

urged this family's peculiar circumstances and the girl's gentle, refined manners as reasons for Mrs. Wellbrook's engaging her. Mrs. Wellbrook objected, saying, "The girl would likely presume on her former position; and, of course, as she was *only a seamstress*, she could not expect to be treated as a visitor. Mrs. Malvern looked surprised, as she saw her friend's haughty lips curl, but she merely replied, "that she did not think Miss Paul would at all be intrusive; nevertheless, although she has lost her position in society, she is still a lady, and should be treated as such." After much talk the ladies separated, agreeing to go that evening and see if Miss Paul could give a week or two to sew for Mrs. Wellbrook. Mrs. Malvern was not so wealthy as the lady she had just visited, but her connections were known to be people of rank in England; and this fact made her favor sought after by purse-proud people like Mrs. Wellbrook; by another class Mrs. Malvern was valued for her own sake.

More haughty than ever did Mrs. Wellbrook look as, leaning back upon the soft cushions of her fine carriage, she enjoyed the triumph of driving the highly-connected Mrs. Malvern through the streets of Greylands.

Arriving at the outskirts of the town, Mrs. Malvern told the coachman to knock at a neat little cottage-door near them. Mrs. Malvern received a bright smile of welcome from Miss Paul, who answered the door and ushered her visitors through the rose-covered porch and tiny hall. She bade them be seated in a small parlor, evidently their drawing, dining and sitting room combined.

While Mrs. Malvern explained her errand, the other lady took note of the room furnishings—a neat, dark carpet, a home-made sofa covered with crimson moreen, a book-case filled with well-bound books, a small table on which Miss Paul's work lay, and a flower stand with scarlet geranium, fuchsias, and a crimson rose all in full bloom. There was another article of furniture that made Mrs. Wellbrook look again; this was a handsome, but not very large, cottage piano.

The retaining of such a piece of furniture when the inmates needed to sew for a

living, was considered pride and extravagance. Mrs. Wellbrook thought that when people needed to work for their bread, pianos were unnecessary pieces of furniture. As Mrs. Malvern was still engaged talking to the seamstress, Mrs. Wellbrook took a look at Miss Paul. Even that haughty lady needed to confess that Adelaide Paul's appearance was striking. She was almost as tall as Mrs. Wellbrook herself; large brown eyes that changed their expression with every sentence she spoke; her features were good, her complexion clear though pale, and her hair brown. She wore it braided and coiled round her head like a coronet. She was simply dressed in black, with a white lace ruffle at the throat—her only ornament a very handsome pearl brooch. We might say of Adelaide Paul as the Irish bard says of another lady:

"Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refined?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love, or Heaven can trace?"

Adelaide had all these good qualities and many more.

Attracted by Adelaide's fair face, Mrs. Wellbrook forgot her errand, but was suddenly recalled to business when Mrs. Malvern announced that Miss Paul's services were at Mrs. Wellbrook's command.

Enquiring Miss Paul's terms, and finding them rather beyond what she usually paid, our purse-proud lady tried to induce her to lower them. Adelaide, who felt more ashamed than the lady that her day's wages should be lowered, would have let her pay as she pleased; but with a flush on her face, Mrs. Malvern said Miss Paul could get her charge from any one. Mrs. Wellbrook dare say nothing further; but to humble the seamstress she said, examining a bit of fine stitching she was busy with, "You have certainly found your vocation, Miss Paul?" Adelaide's face crimsoned at the haughty tone, but before she could reply, Mrs. Malvern answered, "We must not forget that the vocation as well as talent for it were given her from above." They were just about to leave when an elderly lady crossed their path. She was dressed in widow's mourning—a fine-looking, dignified lady about sixty years of age.