

died unknown and unheeded in that lonely spot. No human ear heard her cries for help, no pitying voice soothed her last agonies. No friendly eye marked the despairing love which clutched to her chilling bosom the tender form of her sleeping child, when during the bitter conflict with death, she implored the Heavenly Father to take them both.

She was still very young, not over twenty years of age; and, though squalid and dirty, and clothed with the filthy rags that vice bestows upon her degraded victims, her shrunken features retained even in death some semblance of former beauty. Her hands were small and white, and delicately formed; and seemed to have been little accustomed to hard work or outdoor drudgery.

A plain gold ring encircled the third finger of the left hand. There was no money in her pockets, nothing that could give the least clue to who, or what she had been. It was painfully evident to