

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

perhaps, always done my duty right at home in my own family."

She completed her statement with a sigh. Of course, I hastened to try and disabuse her mind of any such absurd idea; but she waved my protests aside imperiously.

"No, Allie; no!" she said. "I have been too concerned with my own interests. I cannot but feel that undoubtedly there are things I have left undone—and one of them is my brother Charles' daughter. Allie, I have decided to have her on from California. Write her, Allie—it's some wild place called Flower City, I believe, where my poor brother raises—er—horses." The sweep of her magnanimity was such that I ventured a mild protest.

"But, dear lady," said I, "you have never seen her! Can you be sure that she is quite——"

"She's my brother Charles' daughter!" said Mrs. DeWynt.

And, of course, I was silenced; but not convinced, mind you—not convinced. Somehow I knew, from the