

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH LUCY LOOKS INTO THE WELL.

LUCY, the nurse, somewhat wearied of the lady's raptures over her little son, and always full of envy at the prosperous lot of this favored child of fortune, escaped from the nursery as soon as possible and strolled out into the air, looking very pretty in her smart cap and apron. She was reflecting as she went that fortune's goods were very unequally divided; that it was hard that Mrs. Pilkington should have youth, beauty, wealth, a splendid house, with the richest of appointments, a handsome and devoted husband, and no trouble of any sort, while she, Lucy Lawless, had had to work hard almost from her childhood up, and to humor a fine lady's whims, and mind a squalling brat, and slave and toil for the bread she ate and the clothes she wore. If matters were inquired into her slavery was not a very galling one. Mrs. Pilkington had no whims at all, being a remarkably sensible and sweet-tempered young woman, and the baby, who was healthy and happy, squalled as little as any baby could reasonably be expected to do.

In this frame of mind, which was very common to her, Lucy strolled on to a favorite haunt, the well, which stood at a certain point outside the garden wall, under the spreading branches of an ancient tree. It was a charming spot, and one of its great attractions for Lucy was that she could see the reflection of her