

"How did you know I was here?" Adrian Fuller asked.

"Guessed it," answered the tormentor, concisely, "just as we guessed you were spooning."

"We were not spooning," she said, excitedly, almost crying with rage.

"Very well, Dolly dear," he said, teasingly, "then she wasn't spooning."

"We were listening while you sang, Miss Woodward, and as you did not finish the last song, we got impatient," George Blakesley said. His voice and his manner were the same as ever, but he called her Miss Woodward, and she heard it, oh so plainly! "I know the song you were singing—the words I mean."

"I did not expect to see you again," she said, trying to change the conversation, and wondering also what had brought him.

"I know. I have said good-bye to all my friends, and I sail the day after tomorrow;" he was really going, then, and the faint hope roused in her heart by his coming died out. Then a silence fell on the group—on the two looking out and the two looking in at the window, and presently, almost mechanically, she began watching a carriage in the distance, which was advancing along the road, the lamps looking like two fiery eyes in the distance. Dorothy's heart was standing still, and her hands were trembling with suppressed emotion, and she saw and knew and heard nothing till Tom exclaimed, almost with a shout, "Why, it's stopping here!" and the carriage drew up, and by the fitful light of the lamps she saw, amidst a cloud of wraps, the face of Netta the Beauty.

While Tom rushed forward, and Adrian Fuller went slowly round to the door, and Dorothy, in her surprise did not move, George Blakesley turned to her.

"I understand it all perfectly now," he said. "I thought it was so before I heard the song and you brake down to-night. I knew what it meant, though Tom never guessed. I am very glad, for I guess the end, and know he loves you."

"Oh, Mr. Blakesley!" she began, the tears coming to her eyes.

"I shall often think of you, and I am very glad," he said, in his unchanged manner, and then he pressed her two hands, hanging listlessly over the window-sill, and moved off.

"Oh stay, do stay! oh do come in!" she entreated.

"No," he said, "I have said good-bye long ago, and I sail the day after tomorrow;" and evidently anxious to escape from the advent of the Beauty, he went, and she had no power to keep him, only to feel something that was like a sudden feeling of despair.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—"THE SAME, YET NOT THE SAME."

They stood round her—the same group and in the same room, just as they had done long ago, when she appeared before them in her ball-dress. There was a silence for a minute, in which each thought and knew that the others thought, of that evening. Then Sally, who had entered unnoticed during the conversation, looked up at Will and whispered, "She isn't the same now, Will." No one heard the remark but Dorothy, and the old refrain came ringing through her head again:—

"The same, the same, yet not the same,
Oh never, never more."

For the Beauty had changed, and the bloom would never come to her face again. She looked tired and careworn, and thin and faded, and on her cheeks there was a flush, and in her eyes a brightness, that made those who clustered round her look and wonder, and feel a sadness choke the tones in which they would have welcomed her

home, and the salt tears slowly blinded Mrs. Woodward's eyes, till she could not even see her daughter's faded face. Her spirits were unchanged, however.

"How you all stare at me!" she laughed; "I know I don't look well; that is why we have come to England. Sir George has thrown up his appointment to bring me; and, tiresome enough, no sooner did we arrive than we were met by a messenger to say his mother was very ill"—she stopped to give a wheezing little cough—"and he has gone off to Lancaster. I could not endure another journey, so I have come for a few days, till his return, to see you all."

"My dear, you are very ill!" Mrs. Woodward almost sobbed.

"Oh no," she laughed, locking up with a thin tired face, that made Adrian Fuller, leaning against the mantelpiece, turn away, it was so different from the old beautiful one, "only the climate has tried me. I am so glad to see you in the old house again; only this ugly furniture makes me think of Dorothy's valiant George Blakesley. How is he, Dorothy?" she asked, in the old teasing manner, that almost made the old angry feeling rise in Dorothy's heart. To speak so of George Blakesley! He whom she loved with all her heart and soul, and felt she should never see again!

"He is going to America," she answered; "you will never see him again!"

