



## The Little Waif.



**T**HE silvery chimes of a clock in the neighborhood rang out the half-hour on the still night air. Robert Santley stood for a moment outside the station from which he had just emerged, peering up and down the street with an irritable, "Half past eleven, I do declare, and not a cab to be had for love nor money. Great Scott ! I shall be late, and catch cold into the bargain !"

It was a bitter night ; snow lay on the ground ; and the sky was black with the promise of another downfall while the wind, slowly rising, whistled drearily, as its biting breath penetrated through the young man's thick fur lined coat. Burying his mouth and ears deeper in the folds of his silk muffler, he stamped impatiently.

Robert Santley was on his way to spend Christmas with a friend who had recently taken up his quarters in a suburb, at some distance from town, and in a new neighborhood. This was a first visit, and, that such a thing should be, that all the cabs should be engaged to-night had not entered into his calculations.

"Well," he said, at last, "there's no manner of use standing here ; the cold will freeze my bones. I suppose the others will be wondering at my not having turned up."