

was a small grille. There was a bell beside the wicket, which many a cushla urchin thought it a goodly thing to ring. Fifty times a day the small, brown, patient face of a nun would look fruitlessly through The diversion of bellthe grille ringing had its points, though it lacked the element of danger beloved of the runaway-knocker or All-ringer, since Sister Veronica ald by no chance chase them down the street. Of late years to be sure the police

had taken to meddling with the pasttime to the indignation of those of the townspeople who could remember the brave days of old when the Convent windows were broken half a dozen times a year. That was before the screen of leaves and branches had interlaced itself in such a tangle as to afford an excellent barricade.

The Clue.

head

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ders.

Sister Veronica had been called from her sweeping up the dead leaves from the paths half-a-dozen times that morning already, only to find an impish face springing at her on the other side of the grille. The seventh time the bell rang, it was Alison Barnard's face that met her gaze "hen she slid back the little shutter. having replaced it she opened the postern just wide enough to admit the visitor, and then shut it to again. Alison found herself facing a typi-

cal eighteenth century house, with deep windows of twelve panes or so set closely together, the head of each window enclosed in an architrave of classical design. Thanks to the smoke of Ballycushla, and to the bad and streaked with green below eaves and gutter. winked brightly in the pale December sun. Monthly roses and jessamine, and untimely honeysuckle crept up the walls of the house. The sweep of gravel before the open door, the grass borders, the flower-beds, the clumps of Portugal laurels and fuchthe hall door Sister Veronica's barrow and the tidily swept up heap of leaves awaited the resumption of as portress.

"Reverend Mother? Yes, Reverend Mother would see the lady. the lady wish her name to be given?"

Sister Veronica for all the lowered meekness of her eyelids was aware of Alison's purple cloth gown, and her long stole of sables. She was rejoicing in them in fact, for she had been a dressmaker when she was "in the world," and know how to appreciate general vanities. Presently she would accuse herseli of not having mortified her eyes and her curiosity; but for the moment she yielded to the temptation.

classical heads within wreaths and picture of the seraphic St. Teresa. There were heavy old chairs covered in horsehair set at intervals round niture.

There were a few serious, devotionfine wall-frescoes. These were the for the office.

grilles of course.

d by a N & Co. seine