"And have you put up a tombstone over Venus' grave?" she asked. "And here is the old piano; do you remember the musical parties, Dorothy?" She sat down before the instrument, and then wearily turned away. "I am so tired," she said, pleadingly, "and would give all the world for some sleep; I never get any rest now," she added, in an inexpressibly sad tone. So they went to make ready some refreshment for her, and a room in which she could sleep, while Mr. Woodward asked her questions about India and his eldest son, and a hundred things to which she would have answered impatiently enough in former days, but now there was a tenderness in her manner, added to the old dash and bravado, that seemed the strangest thing about her. She turned to the piano again, evidently because she was so utterly weary, and did not want to talk; and presently Adrian Fuller came to her to say good-night. He was going. She did not take her fingers off the notes, but she looked up and asked, "What have you done since I have been away? Have you anything to show for all this time?"

"No, nothing," he answered.

"I thought not," she said, bending over the keys.

"I had nothing to induce me, no one to help me or encourage me forward."

"You never will have," she answered; "if the love of your art and the wish to achieve something will not help you. But you love your ease better than all else; I knew that long ago. You will dream through your life, and die, and be forgotten, as I shall soon," she added, with a sigh; "and you will leave nothing by which to be remembered."

"Lady Finch!" he said, almost angrily.

"Yes;" and she looked up at him with the weary blue eyes. "You know I am right," she went on. "You never loved anything so much as your own ease—you never will. Are you engaged to Dorothy?" she asked, suddenly.

"No," he answered.

"I am glad of that; don't be angry, Adrian;" and she put a hand on his, and stroked it gently. "I am a little bitter, I know; but I am very ill, and I have often thought how much there is sometimes within the reach of us all to do and to be, and yet we do not care even to stretch a hand forward. We love ourselves so well; not merely you and I, but all of us."

"I thought you left this sort of thing to Dorothy—she is always preaching." He stopped, and there was a silence for a minute or two, and Will and Sally crept out of the room. They soon tired of the Beauty, and Sally had a new picture to draw, and wanted Will to look on while she did it. Mr. Woodward sat for a minute watching his daughter, and the man who had been his friend once, and of whom he had hoped such good things to come. He had been disappointed in Fuller, he thought. He was one of those young men who flash in their youth, and promise a great deal, but who actually do no good work afterwards, either because the flash exhausts them, or because, having shown that they possess a certain amount of power, they are content to dawdle on through the rest of their days. "He seems to like talking to Netta or Dorothy better than anything else," Mr. Woodward said to himself; "and we never have long talks now as we used to have. He has quite gone over to the women."

And then he went to see what his wife was doing, and found that she was busy, and did not require either his help or his company, so, forgetting his newly-arrived daughter, he betook himself to the study, and seated himself before his papers, and proceeded to arrange them.

"It is scarcely fair of me to speak thus of your sister, Lady Finch," Adrian Fuller said, when the pause came to an end.

There was a sudden change in his manner and tone that almost made her start; but she gave no sign of her surprise, only let her fingers stray on indolently over the wiry uncertain keys of the old piano.

"Why?" she asked.

He looked awkwardly down upon her, on the poor faded yet still beautiful face, and the blue eyes that were so dim and weary, or else flashed in a hard and almost painful manner. He thought of the summer, with the history of which she was so closely entwined, and of the evening on which he first saw her, and of all her beauty and fascination, and of how his heart had thrilled once at the sound of her voice or the sight of her face, and of all her little coquettish ways, and her sweet voice, and the quaint old songs she used to sing in the twilight. And then he thought of Dorothy. It seemed like turning to the memory of some quaint picture, or listening to music that gave one vague yearnings and longings towards better things that were far away or far beyond one; then he answered the Beauty, gravely and calmly: "Because I think she is far better than any of us. I have learnt to think this since you have been away."

"Well, what then?" she asked, coldly.

The memory of all the protestations he had made in former days to the woman before him flashed back, and he had not courage to avow the truth and the state of his feelings now, as he had for the moment intended.

"Nothing," he said; and another awkward silence came. And then Mrs. Woodward came back, and he said good-night, and went; and Netta was left once more with her family.

(Continued on fifth page.)

THE grace of God can enable the lame and the halt, the maimed and the blind, to go through the land and possess it.

GOD gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest; in like manner He gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

ONLY one arm is all-powerful, one heart ever-loving, one ear ever open, only one eye never closed; and there are inner depths in our soul where only one voice can be heard.—Mrs. Charles.