

the house, wavered a moment, and then went back to his work.

When he came in at night she noticed that his face bore a troubled look, but he washed as usual and came to the table. When she helped him to his share of the meal he pushed the plate away and said quickly: "Miss Allen, I've something I've got to tell you. I have no right to be here at all. I am not Jimmy Coles. . . . I was out of work and broke . . . and when I heard about you looking for your nephew I jumped at the chance to get a clean bed and good meals, even if it only lasted a day or two . . . I was so fed up on being dirty . . . but I'll go, of course, when the real Jimmy comes . . . and I surely feel mean . . . you've been so good to me . . . and I do love to work for you."

Miss Abbie leaned over the corner of the little table and put her hand on that of the boy.

"Jimmy, dear lad, don't fash yoursel'—he's no comin' at all, and he can stay for all o' me . . . I just want you . . . I haven't a soul belongin' to me . . . and I need you so. This is our little secret, Jimmy, and we'll just keep it. It's a nice way to pick relatives, don't you think?"

Jimmy got up and came around to her.

"Miss Allen," he said, huskily, "I'll tell you everything. I was in jail for a month—picked up for a vag; but I've never stole or cheated in my life. That's what made me so white and thin when I came. It was such a disgrace, and I didn't deserve it. But I want to work for you. You'll find me on the level."

Abbie Allen's face showed a startled look, but the boy's hand on her's was warm and reassuring, and his eyes met her's steadily.

"That's another secret, Jimmy, that we are no telling . . . There's been many fine people in