

had left footprints, of a pale brown fading colour, that contrasted with the vivid emerald of the moss around the tree trunks. And across the hill, through the tree branches, and the feathery grasses, and the amber ferns, came the slanting sunlight, making shadows everywhere, and flickering upon the narrow path leading to the moor, the slightly marked path which wound and wound itself between the trees and great clumps of gorse, and then was lost, as though it led to a brink beyond which lay only sky and air.

The hall windows looked out on the hill. At one of them Vaughan Hesketh stood, with his hands clasped behind him, his head bent down, and the peculiar eyes cloudy, ominous, yet with a fiery sparkle in them, looking out as if they saw more than the gleams and shadows of the autumn afternoon. Anon he turned away, and began idly rolling about the billiard-balls, till his quick ear caught the rustle of a robe, and he looked up to see Caroline descending the staircase. She came towards him; the almost serious composure of her face gave way to a smile, and the bloom on her cheek deepened. His own aspect cleared; it brightened into the free, candid sunshine of his best moods as he looked at her, and while he led her to the window, jealously retaining her hand in his.

But she rebelled, and tried to draw it away;—"Luncheon waits; let me go, Vaughan."

"Why should I? What signifies luncheon? Are not we both very happy here, looking out on this bright afternoon *together*?"

"Looking out of the window is a mean pursuit, I think," she said, wilfully, but with a happy glance that contradicted herself.

"O Carry! are you going to practise the Farquhar philosophy? Do you begin to see the vanity of all things?"

"I begin to see the vanity of *you* at least," she rejoined, laughing; "the rest will follow in time. Doubtless poor Mr. Farquhar's theory had reason in it."

"Poor Mr. Farquhar! Why such a tender adjective?"

"O, I always felt sorry for him, and I regretted his abrupt departure. I wish he hadn't gone abroad last week. I wish he had stayed longer at Redwood."

"Farquhar seems to have made a wonderful impression on your susceptible ladyship."

"Is it so wonderful? Were you not sorry yourself, when your friend left us so suddenly?"

"No, Carry; I had no room for sorrow, regret, or disappointment. I was in perfect content with everything in the world."

She coloured, in silence, as she led the way into the dining-room, declaring again that "luncheon was ready." But apparently neither of