

## Committed to his Charge

up. "I don't seem much the better of my two maids. I got rid of them both yesterday, and washed the outsides of the pots myself."

"Pots!"

"Outsides!" gasped the Guild.

"I am content if I manage to keep the *insides* of mine clean," said one.

"Oh well, I should never allow it to come to *that*. But it has always been my custom never to allow one girl to come till the last has left; and between them I go over myself all the things left undone. Now, with two, I get no chance to keep things as I like them. You're never rid of both at the same time."

"What a blessing for Mrs. Huntley—Dulcie—that Ann keeps on with her!"

"And yet she has her hands full, with that Punch," said Mrs. Lindsay. "And the baby—she's a handful, if you like. I saw poor Dulcie yesterday, and she had terrible cat's paws about her eyes. Her halycon days are over."

A ripple, more pronounced than at the enigmatical call upon Sarah, went round the room, but Mrs. Lindsay paused not.

"It's a great change. A pettight little thing like that——"