

They passed boldly in through the empty shop, in the wake of Mrs. Toole and the milk-dealer, to the inner room.

There they saw Moya sitting up in bed, trying to tempt her now satisfied and peaceable charge to drink more milk. Bartholomew was in a baby's paradise. He was full, he was warm, and he was dry; he had forgotten all his grievances and responsibilities, and lay placidly enduring the caresses and affection of his new proprietors.

The visitors stood still and silent; more were approaching rapidly, and looked agape, amazed. There was the child, sure enough, back again, and no worse as yet. They stared at one another, and then at the widow, who was sitting at her hungry, bare table. She had poured out a cup of tea without milk, for Clara had refused to give her any until the baby was done with it. No bread was visible, for no one would go to fetch a loaf. There was only a hard crust; there was no butter or dripping, and only the merest spark of a fire in the grate. Mrs. Toole had a lump in her throat that came near choking her. She looked round, and

met the eyes of the others, and they all understood one another plainly.

"God help us all!" she said, and it was enough.

Without a word more, they backed out into the shop, filling it most inconveniently full; and, early as it was in the day and late as it was in the week, ready-money purchases were made on a surprising scale. Everybody bought something, and paid cash down; then went away, and sent others to do the same.

Within half an hour the last American pig's tongue and the last leaf of yellow cabbage had departed; not a match or a clay pipe or a Glasgow sweet remained in the glass bottles; and the potato-sacks were one and all shrunk to a heap of clay-colored web. By eleven o'clock the widow had borrowed a horse and cart and despatched a man to her wholesale dealer's to replenish her store.

And so it continued to be. Prosperity had returned with the waif child, and remained, and with him they all throve thereafter.



A MAIDEN.

BY ELSA BARKER.

"GIVE me Love, O Lord," I cried,—
 "Give me Love, though naught beside!
 I would know the way he wanders,
 For the world is wide."

Then I found him at my side,
 For my cry was not denied.
 And the narrow world has nowhere
 For my heart to hide!

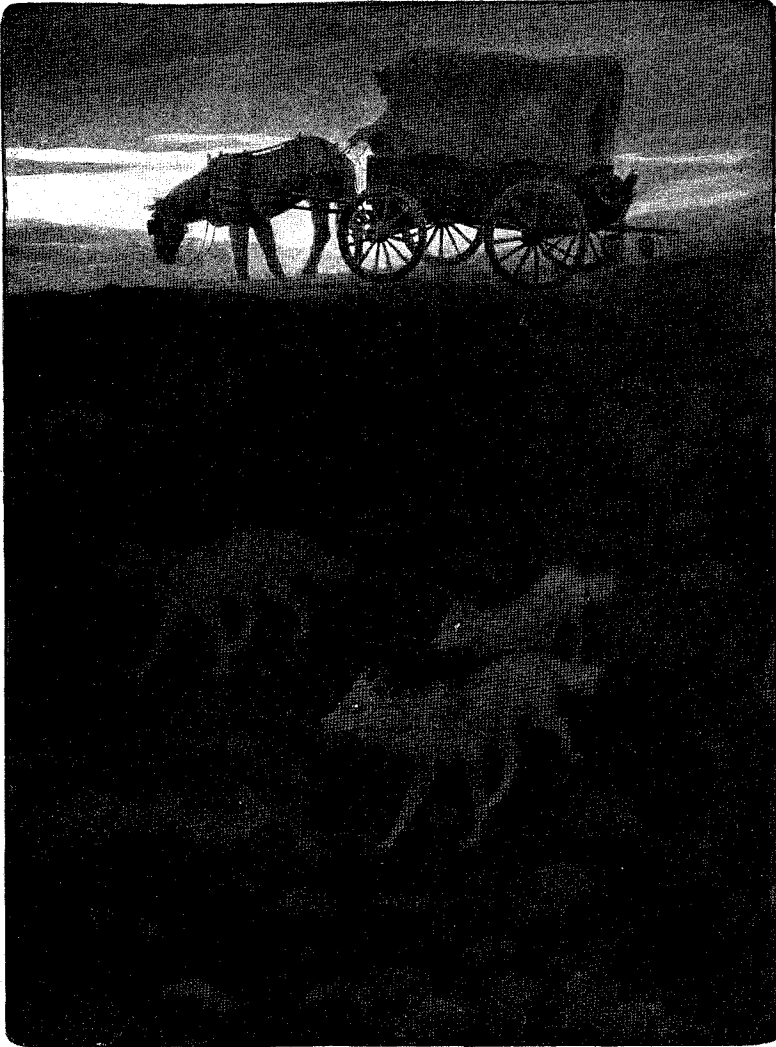


M'LINDY.

A STORY OF OKLAHOMA.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"WE 'RE AL'AYS THE TAIL-EEND OF THE PERCESSION."

M'LINDY pushed back her faded slat-bonnet with a faint sigh. It seemed, as she said to herself, "a pity that maw should be took with one of her spells jest when there was so much need of her not bein' took." But needs and happenings had never borne much relation to each other in the Haley family, and so, after one uneasy glance back into the rickety canvas-covered wagon, where the invalid lay with muffled head on a straw pillow, the girl turned to the man sitting on the board beside her.