

## M O T H   A N D   R U S T

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Near her were the two guests who were staying at Easthope. The villagers looked at the two girls with deep interest. They had made up their minds that "the old lady had got 'em in to see if the Squire could fancy one of 'em."

Lady Anne Varney, who sat next to Mrs. Trefusis, was a graceful, small-headed woman of seven-and-twenty, delicately featured, pale, exquisitely dressed, with the indefinable air of a finished woman of the world, and with the reserved, disciplined manner of a woman accustomed to conceal her feelings from a world in which she has lived too much, in which she has been knocked about too much, and which has not gone too well with her. If Anne attended to the sermon—and she appeared to do so—she was the only person in the Easthope pew who did.

No, the other girl, Janet Black, was listening too, now and then, catching disjointed sentences with no sense in them, as one hears a few shouted words in a high wind.

Ah, me! Janet was beautiful. Even Mrs. Trefusis was obliged to own it, though she did so grudgingly, and added bitterly that the girl had no breeding. It was true. Janet had none. But