

then passing hastily round to the side of the bed, she kissed the yellow cheek and reverently touched the wrinkled hand.

Presently, the old woman recovered herself.

"You'd better go," she said, "let Nepzibah get your fixen's and take them to the brown room and give you something to eat."

Carmelita would have lingered.

"What are you waitin' for? you'd better go."

"Grandmamma, is there not something you would like?"

Oh, the odd sound of that sweet foreign voice in that dingy room. It was like a breath from the South, coming after the cold nasal twang of the older woman.

"No, Nepzibah'll see to that. Don't you fret."

Carmelita, going down the broad staircase met Nepzibah.

"Grandmamma wishes you to take me to the brown room," she said in her foreign sounding English. Nepzibah looked keenly at her.

"Your things are in there now. I guess you'd better eat something."

"I am not hungry," said Carmelita, tremulously.

The thought of the last meal she had taken at home, that home that was so far off and was to be hers no longer, came upon her with a sudden rush of pain.

"Guess you'd better try," said Nepzibah, observing the signs of emotion, but disregarding them. "There is some cold mutton, a bit of pumpkin-pie and a dish of stewed huckleberries down there."

She jerked her thumb towards the kitchen.

"Oh, thank you," said Carmelita.

"If you want to tidy up any, just you go along that hall, first door to the right, and then come back here and go down to the kitchen. If I ain't there, you'll find them things on the table."

Carmelita passed along the passage not

without a secret dread, for the light was waning, and it was full of shadows. "Oh, I am sure," she said to herself, "that a great many people must have lived here once, and that they are all dead now. God give rest to the dead."

And she opened the door of the brown room and went in. It was brown, indeed. The paint was dark brown, the strips of scarlet aggressively dark brown, so were the bed-curtains and the window-curtains. For a moment Carmelita's heart stood still. The very aspect of that great bed was terrifying, formidable in its solid mahogany, of which there was enough almost to build a modern house. And the looking-glass. Ah, it was as well, perhaps. It was like the convent. It was so high, that Carmelita had to rise on tip-toe to peep into it, and it was small and oval, and oh, such a reflection as it gave forth.

"To-morrow, the windows will be open and the sun will come in," said Carmelita, trying to cheer herself with the thought. She washed her hands, smoothed her hair and went down.

Oh, yes, this was a cheerful place, at least comparatively, this kitchen, not like the one at home, indeed, great and broad, with an open fire-place, an ornamental dress, big windows and a savory smell of cooking. But still it was large, though bare and prim in its arrangement, and broad windows let in the fading light, and there was a fire in the big black stove, its red warmth coming cheerily to the poor little Southerner's heart. At least this kitchen was not suggestive of ghosts.

On a corner of the table stood the scrag of mutton, the hunk of pumpkin-pie and the huckleberries with a loaf of home-made bread. All her life Carmelita had been accustomed to certain little delicacies in the matter of the serving of food, but on the other hand she had been taught to eat, uncomplainingly, of whatever was set before