

"I don't know," she murmured ; " a sudden pain here," laying her hand on her heart.

I advanced still nearer, but her face, which had been quite pale, turned suddenly rosy ; and, with a more natural expression, she took me by the hand, and said :

" But you look more than ill, you look unhappy. Would you mind telling me what worries you ? "

The gentle tone, the earnest glance of modest yet sincere interest, went to my heart. Clutching her hand convulsively, I burst into tears.

" It is nothing," said I ; " only my last resource has failed, and I don't know where to get a meal for to-morrow. Not that this is any thing in itself," I hastened to add, my natural pride reasserting itself ; " but the future ! the future !—what am I to do with my future ? "

She did not answer at first. A gleam—I can scarcely call it a glow—passed over her face, and her eyes took a far-away look that made them very sweet. Then a little flush stole into her cheek, and, pressing my hand, she said :

" Will you trust it to me for a while ? "