

a barrel of flour." "Of our death, Amen."
—"Ahem." "So be it."—"Little tom-tit."

Graziella turned away with a chill of horror, and was so absorbed in painful thoughts she failed to hear the hisses, groans and muffled cries of "*Suisse*" which they sent across the distance after her like the good little Catholics they felt themselves to be. If she had heard, she would certainly not have paid any attention, although their manifestations of abhorrence were louder than they ever dared to make them on the village streets. She had overheard expressions of ill-will towards her many times, but had decided that to feign indifference was the best way to take all the pleasure out of their tauntings, and she surmised they would refrain from bothering her when they found no amusement in the employment.

She had never spoken to Cyril about these little annoyances which the village boys sometimes caused her; there was no use troubling him; the matter did not weigh upon her feelings, as her trips to the village were taken at very rare intervals, and generally in her husband's company, when they did not dare to pass any insulting remarks even in an undertone. As she walked along, her mind dwelt on the inconsistency between the violence with which, she was sure, some of those mothers within sight and hearing of their chil-