"DOBBIN."

Continued from last week.

the put her knilling into her busker in went out to join her grand-daughter and went cutto join her grant-daughters and their greet. Dobbin followed, feeling and tent from the cent that afternoon was objections, that he would be in the certains, and that it would be well to and an excuse for leaving soon. Any and flo were taking still, Hospie was aftent, leaning back in her low chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her cros with a soft yet merry light in them. Her pretty blue dress antice her them, her cross touched her brown heir and ruffied it into little curling tendrils about her brow. Her lips had a little happy half-smile lurking about their corners; her cheeks had a brighter color than usual.

"Captain Dewar and I have been enjoying a very nice little quiet chat," said the old lady sweetly. "Hespie, my dear, can look warm, and I am afraid are freekling. Some complexions do freeke." "The not Hespies, grantmammed declared Amy and Flo in indignant chorus, with looks warm," said the old lady slightingly. "I should advise milk—the skin delicated tomohed with milk whencover yen comes in from the open air. You have bertify sur-burn, child. And you later real—that I always regard as a misfortium.

misfortime,

Elempie's checks were erimson, but the color was not due to sunctorn. At the first sight of Doblan's face since inext incitively that he had henred their concernations—the girls toolish teasing and hir confession? That they had spoken of him all the time as Dobban and that he work not kneer his substituted were little at all which she did not group. He had heard her confess that she ered hims and now he looked away from her, and now he looked away from her, and nowled her gluner as he should hands, and answered at sawlout in a dreary to no id answered at random in a dreary tone hear Amy and the addressed

Quick as thought she found an explana-tion of his manner. She had been mis-taken all along, and the girls had been mistaken; he did not love her, and he bad heard them speak assuredly of his affection, heard her confess her own, and he was sorry for her—perhaps a little contemptations, thinking her bold, unmaidealy

mnidenly.

After a while Mrs. Herbert went indoors, Sitting bare-headed and unahawled in the open air she had come to regard as a chilly pleasure to be paid for with rhemmatic pains. The girls and Dobbin were left together, and Amy and Fla, in kindly spirit, began to devise excuses for their own departure. Suddenly the gardener strelled by, and Amy, when he had passed, remembered that she wanted some flowers out, and ran after him, and did not return. And after some minutes flo, in the most natural way, rose up suddenly, and wondered where Amy had gone, and went to look for her, publish and Hospie were left alone. Neither to looked at the other. Each was conscious of the silence, and felt incapable of breaking it.

of breaking it.

At last Hespie stooped and picked up a book which lay on the ground beside her chair, and carefully dusted the covers

"The holidays are very long," remarked

"They do not seem long," said Hespie, Silence again.

You are going away soon, I suppose?"

"Not until f go back to Cambridge in October," answered Hespie, almost apologetically, "I have so few relatives—only uncles who are not married, and some very distant consine. It is good of the Herberts to take pity on me and be broubled with me for so long."

Conversation did not progress. This time the silence lasted for many minutes. "I think that I shall go away," said poor Debbin ruefully, at last, "I applied for extension of leave, you know; butbut I sha'n't get it, I expect. I think I we had enough of the country—I shall rue up to town for a bit."

He was looking hard at a little leaf on

the was looking hard at a little leaf on the ground by his fook. Hespie did not dare to raise her eyes. She was overwhelmed with a sense of deepest, bitterest humiliation. He was trying to cure how of her love—to set her misconceptions right—to tell her clearly, though he must of courtesy tell her in roundabout fashion, that he was indifferent to her, that he was serry for her, that he would go away out of kindness, to help her to forget. He was like him, "The country is a little dull taken in long does," and Dobbin, valiantly.

Hespie remembered that London would not be exactly gay in August; and Dobbin's purpose in going was clearer than ever to her.

"Yes, country life is dull," she acqui-

Yes, country life is dull," she acqui-

"You find it dull after Cambridge?"
asked Dobbin gloomily,
"Cambridge life—the life we lead—is
quiet too," said Hespie. She was speaking in a dream; the words were not here;
she was thinking of other things—of her
confession of an hour ago—of his going

troubles for a moment.

"Why?" she said, looking up.

But Dobbin did not explain why; for at that moment old Mrs. Herbert appeared in the doorway of the atting-room.

"The hair is coming of Mile's ear," she said, "Come in and look at it, Hespie, And, Captain Dewar, will you be good enough to find those girls and bring them.

