

tures that showed a general resemblance to Hampstead's own. Her face had a weary, disturbed look, but lighted for a moment at the sight of her brother.

Depositing the platter upon the table, the woman sank heavily into a chair at the end, where she began immediately to serve the plates. The children, a girl and a boy, sat side by side, with John across from them. This left a vacant chair opposite Rose, and before this a plate was laid.

For a time the family fell upon its food in silence. The girl was eleven years old perhaps, with eyes of lustrous hazel, reddish-brown hair massed in curls upon her shoulders and hanging below, cheeks hopelessly freckled, mouth large, and nose also without hope through being waggishly pugged. The boy, whose sharp, pale features exhibited traces of a battle with ill health begun at birth and not yet ended, had eyes that were like his mother's, clear and gray, and there was a brave turn to his upper lip that excited pity on a face so pale. He looked older but was probably younger than his sister. Hero-worship, frank and unbounded, was in the glance with which the two from time to time beamed upon their uncle.

After a considerable interval, John, glancing first at the empty chair and then at his sister, asked with significant constraint in his tone: "Any word?"

His sister's head was shaken disconsolately, and the angular shoulders seemed to sink a little more wearily as her face was again bowed toward her plate.

After another interval, Hampstead remarked: "You seem worried to-night, Rose."

"The rent is due to-morrow," she replied in a wooden voice.

"Is that all?" exclaimed John, throwing back his head with a relieved laugh. At the same time a hand had