

been perfectly humiliating to a person more sensitive.

This creature was made up of vanity and self-conceit. She would talk to others of her splendid head—her beautiful high forehead—her pretty hands and feet. It was hardly possible to think her in earnest; and for a long while Dorothy imagined this self-adulation arose out of the intense contradiction in her character, her mind being as ill-assorted as her body. But no, it was a sober fact. Her audacity gave her an appearance of frankness and candour she did not possess, but which often imposed upon others; for a more cunning, mischief-loving, malicious creature never entered a house to sow dissension and hatred among its inhabitants.

Clever she was—but it was in the ways of evil—and those who, from the insignificance of her person, looked upon her as perfectly harmless, often awoke too late to escape the effects of her malignity.