

"DOBBIN."

Continued from last week.

she put her knitting into her basket, and went out to join her granddaughters and their great-grandchildren, feeling suddenly that her own afternoon was over. She went to the window and saw amongst the merry party on the terrace, and that it would be well to find an excuse for leaving soon. Amy and Flo were talking still; Heppie was silent, leaning back in her low chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes with a soft yet merry light in them. Her pretty dress outlined her; the breeze touched her brown hair and ruffled it into little curling tendrils about her brow. Her lips had a little happy half-smile looking about her cheeks, her cheeks had a brighter color than usual.

It is all a mistake, Dobbie thought. It was not until a day or two later that Dobbie came. The girls were in the garden, sitting on the grass beneath the trees. Amy and Flo doing nothing gracefully, Heppie turning the pages of a book now and then, when she remembered to turn them. Dobbie came doubtfully across the grass, and seemed to be wondering a little why he had come. "Fine days at home with nothing to do," he said apologetically. "That is not a reason for this visit, I hope," said Flo, with a laugh. "No, I was passing," he explained, "and I came in."

Heppie raised her head for a moment, and looked straight at Dobbie; then she suddenly let her eyes droop, she blushed. She felt almost angry with him. Why did he look so miserable, so ill at ease, so anxious at once to be gone, or so nervous? Why could he not pretend to forget, make believe a little, so that she might make believe too to forget her humiliation? For half an hour he stayed, and in spite of Amy and Flo, who were by good spirits and lively conversation, he looked like a man who was going to be hanged. He looked like rain, he said. And at length the remarks were contradictory. Heppie agreed with each. At last he moved to go.

"I shall say good-bye," he said hastily. "I'm going away—for good, you know." "They will not let you longer leave?" Heppie asked. "Oh, how mean! Did they say so?" "No, not exactly. But I've had enough of it here. I'm going up to town." "Oh," said Amy, rigidly. "Yes," said Flo, and sat up with sudden precision and gave Dobbie her hand. The young man was a little startled as he looked at Heppie. Her face was white as his hand trembled in his eyes had no light in them.

"You're looking pale, though," said Dobbie, with a note of tenderness in his voice. Heppie was well, he felt sure, she had no trouble—something was fretting her; she must have cried last night; she looked heavy-eyed, as though she had not slept. Perhaps that fellow Dobbie had been worrying her—perhaps she had always a wayward mood, as though she was a young man, anathematising Dobbie as he did so.

"I don't think you understand," she said shyly. "It was—it was—you—Dobbie, I mean. It was very foolish; the girls always call you that." "That?" said Dobbie, with a great happy smile as the light began to dawn upon him. "What?" "Dobbie," answered Heppie.

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