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ROUND THE WORLD

The U. S. Congress will adjourn on July 10th.

During April, 137 sailing vessels of all nations, and 15 steamers were reported lost and missing.

The quarterly dividend of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad was 2 per cent, not 1 1/2 as reported.

The weather continues fair and in every respect favorable for wheat and other small grains, and reports from nearly every quarter are flattering.

The Ontario Scottish Land Company have bought the York Chambers Buildings, corner of Toronto and Court streets, Toronto, paying therefor \$51,000.

The earnings of the South Eastern Railway for the week ending June 7, 1882, were \$3,312, 29, being an increase of \$841, 74 over the corresponding week of 1881.

The eastern trunk line managers have concluded that the running of through cars on common trains between eastern and western points cannot be dispensed with.

The Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports of petroleum and petroleum products from the United States during April, 1882, were \$4,188,955.

Frank Rande, once a highwayman and desperado as notorious as Jesse James, is now quietly making harness in the Illinois State prison, where he is confined under a life sentence for murder. It has been ascertained that his right name is Scott, and that he belongs to a respectable Iowa family.

The prison officials believe he is insane, and that his exploits were more crazy than brave.

A museum of architectural sculpture, the formation of which was originally suggested by the late M. Viollet le Duc, has been opened in Paris in the Palace of the Trocadero.

The object is to afford an insight into the decorative architecture of successive periods in France, from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, and to allow the student to trace the progress of his art from the earliest times until the birth of the various French schools of architecture.

The people of Mount Gilead, Ohio, would not address Thomas J. Archer as "Mister Archer," but spoke of and of him familiarly as "Tom." As he is half negro, he resented the lack of deference as a studied insult because of his color, and quarrelled with a number of townsmen. At length his exasperation led him to shoot three of them, though none was much hurt. Then a mob tried to lynch him, and falling in that, burned all the buildings on his farm.

In common with other businesses, auctioneering firms held their own for many a day in London. When the Duke of Bedford sold out in 1860, on account of pulling down his fine old Inigo Jones mansion, Mr. Christie was the auctioneer, and Christie and Manson are the auctioneers of the effects brought from Hamilton Palace to-day. The Duke of Hamilton has a perfectly unencumbered estate. His rent roll is \$600,000, but he has encumbered it so much that he has probably but over \$150,000 to spend.

"London life seems to me," wrote George Ticknor in 1851, "to have become more oppressive than it ever was. The breakfast that used to be modest reunions of half a dozen, with a dish or two of cold meat, are now dinners in disguise. The lunches are much the same, with several sorts of wine—an advance of luxury which can bode no good to any people."

What would Mr. Ticknor have thought of the change which New York has produced in New York? Luncheons exclusively for ladies nowadays often cost from \$15 to \$20 a plate.

The Lancet records the curious fact that while in 1848 duty was paid on 37,000,000 pounds of coffee imported into Great Britain for home consumption, the figures for the past year show an importation of less than 32,000,000 pounds, although the population has increased by 10,000,000, and the quantity sold per capita is much larger. The figures suggest the hand of the adulterator, and it is remarkably large hand it is.

The Government is said to encourage the business by permitting the importation under a duty of 2d of coffee, chicory, or any other vegetable matter applicable to the uses of coffee, or chicory, roasted, ground, or mixed, without reference to the proportion of the mixture? Turnips, carrots, and cabbage stalks are mentioned as adulterants commonly used.

Almost every wine country used to make brandy; but it is only in portions of the two French departments of the Charante and Charante-Inférieure (the ancient Saintonge and Angoumois) that the brandy known for ages as cognac is produced. The general destruction of the vines, and the improvements made within the last ten years in distilling spirits from other material, have led to the almost complete abandonment of distillation from French wines.

