

that she was tired. She wished Amelius good-night, without waiting until they were alone together—and, for the first time, without giving him the customary kiss.

Toff waited until she had gone, and approached his master on tiptoe, with a low bow.

'May I take the liberty of expressing an opinion, sir? A young girl who rejects the remedy of the fiddle, presents a case of extreme gravity. Don't despair, sir! It is my pride and pleasure to be never at a loss, where your interests are concerned. This is, I think, a matter for the ministrations of a woman. If you have confidence in my wife, I venture to suggest a visit from Madame Toff.'

He discreetly retired, and left his master to think about it.

The time passed—and Amelius was still thinking, and still as far as ever from arriving at a conclusion, when he heard a door opened behind him. Sally crossed the room before he could rise from his chair: her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright, her hair fell loose over her shoulders—she dropped at his feet, and hid her face on his knees. 'I'm an ungrateful wretch?' she burst out; 'I never kissed you when I said good-night.'

With the best intentions, Amelius took the worst possible way of composing her—he treated her troubles lightly. 'Perhaps you forgot it?' he said.

She lifted her head and looked at him with the tears in her eyes. 'I'm bad enough,' she answered; 'but not so bad as that. O, don't laugh! there's nothing to laugh at. Have you done with liking me? Are you angry with me for behaving so badly all day, and bidding you good-night as if you were Toff? You sha'n't be angry with me!' She jumped up, and sat on his knee, and put her arms round his neck. 'I haven't been to bed,' she whispered; 'I was too miserable to go to sleep. I don't know what's been the matter with me to-day. I seem to be losing

the little sense I ever had. Don't you know that I would die for you, I am so fond of you—and yet I've had bitter thoughts, as if I was a burden to you, and I had done a wrong thing in coming here—and you would have told me so, only you pitied the poor wretch who had nowhere else to go.' She tightened her hold round his neck and laid her burning cheek against his face. 'O Amelius, my heart is sore! Kiss me, and say, Good-night, Sally!'

He was young—he was a man—for a moment he lost his self-control; he kissed her as he had never kissed her yet.

Then, he remembered; he recovered himself; he put her gently away from him, and led her to the door of her room, and closed it on her in silence. For a little while, he waited alone. The interval over, he rang for Toff.

'Do you think your wife would take Miss Sally as an apprentice?' he asked.

Toff looked astonished. 'Whatever you wish, sir, my wife will do. Her knowledge of the art of dressmaking is—' Words failed him to express his wife's immense capacity as a dressmaker. He kissed his hand in mute enthusiasm, and blew the kiss in the direction of Madame Toff's establishment. 'However,' he proceeded, 'I ought to tell you one thing, sir, the business is small, small, very small. But we are all in the hands of Providence—the business will improve, one day.' He lifted his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows, and looked perfectly satisfied with his wife's prospects.

'I will go and speak to Madame Toff myself, to-morrow morning,' Amelius resumed. 'It's quite possible that I may be obliged to leave London for a little while—and I must provide in some way for Miss Sally. Don't say a word about it to her yet, Toff; and don't look miserable. If I go away, I shall take you away with me. Good-night.'

Toff, with his handkerchief half way