

Some hours later, as evening closed in, a visitor of a very different type alighted from a cab at the same door. A slight tall girl, wrapped in a dingy waterproof, a knitted shawl that had once been white tied loosely round her throat, and crowned by an unshapely black straw hat bent over her eyes, sprang out before cabby could descend, and running lightly up the steps, rang the bell. The door was speedily opened, and the same neat damsel who had repulsed the disreputable inquirer of the afternoon, gave a smiling welcome to the new-comer.

"Oh! Miss Marjory! missis didn't think you would be here till near eight. And you've missed Master George? He went away to meet you near an hour ago. Come in by the dining-room fire; you must be cold."

"Then George *did* go to meet me?" cried the girl glancing up with a rapid flashing glance. "I thought he would."

"Do come in, miss; I'll see to your luggage."

"I have but the one box, Susan—it is not heavy; make the man carry it up. I have just sixpence left over his fare, and I will give it to him."

"Very well, miss," taking the money. "Do go indoors, it is bitter cold. Master and missis are going out to dinner. Missis is dressed, she'll be downstairs directly." So saying, Susan ran away to subsidize the driver, while "Miss Marjory" walked slowly into the dining-room, and paused by a very dull fire, which was rapidly dying out. She removed her hat, laying it on the table. Hastily pushing back some stray locks of hair behind her ears, she looked round the familiar chamber.

Her distinctly marked brows met in a frown as she looked—a frown not indicative of anger so much as of a mental struggle. How well she remembered nearly every article of furniture in the childish days, which seemed to her so long ago; and that mark on the wall at the end of the room, within which hung a dim brown and olive green landscape, almost but not altogether hiding the darker space, there used to be her own fragile-looking mother's picture—a simpering shepherdess order of portrait it must be confessed, but lovely and adorable to Marjory's girlish fancy. Her heart beat quick and tears rose to her bright brown eyes, tears more of anger than of grief. "I wish I could have stayed at school," she murmured. "It wasn't quite the Garden of Eden, but I'm sure I was a better girl *there* than I can be here. I ought not to be such a fool. I will try to be wise and careful, then my poor father may like me better. I could love him well! How horrid it is to hate any one, it puts one so out of tune, but I can't help it, I——" The door opening put an end to her reflections and arrested the progress of her more prudent tendencies. A lady entered, a tall stately lady, her figure moulded on grand lines, rounded and full, but not stout; her complexion beautifully fair; her hair of the lightest brown, too pale to be