

When the boy had concluded the woman, who had been silently weeping, all at once became aware that the poor little lad was shivering with the cold. His home was only a few blocks away, so she hurried him there and gave him a fine warm supper. After the meal was over she asked him many questions about his mother, his father, his days at home, and those spent on the street.

After satisfying her curiosity about the boy who had rendered her so kind a service the lady finished up by asking him to stay with her.

"But that would not be right," said the boy. "I have to get out and earn my own living."

"Tut, tut," replied the woman. "Who could expect such a small chap as you to go out and earn your living?"

After much persuasion the boy gave in, and the old lady was never sorry of her choice.

Not long afterwards she sent him to school, where he earned popularity both in the school-room and on the play-field.

When he was about fifteen years of age his dear protectress died, without even making a will. The little property that she had then passed away to some distant relative, and our dear little friend, now no longer a child, was once more left to the cruel mercies of the world. But he was in a far better condition now than he was before, and with what education he had received when his benefactress was alive he was confident of making an honorable living.

But, though he sought everywhere for work, he could not obtain any. Everybody seemed to have enough, or did not want one without any credentials. Nearly everywhere he would go he would be asked:

"Well, where are your recommendations?"

"How do we know that you are honorable, etc.?"

One day he was walking down 43rd street, when he noticed a run-away team rushing madly down the street and dragging a carriage in which was seated an old man. He knew right well that the vehicle would be upset if the team were allowed to pass the corner. Always being a brave boy, he leaped at the horses' heads when passing and held on for dear life. The horses tried their best to rid themselves of the burden, but the lad hung on. At last the horses slowed down, and, within a few yards of the corner, were eventually stopped. A crowd at once gathered round, and in the excitement the old man had forgotten all about the brave little boy who saved