

## Fenwick's Career

be settled all that soon. And, besides, we're going abroad —you and mummy and I. I'm going to take you!" She sat up, tossing her pretty head, her eyes as bright as stars.

"And be thinking all the time of the Canadian chap? —bored with everything!" growled Fenwick.

Carrie surveyed him. A film of tears sparkled.

"I'm never bored. Father!"—she held herself erect, throwing all her soul into every word—"George is—*awfully—nice!*"

Ah! the "life-force"! There it was before him, embodied in this light, ardent creature, on whose brown head and white dress the June sun streamed through the sycamore-leaves. With a groan—suddenly—Fenwick weakened.

"What's his horrid name?—who is he?—quick!"

Carrie gave a little crow—and began to talk, sitting there on the grass, with her hands round her knees. The interloper, it appeared, had every virtue and every prospect. What was to be done? Presently Carrie crept up to him again.

"Father!—he wants to come to Europe. When you've found a plan—if we let him come and hitch up alongside of us somewhere—why, he wouldn't be any trouble!—*I'd* see to that! And you don't know whether —whether a son—mightn't suit you! Why!—you've never tried!"

He made an effort, and held her at arm's-length.

"I tell you, I can say nothing about it—nothing—till George has written to *me!*"

"But he has—this mail!" And in triumph she hastily dragged a letter out of the little bag at her waist, and