

house in Chelsea. There was no more reason why she should live in Chelsea than anywhere else ; the finding of the place had been purely accidental, and she had been guided to it because it suited her means. She thanked her stars when she had been there but a few days ; because a child was brought to it.

Priscilla saw the child almost at the moment of its coming to the house with its mother ; and, as she always did, she stood still shyly at a little distance, and watched it. That was her way with children ; she never gushed over them ; she simply stood and watched them, and thanked God for them.

This child was the prettiest she had ever seen ; a small elf of about four with dark curls and big solemn eyes. The mother was a sharp-mannered, handsome woman, who announced that she was only staying for a day or two, and that she was going abroad. Priscilla Meadows determined to make the most of the day or two.

The mother had watched with some amusement Priscilla's adoration of the child ; she was as contemptuous of it as anyone else might have been. But incidentally she struck up a sort of friendship with Priscilla, and even allowed her, to her intense delight, to take the child out. Priscilla held her head high that day, for the world was very wonderful, and she could look it squarely and proudly in the face.

She returned with the child to the little boarding-house in Chelsea—and faced a tragedy. In the first place, little Susette's mother had gone away ; and the landlady stared in some perplexity at Priscilla Meadows and the child. " I thought you were going to meet Mrs. Smithson at the station," she said.