

GEORGE THE MISFIT.

George was a happy, healthy, bright-eyed lad of fourteen years, whose only vice was a passion for animals and travel. He would even steal small sums of money to feed a hungry dog or buy a loaf to feed the birds, not caring about himself or his own needs so long as they were happy. On more than one occasion he told me he had only five cents which some one had given him ; he spent one cent for a bun for a dog, one cent for candy for himself and the rest he spent in crackers to see the birds feed. He could be happy in the park with the birds and a couple of dogs around him thinking he himself said "about what made them and me." The only thing that George knew about himself or his origin was what he had heard the people in the village (in which he had lived until his seventh year) say, viz : "that his father had been a wandering musician," and this probably accounted for George's love of roving. He had travelled all over the United States and a great portion of Canada, had slept in freight cars, barns, boxes and anyplace he could find, "that he had never gone without his "grub," as he always found good people." Anyone with a spark of love for childhood or a drop of gipsy blood flowiug through their veins can easily understand how George could travel free and fare well also. His frank hazel eyes, curly light brown hair, healthy, clear, sun kissed skin lent him a great,