

But Sneck thought it was a hopeful attempt, for he began it all over again, all the time preparing his "scrumpious" meal.

On the outside of the door, transfixed in speechless amazement, stood the old janitor. He couldn't believe it, and stood for five minutes gaping at the sight. Then he rushed down stairs to old Smith below and into his room in a fit of laughing. "Oh Lord, what do you think?" he cried, "Sneck's as drunk as a fool—singing drunk!" You could have knocked Smith down with a feather. He would not believe it. But they listened, and there, sure enough was the proof. Old Sneck had just reached that high note, broke and went wheezing and grating indiscriminately on odd notes down to "a most lame and impotent conclusion." It would not have been much of a credit even to a drunken man.

After a while he was played out, and commenced hunting through boxes, trunks, bureau-drawers—everything. At last he discovered the object of his search—a prayer-book. With great effort he got down on his knees and prayed. He said a great many prayers, very devout and very penitent ones too, and though he had to consult the prayer-book for the simplest of them, they were all the more perfect for that—every word properly pronounced, every meaning thoroughly digested. After he had completed his devotions, both candles were extinguished, and he retired for the night, the chimes from the countless towers lulling him to sleep.

The next morning Sneck found, when he arrived at the hotel, that poor Porter had died during the night, the priest having been with him to the last. He had left a note

for Mr. Sneck to say that if he wished to look after the orphan girl, or be her guardian, he might deliver the enclosed letter to the Mother Superior of the Convent of St. Joseph on B— Street, which would explain everything. If he did not wish to do so, it would be all right. The letter ended with a word of heartfelt thanks to Mr. Sneck for his charity to such an undeserving wretch.

When Sneck had seen his dead secretary laid in his last resting place, he soon made up his mind about the rest, and posted off immediately to the convent to deliver the letter. In a short interview with the Mother Superior he explained how pleased he would be to act as guardian, for the present, to the orphan girl, and would ask her, when she had finished all her schooling, to come and look after his home, and be his daughter.

And then Sneck saw his new-found friend and future companion. She came boldly into the room, her sweetly sorrowful face beaming

