

began to reap a hundredfold in the matter of his land investments. For years he devoted himself to increasing his wealth, and that so successfully that when his friend the lawyer announced his intention of visiting Europe Varcoe asked himself, perhaps for the first time, if he did well in making this the chief end and object of life. His thoughts reverted to his native land, and he was in some degree surprised at discovering that the old feeling of pain at the frustration of his early heart-romance no longer existed. Mr. Divilbiss was in France when he received a letter from his friend urging him to visit Cornwall and giving certain directions to aid him in learning all that was possible respecting the condition of Richard Varcoe, of St. Meva, the writer's brother. How the lawyer fulfilled this mission the reader already knows. The account subsequently given of what he had heard and seen of the widow and her daughter strongly affected Henry, and during the interval between Mr. Divilbiss' return and the events recorded in our last chapter the millionaire had been busy in winding up his affairs, or, as he said, in unloading all the cares and concerns which he was growing too old to carry.

Under better conditions Mary Bates rapidly recovered from her illness, but the medical man who attended her shook his head when the poor girl inquired how long it would be before she could venture upon domestic service. "She will never be strong enough to earn her living that way," he said to Varcoe, "and to tell the precise truth I think she ought to be sent back to England. If ever there was a case of homesickness hers is one."

The woman Maud had been provided for by Mr. Divilbiss, who had interested some good Samaritan in her case, and a scheme was devised by which the woman, so long as she continued worthy, would be secured against want. Mr. Varcoe, subduing his impatience, postponed his departure until Mary Bates should be fully recovered, and Mr. Divilbiss, who

dreaded the equinoctial storms on the Atlantic, readily agreed to the delay.

Little recking what might happen to the woman whom he had so cruelly betrayed, Randall Arderne had obtained Dorothy's consent to an early marriage, and the day had been fixed. Not for worlds would she have acknowledged it, but Dorothy was feverishly eager to have the rite performed that would, she thought, consummate her triumph over Gilbert Arderne and the woman whom she so cordially disliked that Eliza never ventured either to name her or to allude to her letters. Constant in their friendship, the correspondence of Amy and Eliza was maintained with praiseworthy regularity, and Dorothy derived great satisfaction from the consciousness that the faithful Eliza could hardly avoid writing something on the occasion of the approaching marriage. Vindictive as a Corsican, she almost verified the poet's judgment that

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Randall had already promised to make certain changes at the Priory in obedience to her request, little imagining that the things which Dorothy disliked had been special objects of Gilbert's or perhaps Amy's admiration.

At home with her father and sister her petulance was ascribed to nervousness. As the preparations for the marriage advanced, Dr. Teulon, when in the house, contrived usually to bury himself in his study, where he cultivated influenza germs in a variety of glass vessels, so that what with her domestic cares and the general superintendence of the arrangements for the wedding Eliza's hands were pretty well occupied. There were also friends and visitors to be entertained and courteously entreated; and amid all this bustle and the anxiety of directing everything, Dorothy did little or nothing to lighten her sister's care. Every morning at the same hour she went out for a drive or on horseback, usually returning with her cheeks glowing and her dark eyes radiant with