

voice that went straight to my heart, it was so like a little child speaking. I persuaded her to drink two cups of tea but she couldn't eat ; she said she wasn't hungry, but I saw that she couldn't get the bread-and-butter down, and that made me pity her more and more. The snow was falling very thick by this time, and after tea she asked me whether she might go back to the window, and I said, yes, of course she might ; and she went and sat there till it got quite dark, never speaking a word all the time. I know sorrow when I see it, sir, and I saw it then ; and I know goodness when I see it, and I was sure she was good. It was clear enough to me that she was in some trouble, and I wished I could help her, but I didn't ask her any questions. I let her have her way ; it's always best. At seven o'clock my husband came home, and then the young lady rose and looked at him, entreating him like. I didn't give him time to make any remarks. 'I want to speak to you,' I said, and I took him and Jimmy out of the room, and told him all I knew. He didn't say anything at first, but turned the thing over in his mind—a way he's got when there's anything particular to be decided—and then he said he didn't care to have a stranger with us, and that, though the funeral and black clothes had cost us a bit of money, we had paid for them, and didn't owe anybody a farthing. That was true, and I couldn't dispute it. My husband's a good chap, but he's got a will of his own, and if you want him to stick to anything all you've got to do is to contradict him. I took care not to, though my heart was bleeding for the poor young lady. Out he went to her, and told her he was sorry, but we didn't have a room to spare. She