

“If you please, Miss Matheson, this has come from Willingham for you.”

“What is it, Mrs. Burton?”

“Well, miss, I don’t know rightly, but it’s heavy enough. Why, here be a pair o’ fowl, a tongue, mince-pies, two bottles of wine, and groceries.”

“It can’t be for me, Mrs. Burton.”

“Yes, miss, yes, plain enough, Miss Matheson at Mrs. Burton’s.”

“But I have no use for them,” said Miss Matheson, sadly.

“Maybe you’ll find some,” said the landlady, smiling; “anyway, will you have the chickens boiled or roasted?”

And when this was decided, the good woman bustled away.

“It seems almost a mockery of my loneliness,” said the governess sadly to herself, “and yet it is very, very kind; I must not be ungrateful; but, oh, if only Willie were here!”

Could it be a dream, or was it a true