

PEOPLE OF POPHAM

a more useful one for every-day wear, so to speak. Then there's no call for a fuss if you aren't looking your best, as there is with beauties!"

I became a lodger in Little Popham, because Jane's sister — Jane was my maid, called at that time Somerset — happened to have one downstairs room and two upstairs rooms unlet at the very moment I wanted them. Recovering as I was from measles, Somerset held the opinion, very strong^{ly}, that with a complexion like mine, it was n't every one who would care to have me.

"I know," I said meekly.

She went on to say I was very lucky to get the rooms, as they were never unlet for more than two minutes, and I couldn't have got them at all if a bishop had n't fallen through.

"It's very kind of your sister to have me," I said, "especially when she is accustomed to bishops."

Then Somerset said that bishops' complexions were n't always what they might be, which comforted me very much.

If the bishop had fallen through the rooms, I should not have been surprised. There were such very deep depressions in the floors. I asked Somerset if the bishop was a very heavy man, and she said she had never heard that he was n't all that a bishop ought to be.

If it had n't been for measles I should have returned to India with my sister, and I should never have known Little Popham, nor heard about Mary Macdermott.