

form, "you are a veritable fairy god mother. This rosy, dainty maiden cannot be the same bit of humanity that I held in my arms a fortnight ago. You will miss her, will you not?"

"I shall go with her to New York anyway," said Miss Roxbury, "and I don't mean to come back alone, either. Mr. Alder, I hope God will forgive me for the empty house I've had all these years."

"An empty house means a lonely heart," he replied. "And I am glad you are going with the child."

That afternoon Miss Roxbury and Dot, attended by Mr. Knox, wended their way through a dark alley in one of the most squalid districts of New York city, and climbed flight after flight of rickety stairs in a rear tenement.

The heat, the filth, the scenes of misery were indescribable. Miss Roxbury felt as if she was on the confines of the bottomless pit.