

is the word, and spangles isn't just what a mother would choose for her, is it? I've a little gel myself. You're too young to be her father; but there's a 'art h'aching for her somewhere, I'll be bound."

"What do you mean by spangles?" asked Kevin, looking at his new friend anxiously.

"You go to the theaytres and you'll see," said the policeman, with a grin. "You're a green one, you are; but green's not the worst of colors to begin with, as I've come to know in the way of business. H'anything more I can do for you?"

"No, thank you," said Kevin; "I will follow your advice." And uneasy at having lingered so long, he hurried away on his master's errand, running to make up for the time he had lost.

He no longer stopped to stare down each new street he passed, nor hoped to see the child running to meet him at every corner. The bills of the theatres and other places of entertainment pasted on blank walls here and there now received most of his attention. In his simplicity he looked for the name "Fanchea," or "Little Fan," in the lists of the performers, and longed for the moment to arrive when, having touched his first weekly wages, he should be able to begin his round of all the houses of amusement in London. It was something gained to have marked out a certain line for his search; and what with the courage this new hope had given him, the excitement of all the novel wonders he had seen, and the illumination from yesterday's reading still lingering about him and showing the way to paths of further enlightenment, he looked so radiant entering the dark little shop on his return that Mr. Must was quite startled at the sight of him.

"Come, now! a walk in London streets has done you good, 'asn't it?" said the master, looking with involuntary admiration at the young man's handsome face and well-knit figure.

"Yes, sir," said Kevin, and fell to work with a will among the books he had brought home.

It was some time before he had another opportunity for so long a ramble, and as he had as yet no money, he was obliged to wait patiently before beginning his visits to the theatres at night. He gave himself up to reading in the meantime. At every spare moment of the day he was buried in a book. In the evenings after supper it was a more difficult matter to give his mind to the volume he held in his hand, for Miss Bessie was very fond of conversation, and was jealous of the page that abstracted his thoughts from herself. Books were her abhorrence: all dullness, all unsociableness in the world was due to them. She could just read, write, and cast accounts sufficiently well to enable her to give correct change for a sovereign when she sold a bouquet, and keep her money transactions right with her employer. All learning beyond this she regarded as superfluous, and had a rooted contempt for people who "passed their lives between the covers of a book," as she expressed it.

"It's dreadful to see you taking to it so young," she said to Kevin. "You'll get dried up, and dried up, till your skin will turn like their yellow old pages, and your clothes will hang on you like their leathery old covers with the elbows skuffed! Look at father there. Don't he look as if he had been squeezed up on a bookshelf among them till the dust got into the marrow of his bones? He's a good old dad, I know. Shouldn't I pick anybody's eyes out that said anything else!" added Bessie, turning a sudden gleam of fierceness on her listener.

"I am not going to say it," said Kevin smiling.

"But the poring eats him up," continued Bessie, "till there's hardly a bit of him left."

"Do you never like to read yourself?" asked Kevin.

"A nice novel's all very well when there's nothing else to do," said Bessie; "but to my taste talking is better than the best of them. And its awful to see you taking to the poring so young."

But here the appearance of her father's bald head in the doorway shut up Miss Bessie's pouting lips.

In spite of such terrifying warnings Kevin pursued his studies with increasing ardor. He bought a

lamp, and read in his bedroom half the nights. He began to have the look of a student. Miss Bessie tossed her head when she saw him produce the inevitable book after supper, and bade him a mocking good-night when she departed for an evening's amusement with her friends. There were frequent little dances, and parties to the play among her acquaintances.

"I don't mind her going when I know the people she's among," said Mr. Must. "But she's rather fond of gadding, is my Bessie."

CHAPTER XIII.—FAN'S NEW FRIENDS.

Having yielded to her impulse of compassion, Fan's protectress was seized with a reaction of feeling as the train steamed along, and gazed in dismay at the forlorn little figure sitting opposite in the corner of the carriage. Might not the child be a little lying vagrant trying to escape from people who had meant kindly by her? Had she herself not been very foolish in allowing the young creature to make this impetuous rush to the great city where every kind of danger must await her? And what if the child were to insist on clinging to her? Truly she had made a pretty morning's work of it.

She thought of her neat little shop, to which a friend was attending in her absence. How could she introduce this small, dishevelled being into her nice premises? Impossible. She could not do it.

She looked again at the little fellow-traveller whose eyes were fixed on the flying landscape outside with wide-awake wonder.

"You are not a little English girl, are you?"

"No," said Fan; "I belong to Killeevy Mountain."

"That is an Irish place, I suppose?"

"Yes. The gipsies stole me away, and brought me to this country. Kevin has been looking for me, I am sure; but the gipsies would never let him find me. That is why I ran away; and, besides, they frightened me."

"Is Kevin your brother?"

"I think he is. He was not born my brother, but I think he has grown into it."

"Are your parents dead?"

"Yes; all but Kevin's mother. 'Tis she that will be fretting for me badly. I lived with them, and they are my own people, ever since the angels took my mother."

Mrs. Wynch looked out of the window. The child's Irish accent and manner of expressing herself jarred upon her prejudice, but the loneliness and simplicity of the little wanderer touched her heart.

"What do you intend to do when you come to London?"

"Earn money," said Fan, "and get back to Killeevy."

"What can you do to earn money?"

"I can sing, and I can mend stockings and wash cups and plates."

"Have you ever thought of writing to your friends to come and fetch you?"

"Yes; I wrote and had the letter posted. I told him we were always going about, and that he would have to keep trying to meet me."

"If I were to take you to the workhouse and to write to your friends, would you stay there quietly till they fetched you?"

"I don't know what it is, but I would stay anywhere that Kevin would come to."

Mrs. Wynch looked out of the window again, and made up her mind that she would drive to the workhouse with the child before going to her own home. She would next write to her friends telling them where to find her; and what more would it be prudent to do? From the child's lips she wrote down the words: "Killeevy Mountain, Ireland." It seemed a rather vague address, but Fan could tell no more; and Mrs. Wynch knew little of the geography of Ireland. She would have been still more easy as to the fate of the letter she intended to write had she known that Killeevy was merely the local name of one of a group