

## THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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## CHAPTER III.

"What do you want, Lawson?"

"I be in a sad fix about Kitty; my rooms is not fit for her, you see, and I can't have my eyes allers on her; and when she's out of school she do get into mischief."

"What has she been doing now?"

"Helpin' herself to Mrs. Beatty's apples."

"Is that all? I thought she had been breaking one of those lamps again. Why, the little Allans are forever in such mischief."

"Then, if you don't think it dreadful bad, will you take her? and just send her to school of a mornin', and I'll clothe her, and you make her useful the rest of the time."

"Really, Lawson. I would be glad to do it for you; but she would be such a charge."

The father's countenance fell.

"I knowed you'd say that. What can I do with her? I've follered your advice, faithful, to rawhide her every day, and it goes for nothin'."

"My advice, to rawhide her every day! Lawson you're a fool. There's Mr. Allan calling me. I must hurry away. Bring her in the morning."

Quite relieved, Lawson turned home to break the good news.

"This time," he thought, "I'll be slow. Is'e mind when I'se quick and gave my Kitty a start like, it was so sudden. I'll be slow and careful now."

His mind was wandering to his wife's death-bed, and the little spot in the cemetery where he had laid her; so that, though he walked slowly down the church hill, keeping time to his intentions, he forgot them all when he saw Kitty, and announced it to her with an abrupt—

"I say, she's agoin' to take you; and I do feel so thankful."

Kitty, who instinctively guessed who the *she* was, and why he was so thankful, quickly replied, "I don't."

"You ought to be. Isn't it somethin' to be off the streets, and live in the minister's house?—and mind you, Kitty, if you don't mind every word she says, I'll hide you till you're black and blue."

Now it so happened that Mrs. Allan was looking out for a little girl, and had several times turned her thoughts towards Kitty; but her terror of people's tongues kept her from increasing the number of her domestics. She now explained to Mr. Allan—who really did not care how much people talked—that she would mention to Miss Armour how she was taking her solely from pity, and she would make it all right with the religious set; for the rest she did not care.

For the first month Kitty did remarkably well. Her father's threat had a wholesome effect on her. Now that her skin was healed she did not wish it made tender again. When the cook did not need her she was allowed to romp and play with the children, or go with them a message in their cart, drawn by a pretty Canadian pony. On the whole, she thought her life had changed for the better.

But there was one drawback—a sore one—against which she was always stumbling. She could never bring herself to understand why Lucy Allan felt above her—now, particularly, that they were in the same house, and that her blue flounced Cobourg dress looked "a deal sight prettier" than the other's sober gray one.

"It's all pride, nothin' but pride," she said to cook; "an' it's her as makes Mrs. Allan be forever a-talkin' about it. It's not