

morning and ventured back to Margaret's, an explosion at the glass-works, so opportune that it seemed to her, for a black instant, as if she were guilty of the calamity through which she escaped, had freed her from all she had to dread from Margaret's husband.

But quite the same end had come to her experiment. Margaret could not live upon the little sum that Helen paid her for board; in spite of her impassioned devotion to her darling, and her good intention (witnessed again and again to all her saints), she was forced to break up her little establishment and find a servant's place; and Helen did not know where else to go.

In her extremity she appealed, of course, neither to the Butlers nor to Clara Kingsbury, but to Cornelia Root, and this proved to be the most fortunate as well as the most natural course. Zenas Pearson had just moved his photographic establishment up from Hanover street to the fashionable quarter of the town, and had applied to Cornelia for some pretty-appearing, respectable girl, to stay in the front room and receive people, and show them the different styles of photographs, and help them to decide in what shape and size they would be taken. There was nothing mean about Zenas Pearson, and he was willing, he told Cornelia, to pay the right girl ten dollars a week as a start-off, and to put it up to twelve within the year, if she behaved herself, and showed any sence for the business.

Cornelia trembled with excitement and eagerness in laying the proposition before a person so perfectly adapted to the place in every respect as Helen, and they did not lose an instant in going to Zenas and closing with him. "Did she want to come right off?" he asked Helen; and at a little hesitation on her part he looked more closely at her worn face and said, "Well, take a week to recuperate, and come the 20th. I don't know that I'll be ready for you much before that time, any way."