

found something now to dream about and think of, something which neither spoilt her life nor stayed her energies, but which made all labour easy and all self-sacrifice sweet.

"Do you know, Dorothy, you have grown so pretty lately," Sally said one day, as she looked up into her sister's truthful brown eyes, that had sometimes a far-off look in them, which the child only dimly understood then. "You are far prettier than Netta."

"Oh no, Sally," she said, "Netta was a beauty."

"Well, so are you; and Mr. Fuller thinks so too now." The quick colour came to Dorothy's face. Adrian Fuller was always at her side again. He resumed his old footing in the family, even in the shabby lodging. His old footing with all but Dorothy. She was never the same, and never could be again. She always remembered the summer days which had been so bright, and those dreary ones that followed, and above all the terrible day, in which he had all but accused her of the feeling he had himself fanned and encouraged, and that still more terrible evening when she had flung his meanness in his teeth. No, she could never be the same again. Her heart beat quicker when he came, the color rushed to her face when he entered a room where she was, and her eyes drooped beneath his gaze. The fearless, frank little Dolly, who liked him in former days, and felt no shame in owning it, had vanished, and the Dorothy he knew now was a shy sweet maiden, who worked hard and laboured, not for her own happiness but for the happiness of those around her, and who seemed to have some world of her own far away from his, and which raised her above and beyond him. She had a fascination now for him that Netta in all her glorious beauty had never possessed—a beauty which is as different as that which appeals to the senses only as is the flash of diamonds from the light of stars, a beauty which we feel rather than behold, and which brings all our better nobler feelings into play, until in struggling towards the light we long to reach we leave our baser selves behind. So gradually Adrian Fuller learned to love Dorothy Woodward. But she never guessed it. She was too much engrossed with the work her hands had found to do, and the new happiness her heart had found to dwell upon. And yet there was something still wanting in the girl's life, something that made her creep away sometimes, and sob and fret, and pray that she might have strength to put away all longings from her heart, and be content with that happiness only which is to be found in the happiness of others.

They had not been many months in the shabby rooms before Dorothy received a characteristic letter from Netta in answer to the one she had written telling her of the family misfortunes. The Beauty was vexed. "I am very sorry for you all," she wrote; "but it is of no use telling me these things. It only makes me unhappy, and I did not at all like my husband knowing that my people were obliged to go into lodgings, and my sister to teach the children of an obscure doctor. Now, I have a good bit of news for you: Robert (Robert was the elder brother, who was stationed within a few miles of the Beauty) seemed quite touched with the account of the family troubles, and is going to write by this mail, making over the interest of the thousand pounds left him by grandpapa to you until better days shall dawn. This is very generous of him, though of course he is well off, and can afford it. I wish I could have done the same, but have too many things to buy, for in this place one is obliged to dress so much, and my husband is so ab-

surd, and never understands this. I hope you will get one, and soon get into a house again. We must be in England again next year, for this climate does not agree with me at all. I wish you were here, Dorothy; you would soon get off. You will believe this when I tell you that a girl who came out in the same steamer as ourselves, not at all pretty, and with very provincial manners, has already had four offers of marriage. This will show you what an excellent hunting-ground there is here, and how different is the conduct of the men from the indifference which they sometimes exhibit in England."

CHARTER XXXV.—CHANGES.

She was sitting talking with George Blakesley about the old house at Hampstead.

"My friend wants to let it," he said, "and wants hardly any rent for it, merely a nominal one, so that his house is taken care of, and the garden—he likes your garden, Dorothy—is left undisturbed. It will be the best thing you can do to take it. I will manage the getting it entirely for you." She almost trembled with emotion. The happiness of going back into the old house seemed too great a one to bear.

"But we have no furniture now," she said.

"I know; I thought of that," he answered. "But I have given up the actuary business, and think of going abroad for two or three years."

"Two or three years?"

