

Black days were behind her. She stood over against the future, but the morning these things had fallen aside, that which lay uppermost in Josephine's heart was the inspiration of youth.

She had courage; life and work were open to her. And, above all, she possessed a talisman which made the rough road smooth beneath her feet. She was loved, she loved in return. What did it matter to her, then, that the streets were bare and cheerless, or that the chill wind pierced beneath her thin jacket? She had mastered, light-footed and resolute, and now her cheek glowed, like the red Famenuse apple, raised not half an hour since, in the market place.

Katie, Madame Croton's old servant, opened to her, not very pleasantly, perhaps, for the morning had found her heavy-footed.

"Oh, ye're come for the wash, are ye? Well, it's Herself knows best, but I'd be lookin' far to give the wash to childer. A bit of a cratur' more fit for the convent than out of it! Sakes alive! and the poor thing hasn't a word of English to spake. And what'll I be doin' with hathen