

Her daughter's happiness was her happiness, and yet, it was destined to pass from them both, even as all things of transitory earth are said to pass, taking with them all that is bright, and leaving only the sad. "I want a favor of you, Beatrice," she said one morning as she sat with her daughter, who was carelessly perusing some letters her after-breakfast mail had brought, "when you are ready:"

"I am ready now, mamma. Is it some writing you want done before you go to town?"

"Yes, my love, I wish you to write that advertisement for a companion I have been thinking of getting. In fact, I have intended it ever since we came home from Newport this summer, but with unpardonable procrastination I have deferred it until now. It will be nice for me, and a release to you, from the tiresome little duties which I so often impose on you."

"Nonsense, mamma, to read and write for you or anything else you might demand of me, is only a pleasure, and I shall scarcely like to relinquish them to a paid companion, but, in consideration of coming events, I suppose I must do so."

"That is one of my own reasons, love, for certainly once your marriage takes place, I cannot monopolize you as I think I do now; you will belong to some one else then," and she caressed the dark regal head. "But in the advertisement you will please state that the applicant must be a person of refinement, and the application may be made between the afternoon hours of two and five. I should like it to be sent to the post to-day. Sampson will take it with the other mail if you have it ready by eleven o'clock. Do you ride with Bruce to-day?"

"Not until this afternoon, mamma. For what hour have you ordered the carriage this morning?"

"Ten. Are you going to town?"

"No; I am lazily inclined this morning, and do not feel like changing my dress. I shall write your advertisement immediately."

"If you will, my love, I shall be pleased," and kissing the lovely Southern face, the stately lady swept out of the

entrancing room, across whose blue and gold-tinted walls the rays of the morning sun were falling like gleaming bars, to her own apartments across the corridor, while Susetta, her daughter's pretty French maid, placed Ma'mselle's writing materials and handed her the pearl handled pen, with which she was accustomed to write.

Little the proud heiress thought as she wrote and sealed the brief words for insertion in the daily paper, that she was signing the death warrant to her own happiness; nor what the coming of a paid companion for her mother's comfort, meant to her.

#### CHAPTER XV.

With Rosamond's convalescence, there had come to the young girl, a painful anxiety to get back to her work. She knew her illness had been an expensive one, and that her's and her mother's funds were almost run out, and the sooner she got to work again the better it would be for them. The sacrifice her mother made in the first of her illness, to procure the medicine that had helped to save her life, the girl of course knew nothing, for why, thought the mother, should she pain the tender, sympathetic heart, by telling her of the sorrowful act. She had never known of the existence of the wedding dress in the old trunk, and since it was gone now, and had been put to such good use, there was no need to speak of it, but ah! what memories for the loving mother had gone with the perishable fabric. But used as she was to suffering, that was but a small item, especially when her child was concerned in it, and she regretted it not.

The first day Rosamond took up her work was a proud and happy one for the young girl, and the thought of being once more occupied added fresh vitality to her returned strength.

Three pupils, though, was a miserable number to be sure, and to wait for money until the end of the new quarter, a long time, and they were so hard pressed; but to-day, very fortunately, Mr. Holland, for whom Mrs. Raymond still worked, had promised to settle a small payment, he owed, and that would relieve present necessities.

"I am going in to see Father Madden!