

dared not try. She dared not, for she felt the solemn sense of the duties that were before her—duties for which all her quietest composure, her steadiest thought and courage, would be needed. No passionate indulgence of emotion would risk breaking down the floodgates of that heart of hers, where even now heaved and swelled the tumultuous tides of overwrought feeling. Caroline was learning a new lesson of control; till now she had hardly required it. In the free joyousness of her youth, she had experienced few feelings that she might not avow. All shades and degrees of concealment had ever been unnatural and obnoxious to her careless, innocent spirit. Where she loved, she had been loving, of look, gesture, tone; where displeased, voice and manner had told it too. Sorrowful, she appeared sad; mirthful, she was merry. The conventional hypocrisies of the world, and those, sublimer and more heroic (as it is supposed) of modern novel and romance literature, each were alike unknown to Caroline. But now she guarded herself jealously. The few words she exchanged with Vaughan were quietly uttered. He would have been surprised at her composure, had he not been too much occupied with his own meditations to notice it at all. When she was about to withdraw, to resume her watch in the sickroom, he looked up for a minute. She lingered.

"You won't want me, I suppose? Because I think of going for a long walk—to be out all the morning."

"It will do you good," said Caroline. "Go, Vaughan."

"I don't know where I shall go." He took pains to tell her the unnecessary falsehood. "But you won't be likely to want me?"

"No. Pray go, dear Vaughan." And she went from the room hastily; and when the door was closed behind her, she clasped her hands against her eyes, forcing back the tears that had been brought to them by this new evidence of Vaughan's restless misery.

For Vaughan,—truly he was restless, if not altogether miserable. A few minutes more he passed in walking up and down the room, busy with his reflections; then he started off.

It was indeed a long walk that he took; for twice he turned at the top of the dark pine-wood, and paced with long strides the narrow footpath. But at length consulting his watch, and finding that "lesson time" had surely commenced, he issued from the dusky shadow of the tall trees, and wound his way to the gate of Beacon's Cottage.

But a carriage stood before the usually quiet little entrance, and men were strapping boxes and imperials to the roof, under the direction of a most energetic and shrill-voice *femme-de-chambre*.

"Non—non—ce n'est pas bien fait. Madame ne le veut pas comme ça.

Madame est avec cette b
Chut, chut.

Perfectly
ears of the m
from some
taking her
no mere sli
He must kn
own lips.

thinking of
be no possib
watched by
know where
from him, h
of finding h
like flame,
wrought him
he arrived a
the one. V
now. Let
that his ver
was solely a
know it, let
doing so him
him from th
have his wil

Of the *fe*
A doubtful
to render th
into the hou

How life
pretty faul
occupant.
was far mor
everything—
indistinctne
as if they h
profound re
children, no
ears made d