

"About three in the afternoon."

"Go on."

"She sat down quite quiet by the window, and looked out, without speaking a word. There was snow in the air, and presently it began to fall—not very thick at first, but I soon saw we were in for a storm. All this while the young lady kept by the window, hardly moving; I couldn't see her face, though I knew it was sweet and pretty. I caught a glimpse of it when she first came to the cottage door."

"Did she wear a veil?"

"Yes, sir; and when she asked about the room she didn't lift it, but the wind caught it once, and it was then I saw her face. At a little past four Jimmy came home from school, and the young lady started up, thinking it might be my husband; but seeing my little boy she sat down again by the window. Tea was all ready for him, and we were having it together when I thought it was cruel of me to let the young lady sit there all alone like, and as if she hadn't a friend in the world. I'm sure she looked like it, and I'd been wondering a good deal about her. So I went to her and asked her if she wouldn't take a cup of tea. She didn't answer me, and didn't as much as look up, and I laid my hand on her shoulder and said, 'Come, my dear lady, you must be faint; a cup of hot tea will do you no harm, and you're heartily welcome.' And still she didn't answer me; but I heard something like a sob, and bending down I saw that she was crying. I made no more ado, but I took her to the bedroom, and took off her hat and veil, and bathed her face, and said, 'Come along now, and make yourself comfortable.' She thanked me in a low