

in the world since she lost her husband, and she just wanted to hide away from those that had known her when things were different. It seems queer to say such a——"

Roger stopped.

"Such a——? What were you going to say?" asked Norah.

"I hardly knew how to word it, Miss, but the lady had known me—in business—when I didn't trade with a barrow and a basket. I had a tidy little shop once. She'd often talked to me, almost as if I were a friend. You'll wonder at that now, lookin' at me as I am now."

"No, I do not," said Norah stoutly. "I could make a friend of you myself if I were in trouble. I am certain you would be a true one."

"I never felt so proud in my life, Miss. I thought nothing could make me prouder than knowing that *she* trusted me. But for two such ladies to say that much is almost too good.

"I may as well tell you just what happened. She didn't know which way to turn, and she said to me, 'There's nobody in the wide world I can turn to with my boy, to seek help or shelter. What shall I do? I wish I could live somewhere near you. I should have one friend. I have a little money, and I can earn something by work.'

"I told her what a poor place Glin-derses was for such as her to live in, but there was a cottage near by to my place empty at the moment. Nothing would serve but she must take it, and her things were brought, after the bit of a house had been cleaned and papered through. She made it a little palace in a wilderness," said Roger, "and everybody saw what she was from the day she set foot in the Court."

In a few more minutes Miss Fielden knew the story of the past ten years. How "she" was always called the "Lady of Glin-derses"; how she taught and trained her boy, kept the poor little home in a state of beautiful purity; worked at making articles for certain shops, to which Roger took them, and received the money in return on her behalf.

Over the last sad chapter the old man broke down utterly, but Norah learned from it how the boy, then ten years old, had been confided to his care by a dying mother.

How faithful Roger had been to the trust reposed in him, how he had toiled, striven, and denied himself almost necessities, for the boy's sake, Norah had partly to guess. Long acquaintance with the poor and struggling enabled her to come very near the truth.

The girl was indescribably touched when she found that Roger's great ambition was to keep his charge up to the standard of his dead mother, and that the news he was expecting was about a scholarship which the boy seemed to have a good chance of winning.

"You shall speak to the boy yourself, if you please, Miss," said Roger, in conclusion. "He has holidays now, and he has been begging me to let him help me in my work. But you'll understand I couldn't do that. It's easy to let a boy go down, but not so easy to put him back in his old place again. You'll say when you look at the lad that he's fit for something better than to push a barrow—with the larnin' he's got too."

Roger beckoned to the boy who had attracted Norah's attention on her first coming into "The Green," and who had remained in sight during her talk with the old man.

"I gave him leave to meet me here," said Roger; "I'd no thought of seeing you, Miss, but I am glad he's here, now I've told you about him."

Dick was on the alert, expecting to be summoned, and at once responded to Roger's signal.

If Miss Fielden had been pleased with the boy's appearance from a distance, it impressed her still more agreeably when he came near.

"He looks like a lady's son, now doesn't he, Miss?" whispered Roger, as the boy took off his cap and made a bow to Norah, then turned to the old man, saying, "Yes, Grandad," as if in answer to the mute call.

"I forgot to mention that he calls me 'Grandad,' so as he may seem to have somebody belonging to him," interposed Roger hastily, that the expression might not be misunderstood to mean a real relationship.

"I am not surprised at that," said Norah, with a pleasant smile.

Then she bade the boy sit down, told him what she had heard from his old friend, and encouraged him to