

**CHARITY MOORE:  
THE STORY OF THE  
STRAY**

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Charity Moore: The Story of the Stray by Lina Orman-Cooper

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**LINA ORMAN-COOPER**

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THE STORY OF THE  
STRAY**





CHARITY

"Home of  
the  
Homeless"

Tilm  
[Page 14]

# CHARITY MOORE:

*THE STORY OF A STRAY.*

BY

LINA ORMAN-COOPER.

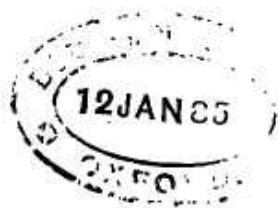
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## CHAPTER I.

### *A BRAVE DEED.*

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise."

*Santa Filomena, LONGFELLOW.*

IT was a cold, blustering March day. The east wind blew fiercely and wildly down the roads, dancing in eddies at the street corners, shrieking with savage glee in every narrow court, and wailing piteously at being imprisoned in the open chimneys.

Passengers walked as quickly as they could trying to keep warm, with pinched blue faces and shivering bodies. "Marbles" and "hop scotch" seemed to have lost their influence over boyish hearts, for the owners of precious "taws" and "alleys," kept their hands in their pockets, or ran up and down whistling with chattering teeth and quivering lips.

In spite of the day, Baby Melville had been wrapped up in furs and soft fleecy shawls, and, snugly ensconced in her own particular carriage, was being wheeled along the busy thoroughfare. Patty, the nursemaid, had apparently found a friend to talk to, even on this wild day, for walking beside her was a thin, seedy-looking young man. Little Miss Ivy, a wee tot of three years of age, pattered along the pavement at Patty's side, while the cruel east wind tried in vain to bite the soft white legs encased in knitted gaiters.

No! Ivy could defy anything almost in her warm pelisse and bonnet, tied closely under her chin; even the wee hands were warm in her knitted gloves.

Presently Patty stopped with her escort to look in at a fancy goods store, and Ivy, disentangling herself from her nurse's clasp, ran up and down the little space in front of the shop. Patty was suddenly startled by the clatter of horses' feet, and turning hastily she exclaimed in rapture at a troop of Horse Guards passing by.

Proudly waved the black horsehair plumes, and the sabres glittered and gleamed in the pale sunlight.