Dobbin had gone away? Hespie felt sure of it, and tried to feel sure that she was glad. Yet, when, on the fourth day, old Colonel Dewar, Dobbin's father, came to only on Mrs. Herbert, and mentioned casually that he had been beating his son at billiards that morning, Hespie was startled at the swift keen throb of joy with which she learnt that he was still at horne. She might see him again then! It was not until a day or two later that Dobbin came. The girls were in the garden, sitting on the grass beneath the trees, Amy and Flo doing nothing gracefully, Hespie turning the pages of a book now and then, when she remembered to turn them. Dobbin came doubtfully across the grass, and seemed to be wondering a little why he had come.

"Fine drags at home with nothing to do," he said apologatically.

"That is not a reason for this visit, I hope?" said Flo, with a laugh.

"Nor I was passing," he explained "and some of I came in."

"I do not think that we will receive such a visitor," said Amy, "Will we, Hespie?"

Hespie?"

Hespier Rised her head for a moment, and looked straight at Dobbin: then she anddonly 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, so sorrowful? Why could he not pretend to forget, make believe a little, so that she might make believe to to forget her humiliation? For half an hour he stayed; and, in spite of Amy and Flo, who were in good spirite and talkative, conversation lagged. It was going to be fine, said. And, at hough the remarks were contradictory, Hospie 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 grant you longer leave?"
nterrogated Any, "Oh, how mean! Incl they reduned" No no not exactly, But I've had

enough of there. I'm going up to town,"
"The said Amy, frigidly.
"I see," said Flo, and sat up with sudden precision and gave Dobbin her hand coldly.

The young man was a little startled as he looked at Hespie. Her face was whites her hand trembled in his her eyes had no light in them.

"Good-bye," he said. "When I come

here again; you will—you will be gone, you know. You're all right, aren't you're "Yes, I'm all right," answered Hespie, hastily and cheerily.

At last flespic stooped and picked up a book which lay on the ground heside her chair, and carefully dusted the covers which were not dusty, "Folitical commany?" interrogated Dobbin, with a note of tenderness in his voice, Hespis was not well, he felt sure, she had some trouble—something was fretting her; she must have oried last in holiday-time," Another silence, "The holidays are very long," remarked at a swinging pace, anothernatising Dob-

The next day he went away. It was not a matter of speculation this time. Dabbin was gone! Old Colonel Dewar himself consum! bon much his depart-

ure. And life went on without hims and life without him was very much what Hespie had imagined it would be joy-

se, empty, very weary, September passed. Hespie, in looking September passed. Hespie, in looking back, had always a wrong recollection of that September. It was a bleak month—the sun never shone, the birds never sing, the sky was always gray, the black-berries did not ripen in the hedges, the tide was always out.

October began. The day of Hespie's departure was fixed—the eve of her de-

Flo, severely.

"She has not gone?" he asked eagerly.

"No; she goes to morrow."

"I hoped I should be in time," said

Dobbin, with a sigh of relief. "I wanted
to see her again. I couldn't help coming
back. At first I thought I wouldn't; but
I couldn't help it—I had to come. I
wanted to see you all, you know," he
added, a little confused at his own out-

spokenness.

They had entered the garden. Old Mrs. Herbert, warmly clad, was taking the air on the terrace.

"There is grandmamma," said Amy, hastily. "Do you want to see Hespie alone, Captain Dewar? I think she is down by the pond, in the little summer-house—she took her work and some books there;" and Dobbin went off promptly in the direction indicated.

But the summer-house was empty. Hespie's open book and a dainty little

ione. Mrs. Herbert is in, and will be glad to see you. Will you come indoors?"
"Not yet," said Dobbin hastily; "let me see you first—it was you I came to see. Do you know that your face has been haunting me? You looked so miserably ill that day I went away—you're looking.

pale still."
"I am quite well," said Heapie. "I am searching for a geranium-leaf, to copy, for my crewel-work—one just turning red. Will you help me?"

Dobbin was not ardent in the search. He kept his eyes fixed on Hespie's all the

think—I think Captain Deof am glad to bagin work again. I am ley for the benefit of their ore of Hamilton is chiefly interested in my work."

the next greenhouse, which was cool and shady, steps sounded and some one spoke:

"Hespie is happy now, Dobbin has proposed before this, and been accepted. I retract all that I have been saying lately about Dobbin. That spray of maidenhair will do. Don't stay here, grandmumma; it is cold. I'm so glad little Hespie is happy!"

