

Heather's Mistress

seeing the love of it dimly. Prosperity would never have drawn me, I am afraid.'

Tears filled Heather's eyes at the quiet pathos of it. She kissed her sister, saying in a whisper—

'Thank God we are both inside. May we keep there.'

The next day Captain Vaughan came to fetch his wife.

They were at Paddington Station, just starting, when he asked her rather abruptly—

'Would you like to go round and have a look at your old home again? It would be a little trip, and would not take us much out of our way.'

'I should love it,' she exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I should like to call at the farm and see Annie and her husband.'

'And some of the old village characters, eh?'

'Yes,' Heather said, a pink colour coming into her cheeks; 'I should like to have Watty's opinion of my husband.'

So, that afternoon, in the sweet summer sunshine, Heather and her husband walked up the old village street.

'It seems one of the strangest things in life,' said Heather, thoughtfully, 'that if you go away from a place for ages, you come back to it and find the people doing exactly the same things at the same time with a clockwork regularity