

upon his arm, as if she would entreat him to linger.

"How easy it is to please you, Anie!" he exclaimed, smiling down at her upturned, shadowy face.

"I like to work," she said, quickly. "I am perfectly happy at home, but here, and now, I feel like a different being. What a difference your friendship has made in my life, Mr. Rostron. I know how dull it has been for you, at our house, but you have taught me so much—opened my eyes—made me think! You see, I can't express what I mean."

She broke off abruptly, turning her head away.

"My dear little girl!" said Rostron affectionately.

"You have taken such an interest in Perth, and you were so kind when I told you of poor dad's failure," Nannie went on. "You have shown me such curious sights, and given me so many books. My aunt, who is so quiet and cool about everything, thinks you are a wonderful man."

Rostron laughed. He was the last man in the world to consider himself wonderful.

"I wish I could have added a little to your happiness, as you have added to mine," said Nannie. "But what can I do? Nothing! I'm only a poor working girl."

"You string pearls, Anie," he answered. "Your work is typical of yourself; but the pearls I speak of are gentle thoughts, sweet words, generous deeds."

"Oh, Mr. Rostron, I can't bear your praise!"