

soon must find. Their united board, increased by the sale of Dolores' jewels, is melting away—let Jemima Ann cater never so cautiously. Their rooms are secured for this month at least, before it ends work must be found. Winter is approaching, and 'winter is not man's friend.'

'We must keep together, come what may,' says Dolores, decidedly, 'that at least is as fixed as fate. Work or no work, part we shall not, my Jemima.'

'No, my pretty, I hope and pray not.'

'Let me see,' says Mrs. Trillon, tapping her pretty chin with her pencil, that reflective frown so often there now, knitting her brows, 'my work must be teaching if I can get it. I can teach music, vocal and instrumental—that is my strong point. French, of course, German after a fashion, and I could give lessons in crayon and pencil drawing, and water colours. Embroidery, too, of every kind, we were thoroughly drilled in at Villa de Angles.' Here her gravity suddenly gives way over the list of her accomplishments, and her joyous young laugh rings out. 'It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, cataloguing my wonderful talents after this fashion. I ought to make out a list of terms for tomorrow's Herald, and inform the public that the highest bidder can have me cheap. One laughs, but it is no joke after all. I will advertise, Jemima Ann, and try my fortune twice.'

She does; after a score or more attempts an advertisement is drawn up. It is a repugnant task, this cold-blooded chronicling of what she can do; it sounds boastful and blatant read over. One is written at last that Jemima Ann pronounces perfection, and which Mrs. Trillon finds the best she can do—and it is sealed up in an envelope, and dropped before Jemima seeks her vestal couch, in the nearest letter-box.

There follows an interval which Jemima Ann employs in looking out for work for herself. Dolores tries to dissuade her.

'If I get a situation as governess,' she says, 'it will suffice for us both. Your work will be to keep this little house bright and cozy.'

But Jemima is as resolute when she likes as her young mistress.

'No, Miss Snowball,' she says, earnestly, 'that would never satisfy me. I must do something for my keep—sewing if I can get it—as well as you. I will have plenty of time for the housekeeping. There ain't no kind of plain sewing I ain't up to, I guess, and Miss Scudder, our landlady, has took a kind o' fancy to me from the first, and she reckons she can get me something to do pretty soon.'

Mrs. Scudder proves to be as good as her word. She gets Jemima Ann 'slop' shirt making, and plenty of it—coarse work and wearily unremunerative prices, but still a help, and from thenceforth Jemima is as busy as a bee and as happy as a queen.

But Dolores' ambitious advertisement seems as bread cast upon the waters. Many days elapse and it does not return. Answers they are, and terms are stated, and applications are personally made; but somehow, nothing comes of these negotiations—the reference question stands in the way again. Pretty young widows, highly accomplished, without references, are not desirable preceptresses for innocent youth, and a fair, sweet face and gentle, graceful manners fail to compensate.

At last, in November, when blank despair is coming upon her, one impulsive lady falls in love at sight with her pathetic pale face, and great wistful blue eyes, and low, sweet-toned voice, and braves fate and references, and engages her as French and music teacher to her two boys on the spot. Even without a reference, she can do no particular harm to Willy and Freddie, aged ten and twelve.

She is closely watched for a little, and is found to be a painstaking teacher, even more gentle and winning than she looks.

'Nothing succeeds like success.' Her first employer speaks of her pretty paragon to her friends, and speedily three other engagements follow.

And now all day long behold Dolores, draped in waterproof and veil, a roll of music in her hand, fully established as a 'trotting governess,' and adding dollas and dollas monthly to her humble menage.

About Christmas she is engaged at finishing governess to Miss Blanche Pettingill, sole daughter of the house and heir of Peter Pettingill, Esquire, of Lexington avenue, millionaire and wooden manufacturer, the wife of whose bosom literally hangs herself with diamonds, and blazes with them at her big parties up in the brownstone palace in this one of New York's stateliest avenues.

There is a villa at Newport, a homestead up the Hudson, a winter place in Florida, and the enchanted princess who is to have all this one day is nineteen years old, and rather an ignoramus than otherwise, and has suddenly wakened up to that fact, and made up her mind to atone for lost time by studying under the pretty, and gentle, and obscure Madame Trillon.

'Pa says he would give ten thousand dollars to have me able to play, and sing, and talk French as you do, Mrs. Trillon,