

chair, or languidly sauntered about the room. She took up a book only to throw it down again. Her pencil fared no better. Ennui gave to her fair young face the expression of one who had tried the world for a certainty and found it wanting.

She was leaning her elbow on the window-sill, gazing vacantly into the street, when Ernst appeared.

"Janette," she said suddenly, "do you see that boy? He is employed at the store; go bring him up here, I want him," and with more animation than she had shown that day, she got out materials for a sketch.

"I must get that boy's face," she said, "before good living destroys all his artistic merit."

Ernst was unwilling to come, but the maid almost dragged him up.

"What have you got there?" asked Miss Ludolph with a reassuring smile.

"Something for Miss Ludolph," stammered the boy, looking very embarrassed.

Christine carefully opened the parcel and then exclaimed with delight:

"Strawberries, as I live! the very ambrosia of the gods. Pa sent them, did he not?"

"No," said the boy, hanging his head.

"Who did, then?" said Christine looking him keenly.

He shuffled uneasily but made no answer.

"Come, I insist on knowing," she cried, her wilful spirit and curiosity both aroused.

The boy was pale and frightened, and she was mentally taking notes of his face.

But he said doggedly, "I can't tell."

"But I say you must. Don't you know that I am Miss Ludolph?"

"I don't care what you do to me," said the little fellow, beginning to cry, "I won't tell."

"Why won't you tell, my boy?" said Christine cunningly in a wheedling tone of voice.

Before he knew it, the frightened, bewildered boy fell into the trap, and he sobbed:

"Because Mr. Fleet told me not to, and I wouldn't disobey him to save my life."

A look of surprise, and then a broad smile at the whole thing, stole over the young girl's face,—at the gift, the messenger, and at him who sent it. It was indeed a fresh and unexpected little episode, breaking the monotony of the day—as fresh and pleasing to her as one of the luscious berries so grateful to her parched mouth.

"You need not tell me," she said soothingly, "if Mr. Fleet told you not to."

The boy saw the smile, and in a moment

realized that he had been tricked out of the forbidden knowledge.

His little face glowed with honest indignation, and looking straight at Miss Ludolph with his great eyes flashing through the tears, he said:

"You stole that from me."

Even she colored a little and bit her lip under the merited charge. But all this made him all the more interesting as an art study, and she was now sketching away rapidly.

She coolly replied, however: "You don't know the world very well, yet, my little man."

The boy said nothing, but stood regarding her with his unnaturally large eyes filled with anger, reproach, and wonder.

"Oh," thought Christine, "if I could only paint that expression!"

"You seem a great friend of Mr. Fleet," she said, studying and sketching him as if he had been an inanimate object.

The boy made no answer.

"Perhaps you do not know that I am a friend—friendly," she added, correcting herself, "to Mr. Fleet also."

"Mr. Fleet never likes to have his friends do wrong," said the boy doubtfully.

Again she colored a little, for Ernst's pure and reproachful face made her feel that she had done a mean thing, but she laughed and said:

"You see I am not in his mission class, and have never had the instruction that you have. But after all, why do you think Mr. Fleet better than other people?"

"By what he does."

"That is a fair test; what has he done?"

"He saved us all from starving, and worse than starving."

Then with feminine tact she drew from him his story, and it was told with the natural pathos of childhood and deep feeling, and his gratitude caused him to dwell on the part Dennis had taken with a simple eloquence, while his rich and loved German accent made it all the more interesting to Christine. She dropped her pencil, and when he closed her eyes, that were seldom moistened by the dew of sympathy, were wet.

"Good-bye, my child," she said in a voice so kind and sweet that it seemed as if another person had spoken. "You shall come again, and then I shall finish my sketch. When I get well I shall go to see your father's picture. Do not be afraid; neither you nor Mr. Fleet will be the worse for the strawberries, and you may tell him that they have done me much good."

When Dennis, wondering at Ernst's long