

without grudge or grumbling, could plough a straight furrow, and master a high-spirited horse; and was considered the best cricket player in the county. In the eyes of his companion—and oh! what splendid black eyes they were—he was without doubt the cleverest, handsomest, and dearest man in the world.

Of Dorothy Chance—for so the young girl was called—a few words must be said, in order to explain the conversation, which the reader has overheard, between her and her lover.

Fifteen years prior to the commencement of our story, Dorothy had been found by farmer Rushmere on the wild common fronting them. It was the early dawn of a bright summer day, succeeding a night of terrific storm and darkness. The farmer was abroad earlier than usual, to see if his weanling calves had sustained any injury from the down-pouring of the pitiless thunder shower.

Passing through a deep hollow in the