

listened quite humbly, and said, without a murmur, 'Thank you ; then I must go away.' He had brought her hat and mantle from the bedroom, and she put them on. Then she took out her purse, and put a shilling on the table. 'What's that for ?' asked my man. 'For the tea,' answered the young lady, 'your good wife was kind enough to give me.' 'Lord !' I said, with a lump in my throat, 'she didn't take a bite.' 'You're welcome to a cup of tea,' said my husband, putting the shilling back in her hand ; 'we can't take money for that.' She went to the door and opened it ; and the snow came driving in. She fell back just as if she'd received a blow, but she straightened herself directly, and saying very sweetly, 'Good-night,' was going out when my husband caught her by the arm. 'Are you going to your friends ?' he asked. 'I haven't any,' she answered. 'Where are you off to, then ?' he asked. 'I don't know,' she answered. I couldn't speak ; my tears were choking me. 'Do you mean to tell me you've no place to go to ?' asked my husband. 'None,' she said. 'Nor any place to sleep in ?' 'None. It's the first time I've been in this part of the country.' My man stared at this, as well he might. 'Where do you come from ?' he asked. 'A long, long way from here,' she answered, oh, so wearily ! 'Fifty miles ?' 'More than that.' 'A hundred ?' 'Yes, I think so. Please,' she said, raising her face to him, but I'm sure she couldn't see his for the tears in her eyes, 'don't ask me any more questions. I'm tired and weak ; let me go.' 'No, I'm hanged if you shall,' said my man. 'You can stop here to-night, and we'll talk about it to-morrow. I wouldn't turn a cat out on such a night.' Upon that the