

it amiss if we—ah—we offer you this little remembrance—I mean—this little token of—of—”

“Esteem,” supplied Barnes.

“This little token of esteem,” finished Ladd, as he handed the purse to the widow.

The effect of this touching scene was electrifying. The widow threw both arms round Alec’s neck, and gasped amid her sobs that she “L-loved them all s-so.”

Disentangling himself, Ladd made for the door, closely followed by Billy Barnes, who feared a repetition of the scene, and Mrs. Kelly let them out in grim silence.

Next week the widow came forth arrayed as the Alley had never before beheld her. She cut Mrs. Kelly entirely after that good woman remarked to the cat, as the widow passed on her way to church—“Sure, an’ she’s the smooth wan. An’ all thim goosoons handin’ her their earnins to dress the likes av her in silks—an’ her wid money in the bank!”

On Monday morning a tall, seedy looking man was seen to enter the widow’s shack—and shortly after, the widow herself was bustling about, to all appearances, house-cleaning. Early in the afternoon, when a furniture van drew up before her door—and drove away piled

high with the widow’s Lares and Penates; they knew she was moving. At five, the rumor that she had sold her shack, was confirmed—and at six, the widow left the house in company with the seedy looking individual. Just at the end of the Alley the couple came face to face with the chums.

In a voice trembling with emotion, the widow introduced them to “My darling Edward,—for whom I have mourned for three long years—they told me he was dead, but now he has come back to me, and oh, I am so happy! And we’re going away to begin life again together. Thank you a thousand times, you dear, kind fellows, for all you have done for me. Edward, dearest, they’ve been so good to me always. Good-bye, good-bye!” and with a last, lingering look, the widow passed out of Hogan’s Alley, forever.

“Faith, an’ we was the fools!” groaned Bakke, after half an hour’s brooding, when he recovered the power of speech. “Sorra the widdy’ll iver I hilp again!”

“Bah!” snapped Barnes. “It was a woman got us out of Paradise, and I reckon they’re ali alike.”

“Well,” said Bakke, heaving a long sigh, “sure an’ they beat the Dutch!”

’Tis looking downward makes one dizzy.—Browning.

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Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him.

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One of the rarest things in social intercourse is the disinterested desire to please. Charm of manner cannot be put on and taken off at will like a garment.

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On the walls of an old temple was found this picture: A king forging from his crown a chain and nearby a slave making of his chain a crown, and underneath was written: ‘Life is what one makes of it, no matter of what it is made.’

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What we all want is inward rest, rest of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraint, for it is strong enough to use God’s gifts without abusing them; the character, in a word which is truly temperate, not in drink and food merely, but in all desires, thoughts and actions.—Kingsley.