

have bawled out 'wanted' in that unmannerly fashion, Polly."

"I didn't!" retorted the child bluntly; "and if I did it was the truth, wasn't it?"

"Had he anything particular to say?" inquired Sybil languidly.

"I should think he had!" was the somewhat peevish reply. "He said he knew we were poor, and asked would I like to take a lodger."

"A piece of gross impertinence, I call it," cried Reginald flushing up. "How

"Quite right, mother," said the son approvingly.

"Was the proposed lodger a lady or a gentleman?" inquired Sybil.

"Oh, a gentleman—a nice, quiet young man."

"Perhaps the new curate. It might have been worth considering," said the girl musingly.

"No, it was not the curate. I might have stretched a point for *him*," Mrs. Jessop hurried to explain. "It was only a sort of scripture reader, or



"I MUST GO AND SEE WHO IT IS."

does he know about our circumstances, I should like to know?"

"I must say he put it very delicately, and I am sure he meant to be kind," said Mrs. Jessop timidly. "Mr. Turner is quite a gentleman. Your poor father used to know his uncle intimately."

"And what answer did you give him, mother?" inquired Reginald.

"Oh, I thanked him, as was only right, but said I thought we could not manage it, that the house was small, and our servant not *very* efficient. Wasn't that right?"

licensed lay helper, or something of that sort."

"All beastly rot! I want my tea," said the ever-practical Dick.

"For my part, I'd have liked a lodger. I could have waited on him nicely," remarked Polly as she placed the teapot on the table.

"I believe you," assented Dick, "and he might have tipped us, if we were good children. Why, that old cove that stops at Playfairs gave me sixpence for running to the laundry for him the other day."