

STORIES OF A GOVERNESS

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Stories of a Governess by Miss Annie Fisler

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MISS ANNIE FISLER

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A GOVERNESS**



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OF A GOVERNESS.


BY
MISS ANNIE FISLER.

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IN REMEMBRANCE
OF PLEASANT DAYS
AT "SOUTHSIDE."

STORIES OF A GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

HE children had all been very eager about the new governess. They had sat full three minutes at a time, more than once, discoursing about her, wondering whether she was young or old, whether she was pretty or ugly, and whether she was cross or good-tempered. In short, there had been no end to their wonderings; but they could not agree, and so sat waiting full of curiosity till she should come down stairs.

Lillie sat on the floor in front of the grate, her chin on her hands, her eyes fixed on the bright fire. Frank was watching the door, in a very unnatural sort of quietness for a boy, with Tan curled up at his feet; and Jennie was nervously

tearing off the corners of her book, since it had grown too dark to read it, thinking that Miss Lane was a very long time in taking off her cloak.

On the sofa lay a plump little darling, with a pair of dark soft eyes shining out of the stillness; one round rosy cheek rested upon her pretty brown hand, and the silky hair was tangled by her race with Tan on the piazza. Nobody knew what Rosie was thinking, for Rosie ~~did~~ not talk much—did not tell all the puzzles in her child-brain, though it was quite full of them, like any other child's.

Outside, the wind had gone down, but the bare trees, the naked lawn, and the great wide stretch of waste land beyond that, looked bleak enough in the gathering gloom of the winter twilight. Softly fluttering down, like white birds, came a few light flakes of the first snow, and now and then the swaying back of a thick cedar-tree, showed a grave at its foot, receiving the downy covering. It was the resting place of the children's mother; she had lain there a