In the years 1872, 1875, and 1876 an average of sixteen million gallons of brandy were produced from wine. Last year only one million gallons were made. This was about 3 per cent. of the whole production of spirits, which was chiefly from molasses (43 per cent.), beet root (26 per cent.), and grain and potatoes (28 per cent.). The excellence of genuine cognac is mainly due to the soil, the sub-soil, and the variety of the vine which has been found, by continued selection to be best suited to them. The town of Cognac, the central mart of the district, has in course of time given its name to the produce, and, in fact, to any very good brandy.

An extraordinary story of Russian corruption was told at a trial at St. Petersburg, the other day. The accused was Privy Councillor Busch, Director General of the Medical Department of the Navy, who was charged with having received bribes from the officers of his department for their promotion. One hundred and twenty-six navy surgeons came forward as witnesses, eighty-six of whom testified that the practice of paying the head of the department for promotion had been in existence for many years, and that Dr. Busch never promoted a surgeon without receiving payment in cash or by promissory note. One of the witnesses alleged that he had to make two such payments—one of 800 roubles in 1874 for his first promotion, and another of 1,500 for permission to be transferred from the army to the navy. It also appeared that in 1877 a young surgeon was appointed to a higher position by the Governor of Orlandstadt, and that Dr. Busch, on hearing of this, threatened to cancel the appointment unless the surgeon would pay him 4,000 roubles. The surgeon then paid Dr. Busch 3,000 roubles, and was allowed to keep his appointment.

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CARRIED BY STORM!

By the Author of "Gay Harcourt's Wife," "A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad Marriage," "Redmond O'Donnell," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

One, two, three, four! from the old wooden Connecticut clock. She draws a long breath of relief, rises, makes her way out, as she made it in.

The night has changed—the morning is dark, damp, dismal. George Blake is waiting, poor faithful sentinel. He comes up, and looks chattering, white rim on moustache and hair.

"At last!" he says, wearily; "give you my honor, Joanna. I thought the time would never come.—What a night—this has been! Shall you ever forget it?"

"She does not speak," she looks back darkly at the house she is leaving.

"God-bye, you 'dreary prison,' she says. 'I may be miserable in the time that it is to come, but I can never again be as miserable as I have been in you!'

"You shall never be miserable. Can you not trust me, Joanna?" he says reproachfully.

"Come," is her only answer. He draws her hand through his arm, and they are off, walking fleetly and in silence, along the bleak, windy road.

It wants a quarter of five when they reach the station. It is quite deserted, but there is a fire in the waiting-room.

He takes her in, and sees for the first time her silken robe, the velvet hat, the crimson shawl.

"My word, Joanna!" he says, laughing, "how smart you are! As a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber! Where did you raise all this superfluous toggery?"

"It belongs to Lora," answers Joanna. In the most matter-of-fact tone possible, "all but the shawl—that belongs to Lisa! The watch and brooch are my own. I did not want to share them by being shabby."

He stares at her, then bursts out laughing, but he is not best pleased either at these vague notions of *meum* and *tuum*. There is no time, however, to remonstrate; the train rushes in almost immediately, and the instant it stops, the runaways are aboard.

"Now, then," George Blake exclaims, "we are off at last—let those catch you can! In three hours we will be in New York."

It is a silent trip. The young fellow sits lost in a happy dream. He will marry Joanna—they will board in the city for a little, then his mother will "come round," and his wife can live with her, while he will run down three or four times a week. By-and-bye his salary will be raised, he will become an editor himself, he will take a nice little house over Brooklyn way, with a garden, a grape arbour, some rose trees and geraniums, and he and Joanna will live happily for ever after!

That is his dream. For Joanna, what does she dream of as she sits beside him, her lips compressed, a line as of pain between her eyebrows, her eyes looking out at the grey, forlorn dawn. Nothing bright, certainly, with that face.

They reach the city. The noise, the uproar, the throng, the stony streets, bewildering—she clings to her protector's arm. He has decided to take her to-day to a hotel, and not present her to his landlady—an austere lady—until he can present her as his lawful wedded wife. So he calls a 'keby,' and they are driven off to an up-town Broadway hotel.

"It is always as noisy as this?" she asks, in a sort of panic. "My head is spitting already."

