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HANNAH.

J. Nobel.

BY MRS. CRAIK (MISS MULLOCK), Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XII.

As we walk along, staggering under some heavy burthen, or bleeding with some unseen wound, how often do the small perplexities of life catch at us unawares, like briars, and vex us sore. Hannah, as she felt herself borne fast away from Easterham, conscious of a sense-half of relief, and half of bitter loss, was conscious, too, of a ridiculously small thing which had not occurred to her till now, and which she would never have cared for on her own account, but she did on Bernard's. This was—How would Lady Dunsmore manage to receive back in her household, as an equal and familiar friend, her *ci-devant* governess? Not that Miss Thelluson had ever been treated in the way governesses are said to be treated, though it is usually their own fault; but she had, of course, taken her position both with guests and servants, simply as the governess, and never sought to alter it. But this position Rosie's aunt and Mr. River's sister-in-law could no longer suitably hold. As the cab drove up to the old family mansion in Mayfair which she knew so well, Hannah felt a sense of uncomfortableness for which she was almost angry with herself.

But it was needless. Lady Dunsmore had that true nobility which, discovering the same in others, recognises it at once, and acts accordingly. The slight difficulty which an inferior woman would have bungled over, she, with her gracious, graceful frankness, solved at once.

"You will establish Miss Thelluson and her niece in the blue rooms," said she to the housekeeper, who seeing who the arrival was, came forward with a pleased but patronizing air. "And see that everything is made comfortable for the child and nurse, and that my