

Hetty, in her little bed in the servants' attic, lay tossing sleeplessly. "He loves me, he must have loved me, or how would he have given me such a beautiful ring? He loves me, and I'll maybe never see him again, and all because I'm a poor servant in a hotel—a bar-maid. Oh, if I were only rich! if somebody would die and leave me a fortune. Ah, wouldn't I be happy—for I would give him it all, and we could be married," and so on, and so on, after the manner of girls, sighed poor Hetty to the moon, shining so grandly down upon the sea. Then she turned her face to the wall, and tried to sleep, in vain. "He loves me; surely he never would have kissed me if he didn't love me," she kept whispering to herself, till in her restlessness she rose and stood looking out at the window.

"He gave me a keepsake, and I've nothing I can give him in return. Oh! what can I give him?" she whispered desperately, and then like a flash she remembered a little silver pencil-holder which she had found on the bar floor two years ago, and for which no owner had ever turned up. She would give him that. Yes, she would slip down now, when the house was all asleep. She would open the young men's door, softly, and slip in and lay it on the toilet-table before the glass, where he could not miss seeing it. But what if she was caught? The thought made her gasp with terror, and she put her hand on her heart. But no! she should *not* be caught. She lit her candle, took out a bit of note-paper out of the drawer, and writing upon it the words, "*When this you see remember me,*" she wrapped the pencil-case in it, addressed it to Mr Edward Arbuckle, and slipping on a wrapper, came softly downstairs to