

"Strad" in America. I'll give you a thousand dollars for it.' Oscar, who had never conceived the possibility of so much money being in anyone's possession at one time, stared in amazement as Mr. Strotherick, with gradually augmenting enthusiasm over the violin, from which he could not take his eyes, repeated his offer. Oscar collected himself enough to say, 'Yes.' The money was paid, and he left instantly. Mr. Strotherick remained for some time absorbed in the contemplation of his newly-acquired treasure, when he remembered with a shock of vexation that he had not asked Oscar for his name, or a dozen other questions that occurred to him; had not even, so wrapt up was he in the violin, observed his personal appearance. Oscar's mother was soon provided with proper food and attention, and recovered rapidly; but to all her questions as to how he had found the means, he returned the unvarying answer, 'Wait till you are well and strong, then I'll tell you everything,' praying all the time that she might not remark that he never played now. It came at last. Seated one warm evening at the window of their little room, she said, 'Oscar, I long to hear some of the old tunes; do get your violin and play; it is so long since I have heard them.' Then, with few and tender words, he told her that her life was more to him than anything else in the world, and that their present comforts were the result of the sale. With streaming eyes the poor widow fell on her knees and grasped his hand, saying, through her sobs, 'O my son, I know what it must have cost to make this sacrifice. God is good to me that He gave me such a son; He will reward you, He will reward you.' Oscar gently raised her, saying he desired no other reward than to see so dear a mother well and happy. Her health was soon so far restored that she was able to go out, so he took her, one afternoon, out to the Park. They wandered among the trees, or sat watching the never-ending stream of carriages that rolled over the smooth drives, or the happy parties that laughed and lunched together in sequestered places. The fresh air and bright sun brought the smiles again to the widow's wan cheek. But their enjoyment was suddenly interrupted by a cry of terror. A little basket carriage drawn