

terraptured me; asked in all friendliness by a very estimable lady, who cooked me the best meal I have had since I gave up my suite at the Rex . . . And she asked my advice.

"This lady is expecting her nephew, eighteen years old, whom she has never seen, from Scotland. Indeed, he is overdue now, and she is rather anxious. His room is ready for him—off the kitchen, done in pale green, with basket quilt on bed, and Saint Cecelia with halo round her head playing piano in gold frame on wall. I don't expect the mass of you to appreciate fine touches like this, but I mention them to prove the loving attitude of the lady for her nephew. . . . Gentlemen, there is a chance here for someone."

"Would I do?" asked the chiropodist's patient. "I feel years younger since Bill did my feet."

"Decidedly no," said Mr. Watson. "Nephew must be young, able-bodied, pink-cheeked—the kind preferred by mosquitoes—and must answer to the name of Jimmy Coles."

At that moment the door opened and a boy entered, a shabbily dressed boy with a battered cap and old waterproof. He carried a yellow tin box. Mr. Watson went to meet him.

"Are you from Scotland by any chance?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I did come from Scotland—but it was some——"

"Hush! Not a word till you hear all," said Mr. Watson. "It might be used against you!"

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The next day Miss Abbie had two guests, whom she received at her front door and led into her tiny parlor. Her cheeks were pink with excitement.