

She had watched with keen attention the meeting between the Rushmeres, while she stood apparently as indifferent as a block to the whole scene, with the white poodle hanging over her arms.

She guessed, by the sad expression that passed over the sick mother's face, when introduced to her mistress, that she read that lady's character, and was disappointed in her son's wife. The girl was perfectly aware how weak and arrogant her mistress was, and she laughed in her sleeve at the quarrels she saw looming in the future.

For Dorothy, she felt hatred at the first glance. Young, good and beautiful—that was enough to make her wish to do her any ill turn that lay in her power. How easy it would be to make her vain proud mistress jealous of this handsome girl. What fun to set them by the ears together. Had she only known that Gilbert had recently been the lover of the girl, whose noble appearance created such envy in