

future happily shaped before you—and to be happily shared. It is not for you. No, only for me" (speaking in a quiet, passionate despair, while her hand lay still in his close parting clasp, and the eyes she used to think so fierce as well as melancholy, held hers), "to feel how true it is that 'All of life's a cry, just of weariness and woe, love.'"

And with that last word uttered lingeringly, but not sorrowfully, he turned away.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER I.

"No, Mrs. Eales, I don't believe you can see her, and what's more, I don't think it's natural you should expect it. Her sister lying dead there, down at the Pines, and that cruel and bad-tasted Mrs. Martin not letting her stop there, though I'd never have abased myself to ask it if I'd been her. I hope she won't see *anybody* out of those ungrateful walls, that's what I do. It's as unnatural as—as a two-headed calf or—anything—I'm sick with crying now, and Amos, too, and if we are, why, what she'd be herself I am just afraid to think. And always kind and cheery to everybody, and saving that good-for-nothing little imp just to lose her own sister. No, I declare I won't go and ask her to see you, not likely, with your long face, and when she wouldn't be persuaded down to see Mr. Oliver Basset that worships the ground that's under her, nor Miss Primrose that was always thoughtful of her when your painted missis—Oh, don't look at me! You haven't cried, I'll warrant, till you don't know what you say."

"No," said Sarah, quietly; "I haven't cried—yet. Where shall I find Miss Hope?"

"Find her? Nowhere. She wouldn't be upstairs sitting in the dark if she wanted folk to find her. I don't s'pose she'd have had me refuse her to Mr. Basset and his sister, and Mr. Corfe and everybody if she meant to see you; and—"

But Sarah Eales had not stopped to hear even so far. She knew which was Miss Hope's bedroom, and did not even wait for an answer to her quiet rap upon the door, before she opened it and went in, closing it behind her, and turning the key.

"Miss Derry," she said then, in her quiet way, but without the old monotony, "I'm come."

"Yes."

Derry was sitting at her unshaded window, looking out, and she did not turn. It was one of those soft gray nights when the moon, yet a week from its full age, seems to allow no shadows.

"Miss Derry, just this once I want to speak to you about it. It shall not be again. There is no need of secrecy now. I have no one now to screen. Do you—*know*, Miss Derry? Don't look at me in that way. I'm not cruel to her—I don't think any one could ever have said or thought that of me. I'm not even cruel to you. I asked you if you knew, but you needn't answer even that, for I'm sure you know. I have seen it in your face. Was it long ago you found it out? Or was it that day you played to me? I feared you might have known on that morning when Miss Ella's parrot came to you—for safety. When I walked here in search of it, she came too after me. She found it—and killed it. Don't, please. Sit still, and look out of the window as you were when I came in. I must tell you. It is a sort of justice, and it will be over soon. I have no one to shield now. Oh, my poor, poor child! She tried once to kill Fitz. You surely saw how the dog shunned her, yet I've seen her often and often kind to him, and coaxing and feeding him. She tried to kill him, because Mr. Miles loved him. Every one Miss Ella loved was to love her only—as I did; as Mrs. Martin did. Then it was all well. It was only if any one came between—it is so hard to understand, only I suppose jealousy always is. Jealousy never can be understood. But, Miss Derry, it was more than that in her. It was so strange, because but for that she was good, and kind, and patient, wasn't she?"—eagerly, but without waiting for a reply. "And it came so seldom. It was from her childhood—her motherless childhood; and