

his good looks, good nature, ready wit—and sighed. If he had been just a little other than experience taught her he actually was! But he never could be other. His character was stereotyped, had no power of conversion. As he grew older he'd be just the same self she had known from the commencement, just the same only rather more so.

Recently, by the way, he figured as but a poor correspondent, having missed more than one mail. His letters, moreover, were brief. In them she seemed to trace a certain hesitancy and embarrassment—this last the oddest thing to associate with Morris, with his splendid plausibility, his immense gift of bluff! He no longer gave her accounts of his social activities, of entertainments, dinners, and dances in town, or of family life, sports, and pastimes at the hospitable great hacienda in the country. He wrote of labour troubles at the mine. The Indians and half-breeds employed there were, so he reported, pretty low in the scale of civilisation, a dour, dirty lot, sullen and revengeful. It was ticklish work keeping them in hand, and he dared not depute much authority to his assistants. Oh! he'd his nose very thoroughly to the grindstone—