

never acted differently towards me, more than any stranger would : only that he behaved in a very friendly manner on one occasion. I often wish now that I had cut my tongue out instead of asking a favor ; for I believe it cost him his position. The thought of it sometimes drives me almost mad."

And as if she could trust herself no further, she rose and turned her back, so that Jeannette could not see her face.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, honey ; I've been thar myself," said Jeannette, smiling sadly as she thought of it. Then, with the persistent inconsistency of some good-hearted women, she went on—"But I think, Marie, he'll come back, if I am a judge of men at all. I liked his face ; it was an honest one. If I have not read many books I have all my life been learning to read faces, and in his——"

But the girl had fled. She had caught up her light straw hat, and with eyes that were strangely dry and bright, and cheeks that were strangely flushed, she had run from the pictures-homestead, along the soft green turf that fringed the public road, and under the shady limes and chestnuts. She avoided the shady pasture field into which her father was helping the manservant to drive some cattle. She walked on till she came to a little rise, and then she sat down on the grass.

What was this that had changed the current of her life so, that came into her thoughts the first thing in the morning, that followed her about like a shadow all day, and that colored her dreams at night ? What was this thing that had robbed her of her girlish peace of mind, and left her heartstrings quivering and vibrating as if they had been rudely touched by some master hand ? What was this thing that now seemed to her like a blessing, and now like