

note for you. Ada and I have been speculating. Perhaps someone has died and left us some money—lots of money."

"I'm afraid not, dear."

"Well, you don't know! Not that we want anyone to die, but if someone simply had to die it would be nice to be left the money. Did you see Tommy?"

"No."

"How tired your voice sounds. Well, Tommy is coming over for tea. We have two extra muffins. He could eat three, but we simply can't afford it—unless this man who died has left us some money."

"What nonsense you talk, Christine! I believe this wild idea has really excited you. Let me look at your face?"

It was indeed a face worth seeing. There in the dingy dimness of the hall it gleamed like some clear gem. Here was the greatest miracle of those sixteen years! For this young girl with the first breath of womanhood upon her, strong and graceful in body, beautiful in face, was no other than the baby of the go-cart—a changeling indeed!

"Tommy has sent me a poem, too," she prattled on as she helped Celia to unpin her hat, and with many little feminine touches straightened her collar and patted her hair. "You know I told him that he was guilty of making invidious distinctions by sending them all to you. Besides, it must be tiresome always to write poems to the same person."

The blind girl looked up with a smile. "I suppose it would depend upon the person," she said.

Celia looked at her keenly. It seemed to her that Ada was strangely blind in more ways than one.

"Mine is just as nice as Celia's, anyway," said