

We had no trouble in finding the cottage. Mrs. Tubbs knew where it was, and described it to us. It looked very pretty outside, like the pictures you see in story-books or young ladies' albums. It was only one story high, and it had very low thick walls, and a thatched roof, and a funny square chimney at one end, with a bit of tree growing out at the side of it. The thatch was covered all over with pieces of moss and lichen and houseleek, with a patch of wall-flower here and there, which made it look almost like a garden, and the walls were as thickly covered with ivy as those of our own house at home. But oh! what a miserable place it was when you went inside. There was only one room, with a closet opening out of it no bigger than Mrs. Tubbs's pantry. The floor was made of rough bricks, with cracks in them big enough for you to put your hand through. The plaster was hanging loose from the walls; in one place the roof was tumbling down and had to be propped up with the stump of an old tree. I had never seen such a place before. It was scarcely so comfortable as the shed where Mrs. Tubbs's three calves used to live.

There was nothing in the room except a square