

her breast, the breach between him and his wife would sooner have been accomplished than even her cunning anticipated.

She was rather afraid of old Rushmere, whom she perceived was as obstinate and contradictory as herself. But he could be flattered. She had proved that the hardest and coldest natures are more vulnerable to this powerful weapon than others.

Martha Wood, the damsel whose portrait we have attempted to draw, stepped down into the kitchen to perform a task she abhorred, and wash the pampered pet, whose neck she longed to wring, and some day, when a favourable opportunity occurred, she had determined to do it.

"Are you the kitchen girl?" she said to Polly, who she saw was an easy going, good-natured creature.

"That's what I'se be."

"What queer English you speak," said Martha, dropping her fat bulk into a