

sat on his knee, and mother held both their hands between her failing fingers, but did not speak, for she was speechless then, and only half conscious. So Miss Nancy was laid down for a moment to receive mother's strange, faint kiss, and then Mrs. Plummett carried her away ; and Mrs. Throgmortou looked after her, and turned her dying eyes again to the squire.

And when day came, the nurse-maid said that mother was dead. But this Miss Nancy had not been able to fully comprehend, nor had she comprehended the strange silence and desolation of the days that followed. It was certainly not that she suffered then or afterwards an hour's neglect at the hands of any member of the household ; it was rather from feeling a lack of something that she was sure she had had once, but had not then, and—alas, poor little Miss Nancy !—never would have again in all her life, that she dimly understood that she had sustained a great misfortune.

And Miss Nancy had also a vague belief that it was after this that dear daddy began to be even more silent than ever he had been before.

*(To be continued.)*

