FANNING'S HEART.

Miss Irwin was very busy. She was handling a difficult assignment which by rights should have been given to one of the new reporters, and as it happened not one reporter, after every one had left good to go home, and for a few hours the editorial rooms were almost deserted by the regular crowd, it took an hour or a bit over her usual per centum over this beam point.

Finally the assignment something was interrupted by the opening of a door, and Fanning, the police reporter, hastily entered. Miss Irwin paused in her story long enough to look up.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, Fanning. Time to dinner, isn't it?"

"No, not yet, not yet. I'm looking for Brandon. Has he come back yet, has he?"

"Did you anything from the City?"

"No, Irwin. I just wanted to see him about a [illegible] that was here. Don't mind, is, don't you? Sometimes I wonder. The little girl's crying. I've just sent her home. The poor, poor, poor little girl. Sometimes I wonder if it is worth while, and I wanted to tell Brandon. I'm interested. Poor, I'm sorry for it. I'm. He passed, too, to begin through his hair and looked uncomfortable.

"Sorry, sure, Fanning, tell me all about it," said the thoroughly interested Miss Irwin.

"There isn't much to tell. Oh, yes, more what I'm trying to say about? Well, to put the whole thing in a few lines, I'm about to right not the in case I'd use to get my copy for the morning's paper. Just think of what I'd have—such a beautiful story."

Miss Irwin looked sympathetically and Fanning saw it. His blue eyes took on a peculiar expression, that the reporter of his face did not usually, and his hand clenchs grew the least bit restless. He lit a cigarette and said dolefully:

"Yes, sir-ee; so long as he's going to die—they said he wasn't live through tonight—he might have enough consideration for me to arrange it in time. Just my luck to get scooped." And he knocked off some cigarette ashes.

Miss Irwin gazed at the top in sympathetic.

"Why, you poor, good, good fellow," she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I didn't think you were that sort."

It was Fanning's turn to look disappointed. "You seem to think, because I talk as I do, that a police reporter hasn't any feelings at all," he said, in an injured way. "Maybe we're not more than you think. Now, there isn't anybody sorrier than I am for that little boy. Why, his mother and sister think I'm the best friend they've got, because if I hadn't said my say, the 'bully' who hurt the little chap wouldn't have been held at all. I don't kim all right enough, though; made things pretty lively at the police court, didn't I? Well, I guess.

"Say, if he would only hurry up and die in time I could write the most elegant and touching story. You just ought to see him. Everybody takes a turn in letter in him, and fruit and lots more and toys and jelly and all sorts of good things to eat. When I saw him this morning, the bed was covered with presents, but if you'll believe it, he didn't seem to care for 'em at all. The only thing he asked was a bunch of roses somebody had sent him. He wouldn't part with 'em, and when I left him trying hard there with the flowers against his cheek, I thought how pretty it would be for me to have him die with them in his hand. Say, wouldn't that be picturesque? I won't bother you, though, any longer. If you see Brandon, tell him about it, he'll be interested."

The door closed, and Miss Irwin was again alone. She couldn't take up the train of thought she had been pursuing when interrupted, and she sat and had the shocked look she assumed at the beginning of Fanning's conversation.

"Such a hardened fellow," she mutered, "and yet at heart I really believe kind to do what he says he is."

The next morning Miss Irwin scanned the papers, but saw nothing about the boy. The evening papers contained long accounts of the life and death. Miss Irwin felt rather sorry that Fanning, with all his crude, kind heart, had been cheated of his "big story." When Irwin saw him the