

water pipes, his mouth open nearly all the time to correct Brick's innumerable mistakes as he struggled through the chapters of *Oliver Twist*.

The Judge stood at the door watching them. "Do you like that book, Brick?" he said, suddenly.

The two inmates of the room turned round, then, seeing who it was, rose respectfully.

"Sit down," said the Judge, and coming into the room he took a chair himself and for a few minutes talked kindly to them.

Roblee was certainly much bothered with Brick, but he was certainly much benefited by having some young life under the roof with him.

After the Judge left his room he turned into the pigeon loft. The sleepy, contented birds gave him bright glances.

"You are out of the coming storm," he murmured to himself, as he went downstairs to look at the horses and the cow. When he emerged from the stable, and the biting wind struck his face, he looked up at the big, brightly lighted house. Up under those dark eaves he knew a few street pigeons were nestling.

"Their footing is precarious," he said. "I will have a carpenter come and make a better shelter for them. I cannot bear to think that anything under my care should suffer this cold weather. Is that you, Bylow?" he went on, as something touched his knee.

"Good dog," and he stooped down and patted the now respectable member of society. "Go into the stable. It is too cold for a short-haired dog to be outside," and he opened the door for him.

As he turned something passed his face. He