

station which they at length entered was not very crowded. A train was drawn up along the platform and Dorothy's eyes caught the name Normanton on the board that hung along a line of carriages. To Normanton they should go. The fare, it so chanced, was not excessive.

"It can't be very far away," Dorothy reasoned, and at the end of twenty-five minutes the girls found themselves in a country town. Dorothy turned her face towards the open country.

"Mamma used to say that the country people were kinder than the people in cities," she said.

When the suburbs of the town were well behind, Dorothy judged that they should seek for work, and, according, she advanced, followed slowly by Agnes, to a cottage door. A woman was weeding a small flower bed. She knelt back on her heels and laughed heartily at Dorothy's demand for work.

"Work! What on earth could you do?" she cried. "Oh, you dear, foolish child! And I haven't any work save what I'm fit to perform. There, there, don't turn away! Come inside, the pair of you, and I'll get you a cup of tea. My husband works at the farm on the hill and I am alone."

Dorothy would have refused the offered kindness but for the persuasive tug Agnes gave her skirt. They entered the cottage and were regaled with tea and bread and butter by its kindly mistress. Her questionings were met, however, with cautious replies, and the two fared forth again in quest of the work that was difficult to find.

Their experience during the course of the day was bitter. Sometimes the doors of the houses they called at were simply closed in their faces; oftener they were turned away with angry words, till, as evening drew on, Dorothy's brave heart failed and she suddenly began to sob. It was her sister's turn to be comforter.

"Don't cry," Agnes pleaded as they trudged wearily on. "Oh, look, Dorothy; isn't that a Catholic church?"