

**THE CONFESSIONS OF A  
CURRENCY GIRL. IN  
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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The confessions of a currency girl. In three volumes. Vol. II by W. Carlton Dawe

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A  
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# THE CONFESSIONS OF A CURRENCY GIRL

BY

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# THE CONFESSIONS OF A CURRENCY GIRL.

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## CHAPTER I.

I MUST confess to a feeling of extreme nervousness as I entered the breakfast-room next morning, for my heart, though brimful of gladness, yet seemed but half conscious of the great difference between this day and yesterday ; uncertain whether it hovered in the clear atmosphere of a serene sky, or hung trembling on the silver lining of some mysterious cloud. The night had passed in whirling dream-land, and now the day was come.

The greetings of the day were exchanged in the usual form, and anxious inquiries made respecting the condition of my foot,



## 2 *The Confessions of a Currency Girl.*

which I was pleased to say was much better. Indeed I no longer entertained any serious thoughts concerning it, being convinced that two or three days' quietness would be sufficient to set me up again. But in the meantime the conversation wandered away in the usual petty channel, though I could not help thinking that the everlasting smile on Maud's lips concerned me in some way, and that the curious looks with which she favoured me were meant to search out my secret. He, on the other hand, with the exception of an unusual tenderness in the tone of his voice whenever he addressed me, chattered away, as though no dear words had passed between us, of the picnic of the previous day, our mad race, and a dozen other incidents of merely personal interest. Yet when Maud left us to go and attend to her birds, for she had a canary and a magpie of which she was extremely fond, he came to me where I was sitting, put his arms round my neck and kissed me.

*The Confessions of a Currency Girl.* 3

"Darling," he whispered, and the mere sound of his voice made me quiver, "you have made me the happiest of men." And nestling to him I told him how glad I was; how happy he had made me, and I'm afraid I laid bare the secrets of my foolish heart.

"You love me, then," he said, "the morning has brought no change?"

And I answered in the fulness of my heart, "Rather has it increased the affection." At which he pressed me still closer to him and vowed that I was as sweet as I was beautiful; and his eyes, meeting mine, set fire to my soul, and I trembled so that I could not speak, but, hiding my face on his breast, sobbed aloud.

Then he led me out to my chair on the verandah, and seating himself beside me, told me much of his life which had hitherto seemed so mysterious, and all with such an air of candour that I believe I loved him more for his misfortunes and the way he had been misunderstood, than for his appreciation of myself.

#### 4 *The Confessions of a Currency Girl.*

“But I have done with it all now,” he said. “The world and I have parted company at last. I gave it my allegiance and it has cheated me vilely. It has been doing the same thing ever since it has been a world, only we won’t profit by the experience of others, fools that we are. But you, little one, have stepped into my life now, and with you by my side I know that I shall soon be able to snap my fingers in the face of the past. Unless—unless you too change like the rest of the world.”

“Never,” I said, and I meant it too.

“I believe you,” he replied fondly. “You are, you must be different from the rest of them, or I should never love you so much.”

All of which sounded extremely sweet in my ears, making them tingle with pleasure. It was all a new and wonderful thing to me, this love, and, moreover, there was something singularly fascinating in the thought that it was he—he who had been the wonder and mystery of