

"I wonder if her mother is a washerwoman?" "Let's count the patches on her boots." "The impudence of such people sending their children here," were some of the remarks that greeted her. She scarce knew if she were walking or standing still; and while she tried to hurry, why was it that she heard so much? Would the gate never be reached? A cloud gathered over her eyes and she felt herself swaying, when a gracious voice called back her dazed senses, and she saw one of the larger boys at her side, while he said: "You look tired, little one; let me take your satchel." She glanced up into his face, and the lad was startled at the grieved, haunted expression of the child's face.

"You must not mind what those silly girls say; they generally treat new-comers shabbily."

"But it is my clothes, and not myself that they are angry about."

"Well, so much the better; your clothes are not really you."

"I know that; but I cannot get any others for a long while; and I must come to school, for my mother has paid for me."

"Who is your mother?"

"Mrs. Kent, on Mulberry street."

"Does she earn her own living?"