

him throughout the twenty-five years of his life. He had journeyed to the far West, shunned companions of his own class, and worked hard to make a man of himself, ...a *man* in the best sense of the word. In a hard school, and after bitter struggles, he had learned to control the violent temper that had helped in his undoing, and had conquered the other vices inherited from his forefathers. But ill-luck pursued him, and now he was back in the city of his birth, wearied, disappointed, and discouraged.

His plans for the future were vague. Although home-sickness had impelled him to return to New-York, he was determined never to enact the role of Prodigal Son until he was in a position to furnish his own fatted calf. He knew his mother would greet him joyfully whether he came in the guise of prince or pauper, but there was some-one else to be thought of, and that some-one was the dainty, fastidious girl whose beauty of character had always been marred by hauteur, and who would surely shrink now from his poverty and patches, very much as she would shrink from a leper. Decidedly he could not ask her to be proud of him...yet !

His reverie was broken in upon by Jeremiah's shrill voice :

" Say, Mister, wake up, why don't you ? You looks like a stuck pig ! Well, I'm goin' to hop along home now. I lives on 76th Street near the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. Git on to me French twang ! By-by. "

" Wait a minute, Jerry, I'll go with you. Perhaps my arm will serve instead of your broken crutch.

They left the Park and went down Fifth Avenue. As they passed a beautiful house near 76th Street, the boy felt a tremor shoot through the arm that sustained him, and his companion came to an involuntary stop. The pause was only for an instant, however, and he hurried on at so rapid a pace that the boy said complainingly.

" May be you're trainin' for a race, but I can't go it so fast, nohow ! "

" Excuse me, boy. I was thinking of...of something else. Long ago I knew the mistress of that house, and... now what are you laughing at ? "

" Yah ! D'y'e take me for a greeney ? How could *you* know old Missis Seaton ? Why, she was a swell, ...a