

says the Princess, with a despairing sigh; 'I wish to goodness he'd have thought of it half a dozen years ago. He has been so busy making money ever since I can remember, and ma's been so busy spending it, that they neither of them had time to attend to my education, and here I am an heiress and everything, and hardly an accomplishment about me. And when a person is nineteen, and in society, studying languages, and doing piano-forte drudgery, is no end of bore.'

Mrs. Trillon sympathizes, does her best, and spends three hours daily in the Lexington avenue mansion, secluded in Miss Blanche's boudoir. For it is to be a profound secret from all the world that this polishing is being given to Miss Blanche.

'That is what I like Mrs. Trillon for,' remarks Miss Pettingill to Mrs. Pettingill, 'she knows how to hold her tongue. And yet she is sympathetic, you can see she appreciates the situation, and is trying to do her very best for me. And she has the most elegant and aristocratic manners. I only wish I could ever be like her.'

'Mrs. Trillon is a person, I guess, who has seen better days,' responds mamma.

'I should rather think so,' Miss Blanche cries, energetically. 'She plays and sings perfectly splendid, and talks French like a native. She never speaks of herself, but I know she must have a story and a romantic one, if a person could only get at it. But I never can ask questions of Mrs. Trillon.'

It is at the Pettingill Mansion that Dolores is this wild and blustery March afternoon, while Jemima Ann stirs the fire, and looks expectantly out of the window, and waits for her coming home. It is late when she comes, neither wet nor weary from the howling storm, and all laughing and with cheeks and eyes bright with the frosty wind.

'Oh, my own dear,' cries Jemima, 'you are half dead, I know. I do hope you rode down town in the stage.'

'No, I didn't,' returns Dolores, laughing. 'I rode but not in the stage. They sent me in the carriage; Miss Pettingill would have it so. They are really the best-natured people in the world. They wished me to stay all night, and as I would not, insisted on the carriage. Is supper ready? for I am hungry, although I had tea and cakes at five o'clock. It must be nearly nine now.'

'Just twenty minutes to,' says Jemima, bustling about. 'Take off your things, my deary, and sit here in the rocker and warm your feet. Supper's all ready, and will be on the table in ten minutes.'

'How cozy it is here,' Dolores says, with a delicious sense of rest well earned, and of the long evening to come, with two or three

new magazines to speed its flight. 'What a dear little home we have and what a queen of housekeepers is my Jemima Ann. It is very splendid up there in the Pettingill Palace, but I really do not think I would care to exchange. I like our duodecime edition of housekeeping best.'

Supper is served—two or three delicate little dishes, and tea brewed to the point of perfection. Outside the whistling and lashing of the March night accents the sense of comfort and warmth.

'There is to be a prodigious party up at the Pettingill's next week,' says Dolores, as they sit and discuss their repast. 'Quite a mammoth gathering of the plutocracy of New York, and I am to go and play the accompaniments of Blanche's songs. She has not much courage about performing in public, although she has really a very fine voice, and absolutely insists that I shall play the accompaniments. I do not like it, but I cannot refuse, they are so extremely nice to me, and Blanche is such a dear, simple-minded, good-natured little soul. The piano is to be placed in a sort of bower of towering plants, and I shall be pretty well screened from the company. I must get a dress for the auspicious occasion—white, trimmed with black, I suppose, and jet ornaments, to keep up my character of a widow, in half-mourning. I find the whole thing rather a bore, but I cannot disappoint Miss Pettingill.'

So in the lamp-lit, fire-lit little parlour they sit together and chat over the doings of the day. These evening home-comings are delightful to both—Dolores snugly ensconced in the rocker, Jemima with her sewing at the table. There is talk, and music, and the shrill beating of rain and sleet without, and perfect peace, monotonous perhaps, but very grateful within.

'If it will only last,' Dolores says, looking dreamily into the fire; 'at times it seems almost too good. Peace is the best thing in all the world, Jemima Ann—better than love with its fever, better than wealth with its cares. If it will only last.'

It is the night of the great ball up on Lexington avenue. The big brown corner house is all a-glitter with gas, a lengthy row of carriages wind down the stately street, a little group has gathered to see the guests go in. Music resounds, Mrs. Pettingill all alight with those famous diamonds, like an Indian idol, receives her friends. Miss Blanche, in a wonderful dress from Paris, stands near, looking flushed and nervous, and wishing more than ever before, pa's wealth could buy for Mrs. Trillon's beautiful, gracious, graceful manners. Mrs. Trillon is up-stairs in the