

bed and held out her arms to him. Her dreams had come true, but they had come true too late. When little Billy removed the support of his arms, in order to look at his dear mammy's face, she was dead. The joy of meeting her son again was too much for the faithful and tender heart.

All that could be done by kind hearts and willing hands was done by Miss Mary and the neighbors. Little Billy shed no tears. The shock had benumbed all his faculties. He went about in a dazed condition. But when, the day after the funeral, he went to tell Miss Mary good-by, the ineffable pity that shone in her face touched the source of his grief, and he fell to weeping as he had never wept before. He would have kissed her hand, but she drew it away, and, as he straightened himself, tiptoed and kissed him on the forehead. With that she, too, fell to weeping, and thus they parted. But for many a long day little Billy felt the pressure of soft and rosy lips on his forehead.

He sold the old mule that had served his dear mammy so faithfully, and this gave him sufficient money to pay his way back to camp on the railroad, with some dollars to spare.