"Oh, you will get used to it," he laughs; "we all do. You won't even hear it after a while—I don't. Here we are. Now you shall have breakfast, and then I will start off, and hunt up a clergyman."

He squeezes her hand, but there is no response. She withdraws it impatiently, and goes with him into one of the parlours, where George engages a room for his wife, and registers boldly as "Mr. and Mrs. George P. Blake." Mrs. Blake is shown to his apartment, where she washes her face, smooths her hair, straightens herself generally, and then goes down with Mr. Blake to breakfast.

"Now Jo," he says, when that repast is over, "you will return to your room, and I will go out and get something to read, to pass the time, for I may be gone for some hours. I will fetch a parson with me if I can; if not, we will go this evening before a clergyman and be married. Try not to feel lonesome. In a few hours you will be my wife!"

Joanna does not look as if there were anything in this prospect of a particularly rapturous nature, but she goes to her room, and later accepts the magazines he brings her, to while away the hours of his absence. But it is a long day. She yawns over the stories and pictures for awhile, then throws herself on a sofa, and falls asleep.

It is late in the afternoon when she awakes. George is there to take her to dinner, waiting impatiently.

"It is all right," he tells her. "The Reverend Peter Wiley is my friend: I have explained to him as much as is necessary, and we are to go to his house at nine this evening. I shall want some one to stand up with me, so after dinner I'll run down to the office, if you don't mind being left alone a little longer, and get one of our fellows."

They dine, and George again departs; Joanna once more returns to her own room. And now it is drawing awfully near—this great change in her life—she is about to become George Blake's wife. And she sits here alone, her face buried in her hands, her whole life seems to rise up before her—her whole dark loveless, most miserable life. A dreadful feeling of sullen, silent anger possesses her as she sits alone here, her hands clasped around her knees, her eyes staring straight before her, after her usual crouching, ungraciously fashion. All the wrongs of her life-time rise up before her, a dark and gloomy array. Fatherless, motherless, what had she done to be sent into the world banished at her very birth? Hard fare, hard words, hard blows, oaths, kicks, cuffs, constant toil, half naked, half frozen, jeers, scorn, for ever and for ever! There it stands, the bitter, bad catalogue, never to be forgotten, never to be forgiven. A long lifetime of reprisal will be too short to wash white the scene her memory holds against almost every human creature she has ever known.

And, yet, stay! Not quite all—not George Blake, poor foolish fellow, who has run away with her, or rather with whom she has run away. The tense lines of brow and mouth relax a little. It is too bad to have made him do it; he will never know what to do with her all the rest of his life. He will be sorry for it presently—she feels that, although, perhaps, he does not just now. But she has not thought of him, only of herself; it has been her one chance of escape from that earthly hell, and she has taken it.

What is she that she should spare any one! After all, George Blake has asked her once, let him "dreeple own weird," she will utter no plan of here-out of pity for him, he is useful to her, and when his day comes let him—

She stops. A quick footstep passes her door, a man's step—a man's voice whistles a gay air.—Both are familiar; they strike on her heart like a blow. She springs up and flies to the door. Down the long passage a tall figure goes. A lady passes him, the whistle ceases, he uncovers as she goes by; then he too, is gone.

For a moment she stands stunned, her face quite white, her eyes all wild and wide, in a sort of terror, her heart beating thick and fast. Then she darts to the window, and but just in time. He is passing out, the last light of the evening, sky falling, full upon him—handsome as usual, carefully elegant as usual—the dazzling image that has always appealed so powerfully to this wild girl's imagination—that has made him from the first in her eyes, unlike any other man she has ever seen: What is the charm? He is only a well-looking, well-mannered, well-dressed young gentleman; the type of a class that in after years she meets thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and yet, to the last day of her life, something stamps Frank Livingston as a "man of men" among them all: in one flashing glance, those quick eyes take in every detail of face, figure, and dress, even to the rosebud and geranium-leaf peeping out from under his dark palette; the white vest, the kid gloves. There is but time for a glance. He lights a cigar, beckons a coupe, springs in, and is gone.

