

"Papa? I thought you had no father."

"Oh, yes. Shall I show him to you?" She attempted to climb up at Stöger.

Somewhat inquisitive, he reluctantly took her in his arms.

"Up! Look up," she said eagerly. She took the long, haggard face in both hands and turned it towards the window.

"Up there's papa."

"And he sees us all the time and is glad when we are good," suggested Johnnie. "Why do you make such a funny face?" he said suddenly, when he noticed that Stöger's features were working.

No sooner had the warm little hands rested upon his cheek or the sweet child's breath touched his face than he felt something rise in his throat which in spite of all his efforts he could not swallow. He was completely overcome by a most unusual feeling, and he was compelled to press the child closely to prevent it from falling.

At this moment the door opened and the landlady bustled into the room.

"You can safely go to your room now. It's as warm as a bake-oven." But the words died upon her lips when she saw the child in Stöger's arms. He was as much surprised on her entrance as a thief caught in the very act. Nothing in the world could be less desired by him than to be caught at that moment by the talkative woman. He placed the child upon the floor and reached for his coat.

"Who'd have thought that the children would please the gentleman? Yes, yes, children are a God's blessing! I'm only—" A glance from Stöger caused her to cease talking.

"Did I ask you for any advice?" screamed Stöger, angrily. "What I said I meant; they must leave on New Year's or I shall move out."

He closed the door with a crash.

G. J. YUNDT, '99.

*(To be concluded.)*

