violently again when he saw she was also looking at him. "You see," he said, in a confidential and reminiscent tone,

"she's the one. When Philip here told me he'd found his mother, or she'd found him, I just set to worrying and worrying about it, and I found somehow down inside of me, way back, I had sort o' picked out a mother fur him already. Some way, nobody thought Sal was his mammy, leastways a woman told me so, and Kempton said she hadn't no right to him; but that wouldn't count, 'cause he always lied, anyway. But once a lady and you," calmly, as he looked at Mr. Leicester, and became convinced of his identity, "came lookin' fur Philip to our show, and I see her, and I looked and looked; and I didn't think such a terrible lot about it then, but I couldn't never forget her face, bein' so beautiful, sonsie, and a' that; *her* face, you know," with a jerk of his head sideways toward Mrs. Leicester; "and it was always comin' up in my mind, and I'd always think of it side of Poke's, and sometimes they would seem just alike to me, so'st I was mixed up, as Poke got bigger, and I didn't never forget wholly about her face. And so, when Philip told me this

morning he'd found his mother, or somebody'd told him she was his mother, I got to worrying about it, and I kept seein' this beautiful face, and worryin' about it, and I says to myself: 'That there beautiful lady was his mother, if he ever had any, and she's wearyin' for to him this day, and this new one just wants him 'cause he's so good looking, same as people always has wanted him, and I don't believe no word of this, and I'll knock their talk higher'n kites askin' questions, and let Poke see he's bein' took in, and then I'll tell him about this beautiful lady — he see her same's me, only he was so little — and I'll take him the world over till we find her, if he's determined to have a mother.' And it's *her*," looking at Mrs. Leicester slowly and searchingly, "it's her. I been seeing her face since I was nine years old."

The Leicesters followed his narration with breathless interest.

"Were we alone?" inquired Mr. Leicester.

"Little fellar in petticoats or girl along with you."

"Where were you?"

"Out back the tent, with Poke, flat on the ground, lookin' through the flap. Kempton threw something at us to keep us quiet."

A look of anguish crossed Mr. Leicester's face. Seven years ago they had been so near success, and never dreamed it!

"Don't, don't, John; we have him now!" begged Mrs. Leicester.

"And you are sure now that Mrs. Leicester is Philip's mother?"

"Yep," said Tony gloomily, "I jis' feel sure, and I ain't pinin' to, neither. But you can't help your feelin's, so far's I know. When you're sure, you're sure, and she's the one."

"Who was his — mammy — Sal, you called her?"

"Well, she was Sal. She was sort o' crazy."

"How old was he when she died? Was she kind to him?"

"Oh, losh, yes — there, now, I done it agin — why, she just lived fer to coddle him, and kiss

him, different from anybody else in the Cowgate."

"Where was her husband?"

"Why, she didn't have no husband. She lived her lane; I been in the room."

"What became of her?"

"Oh, she died. Poke was along about four, I guess."

"And I went to the funeral, back of the wagon," put in Philip sadly. "I remember, and I had some black on my sleeve, and I cried."

"Why didn't you think she was his mother?"

"Oh, I didn't think anything about it, only Jeanie McDougall, she couldna thole my father, and when he took Philip for his show, she took me in her house and tellt me I was eight years old, and maist grown, and if I'd hearken to her wi a' my lugs, she'd gimme a jumble. She set me down hard on the table and stood lookin' at me. She said she didna like Philip to go with my father, but she was poor and couldna keep it, and that I was aye to look after him; and she said I needna think Sal was his real mammy,

for she wasna, that Sal had a baby, a sickly bairn, and it died lang syne, and she said Philip was four, and I was to remember. And then she gimme the jumble, and I remember it a' now, but I didna think mickle aboot it alang that time."

"Why do you talk such a funny way?" asked Hazel.

"My way of talkin' never did suit nobody," said Tony frankly. "My folks was Lonnuners, and I talked some like them; didn't use no h's when I should, and throwed 'em in by the barrel when I shouldn't; and I picked up Scotch talk a-plenty in the street, and more Cockney when I lived in London, and I talk American bully now I'm here, when I tries hard. Now, Philip, he always was different; no matter what he said sounded different. Sal, she didn't talk Scotch. She was brought up servant in an English lord's family, Jeanie McDougall tellt me, and he talked some like her, and when he came here he talked American right straight, natural as nothing."