She sits down as she has been sitting before, but in a dazed sort of fashion that frightens even herself. She tries to take up her train of thought where she has dropped it—in vain. A swift, incomprehensible revolution begins within her. She will not marry George Blake—no, no never, never! She springs up again, and puts out her hands as if to keep the idea off. She will not marry George Blake—she will die first! How has she ever thought of such a thing? Why has she ever come here? Why is she staying here now? If she stays here she will come back and make her marry him. Make her! She laughs, a scornful little laugh all at herself, at the thought. But then his pleasing face and wistful boyish blue eyes rise before her. And he is so fond of her, so ridiculously fond of her.

"Pshaw!" she says, aloud, impatiently, "he is a fool to want me. He will get over it."

But she must not stay; it will not do to meet him; she must have been mad with misery over to think of marrying him—him! Alas, for George Blake! The naughty head erects itself, the straight throat curves. In one moment her mind is made up beyond power of change. And all by one fleeting glimpse of Frank Livingston going to the opera.

She puts on her hat, Lora's hat, pulls it well down over her face, throws the heavy crimson shawl over her arm, and is ready to go. She writes no line or word of farewell—what is there to say? And she is not romantic. George will see that she has gone—that is enough. Where is she going? She does not know—only—not to marry young Mr. Blake. She opens the door, walks quickly down the long corridor, her head defiantly erect, prepared to do battle with George Blake should they meet. But she meets no one. The elevator is just ascending, and she is out, under the sparkling New Year stars, alone, homeless, penniless, in the streets of New York.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH JOANNA SEEKS HER FORTUNE.

The yellow-tinted twilight has given place to the silvery dark, lighted by a broad full moon. All lamps in the great thoroughfare are alight, windows are blazing like great jewels. Her spirits rise, the fresh night wind is like strong wine, the old gipsy instinct of freedom awakes within her. It is well! She is strong, she is free! Oh! blessed freedom, boon beyond all boons of earth! And for one whole day and night she has thought of resigning it for life-long bondage to George Blake! Free to do what she chooses, go where she likes; the world is all before her, a great city full of infinite possibilities is around her! No man is her master; no man ever shall be!

She walks on and on, her blood quickening, her heart rising. She could sing aloud in this first hour of her exultation. She is free! her old life lies behind her, with its shame, its pain, for ever and ever. She is here in the city of her desire, the world all before her where to choose!

How brilliant the scene is to those country eyes! how the lamps shine, how the great windows flash out! But the row, the rush of many people and the noises dazzles and bewilders her. Will she indeed ever get used to it, as George Blake says? But she puts away the thought of George Blake; a hot swift pang of remorse goes with it. How cruel, how ungrateful he will think her, and "ingratitude is the vice of slaves." She will not think of him; it is all she can do to keep from having a vertigo, amid all this light and noise.

Presently she becomes conscious that curious eyes are watching her. She does not know it, but she is a conspicuous object even on Broadway. Her great amazed black eyes, the unmistakable country stamp about her, something out of the common in her eager face, the brilliant shawl, render her a distinct mark in the moving picture.

And then all at once she realizes that she is being followed, that a man is close at her elbow, has been for some time, and is looking down at her with a sinister leer. He is a big, burly man, with a red face, a mangy, purple moustache, all nose and watch chain, like a Jew. She glances up at him angrily; he only returns it with a smile of fascinating sweetness.

"You was waitin' for me, my dear, wasn't you?" he says, insinuatingly.

She does not reply, only hurries on, her heart beginning to beat. A policeman passed and eyed the pair suspiciously, but Joanna does not know enough of city ways to appear to him. She takes these tall men bound in blue and brass, to be soldiers, and is afraid of them. She walks rapidly—so rapidly with that free, elastic step she has learned in treading the woods, that her pursuer anathematizes her under his breath. She has got off Broadway now, and takes corners and streets as they come, and still, with a perseverance worthy a much better cause, her tormentor follows. He has no breath left for conversation. He is stout, his mind is gone, he is gasping like a stranded fish, he jugs a step or two behind, and a stern chase is always a long one. Joanna is as free as when she started. Suddenly she turns round and looks him, and something in her eyes looks so wicked, so dangerous, that the fellow stops. The next moment, she has flown around a corner and disappeared. There is nothing for the owner of the mangy moustache but to get on the first car and go back.

