

ing there in the basket is hers, thrown down while she gets tea. And hard and trying times have come and gone ere they found themselves safely moored in this small haven of rest.

They have been adrift for weary months in New York city before fortune steered them here, and into safe and pleasant work. True, they have never known want, nor anything approaching to it, but suspicious eyes have looked at them, insolent voices have spoken to them; they have been unprotected, and lonely, and full of fear. But all that is past, and hardly to be regretted now, as they look back. It was one phase of life, imagined before, but never seen; it is over, and not likely to return.

Eight months have gone since they left Havre—nearly ten since Lady Valentine fled from her husband—and in all that time she has heard little of the life and the people left behind.

'What be you going to call yourself when we get to New York?' said to her, one day on shipboard, Jemima Ann.

'Call myself?' Dolores, vaguely, looking up from the book she is reading.

'What name will you go by? Not Lady Valentine, I hope!' says Jemima, laughing. 'No one will believe that.'

'Lady Valentine! No,' Dolores says, with a shudder; 'I hate that name. No. Let me see. I might take yours, only Hopkins is not pretty. Let me think.' She looks at Jemima, half smiling. 'Suppose I go back to the old name I had as a child—Trillon? It will do as good as any. How many I seem to have borne in my time? Yes, the name by which you knew me first, my Jemima, you shall call me by again. I am, from the hour we land, Mrs. Trillon.'

The sea-voyage does her a world of good. Depression, melancholia, drop from her as a garment; she brightens in spirits, gains in health and strength, looks like her own blooming self once more. The relief is so unutterable of this almost accomplished escape. For now that the Atlantic flows between them, she fears Vane Valentine no longer. To discover her in New York will be a difficult task even for him; to force her to return to him, an impossibility. And she is scarcely more than twenty years old—and life so easily puts on its most radiant face when one is free, and twenty years old.

They land, and try boarding at first—Mrs. Trillon and her friend, Miss Hopkins—there is to be no more the distinction of mistress and maid.

They find a boarding-house, and, after a few days' delay, begin to look about them for work. Both are failures. Life in a

noisy, gossiping, second-rate boarding-house is not to be endured: a month of it is as much as Dolores can bear. Neither is work to be had for the asking; they are not adapted, these two, to many kinds of work.

'Let us try housekeeping, Jemima Ann,' suggests Mrs. Trillon, looking up one day from the big daily, with knitted brows. 'Here are no end of furnished apartments for "light housekeeping." Let us try light housekeeping, Jemima Ann. I fancy it will cost us no more than we are paying here, and it will certainly be more private and more clean.'

Jemima Ann hails the happy thought; she puts on her bonnet and sallies forth in the quest. But New York is a large city, advertisements are deceptive, and landladies sour.

Another week gone by, much shoe-leather is worn, many door-bells are rung, and many, many weary stairs mounted before anything is found suitable to limited means and rather fastidious tastes. Then references are demanded, and references they have none. At last the tiniest of all tiny French flats is discovered—a minute parlour, two dimly-lit closets, called bedrooms, a microscopic kitchen, and dining-room—all neat and clean, and at a price high, but within their united means. Best of all, the janitress—a pleasant-faced matron—consents to take her month's rent in advance and waive references. She likes the looks of her, she smilingly tells Jemima Ann.

Here they come early in September, and here they have been ever since.

They find it agreeable enough at first; it is like playing at housekeeping in a doll's house. Jemima Ann cooks the most delicious little dishes, and proves herself a very jewel of a housekeeper. Lady Valentine is charmed with everything—the dots of rooms, the wonderful little kitchen range, that seems hardly too large to be put in her pocket—the absolutely new life that begins for her. Even the street is not without a charm of its own—a dusty, stuffy street enough, with a commingled odour of adjacent breweries and stables hanging about it, a sidewalk noisy with children all the day long, a favourite haunt of organ-grinders, with weary matrons holding babies, and sitting on door-steps in the cool and silent eventide. The charm is surely in nothing but its entire novelty, but Dolores likes to sit behind the Nottingham lace curtains of the little parlour, and take it all in. Life in this phase she has never seen before, and she is among them, if not of them, for all time now.

But still work comes not, and work they