

always the same: "You can easily obtain a situation if you put your baby to board; no one will take you with him."

I put my aunt's letter in the post office.

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It was returned back to me; it had been refused by my aunt.

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I was sitting on a low stool by the cradle, my back to the bed, the candle placed on a chair in front of my stool; on the same chair lay my returned letter, giving rise to bitter thoughts almost too painful to be borne; my weary fingers were rather trying to work than working; they seemed to be paralyzed with fatigue, and trembled to the very points.

Maida lay stretched at full length by my side; I leaned back on my bed that I might rest for a few minutes, and while doing so laid my hand on Maida's side; I wondered if it could grow thinner.

As I sat thus there was a hushed noise of several voices talking below stairs; the noise was now heard on the second flat, if noise it might be called, which was more the sound of people walking about and talking in suppressed tones; at last footsteps ascended to the attic; a tap at the door. Two men entered. They had been sent by the landlord to arrest the furniture; they must take a list of what was in the room; the poor woman herself was there, pale as ashes; I owed her fifty shillings; I too had helped to bring this evil about, yet she never uttered a single word of reproach.

Maida growled at the men, and as they finished their inventory followed them from the room; one of the men patted her saying, "She is a valuable dog; I have seen such as her sold for ten pounds." As he spoke Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands and looked in my face; her debt was ten pounds; in a