She wanders on and on, glancing about her suspiciously, now, lest the stolid gentleman should have successors, but no one troubles her. She wonders where she is. Up here the streets are quiet; long rows of handsome brown houses, as much alike as aspens in a paper, are on either hand. Pedestrians are few and walk fast; the blue and brass soldiers pass her now and then, but say nothing. Lights gleam from basement windows. She pauses and looks wistfully at the picture within. Long tables, laid with white damask, glass and silver sparkling as at Mrs. Abbott's, servants moving about. Sometimes it is a parlor; sometimes a dining-room; it is with great glass plates, glowing over the piano, her music coming to "where the homeless listener wearily stands; mamma with a book or work, papa with his paper, little children flitting about. A great pain is at her heart. Oh! what happy people there are in the world! Girls like her, with bright homes; happy, cherished, beloved, good. She is not good, she never has been, she never will be, it is not in her nature. She has been, been different from others, more wicked, sullen, fierce, vindictive, and now, last of all, ungrateful. A great sob rises in her throat, she moves hurriedly on. She is cold and tired, and homesick—she who has never had a home, who more than ever before, is homeless to-night. The hard pavement burns and blisters her feet, used to tread elastic turf. It is growing very late, and very cold. Where shall she stay until morning? She cannot walk much longer; her wearied limbs lag even now. What shall she do?

The quiet of these up-town streets begins to frighten her. The blinds are all closed now; the sweet home pictures can dazzle her no more. She must get back to where there is light and life—that brilliant, gaudy, safe street, she found herself in first. But she cannot find it; she is in another part thoroughfare before long, but it is not the same—it is the Bowery.

A clock somewhere strikes ten. Her head is dizzy, a mist is before her eyes, her feet fall, a panic seizes her; she grasps a railing to keep from falling. She can go no farther, come what may.

A little ahead there is a building that looks like a church. She moves toward it, goes up the steps, and sinks down in a heap. A pillar screens her partly; she crouches into the farthest corner, shuts her eyes, and tries to rest.

What shall she do? The question beats like a trip-hammer through her dazed brain. She has no money, not one penny; she does not know one living soul of all these restless hundreds who fit by. And yet it is characteristic of her stubborn resolution that she never once repents having run away from George Blake, nor thinks of making her way back to him. She knows the name of the hotel she has quit; it is probable she might find it again, but the thought never occurs to her. Whatever comes, all that is past and done with; she will never take a single step backward to save herself from the worst fate that can befall.

What shall she do? She feels she cannot stay crouched here on the cold stones all night. Whither shall she go—to whom appeal? She has spent many a night in the open air before—nights as cold as this, but the old mill was her safe shelter, the familiar creak of her friends, the frogs, her well-lullaby, the solemn surge of the forest, her lullaby. Here there are men more, the 'cat rattle' over the stony street, noise, light, danger. She has spent no night like this in all her life.

Soon what she fears most comes to pass—the gleam of that faded red shawl catches the quick eye of a passer-by. He stops, pauses in the time he is whisking, peers for a moment, then bounds up the steps, and stands beside her.

"Sa-a-y, you, hullo?"

She looks up. It is only a boy, a gambr of the New York streets, with a precocious, ugly, shrewd little face—a boy of perhaps thirteen. The infinite misery of her eyes strikes this young gentleman with a sense of surprise.

"Sa-a-y," he repeats, "doggin' a cop?"

The tone is questioning, the words of course are perfectly incomprehensible. She does not reply.

"Sa-a-y! Can't yer speak? Doggin' a cop?"