"You expect me to rejoice at your folly, Amy," said a sour old voice; and the door of the greenhouse was shut, and the voices were lost.

Hespie's fingers, which had been binding the geranium-leaves together, suddenly stopped as though paralyzed. She did not move. Her very heart seemed to stop beating with shame and horror.

For a moment Dobbin did not speak; then he did so a little huskily.

"I'm very glad," he said gently. "It's right you should be happy. I'm glad I came back in time to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" echoed Hespie, miserably.

"Congratulate me?" echoed Hespie, miserably,
"I can't help feeling that Professor Dobbin's confoundedly lucky, you know?"
"Professor Dobbin!"
"Isn't he professor?"
"Who!" said Hespie,
"Dobbin," answered Dewar,
"Dobbin," answered Dewar,
"Dobbin?" said Hespie,
"is it a mistake?" asked the poor fellow, humbly, "Aren't you engaged to Dobbin? I say, I haven't put my foot in it, have it I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I'm awfully sorry, Look here, Hespie—don't cry! I can't stand seeing you cry!"

"Not I'm not crying," said Hespie, with a tear on each check—"I'm not crying.

"And it's my fault—I've made you ery!" declared Dobbin. "I couldn't help overhearing you that day, you know—that old woman kept me holding her wool—and you were all talking there. outside. I didn't say a word then. And when I went away I could see you were miscrable. I felt sure it was that brute's fault."

"That brute?" said Hespie,
"Yes-Dobbin. I can't help calling
him a brute-confound him! I shouldn't him a brute—confound him! I shouldn't have said anything now, only Amy spoke as though it was all right, you know—all settled and that sort of thing. Good heavens, the man must be a fool! And other men would stake their souls for one of your smiles, for the right to black your boots and go your errands! If I could be near you, Hespie—see you once a day—once a week, say—just touch your hand sometimes—I should be in heaven!"

Hespie looked up at him, and gradually a little shy happy smile came into her eyes.

"I don't think you understand." she

"I don't think you understand," she said shyly. "It was it was you Dob-bin, I mean. It was very foolish; the bin, I mean. It was very foolish; the girls—the girls chose it—the name; the girls always call you that."

"That?" said Dewar, with a great happy smile as the light began to dawn upon him. "What?"

"Dobbin!" answered Hespie.

Towed by a Cod.

the sin never shone, the birds never sang, the sky was always gray, the black-berries did not ripen in the nedges, the tide was always gray, the black-berries did not ripen in the nedges, the tide was always out.

Ordober began. The day of Hespie's departure was fixed—the eve of her departure came.

On the morning of that day Dobbin returned unexpectedly. He overtook Flo and Amy, who were going home by a field-path from some expedition in the village. He walked beside them. But it was only when they had almost reached home that he asked the question he had been longing to ask. He did not put it in the most direct way.

"Are you.—I suppose you are all alone now?" he inquired.

"Do you mean, is Hespie with us?" said Flo, soverely.

"She has not gone?" he asked eagerly.

As to Filling Teeth With Diamonds One of the absurd stories now current is about women having their front teeth filled with diamonds, as gold is not considered sufficiently becoming. This makes dentists smile. The profession has no intention of bringing the jewelry trade into their business, for to securely set a diamond in the filling of a tooth would require the aid of more mechanical effort than the vainest person could possibly endure.—Boston Herald.

Madame Frame Feels Mart.

Montreal, Dec. 13.—Madame Johin Prume b taking out an action for \$50,000 against The Star for an alleged libelous article published in that journal, alleging that she had deserted her husband in Puris and had gone to live with a realthy gentleman.

Powderly Seriously III.

New York, Dec. il.—General Master Workman Powderly had a severe hemorrhage of the lines, yesterday at Sevanton. He is bester to-day and resting quietly.

The Bisturbaness in Mescow.

Moscow, Dec. 12.—The disturbances created by the students of the university have become so serious that loctures have been suspended and meetings of students are forbidden. In a greent fraces between the students and a body of troops one student was killed and several were wounded. Hundreds of others were arrested. Cosseolis patrol the city night and day. An especially heavy force is stationed around the university. The troubles have no connection with politics, but are due to the objection of the students to new rules.

evier and leastly. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting hald, teeps deadcuff away, and makes the lair grow thick and strong. Young hales like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in wintever form they wish. Thus it is the inverter of all, and it has become so simply because it disconnints no one.

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