

is pretty. A thorough change from Redwood. You could hardly do better, in my judgment. I wish you a prosperous journey," said Mr. Farquhar; and he made his adieux as soon as he courteously could.

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Four years the young heiress and her faithful friend remained away from England, traversing almost the whole of the Continent during that time; and making thorough acquaintance with various spots of classical and picturesque celebrity. Tidings more than once reached them of Vaughan Hesketh. That he had entered the army was the first—some influential friend having procured him a commission. Then they heard his regiment had sailed for Calcutta; and the next news came through Lady Camilla Blair, who was emphatic in her admiration of the handsome and agreeable young officer, whom she had found to be a nephew of Mr. Hesketh of Redwood. "How cruel of the old gentleman to adopt him, and then despoil him of his inheritance for a mere whim!" was the comment of the outside world, impersonated by Lady Camilla. Finally Mr. Farquhar, whom they met at Rome, informed Miss Kendal of the fact of Lieutenant Vaughan Hesketh's marriage at Calcutta to the daughter of his general. And, as not very long after the announcement of this union the bridegroom was gazetted to his company, there can be little doubt but that it was a prudent as well as suitable alliance.

That same year, Madame de Vigoy married again. In passing through Paris, on their return home, the travellers had the pleasure of visiting Madame la Comtesse, at her magnificently-appointed hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Her taste for luxury, brilliance, and gaiety was now amply gratified, and so long as these things preserved their attraction, doubtless she would continue a happy woman, in her own way.

"But," said Caroline, waking from a reverie, as they journeyed the last few miles towards Redwood, "I don't envy her. Nor indeed, would I change places with any one I have yet seen, unless it were you, ma mie. Or, perhaps—but then—he is a man. And I have not the last remnant left of my childish ambition. I wouldn't be a man for the whole world."

"My dear," said Miss Kendal, with much subdued amusement, "may I ask the meaning of all that eloquence? Who is it you do not envy, and who is it you might, perhaps, wish to be, if he were not a man?"

"I was thinking of the countess. Though she seems so brilliantly happy, though she apparently has everything she wishes for, beauty, wealth, influence, and troops of friends, still, I would rather be almost any poor woman. Isn't it strange?"