

able to realise anything except that she would speak to him no more.

Minnie could not wait then, so she ran into another cottage a little way further on, the door of which was already open, and finding the object of her search (Molly Gray) engaged in the preparation of her own breakfast, she told her of the calamity which had befallen the Malones, and begged her to go in and help them.

Molly only waited to refill her kettle that she might find it ready for any emergency, and carrying her own tea with her in a can wherewith to refresh the worn-out watcher, she at once repaired to the bereaved home.

Greatly relieved to be able to leave them under efficient care, Minnie hastened home, having first seen the grief-stricken husband swallow some tea, and a few mouthful of bread, but she had no appetite for her own breakfast, though she made a pretence of eating to escape comment, and rose to prepare for church without having tasted a morsel.

None knew of her last night's visit except her father and Charlie, and as her father did not mention it and Charlie had not yet appeared, she was not annoyed with the questions and expressions of wonder which she had hardly hoped to elude. Mabel was not at church, neither was she at school next day, an excuse being sent for her absence, stating that she was confined to the house with a slight attack of influenza. Minnie's excitement of Saturday night, thus augmented by anxiety on her friend's behalf, now began to tell upon her, so much, indeed, that before the work