

of pages were covered. By the time she had finished her task the little clock on the chimney-shelf warned her that it was time to think about tea, and she closed her desk with a sigh of relief that her letter was ready.

She was not accustomed to do any rough work about their quarters, for a woman came in each day to do all that, and went off in the afternoon, leaving all ready to her hands for the rest of the day, the coal-pan filled with coals, the kettle with water, and so on, so that Mrs. Wade had scarcely to soil her hands with what was left to do and which, in fact, consisted chiefly of setting the tea, and later a slight cold supper upon the table. It was easy to do the first, and when the sergeant came in for his meal it was ready and looked tempting enough for any one.

A pretty little cloth with fringed edges was set cornerwise upon the table, and a smart red tray with the tea things stood upon it; there was a plate of bread and butter, some honey in a glass dish and a few water cresses in another, while half a dozen little fish-bowls, each with a flower or two, were set about and made the whole look dainty and inviting.

"It's frightfully hot to-day, Amy," said the sergeant when he came in, "and I'm as thirsty as a dog