The tone this time is sympathetic, and is meant to reassure her. If she is performing the action in question, he wishes to inform her he has performed it himself, and that she may count on his commiseration.

"I don't know what you mean," she says, wearily. "I am from the country; I have lost my way in the streets. I have no home, or friends. I was very tired, and I sat down here to rest."

Her head drops against the cold pillar. She is utterly spiritless and worn out. He stares at her for a moment, says "Golly!" softly to himself, and slowly resumes his whistle. He is debating whether to believe what she says or not.

"Sa-a-y," he draws, after a little, "got any money?"

"Not a penny."

He resumes his whistle once more. Once more the keen eyes of the boy of the streets goes over her, takes in the silk dress, the gleam of gold, the crimson shawl, the weary, weary face.

"Sa-a-y! what brought ye up to York?"

"I came with a friend. But I did not want to stay. I came out and lost myself. You need not ask me questions. I cannot tell you more than that. I do not know where to go. I have no money to go to another hotel."

"Another hotel! Cricky! We've been in a hotel—Fifth Avenue or the Windsor. I shouldn't wonder. Sa-a-y, I'm blessed if I don't believe you're tellin' the truth!"

She looks up at him indignantly. The cute, boyish face is a good-humored one, and his youth gives her courage.

"I wish you would tell me what to do," she says, piteously. "You belong here, and must know. I cannot stay here all night."

"Should think not. Well, you might go to the station for protection."

"The station—police you know?"

"Why should I go there?" she exclaims, angrily. "I have done nothing wrong. How dare you suggest such a thing?"

"Blessed if you ain't a green'un!" the boy says, grinning. "If you won't go there, and get lodgin' free gratis for nothin' where will ye go? Sure you got no money?"

"Certain. Not one penny."

"Well, what's that a shinin' so—a gold chain? If it is gold—the real Jeremiah, mind—you might put it up the spout, and get money that way. I'll show you your uncle's."

She looks at him with such bewildered eyes that he grins again.

"Oh! she's a green'un, and so mistake. Looky here," he says, adapting his own vest to his company, "if I got you a lodgin', a clean, comfortable, respectable lodgin', will you pawn your jewellery to pay for it? Cause if you will, I guess I can help you."

"Oh! most-willingly," she says, relieved. The brooch and chain—she gives him a hasty look at them, but anything is better than risking a night here. She rises at once, and hastily begins to divest herself of them.

"Don't take 'em off now," the boy says, good-naturedly. "To-morrow'll do. Come along. It's a goodish bit of a walk. We might take a car, but you've no money, and I haven't earned a cent to my porridge to-day."

"Do you work?" Joanna asks, eyeing the box and brushes he carries.

"You bet! Sells papers in the mornin', and shines boots the rest o' the time. Faint done a stroke worth a cent to-day. Times is awful bad," says this man of business, despondently. "Gents that always took a shine before, goes muddy now, sooner'n part with a blamed nickel!"

"Where are you taking me?" the girl inquires.

"Where is in some trepidation, although the lad's face is not a bad one, and she is dead tired."

"Home to our house—my old woman's, you know. Landress she is; does up gents and ladies fine linen. We've got a spare room in the attic, and now and then we let it for lodgin' to girls out o' place—help, ye know. Mother knows 'em by dozens. They pays a dollar and a half a week and grubbs themselves. It's empty now, and I guess you can have it. You look the right sort, ye do. Mother don't take no other, mind you. 'Taint much farther—up four pair, but the roof's handy for dryin'."

Joanna is too spent to talk, so in silence they presently reach the place. It is up four pairs, and very long pairs at that; she feels as though she could never reach the top. They do reach it, however; the boy opens a door, there is a flood of light, a gush of warmth, and they are there.

It is now after eleven, but late as is the hour the boy's mother is still pursuing her avocation. Upon a stove, glowing red-hot, stands an array of smoothing-irons; at a long, narrow table, in the middle of the floor, the woman stands, polishing the bosom of a shirt.

