

It was a faint rustling sound ; and it came from the sadly-silent room which had once been Sally's.

He listened, and heard it again. He sprang to his feet—his heart beat wildly—he opened the door of the room.


She was there.

Her hands were clasped over her fast-heaving breast. She was powerless to look at him, powerless to speak to him—powerless to move towards him, until he opened his arms to her. Then, all the love and all the sorrow in the tender little heart flowed outward to him in a low murmuring cry. She hid her blushing face on his bosom. The rosy colour softly tinged her neck—the unspoken confession of all she feared, and all she hoped.

It was a time beyond words. They were silent in each other's arms.

But under them, on the floor below, the stilness in the cottage was merrily broken by an outburst of dance-music—with a rhythmical thump-thump of feet, keeping time to the cheerful tune. Toff was playing his fiddle ; and Toff's boy was dancing to his father's music.

CHAPTER XLV.

FTER waiting a day or two for news from Amelius, and hearing nothing, Rufus went to make inquiries at the cottage.

'My master has gone out of town, sir,' said Toff, opening the door.

'Where ?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Anybody with him ?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Any news of Sally ?'

'I don't know, sir.'