

Jennie and Chubb

was soon told of the little one's presence. Hastening to Jennie's side, he was greeted with exclamations of delight. Jennie soon found him quite sympathetic with her view of things, and she eagerly poured out her little heart to him.

The following morning the teacher asked Mrs. Miller for Jennie's clothes, and for things to complete an outfit.

'You're not going to take her back to those cruel people, Mr. Green? Just think, the dearie's back is full of black welts. They're brutes over there, to beat a child so.'

'It is not my intention,' said the teacher, quietly, thoroughly sympathizing with the good woman's indignation, 'to take her home just yet.'

'Then I'll get her clothes, and—and——' a choke came into the good woman's voice. 'Yes. I'll get her my little Mary's shoes and stockings. You don't remember the precious dear I lost nigh on ten year ago. She was just like this dearie in size. The boots and stockings will do no good in my box—'cept to take out and think about and cry on. They'd better be a-warmin' poor Jennie's feet, and they will, too.'