

am for Tommie," said Mrs. Warrington. "The poor woman has really lost flesh over this thing."

"Tommie is a child," said Mr. Reginald, "and her mother is a woman."

"A child, but a remarkably sensitive one," said Colonel Warrington. "She has had her bit of suffering too. Well, I am heartily glad to wash my hands of this thing, and thankful that it has ended so well."

Miss Ethel hurried upstairs and put on a long cloak, and then she went to see Tommie.

What she said, what Tommie said, and what Tommie's mother said, would take too long to tell, but one sentence apiece may be recorded.

"I feel happy," said Tommie with a sigh, "and little—most as little as Dover. I guess I'll never be Proud Tommie again, and I am going to work real hard so I can help mother. It's pleasant not to be a thief girl. I guess those folks on the hill will be sorry."

"We propose to do something handsome for Tommie in the way of educating her," said Miss Ethel with a charming, middle-aged-lady air.

Mrs. Warner said, "The hand of God is in this thing. He never forsakes the widow and the fatherless who put their trust in him."