They plied Tony with questions, which he answered in such a keen, shrewd way that Mr. Leicester began to have quite an admiration for him, until Mrs. Leicester asked Philip to bring Miss Joyce.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PLACE FOR TONY.

Miss Joyce had been meditating deeply on the turn affairs had taken, and when Philip proudly escorted her in and she met Mrs. Leicester, she said fervently, "So *you* are his mother! Of course; that explains everything, and my theories have been completely upset ever since I first saw him!"

Every one laughed at her tragic manner, and Mr. Leicester inquired gravely, while shaking hands with her, "And do you think Philip is Mrs. Leicester's son?"

"Oh, I know it," she said in a tone of absolute conviction. "Why, just look at him — at her. Oh, that settles everything for me! I certainly shall not lose any more nights' sleep wondering how Philip could be explained!"

She gave an outline of her meeting with Philip, and, turning to Mrs. Leicester, said in an aside, "I'll tell you more about it all when Philip isn't here. I simply haven't the face to say what I have thought of him before him."

"And so Miss Joyce's Philip is my Philip. I can't believe it! I remember so well the day Miss Mackenzie first mentioned you, and I wished — so bitterly — that Philip had been lost in this country, where he might have the chance of being one of your boys! Oh, God has been so good, so unspeakably good! Philip seems like a good boy?" she hesitated anxiously.

Miss Joyce impulsively pressed her hand. "The best, the very best boy on earth! I never have been able to understand it until to-day!"

Mr. Leicester and the boys had been talking together, but stopped to listen, and Mrs. Leicester went on, "That very same day little Gladys Marshall told me all about her Philip, some

little peer of England, I should judge from her description."

"Why, mother. *I'm* Gladys' Philip!" put in Philip. "I took her home that day in London, and, oh," with a sudden lighting up of his face, "she said a lady she knew lived in that very house, who lost her baby. Wasn't it you? Wasn't I the one? Oh!"

There was a silence for a few moments and then Mrs. Leicester said, "I heard of one Philip, however, in the South, who was someone else, and he was very nice, too," smiling.

"Tell us about it."

"Down in Charleston, about the first of March, I think, I was repeating 'Philip, My King,' to Hazel in the park, and a young sailor heard me. He seemed very much interested and asked me some questions about it. He told me that a fellow-sailor of his had a friend named Philip."

"Did he tell you his name?" asked Tony.

"I asked him, and I think he said Jack Ludlow."

"To be sure, Jack Ludlow! I knowed it," said Tony excitedly. "You know Jack Ludlow, Poke, sailed with me in the 'Queen,' and a strappin' nice fellar he was, too. Works long side of me now in the machine-shop. I'm the other one," turning to Mrs. Leicester. "Philip's my friend."

"O John, to think of it, all these years, and we have been hearing about him at every turn!"

Mr. Leicester had been actively concocting a plan, and now he developed it. "Of course, he said, "it is all very well that we should be satisfied that Philip is our boy, but for our sakes, and his sake hereafter, this matter must be settled, if it possibly can be, and I think it can be. I am going straight to England and to Scotland, and I mean to take Tony here with me," looking steadily at Tony, while he started. "Yes, Tony, you are the very one. We will unravel this mystery together; and you can take me over the whole ground where you and Philip have been, and you can help me in a thousand ways. In fact, I couldn't get along

without you. We will make a man of Philip, you and I, Tony."

And Tony seemed like a new boy from that moment on. He was to be of use. He was to help. He was still to work for Philip. He was to be treated like somebody honest and decent, and he vowed by all that was good that he would be worthy of it, and act worthy of it, and that he would try to improve in all sorts of ways, for Philip's sake, as well as try to do what was right. He felt better and he showed it. His face looked more open and hopeful, he stood straighter, and showed more of his better qualities.

Later, after Mr. Leicester had gone, taking Tony with him as *aide de camp*, to open up the house, and Miss Joyce had gone back to Brookline, having arranged a speedy meeting with Mrs. Leicester, and Lloyd was asleep, and Hazel had gone to bed, Mrs. Leicester and Philip sat in the cosey bay window, not very far from the bright open fire, talking. It was the quietest, best chance to talk they had had.

