

press his admiration. In fact, so incoherent was he that the child's proud foster parents were justly offended, and the baby itself began to howl.

"She's hungry, poor dear," exclaimed Ada. "Does the dearest darling want its bottle, then? Oh, I can't tell you how relieved we were to find she had been a bottle baby!"

"By Jove!" said Mr. Burns, startled. "Whatever would you——" But Miss Eden interrupted with, "Do you give her milk or food?"

"Oh, food, we can't depend on the milk," but at this the baby howled in real earnest, and was hastily taken back to bed.

"How wonderfully your sister minds her!" said Miss Eden, watching the disappearing forms of baby and nurse. "And now won't you tell us all about it? I am dying to know. It's just like a romance. Did she have a locket around her neck, or anything? Have you any clue?"

"No," said Celia gravely. "There wasn't anything like that. She isn't a story-book baby. Anyone could see that she had been ill cared for, and perhaps half starved. Her clothes were the poorest of poor—the go-cart a rickety second-hand affair, which practically fell to pieces on the way home. She is just a poor, little, deserted baby, someone that nobody wanted."

Miss Eden unaffectedly wiped away a tear with her cotton glove. "Isn't it dreadful? And there wasn't anything with her at all?"

Celia hesitated, and then said frankly, "Yes, there was a note. A horrible note. I will show it to you, and then I am going to forget all about it. We found it pinned to her dress."

Crossing to an old desk at the other side of the