

eyes. "Luis, dear!" The voice meant rescue, and Luis's struggles ceased. "My dear little boy, we have been looking for you all day long!" Her arm was about him, her eyes spoke understanding and tenderness. Luis's sullen gaze fell — and encountered the silver. In an instant, he had it pocketed with a deftness that brought another laugh from the tables.

Dana, coming out, heard the tale, and hastened to get his family away from the intensely interested spectators. The policeman showed reluctance at parting from Luis.

"It was me found him," he insisted.

"Oh, yes. You may come for the reward at any time," said Lucy serenely. In the cab, her arm slipped about the silent Luis.

"He's a tired boy, Dana," she said. "Don't scold him to-night. He must be so hungry."

Dana's hand, having brushed Luis's pocket, was unceremoniously thrust in, and brought out a handful of silver and copper.

"H'm — hungry!" he observed. "Luis, I can see that bringing you up isn't going to be unmixed joy. You go into a good, stiff school next fall, young man."

"But he will spend the summer with us," said Lucy.

Luis gave her a swift, cool glance. There was