

Not at first—ah no; just a little thing not able to talk plainly yet! It was afterwards, quite lately, that I noticed the wonderful resemblance. She is fourteen already—a tall, slim girl with the tiniest hands to be conceived, and with every move she brings back Dora before my eyes. She has the same features, the same trick of smiling sometimes with the mouth a little to one side; she grows more like Dora every day. There are hours when I look at her across the table when my wife and she and I sit at meals together, and my throat gets tight. The past is suddenly alive again to me, and I would spring up and put my arms round her neck, but Rebecca might guess the truth, and it would pain her to the heart if she suspected. Yet it is true, and I cannot help it, that in the child who reminds me of the dead so vividly my wife has a rival here on our very hearth. It is Lucy, whom she consented to adopt, who shows me innocently that my wife is fat and silly; it is Lucy, who, as I watch her at her lessons, recalls to me the thoughtful face of the girl I used to love. And I regret! Ah, the good *Gott* forgive me, but I regret with all the soul of me, and would be young once more, with Dora by my side, and see her by my side to-day! . . . How warm it has become! the window should be open