

"He wouldn't recognise you, dear. Wait for a day or two, and I'll be sure to tell you when it would be of use. It is such a tremendous walk for you, down that hill and up again. No good to waste your energies."

After such news it was with rather a saddened heart that Mary that evening started upon her pilgrimage to the schools, though it was pleasant enough to have Stella to enliven the ten minutes' walk by her account of Shingleby doings and sayings, as well as by various inquiries upon the subject of Mary's own work and interest.

was well aware how greatly the nerves of even the strongest workmen will sometimes suffer after they have been spectators of such a calamity. But she went up to him later on, and bent to look at his writing.

"Very good, in spite of the bad arm." Then, after a pause, "Have you heard how Tom is to-day, Charley?"

"He wor main and bad yesterday," in a low tone. Then, "We wor a-talkin' o' yow joost as it coom."

"Yes? And what were you saying?"

"About oor bodies. Yow mind what yow said last Moonday? And Tom,



"THE SISTERS ENTERED THE SCHOOLROOM TOGETHER."

Charley Furniss was in his place as usual when the sisters entered the schoolroom together.

The young man had his left arm in a sling, and looked paler than when last his teacher had seen him.

"Have you hurt yourself, too?" she asked, as she handed round the copy-books to her class.

"Joost a splash o' steel, ma'am. It fell on me same toime as Beresford got burnt."

No more was said then. She saw, from the change upon his countenance as he spoke, how great had been the shock to him of his friend's misadventure. Nor was that any surprise to her. She

he'd joost bin axing me ef I thowt Christ coom t' save oos fra gettin' hurt."

"Poor fellow!" with tears in her eyes. "Well, you'll hear more about it to-night, Charley, by-and-by, I hope."

She looked grave and a little troubled when the time came for her to speak, however. The lads had a very real hold upon Mrs. Jaxon's affections, and the idea of Beresford upon his bed of suffering weighed on her generally high spirits. But in the hush that succeeded to the clatter of clearing away slates, and scrambling for fresh places well in front of the desk, she began at last to speak.

"I hope that every one who has heard of Beresford's accident has offered a short