

house, besides helping in the field during the busy seasons of hay-time and harvest.

Slight in figure and graceful in all her motions, Dorothy was, nevertheless, strong and active. Sickness had never blanched the warm glow on her cheeks, or dimmed the brightness of her large, lustrous eyes. Healthy, happy, cheerful, it was a pleasure to listen to her clear ringing voice, to enter into the spirit of her joyous laugh; to feel that a creature, so free from care and guile, hovered like a good angel about your path.

Without the sunshine of Dolly's presence, the old homestead would have been a gloomy prison, surrounded by that lonely desolate heath, and its inmates weary plodders along the dusty high-road of life.

The Rushmeres kept no servants, male or female. The farmer and his son did all the out-door work, leaving to Mrs. Rushmere and Dolly the management of the