

So Hannah and Hillary and Mrs. Earl had a house to themselves—a very pleasant one—and it was at once a fountain of good and beneficence.

Mike and Mandy had shared in the Roc's Egg shower of gold, and they were happy according to their lights.

"I niver thought," said Mandy, "to get to this. Here I have a nate little flat, and a Brussels carpet, wid red velvet chairs, to me best room. I can wear a black silk gown every afternoon, and me and Mike we can hire a cab when we likes, and ride to the park. And haven't I a hired gurl to wash me dishes, and a slip of a bye to go behind me wid the market basket, three days in the week? An' what a comfort it is, intirely, not to have to chapen the pertaties, nor always to pick out a chuck roast or a scrag o' mutton! Folks say *Mr.* to me Mike, and *Missis* to me; and at church we niver, aythur of us, puts less than a fine shinin' quarter-dollar in the contrybution plate. I feel like a quane sittin' up afternoons in me best rooms, knittin' of socks or sewin' of flannel shirts and shortcoats for the Children's Mission. An' me Mike, isn't he a pardner in a grocery store, and makin' his ten per cent., or maybe fifteen, on his investment. The way Mike enjoys bein' behind a counter dalin' out tea and sugar, and, for the sake of old times, givin' good measure in all to the poor folks. I mind I was always so glad in my bit buyins, whin the grocer tipped the scale down full fair on my side!"

Mandy's "bye" and "hired gurl," and Mike's errand "byes," were protégés speedily picked up by Hannah in her work among the lowly.

Thus life went on with them all, from September until the New Year, at which time Mrs. Rupert was very anxious that Hannah should come and receive calls with her; and as Mrs. Earl and Hillary preferred not to have calls, Hannah agreed to Mrs. Rupert's proposition. So far was Hannah from being a fashionable girl, that it never occurred to her that wine would be among Mrs. Rupert's refreshments. Mrs. Rupert knew Hannah's feelings, but was so entirely accustomed to the wine on New Year's, that it never entered her mind that Hannah would object to it—indeed, she thought nothing about it, but ordered a caterer, who had often served her, to send the New Year's refreshments, and with the rest came the wine. Now, on New Year's morning, when Hannah, very stately and very fair, came down from Mrs. Rupert's dressing-room, and surveyed the parlours and the preparations, she saw the obnoxious wine.

"What, wine! Oh, Mrs. Rupert, how can you?"

"Why, really, it is customary—I always do. I thought nothing about it, or of your views—a little singular, Hannah."

"Oh, truly, I'm so sorry. You and Mr. Rupert have been my best friends; but I cannot stay—I dare not."

"Nonsense, Hannah! Why, you are not responsible. You need not offer it. No one will refer it to you."

"But I cannot countenance, by seeing it done, even. It would