

"In opera? No, I haven't sung in years—till that day. I guess I have been too busy at the foam to sing. Is that why you came?"

They had found a singer who had not found himself. They led him to talk.

"When I was a boy I used to sing in Sunday school. A big fellow from a church choir once told me that I would be a great singer some day; that I had a voice to be envied. But I never tried. When I got grown I followed the boys. I've been here before—after a whiz—and that day was the first time I ever sang like a man. The sky-guide somehow got on my nerves and made me forget. I have been in this time fifty-five days. Just got five now. I'm glad, too, for I'll never be back. Worst time I could have picked."

The singer paused and swallowed hard.

"Wife's sick—God's best little woman; little girl—my one best bet—she's got diphtheria. I got to thinking when the fellow said I was not bad, and when he started the old song I had to sing—till you saw me. I've got a good voice? Do you know if it might help—?"

He stopped and turned back to the little window. He looked up through the bars to the sky and his face regained some of that soul-light it had when he sang. Then he faced about.

"If my baby can live—"

They stopped him, before he could make his pledge.

"You will be out tonight," said

one who seemed to know. "The mayor will pardon you this afternoon. Sing the sick ones back to health, then come to me some day. I will tell you something worthy while."

The big tenor's face stared wonderingly into the future.

They shook hands with him and passed down the corridors. No one spoke. But as they neared the end of the cell rows they heard a song following, passing, leading them. It seemed on its way to the former derelict home.

And as they passed out the groaning gates the silvery tenor notes bore them the beatitude.

"Bless'd be the tie that binds."

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#### English Tarts.

Core and part tart apples. Stew whole with as little water as possible till tender. They should be unbroken. Line the edges of a baking dish with thin pie paste. Fill center of the dish with the apples, in the middle of each dropping a little orange or other marmalade. Cover the top with a lattice of pastry strips and bake quickly till brown. Serve hot.

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Harold had just interviewed his prospective father-in-law, and his musings were brought to an abrupt ending when his fiancee suddenly came into the room. "I hope you were polite to father, dear." "Indeed I was. I treated him as if he were a king." "You never called him 'Your Majesty?'" "No-o; but I backed out of his presence."