Trot's Adventure.

One fine spring morning a nice little girl came toddling in to be admired by her admiring grandma and aunties before going down town.

"Tee my tockings!" she said, holding out one plump leg, and nearly toppling over as she tried to balance

herself on the other.

"Booful, dar.ing!" said grandma, obligingly; for in her heart of hearts she thought the gay-colored strips an abomination, and considered white to be the "only proper thing for little girla," or anybody clse.

"Ozer one's booful, too ;" said Trot,

holding it out for inspection.

Just then Trot's mother, Mrs. Dainty, came to the door and said, "Come, precious, run; here's the car," which startled the girl so that she toppled over entirely, and had to be picked up and straightened out by her grandma, and kissed and comforted by her mamma, and all her aunties, which took so long that two or three cars had a chance to trundle by before they

were ready to go.

Mr. Dainty's store, so Trot thought,
was a very dull and uninteresting
place, full of big boxes, hammers, saws,
files, and nails; so, after she had shown her new stockings to her papa, she went out to the door in search of amusement, and not seeing anything but a yellow spotted dog which interested her, she slipped out and walked composedly down the street.

She looked back once or twice, expecting to see mother or father after her; but they were busy talking, and if they thought of her at all they supposed that she was just outside the door.

Not being at all in favor of straight lines she turned up this street and down that, gazing about her with great delight, and trying to "make believe" that she was a "big grown-up lady."

She did think of her mamma once, and seeing a pleasant-looking man and seeing a pleasant-towning man driving along in a buggy, she stood on the edge of the sidewalk and called out as loudly as she could: "Mister! Mister Man!"

He looked at the little red-cheeked mite and drew up his horse, saying, pleasantly enough: "Well?"

"If you tee my mamma, tell her not to be worried."

"But I'm afraid she will be worried," said he—I think he must have had a little red-cheeked girl at home—"and you had better get right into my buggy and let me take you back to her."

"No fank you!" replied Trot with a gracious bow; "I've dot to doe dis way;" with which she walked screnely off and left her new acquaintance gazing after her in surprise and amusement.

"Whose girl is that?" he said to to himself as he went on. "I've seen her somewhere before."

It was not until hours after, when he met his friend Dainty coming from the police office, that he was able to place the midget.

Trot made very slow progress, for she had to stop and gaze at everything; but she had crossed and recrossed so many streets that the father and mother, who were frantically searching for her by this time, were completely

hands, in one of which was grasped the remains of a stick of candy.

The young man with his hair parted in the middle was slightly surprised when this little lassic walked in and

"I'll take a stick of candy."

"Where's your money?" he in-

"I ain't dot no money, but my papa dot a whole pottet full," r plied the small customer.

"Where is father?" "I don't know," replied Trot, indifferently.

"I'll give you a stick of candy for a

kiss," said be.
"All right," she said, and standing on tip-toe, she kissed him over the counter and trotted off, evidently quite satisfied.

She had worse luck in a bakery, kept by a sourfaced woman, where she applied for a cake.
"How many do you want?" said the

woman. "Just one," replied Trot patromz-

ingly.
"What for ?" was the next question.
"To cat, of tourse !" exclaimed the midget, astonished.
"Where's your money?"

"Ain't dot none."

"Then go right out of my store, you little beggar!" said Sourface, crossly.

Trot retreated to the door, from

which place of safety she faced the woman and said, indignantly:
"I ain't a beddar! You tink beddars wear dis kind of tockings!" and stamping her iittle foot, she stalked solemnly away. solemnly away.

She did not dare to ask anybody to show her the way home, for her confidence in the general amiability of humankind was shaken sadly since her experience in the bakery; her little legs, despite the much-prized stockings, her had been to be fearfully fixed and the began to be fearfully tired, and when the candy was all gone she realized that she was exceedingly hungry.

Kearney street, where she now wandered, was crowded with people, and as Trot walked along she looked wistfully in every one's face, feeling sure that among so many people she must find her mamma; nobody spoke to her, probably because of that calm, self-austained air of hers, which made her seem as if she knew just where she was going.

So tired that she could hardly move, she at length sat down upon the step of a small store; feeling more forlorn than she had ever felt in her life before.

But her rest was not long; a boy who had charge of the store, feeling the immense importance of his position, came out and abook the little waif rudely by the shoulder, saying, "Come, get out of this! We don't

"Come, get out of this! We don't want you blocking up the doorway!" "You let me 'lone!" cried the mid-

get, jerking herself out of his hand; then, as the full wretchedness of her situation came upon her, she cried out

in a flood of tears—
"Mamma! I want my mamma!"
"See here, sir! I've a good mind
to dust your jacket for you!" said a
young man who had seen the boy, and
heard poor little Trot's despairing cry.
"What do you man he catching

"What do you mean by catching hold of a little gul that way ?" the boy muttered something abe t blocking up the doorway, and Juniciously

and even rough in his dress, but Trot knew that she had found a friend, and putting both her plump arms around

"Take me to my mamma?"

"Yes! darling," he said; it seemed a long time to Trot since she had been called darling; and that morning visit to grandma seemed so long ago that could hardly remember it.

He asked her name, but could not understand her answer, though he tried his best; then he asked her where she lived. "On Bush street," said Trot; but she could tell him no more, only that she could tell the

house when she saw it.
"All right!" said the kindly young fellow, "then wo'll walk until we find

He carried her, for she was too tired and footsore to walk, block after block, in the twilight, perhaps he never realized before how long Bush street was, or how heavy a little girl could be, but at last he found it.
"Are you sure ?" he asked.

"Tourse I ture!" responded Trot,

joyfully.

He put her down on the doorstep, and kissing her good-bye, walked rapidly away, not even waiting to be thanked by that grateful father and mother whose gratitude words could not have xpressed; but in their thanks that night the, prayed that a shining mark might be placed that day against his unknown name.

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many streets that the father and mother, who were frantically searching for her by this time, were completely off the track.

At length even she began to think of being tired and going home; she was not by any means the same Trot who had alipped out of the store door and atarted on an exploring expedition, for her hair was in her eyes, and her face was sticky and dirty; also her on the store door face was sticky and dirty; also her on the store of the store