

glee. How they used to laugh and clap their hands, when the ugly spider-like creatures tumbled into the trap, and fought and quarrelled over the bait that had lured them to destruction.

The old haunts, the well-remembered objects, however repulsive to the eye of taste, were dear to Dorothy; they brought her lover nearer, and she forgot the long stretch of sea and land that divided them.

She never imagined that absence and the entire change that had taken place in his mode of life could make any alteration in his views and feelings with regard to herself; that it was possible that days and even months could elapse without his casting one thought on her.

Fortunately for Dorothy, she had so much to employ her hands during the day, in order to get leisure to study in the evening, that it was only during these solitary walks that she could live in the past and build castles for the future.