

shoulders would be warm too, but he was laughing so much that he could hardly speak to her."

"I wasn't, Connie, I'm sure I talked like an old grandmother."

"Go on, Connie," said Reginald, "we must try if Nannie Green can't have a warm shawl. I'm sure mamma would like her to."

"Oh! that'll be beautiful; well, Reggie, then we walked on a little and we met old Stephen, so we stopped and said, 'How d'ye do, Stephen, how are you?' and he answered just like he always does, 'I be well and hearty, miss, thank the Lord,' and he laughed his own peculiar laugh. I do like to see him, he always seems so happy, and one never hears him grumble. I asked him if he had plenty coal, and so he answered, 'Well, miss, we haven't much, but it's enough for us; we don't burn fire in the evening.'

"'But then isn't it cold, Stephen,' I said. 'Bless you, miss, we don't feel it, be-