

"LITTLE MISS DIMITY"

By Selina Elizabeth Higgins.
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"The end of a long journey!" said Ernest Brill, with a sigh of satisfaction, as he knocked at the door of a humble little cottage in Virden.

Outside half a dozen poorly dressed but happy faced children were playing at skipping rope. A sign nailed up on the fence post read: "Z. Naylor, Shoes Mended." In his shirt



Clutched the Doorpost Convulsively.

sleeves and leather apron, the cobbler himself came to the door.

"Mr. Naylor's?" inquired the young law clerk briskly and with pleasantness.

"That's me," nodded the old man. He had one of those patient pleading faces one sees in ancient pictures. His hands were worn and gnarled, his wicle appearance and that of the dis-

ordered room behind him spoke of poverty and privation.

"I represent Brown & Bradley, lawyers, Macon," announced Brill. "I came—"

A deep shadow crossed the face of the old man, a humid veil clouded his eyes. He clutched the door post convulsively. Then he bent his head in an abject way like a person dealt a crushing blow.

"I know without your telling me," he spoke sorrowfully. "John Andrews has found me out again. It's the old worry and persecution over again, I suppose."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Naylor," dissented Ernest brightly. "I know all about John Andrews, but I came not to bring you trouble, but good news."

"Break it gently then, friend, for I'm not used to it," replied Naylor, pathetically, the ghost of a smile on his wan features.

"It is this," explained Brill: "A good many years ago you were interested in a business concern that failed. After nearly a decade in litigation a distribution has been ordered to the creditors. They consist mostly of parcels of real estate. You have been apportioned a little farm of forty acres over in the next county. I visited it on my way here. It is no great thing, but your children will greet it as a paradise and you will find rest and comfort after your hard, hard life."

The old man stood swaying to and fro. His haggard face expressed incredulity. Suddenly he sank to the doorstep, bowed his head in his hands and sobbed out his overpowering emotions. When he looked up it was with three words:

"My friend," spoke Brill, placing a gentle hand upon the shoulder of his host, "I have become deply interested in your case. You are known to many a law firm as 'The Migratory Debtor.' We of the bar know fully what that means. Years ago you owed John Andrews some five hun-