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with her large heart and limited income, she remained foolish enough to indulge. But this time, as she watched her young laundress, Madame felt sure of a good bargain.

"Good-morning, Josephine you are at work early. No, you have not displeased me. You have a pretty voice, no one here will object to your singing."

A pair of grey eyes beamed their gratitude; then, as Madame lingered a moment, the girl turning suddenly from her work, stood before her mistress, with clasped hands and bosom heaving, as she endeavoured to control the excitement in her voice.

"Madame, if I work hard, so very hard, and you are pleased. If the clothes are white and smooth and beautiful, like the Sisters' Madame will speak for me as a laundress at the Hospital?"

"But, Josephine"

"Oui, Madame, you think that I am too young, do you not? But I am seventeen, and see though I am not large I am strong. Voila"

She flung back her arms as she spoke, and