

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART I.

It was absolutely real, as Caroline said many times during the next two days; and there was to be a ball at Redwood on the fifteenth of August. The invitations were sent out to the select circle of acquaintances in the village, and to the scattered far-apart "country families" with whom, hitherto, Mr. Hesketh had held but little intercourse. The day after the garden discussion they drove to Durnford, the important little market town, three miles off, and obtained a supply of invitation forms. And that evening Caroline made out a list of guests, and began to fill up the notes and address the envelopes with a demure and business-like gravity, which only now and then gave place to a caroling forth of some favourite tune; while, if she had occasion to move across the room, her sober demeanour inevitably relaxed, and she waltzed round to the desired point.

"Seventeen notes written and addressed! This is getting on," she observed, arranging them in a little pile by the side of her desk.

"You must be quite fatigued," said the amused Mr. Hesketh, compassionately; "it is a pity that Miss Kendal is not here to help you."

Miss Kendal had been Caroline's governess till a year before. Somehow, the young lady never heard her name, without a sensitive flush and quiver coming to her face. It was a strange truth that she had never seemed quite cordially to like Miss Kendal, a truth which Mr. Hesketh suspected without knowing. He observed now the deepened colour on the girl's cheek. She kept silence.

"By the way, have you heard from her lately?" he inquired. "You correspond, do you not?"

"Yes—no. I mean, she writes sometimes, but she has not written lately."

"Who wrote last—Miss Kendal or yourself?"

"She wrote last," said Caroline, colouring again, but looking straightly