Philip sat on a hassock near his mother's easy-chair, holding her hand, and kissing it sometimes, while sometimes she disengaged it to smooth his hair.

"I know since you have been here at Clapham, Philip," she said slowly, "that you have been told about your Saviour, and His love for you and all of us, but everything was so new to you, have you had time to think about it, to realize it, to pray, to care?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I always cared," he said simply.

"But you didn't know, did you, no one ever taught you?"

"Oh, yes; Tony taught me."

Tony, well, no; she could hardly believe Tony's teaching had gone that far.

"But do you understand me?"

"Yes, truly. Tony is a Christian, mother. Why, Tony is the best boy you ever saw! I never knew such a good boy as Tony. I'll never, never be so good as Tony."

Mrs. Leicester privately thought she would

be willing to take her chances on that, but went on : —

" Before you came to Clapham ? "

" No-o-o. It is since I came to Clapham that he's a real Christian ; but — but — he was a dreadful good boy before that."

" And did he teach you about our dear Lord and Heavenly Father ? "

" Yes, mother," loyally ; " but, mother, you know Tony didn't always get things quite — right — mother. But he told me all he knew, and he taught me to pray, mother, and he taught me about Jesus. Truly, he did ! "

He did hope his mother wouldn't ask him just what Tony had taught him, or just how he was taught to pray ; but his mother did not think to ask. It seemed wonderful that he should have been taught at all. A thousand times more so when she learned later what she did not dream of then, the kind of life Philip had led, the people he had known, the indecency, the wickedness, the badness of Tony, and every one else he knew. That the three Hebrew

children had walked through the fiery furnace unharmed seemed not so strange, but their salvation was that fourth One who walked with them, and surely He had walked beside her boy through the years of his wandering. Why had he not been harmed more? He thought he had been very wicked; he told her with tears of some things, but in the very telling he only showed the clearer the purity, the reasonable rightness of his heart, his desire after truth.

"And was it easy, Philip, to love our Lord, to want to serve Him, to love God?"

"Yes. I just wanted to right off. I couldn't help it," with a troubled look. "I am afraid I'm not smart, or that I don't understand, sometimes, for it is so easy, and I can't help loving God. It seems so wonderful to think of His being what He is, God; and caring so for us, guarding us, and all; and giving His Son for us, and so wonderful to think of Christ on earth, and dying for us, and knowing us all, loving us; and He seems so near, and I love Him so when I'm all alone. And it worries me,

mother, for Tony doesn't feel so. Now he is a Christian, and means to follow Christ, and do as He says, and he thinks such funny things about God — just as though he was a policeman or somebody like that, and it is such hard work for him to pray, except just sometimes when he feels like it, and it is so awfully hard for him to do right, or to want to. That makes his doing it all the better, you know," hastily; "and he thinks such curious things about Jesus Christ, and everything about it seems hard, and he feels lots more at home with the devil — talking and thinking about him, you know — than he does with our Lord. And I'm afraid he is right about it, and understands better than I, for it doesn't seem right that a little, real bad, ignorant boy like me should find it all so plain and easy, and happy, and nice. Mother, you'll teach me the right way, won't you?"

But Mrs. Leicester, smoothing the fair hair, and caressing the soft cheeks, could only feel that she was the one to learn of him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THANKSGIVING.

THE next Thanksgiving Day was a thanksgiving day never to be forgotten in one household. The table at the Leicesters' had to have a good many extra leaves put in that day. There were Mr. and Mrs. Leicester, Philip, Lloyd, Hazel, and Tony, and the six little Londoners from their farm homes. All but one had grown to be sturdy, stout little fellows. Irving was a very delicate boy, and the last one, Peter, had not been over long enough to have been very greatly modified.

The story that had been told every year was told again, but with such a different ending.

Mr. Leicester had been in England and Scotland all summer with Tony. One very visible result of the trip was Tony's enthusiastic

admiration of Mr. Leicester and Mr. Leicester's thorough liking for Tony. The being with a real man had meant nearly everything for Tony. He had been with Mr. Leicester constantly, associated with him as a companion in a search of absorbing interest to him, and not merely as a subordinate, and a very hard one at that, as when he was with Captain Bradley. His language and manners had been much improved, and he looked at everything differently; his ideas had changed, and he was more in touch with his surroundings. On their return to Boston, he had gone back at once to the machine-shop where he had been working when Philip found his family. He only spent Sundays with the Leicesters, but he felt that they were his family, and that his success was a matter of the greatest importance to all of them. He showed such skill and zeal in all his work in the machine-shop that Mr. Leicester was hoping he would become ambitious and desire a thorough school-training in machinery.

