

it had been obtained, joyfully put away her studies and hurried to her dressing-room. She had scarcely time to complete her toilette when Morris hurried up to say, that Mr. Huntingdon was waiting at the door. Down went Eva in a flutter of anxiety and satisfaction, and there, in an elegant little phaeton sat her brother, looking remarkably handsome and animated.

"Well, Eva, I have carried the day, ay? How does old Wentworth take it,—ready to die with spite I suppose? It was for that I obtained your leave of absence; but come, step in, or she will be charging down upon us for the purpose of rescuing you."

The servant assisted Eva in, and then sprang up behind.

"All right!" exclaimed his master, glancing rapidly round. "Why, Eva, you look as bright and pretty as a rose. I declare you are almost as handsome as the phaeton itself. Now, we are off, but wait, here comes Hector bearing down upon us; we must make room for him too. In with him John. Never mind the mud, Eva, let him lie at your feet. There, now for it!" and touching up the spirited horses, off dashed the equipage in what the young owner termed "splendid style." They were soon out on the road, and more than one admiring glance was bent on the carriage and its two young and handsome occupants. Whilst they were dashing along at the same speed, their attention was drawn to three horsemen who were advancing abreast. Young Huntingdon reined in his steeds as they drew near, and the three filed past them. Though they all exchanged bows of recognition with her brother, Eva obtained only a view of the third, who was a singularly handsome, aristocratic looking young man, of slight but symmetrical figure. In passing he bent so earnest and admiring a gaze upon her, that Eva's cheeks became scarlet, whilst her confusion was farther heightened, by hearing him exclaim in an eager whisper to one of his companions: "What a sweet countenance!" Eva, however, soon forgot the incident, and notwithstanding Hector's restlessness, and the inconsiderateness of her brother, who would now tease her almost to tears about her provincial simplicity, her paltry submission to "that old humdrum Wentworth," as he termed her, then frighten her almost to death by urging his fiery horses to the top of their speed, consoling her with the assurance that "if her neck should be dislocated, his would, in all probability, meet with a similar fate," she enjoyed the drive tolerably well.

CHAPTER V.

On her return home, though Eva would have preferred by far, following up her day of pleasure by an evening of quiet indolence, the remembrance of Mrs. Wentworth's evident dissatisfaction in the morning at the prospect of the loss of an entire day, made her resolve to endeavour to atone at least in some measure for it. Anxiety, too, for her own improvement, she who had so much to accomplish in one year, mingled with a recollection of Mr. Arlingford, whom she wished to astonish if possible on his return by her progress, were farther inducements, and courageously taking up her books, she bent her steps towards Mrs. Wentworth's room. The rigid expression of that lady's countenance softened to a gracious smile on hearing the purport of her visit, and with some lofty compliment about the happiness which such good dispositions on the part of Eva afforded her, she turned from the needle-work on which she had been previously occupied, to attend to her pupil. The following day, Mrs. Wentworth, probably with a view of rewarding her diligence of the preceding evening, asked lady Huntingdon for the use of the carriage for a few hours, and gave Eva the welcome intimation to prepare immediately. Fearful of keeping her waiting, the latter hurried down as soon as possible. Her governess, however, had not yet made her appearance, and whilst Eva stood on the lawn awaiting her, a horseman rode slowly past the house. Disconcerted at first by the eager though respectful scrutiny with which he regarded her, her confusion redoubled on a second glance, for she discovered in his delicate, though classic features, and striking figure, the gentleman who had passed so flattering an encomium on her own appearance during her drive of the previous day. Under pretence of fondling Hector, she stooped over the surly animal, concealing her face as much as possible, and notwithstanding his admonishing growls continued to caress him till she had allowed the stranger more than ample time, as she imagined, to pass. When she did raise her head, there, however, he still lingered, his glance still fixed on herself, and confused, and annoyed, she was on the point of re-entering the porch when Mrs. Wentworth made her appearance. The rider then instantly spurred his horse to a brisk canter, and was soon out of sight. The governess was resolved that the excursion, though one of pleasure, should not be entirely profitless; so whilst she and Eva leaned back amid the luxurious cushions, she entertained the latter with a very learned and abstruse lecture on the science of botany. Eva was listening as attentively as