"Five or six perhaps. I want change, and rest and time to work." There was such a weary tone in his voice, it made Dorothy's heart ache, and yet her lips were tied, and he did not notice how pale she had grown when he told her of his intention to go away, and never even guessed how much he was unconsciously throwing from him. "I am going away," he continued, "and I thought that perhaps you would not mind taking charge of my furniture. It could be moved immediately, if you wouldn't mind this. It would save me the trouble and expense of warehousing it, and be really a kindness;" and he looked as if he were asking a favour at her hands. She understood him though, and her eyes filled with tears. "It would make me so happy if you would, Dorothy," he added, in his quiet pleading voice.

She understood him, and answered, simply, "Very well, Mr. Blakesley," and so it was arranged.

Then an idea occurred to him.

"Suppose," he said, "we kept this little affair to ourselves, and got the house ready, and then pretended to take them out one fine afternoon, and drove them back to the old house."

She clapped her hands with glee.

"Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "Oh yes! only let's tell Tom!" So Tom was told, and made joyful demonstrations thereupon.

"He's a regular brick," he said to Dorothy, when they were alone. "Can't think what he sees in us to be so good. Why, he's the sort of fellow who does things not merely because it pleases him, but because he thinks he ought to be good to his fellow-creatures." The color went slowly out of Dorothy's face, and then came rushing back.

"Tom," she said, "do you think that is why he has done this? If so, I would a thousand times rather —"

"No, don't be a donkey," said Tom. "But he is an awfully good fellow. Why, last year, Doll, I got into no end of a mess about that beast of a boat, and was awfully in debt, and at last I told Blakesley, and asked him to lend me some tin, and he

wouldn't."

"Well?" asked Dorothy, not seeing that this story was redounding to the honour and glory of the once interloping Blakesley.

"He said it would ruin me if I began borrowing money; it ruined almost every fellow who tried it on; and so he wouldn't unless he found I absolutely couldn't pull through without; then he investigated everything, and bullied me well, and helped me, and got me all straight again, and went down to the office, and made them keep me on. Blakesley's an awful brick, I mean to say, and I shall be as glad as possible to see his old spider-leg chairs and crockery about the place."

"Yes," she said; "but if he only does it

"Now, look here, Doll, I think you ought to know him well enough to leave his motives alone, and trust to their being all right, I do, at any rate. Besides, think how the old folks will kick with delight at going back to the old place; you have no business to do them out of that pleasure, just because you have taken an idiotic notion into your head."

"No," she said, after a pause, "you are right, I haven't." And so the matter was settled; but Dorothy was not happy about it. The fact is, Dorothy was not happy at all; the long strain on her energies had tired her, and her face was getting worn and thin. George Blakesley noticed the difference.

"You want rest," he said; "rest, and quiet, and freedom from care, and I think you work too hard."

"Oh no," she said; "I shall be well again soon."

"You must try," he said, cheerily, "and now I want to tell you something. I go out of my house to-morrow, so you can have the things moved in. My servants will help you, and Tom says he means to work hard at it, because, of course, you have your teaching to do in the day. Then when all is ready you can give every one a surprise; and, Dorothy, make your father and mother understand that they are really doing me a kindness in taking charge of the things. And I don't think I shall be round again, for I am going down to Oxford to visit some old friends in the morning, and I shall not be back till the day before I start for America."

"Not be back! Shan't see you again, then?" Her face was blanched with a sudden fear, and her heart stood still with a faint sick feeling.

"In a year or two."

"Yes, but come and see us before you go," she pleaded.

"No," he answered, so coldly that she felt her pride coming to the rescue, and could not ask again. "I shall have so little time, and must say good-bye to my aunts. I wish you would go and see them sometimes," he added, as if asking a favor at her hands.

"Yes," she answered, "I will."

"I shall come and see you all as soon as I come back, from America I mean. I am only going for a few years, you know. I shall find you all in the old house, I hope," he said this when he was taking a final leave; "or, at least, most of you. Perhaps you will be married."

"I'll no, never."

"Ah! that is what they all say," he answered, with a wintry sort of smile. "But I hope you do not mean it, more than the rest. I should like to see you happy, Dorothy."

She understood him now. He wanted her to understand that he no longer took an interest in her.

"Thank you," she answered, almost haughtily; "I will let you know when the event is likely to take place."

(To be Continued.)