In regard to retracing Philip's career Mr. Leicester had been more successful than he had at all hoped.

They found the Jean MacDougall Tony remembered, and she was able to supply several clues. She had known "Sal" since before she had lost her mind or her baby. She said she had come from London, and that her baby died in the very room where she afterwards brought Philip. The baby's father was an Englishman named Philip Ormstead, and after the baby's death she wandered back to London again, though not before the death of Philip Ormstead himself. Four years later she appeared again to Jean MacDougall with a very beautiful baby, re-installed herself in her old room, and lived there until he was about four years old, when she died. Jean MacDougall said that "Sal" was very weak-minded, and thought this second child whom she called Philip was Philip Ormstead's son and her own baby, who had died four years before her return. Jean could tell where she had lived in London, and even the

names of certain poor people there who had befriended her.

They found two women in London who remembered her perfectly, and who readily placed her disappearance at about the time Philip was lost; and they found a young man who said he remembered her very well, for she had often given him things to eat, and, as a very important piece of information, remembered that she came to him one day carrying a baby, and she gave him a piece of written paper with a ring in it and sent him to a house in Berkely Square. There, after a long delay, he was given a small box to carry back. He thought from the feeling that it had money in it, but he liked Halfwit Sal and did not open it. He remembered that she took the box very eagerly, and opened it, and gave him a half crown, which he went off at once to spend, while she went in the opposite direction with the baby under her shawl. He got the crown on the day that they laid the corner-stone of a church on the next street, for he stood and watched it, holding the change

left after getting the best dinner he had ever had in his life. Investigation showed that the corner-stone was laid on the day Philip was stolen.

Mr. Leicester arranged his proofs to suit his legal mind so as to be prepared for any emergency that might arise, and returned to the United States abundantly satisfied with the success of his efforts.

That evening, after the little Londoners, loaded with presents, and feeling mightily puffed up, both physically and mentally, had been despatched to their various homes, Miss Joyce and the Marshalls all drove up. And such an evening as they spent. The walls rang with the fun the children had. They were all so different, those children.

Chalmer was a typical American boy, strong, well, active, independent, a good deal of a tease, highly satisfied with himself, his opinions, and everything else that was his, yet, withal, an honest, nice sort of a boy, and a credit to his family. Tony, just himself still, though

rounded off and toned down, hugely enjoying the fun, but rather waiting to be assigned parts in it all, for that sort of a good time was a revelation to him when he first saw it in the Leicester home. Lloyd, very sensitive, intensely affectionate, of a quiet, reticent turn of mind, yet with fits of excitement and love of amusement. Gladys such a bright, self-willed, loving, warm-hearted little soul. Hazel so quaint, and funny, and contented, and generous, and old fashioned. And Philip — Philip managed everything, even Chalmer. Philip never seemed to think of himself at all, was just straightforward and square, quick to see all that was going on, with the happiest sort of a disposition, seeing the fun in everything, and a master hand at being first, but always to the satisfaction of every one concerned. He seemed to be the heart of all the life there, and it did seem as though he never forgot his mother a moment — a glance, a smile, going near her for a second — something all the time — in a way that seemed as natural and necessary as for him to breathe.

"Why do you suppose it was? Why was it permitted?" said Mrs. Marshall meditatively, as they watched the children. "Why was it, Mr. Leicester? What do you think, Mrs. Leicester? Why should you have been without him all these years?"

There was a pause and then Mrs. Leicester said, "How should I know? It's easy to believe now — with Philip before me — better — more every way than I could possibly have helped, even if I had had him all the time — it is easy to believe it was all right, that there must be some gain somewhere to someone; that it was permitted because it was right to permit it; but I am the worst Christian; I have so little faith. It does seem as though I wanted to see everything with my eyes, and feel everything with my hands. I can't think of any good that we can *know* about it, unless it is some good to his own character, or some good to our poor, dear, little Londoners. I am sure they have profited by it, and perhaps some one of them the Lord has dedicated to a great work."

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