

Jamie's as keen as mustard about this, I had a cable from him yesterday, but," Helen Ambrose sighed faintly, "I kind of feel I'm doing the wrong thing when I even think about this, and sure I'll never go unless I find I am really not wanted here."

"I shall want you," said Olivia Mary softly.

"I'd just love to have you go out with me, but," Mrs. Ambrose shook her head, "you'd never stand the cold over there this time of the year; it's mighty cold in New York in January; maybe we could fix it up for later." Then Helen Ambrose looked across at her and smiled. "Would you come—you would sure? Why, that would be just lovely! Maybe it would buck you up."

"I am going to surprise you," said Olivia Mary. "I am going to show you how much I can do. You musn't judge—by—this. I'm not really ill—I'm just pausing before I start out and make a new life for myself."

When Spudgins came to see her and sat on her bed it looked as if the new life had flashed into her already. The greyness went from her face and the light and colour came into her eyes again, and when his step-mother would have sent the child away she begged for him to remain.

"You can't imagine what it is to me to have him," she said. "You know," she said to Spudgins, "you're the nicest thing I've met for a long, long time."

Spudgins nodded his head quite solemnly and agreed. "Yes, I am," he said, and then he proposed to entertain his hostess. "I'm goin' to sing," he announced.

"Oh! Spudge darling, *do* sing Mrs. Cheston all