

"Yes, but that does not make it easier to bear."

"Certainly not."

"What am I to do, Reggie?" asked Connie.

"Will you go and ask Mrs. Wilton to give you one of the little warm frocks she has cut out this morning, and will you begin to make it. I will read you a story."

Thus the afternoon passed pleasantly away, and when the twilight came on, and they could no longer see their work, Ernest and Constance came and seated themselves close to the fire by Reggie's side.

"To-morrow is Sunday, and on Monday would you mind taking round these tickets?" he asked.

"We'll be proud and happy," laughed Ernest.

"Reggie, while you've been reading an idea came into my head."

"Well, what is it?"

"What fun it would be to go and try to