

ling matches ; the nights he spent as he could, in empty boxes, on bundles of straw, in miserable alleys, anywhere, where night overtook him. There was no one to make enquiries, for he was alone, alone in the great city, alone in the world. One stormy night a woman found her way to one of the wretched tenement houses, bearing in her arms a tiny burden. One of the inhabitants, more kindly than the rest, took her in, gave her the only bed they had, a pallet of straw, on which she lay for a few days, making no complaint, giving little trouble. The women saw at a glance that she was a different order of being from themselves, that she belonged to another world than theirs. But by what chance had she wandered there ? Questions were asked but no answers returned. She simply asked to be left alone. In a short time she died, leaving behind the little bundle of humanity, bequeathing to him nothing but her own sensitive nature, the same blue eyes and flaxen hair, and the name "Ned," nothing more. They buried her in the potter's field, and a life's tragedy was ended. Little Ned lived among them, getting more blows than kind words, nearly always hungry, but never complaining. If they gave him food he ate it ; if he got none, he never murmured. The rough women, involuntarily, lowered their voices when little Ned was present, for there was something they could never comprehend about the strange child. They felt he was with them but not of them. He was unlike the children in the street, never seeking, but shunning