

eyes were those of a child. She was, judging by size, of the age of eight years, though in reality older. A tattered shawl was drawn around the little figure, a garment called by courtesy a dress, much too long in some places, much too short in others where it had been torn away, hung upon her, on her hair, shawl and dress, the moisture of the atmosphere collected and slowly dripped upon the pavement. Bending over the child and touching her on the shoulder to arrest her attention the policeman said kindly,

"Well young 'un, who are you waiting for?"

"No one, Sir."

"Then you had best go 'ome."

"I've no home."

"Where's your mother?"

"She's dead, Sir, they took her away yesterday, and another woman's got our room."

"What's your name?"

"Agnes Harcourt."