

them cared much for that repast. It was very soon dispatched, almost in silence, and then Caroline seated herself before the fire and Vaughan took a chair beside her. He leaned his elbow on his knee, his head upon his hand, and looked up into her face thoughtfully. Some fascination seemed to lead the conversation back to the former theme.

"After all," he said, with some emphasis, "he is an excellent fellow, in his way."

"Who?" she asked, waking from her own reverie.

He smiled complacently.

"George Farquhar. I say he is a capital fellow, in his way."

"But what is his way?"

"That of a man of the world—a man who has drained life of all its sweetnesses, and is rather apt to quarrel with the dregs because they are bitter. A man of intellect that has been suffered to lie fallow; of fortune that has been mis-spent or wasted; of position that has been turned to no account. A disappointed, *blasé*, cynical man, Carry, whose nature you can hardly guess at, much less understand."

"I can understand enough to be very sorry," she said, thoughtfully. There was a pause. "I regret more than ever that he did not stay with us," she went on. "Poor man! poor Mr. Farquhar! He should not have gone away."

"Of course, he is much to be pitied for not staying. But he seemed to think it inevitable that he should go, and I presume he knows his own affairs best."

"Business affairs—yes. But there are other things. It would have done him good, Vaughan, to have been in this pleasant country, and the beautiful autumn weather we have had ever since you came down. Don't you remember the one day at Crooksforth, how it cheered him? He was like a different person after he had been in the fresh, sweet air for an hour or two."

"My dear child, Redwood air is dear to you, I know, and doubly dear to me. But, with all due respect for its merits and its health-giving properties, I yet doubt its power to regenerate a morbid mind."

"O, Vaughan! remember that one day on Crooksforth!"

"I *do* remember; shall I ever forget it? But it is not of him I think in connection with that day; it was too full of—other things. And, since then, there has been so much happiness in my life that all morbidness and misery went out of even my remembrance."

He spoke very tenderly, and for one minute Caroline shyly nestled her cheek against his hand.

"Dear Vaughan, it is precisely because I am so happy that I feel