

"No, no; I am quite fit—quite ready. I am going to be a man of business again for this afternoon," he said, with a new gleam in his looks, as having at last touched the right spring of recollection. "I am going to look over papers and deeds with my lawyer. Mr. Clayton is to be here at three o'clock, Caroline. Order that he is shown up to me at once."

Both his companions were startled by this intelligence. Vaughan felt a sudden shock of dismay; a sudden and imperative call upon all his prudence, caution and cleverness. Caroline disliked the idea of law business, because she feared the effect of mental fatigue on the invalid. A second thought as to the possible nature of these legal arrangements made her colour deeply, and busy herself in arranging cushions and footstool, so as to avert her face from Vaughan. There was no need for her to do so—he was not looking at *her*—he was looking at his uncle, wondering, speculating, calculating perhaps.

"I suppose, dear sir, your law business cannot be delayed?"

"Why should it be delayed?" the old gentleman asked in his turn, with almost sharp eagerness.

"Only that it is likely to tire you so much; and if you could rest to-day —"

"My dear Vaughan, it is not well to take rest till we have done what remains to do," Mr. Hesketh said, with a feeble sort of dignity, infinitely pathetic to note. "I have been easy too long—idle too long. I will set all in order now. You know —" He looked in the young man's face, and hesitated. "You know I never signed that will; I mean the altered one." He grew confused, and again paused.

"O, don't talk about these things now! Vaughan, don't let him weary himself," cried Caroline, anxiously.

But Vaughan now had his own anxieties. All was even yet, then, not safe, not secure? With a degree of fatuity that even the shrewdest are sometimes liable to fall into, Vaughan took it for granted that the will he spoke of was the one by which Redwood descended to himself. He hurriedly whispered to Caroline that it was not well to thwart him, if he wished to speak of "these things." And then, seeing that the invalid leaned back in his chair, thoughtful and silent, he bent towards him, as inviting his further communications.

"Caroline, did you tell them that Mr. Clayton was to be shown here—to my uncle—at once?" Vaughan presently asked.

She gravely assented.

Mr. Hesketh looked up, with the peculiar start as of something suddenly remembered. "Yes, my pet, tell them again. I have something to