

bald head stopped on the pavement and stared for two or three minutes at the bootblack's sign, which read :

"PROFESSOR DICK TIPTON

CAN'T BE BEAT."

He stared at it so long that Dick began to take a lively interest in him, and when he had put the finishing touch to his customer's boots, he said :

"Want a shine, sir?"

The stout man came forward deliberately and put his foot on the rest.

"Yes," he said.

Then when Dick fell to work, the stout man looked from Dick to the sign and from the sign to Dick.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"From a friend o' mine," said Dick,—"a little feller. He guv me the whole outfit. He was the best little feller ye ever saw. He's in England now. Gone to be one o' them lords."

"Lord—Lord—" asked Mr. Hobbs, with ponderous slowness. "Lord Fauntleroy—Goin' to be Earl of Dorincourt?" Dick almost dropped his brush.

"Why, boss!" he exclaimed, "d'ye know him yerself?"

"I've known him," answered Mr. Hobbs, wiping his warm forehead, "ever since he was born. We was lifetime acquaintances—that's what *we* was."

It really made him feel quite agitated to speak of it. He pulled the splendid gold watch out of his pocket and opened it, and showed the inside of the case to Dick.

"When this you see, remember me," he read. "That was his parting keepsake to me. 'I don't want you to forget me,'—those was his words—I'd ha' remembered him," he went on, shaking his head, "if he hadn't given me a thing, and I hadn't seen hide nor hair on him again. He was a companion as *any* man would remember."

"He was the nicest little feller I ever see," said Dick. "An' as to sand—I never seen so much sand to a little feller. I thought a heap o' him, I did,—an' we was friends, too—we was sort o' chums from the fust, that little young un an' me. I grabbed his ball from under a stage fur him, an' he never forgot it; an' he'd come down here, he would, with his mother or his nuss and he'd holler: 'Hello, Dick!' at me as friendly as if he was six feet high, when he warn't knee high to a grass hopper, and was dressed in gal's clo'es. He was a gay littl