

when a banging door told of the grumbler's exit, she ventured to sing a little, as she struggled with soap and washboard.

" Par derrièr' chez ma tante

" Lui y'a-t un bois joli,

" Le rossignol y chante

" Et la jour et la nuit.

" Gai lon la, gai le rosier

" Du joli mois de mai."

Her voice was clear, and she sang softly, as if more conscious of the joy which lay behind the words than of their real meaning. So intent was she upon her work that Madame Creton had stood watching from the doorway several minutes before Josephine, turning suddenly, perceived her. The soap slipped from between the girl's hands, falling with a splash back into the water her face grew crimson.

" Oh, Madame, pardon!" she stammered, and then, overcome by momentary confusion, remained silent.

But Madame Creton was not displeased. Josephine was an experiment; one of the many experiments to be sure, in which,