

ever to do anything wrong or dishonorable it would kill me."

No, she felt that she dared not take the shawl. She need only close her eyes to see the look of astonishment and terror upon her mother's face, the frightened look in her eyes.

But then could she not pretend that it had been given her?

No; even then Sadie durst not face her mother with a lie upon her lips. How could she help but break down and confess before that penetrating look which she knew so well? No, that would never do. It would be better that her mother should go cold than that she should wear what did not belong to her.

Now you must understand that although it has taken such a long time to write down all these thoughts, in reality they had passed so quickly through Sadie's mind that the little girl was still looking at the monkey. He had on a red hat and a velvet jacket, and he was dancing on two legs and holding out the hat for pennies. And while he was doing this another gust of wind lifted the shawl clean out of the carriage and twined it round Sadie's shoulders.

She thought again of her mother shivering in their attic, and the shawl felt so warm and comfortable that she did not dare to hesitate for a single instant, or she knew that she would be lost; so, with an impulsive movement, she stepped round to the other side of the carriage and held out the shawl.

"Here is your shawl, Miss Annie," she said.

"Oh," cried the little girl, "thank you. It must have blown out from the carriage."

She smiled so brightly at Sadie that Sadie felt happy, too, and just then the old lady came out from the store where she had been shopping.

"See, grandmamma," cried Annie, "this little girl found your shawl which had blown out of the carriage and has brought it back."

But Sadie could not bear to meet the gaze of this old lady, who smiled so kindly at her and looked so warm and comfortable in her winter clothes. Stifling a sob she hurried away, knocking against all who stood in her path. Once a man coming hastily out from a shop, pushed her into the roadway and nearly overturned her in front of a pair of horses, but she picked herself up and hastened on homeward. At last she reached the little street, ascended the high stairs and fell into her mother's arms with a cry. Then she burst into tears.

"Why, Sadie, what is the matter?" her mother asked.

Then, piece by piece, she drew from her the whole story. And when she had told it Sadie felt comforted again. They ate their supper in silence, and soon afterward Sadie went to bed.

In every other house but this children had hung up their stockings before they went to bed, knowing that they would awake to find them filled with gifts from Santa Claus. And even in this house, among the very poor, there were not many whom Santa did not visit. But, of course, the old gentleman cannot go everywhere, and no doubt he occasionally misses a little boy or girl among those crowded tenements. So Sadie's

mother sighed as she saw the empty stocking hanging at the foot of the bed, dreading lest her little girl should awake on the morrow to find it empty.

About half an hour after Sadie had gone to bed her mother heard the sound of suppressed excitement in the street. She looked out of the window and then she saw that out of every other window in the street a head appeared in view and all were watching a magnificent carriage and pair that drove slowly down through the narrow passageway between the tenement-houses. She looked at it in breathless excitement. Was it going to stop? Yes, it was stopping, and at her door. And very soon afterward she heard the rustling of silken skirts and an old lady and a little girl entered the room. Sadie's mother was so astonished that she did not know what to say.

"Are you Sadie's mother?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am," said Sadie's mother.

"Your little girl picked up my shawl in the street this afternoon," said the old lady. "She went off so quickly that I did not have time to reward her, but my footman followed her home and sent me word of where she lives. Now I intend to reward her for her thoughtfulness and honesty."

What she and Sadie's mother talked about that evening I do not know, but on the next morning Sadie found her stockings full of all sorts of toys from Santa Claus. And there was turkey next day for dinner. And soon after Sadie's mother became housekeeper at the old lady's home, and they lived in a warm room and had chicken once a week and turkey every Christmas and Thanksgiving Day.

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