

girl's face grew bright and her heart happy the heavier the hat became. It seemed to her like a wonderful dream, and that the player was a fairy who had come to her assistance. She wanted to watch him and listen to the music he was making, but she had little time for that, as she had to pay attention to the money she was collecting.

Suddenly the music stopped and when the girl turned her head she saw the stranger handing the violin to her father. She wanted to speak to him, to thank him for his kindness, but before she could act he had disappeared among the crowd.

As the music ceased, so did the giving, and the unheeding crowd once more surged on its way. But the girl did not care, as she had all the money she could manage.

"Let us go now, father," she said. "We have done well to-night, and I am so anxious to know how much we have."

"Yes, Nan, let us be off at once," the old man wearily replied. "I am greatly confused and do not fully understand all that has taken place. You must thank the stranger for his kindness, though. His music was wonderful."

"But he has gone, father. He vanished among the crowd, and I am afraid that I shall never see him again. Oh, he was splendid! How I wish you could have seen him."

"But I heard him speak, Nan, and listened to his playing, so that was something."

They were standing close to each other, talking as simply as if they were completely alone. In her great innocence, Nan did not realise that greedy eyes were