

THE WIDOW'S JEWELS.

STORY I.—ROBERT MCCOY.

CHAPTER I.

"Good morning, my little lad," said Mrs. Selden one day to a young rosy cheeked boy, with curly hair, and full hazel eyes.

"Good morning, ma'am," said he, with a smile, at the same time removing his well-worn cap, and the thick, dark curls settled lightly about his temples, adorning them with beauty of which the little possessor was wholly unconscious.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"William," he replied, "William McCoy."

"How old are you, William?"