The room is perfectly neat and clean; two lamps light it brightly. The woman herself is in a spotless calico dress and long white apron, and looks both respectable and, like her son, good-natured. On a trundle-bed, in a corner, two children lie asleep.

"Bless us, Thad, how late you are!" she begins. Then she sees his companion, and stops, inquiringly, but in no surprise, and smiles a welcome. "Good evenin', miss. Come in and take an air of the fire. You look half frozen."

Joanna advances. The mother takes in, as she has done, the silk dress, the golden trinkets, the fine crimson shawl, and her face grows first puzzled, then grave. She turns to her son, with something of a frown, and motions him into an adjoining room.

"Who is this you have brought?" she asks. "I don't know her."

"No more do I," Thad rejoins, "but she's all right—bet you ten cents on it! She ain't no help—no more she ain't a street trumper. She's a country gal, and greener'n grass. Cut away from her friends, I guess, and come to New York to seek her fortune. They all do it! Don't she hope she may find it?"

"Where did you pick her up," the mother asks, still dissatisfied.

Thad explains at some length. Thad's mother listens, neither satisfied nor convinced.

"I'd rather have my room empty forever, you know that," she says, with some severity, "than harbour half the ruck that's going. If I thought she wasn't all right, I'd bundle her off again, and let her go to the station, and box her ears into the bargain! I won't lodge respectable young women out of place."

"Well, she's a respectable young woman out o' place," says Thad. "Sa-a-y, mother, don't let us stand here jawin'. Give a fellow his supper, can't you, and let him go to bed. And you say she's got no money?" says the woman.

"No; but she's got a gold chain, and the best o' clothes, and is willin' to put 'em up the spout first thing to pay you. Say, mother, you can't turn her out, so cheese it all, and give us some supper."

He returns impatiently to the kitchen. Joanna still sits in a cane rocker near the stove. The warmth, the rest, the silence, have lulled her into sleep. Her head lies against the back of her seat, her pale, tired face has the look of a spent child.

The woman bends over her, and gradually the perturbed expression leaves her face. No—on that brow the dreadful brand of the streets has never rested. She is little better than a child in years; the story she has told Thad must be true. She is one of these foolish, romance-reading country girls who run away from home and come to New York to seek their fortunes. There are so many of them—so many! Poor souls! the fortunes they mostly find in ruin and sin for life, and a death of dark despair. This girl has evidently been well-off; her dress is of rich silk; handsomely trimmed and made, she wears a gold chain and watch, a breastpin and ring. And the shawl on her lap—the woman's eyes glisten as she lifts it. All her life it has been her ambition to own a shawl like this—all wool, deeply darkly, beautifully red. All her life it has been an ambition unattained.

"I will keep her for tonight in this shawl; she will sleep, repeating it, if she's a mind to make the bargain."

Thad is calling lustily for his supper. It is soon set before him, some slices of cold corned beef, some bread and butter and coffee. The lad falls to with an appetite, and his mother gently awakens Joanna.

"You must be hungry," she says; "take some supper and go to bed."

But Joanna is not hungry; she dined late, and fared well. She is very, very tired, though, and will go to bed, with her hostess' permission.

"My name is Gibbs," suggests the matron, taking one of the lamps, Mrs. Gibbs. Will you tell me your name?"

For a moment there is a pause. She has no name. The hated one of Blessed is not hers—she would not retain it if it were. Blake, she thinks of giving; but no, she has no right to poor George's name. The only one that belongs to her is Joanna—Wild Joanna. Then it flashes upon her—she has only to reverse that, and she is now christened for life.

"My name is Wild," she says, "Joanna Wild."

"And you look it," thinks Mrs. Gibbs, going on with the lamp, "wild by name and wild by nature, I dare say. But you're not a street-trumper, and that's a beautiful shawl, so it's all right."

The room is a tiny attic chamber with a sloping roof, and lit by only two lights of glass. The bed is wide enough to lie down on, but certainly to turn in it would be a serious risk, still it looks perfectly clean, and that is everything. The floor is bare; one chair, combed with the furniture there is space for. "I hope you will sleep