

the lady. Then they fell on each other's necks—that is, Bertie and the little widow.

There was a sound of crying and kissing, and the Judge quietly turned and was about to withdraw when Bertie called to him.

"O, Judge, Judge," she said, "this is the boy—the lost boy. O, my dear Mrs. Tralee, where did you get him. Tell me about it."

The strange lady was gazing in rapt admiration at Bertie, who had run to the little lad and was holding his hand and earnestly looking into his eyes.

Mrs. Tralee turned to the Judge. "Sir," she said, simply, "the only son of a widow—they stole him from me. But this dear girl found him, and I bought him. I bought back my precious child. Can you wonder that I worship her?"

As she spoke she pointed to Bertie. Her tone was animated, even passionate, and the Judge nodded comprehendingly.

"O, I am so tired," said Mrs. Tralee, suddenly dropping into a chair. "For weeks I have scarcely slept for grief, and now I cannot sleep for joy."

Bertie turned round suddenly. "You are coming right home with me," she said, "and I am going to put you in a quiet room where you can rest, and I will watch your boy every minute while you sleep. Dear Judge, may we have a carriage?"

Mrs. Tralee sat gazing at Bertie in mute acquiescence. The expression in her eyes was almost painful, and the Judge averted his head. "How women suffer!" he murmured to himself, as he went to the telephone for a carriage. "And how they can comfort each other!"