

the remainder of the vacation. When I return, I trust it will be to hear that all has gone well with you. A worthy life lies before you—embrace it! See that you use well the good gifts Fate places in your way. Your past has not deserved such gifts, Vaughan Hesketh—take heed that your future repairs its errors. I am not given to sermonizing, so this must end.—I am yours faithfully,

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

"Write me word to my chambers that you agree to this. I shall have left for London before this reaches you."

This written, he rang for his servant.

"Jenkins, we leave this at six o'clock to-morrow—no, this morning. Call me at five; see that the horses are ready. And remember before we start to give this letter to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's man, to deliver to his master as soon as he comes down-stairs."

The servant bowed, and retired, too proficient in his vocation to betray surprise, however sudden the plan. It so chanced, that on his way along the corridor he met Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's "own man." He was discreet enough not to mention the fact of their approaching departure; but, in order to prevent accidents, he gave him the letter to deliver to his master next morning. Furthermore, it chanced that the man, being summoned to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's apartment again that night, gave him the letter.

He read it. For a little he appeared to be considering, his hand shading his eyes. He looked up sharply at the waiting-man.

"Was this to be given to me at once?"

"Yes, sir—no sir. Leastways, Mr. Jenkins told me to give it you the first thing in the morning."

"Ah! you needn't mention that you gave it to-night."

"Very well, sir."

And Vaughan Hesketh, serenely content, turned to his slumbers.

CHAPTER VI.

It was an afternoon in September. One of the fairest autumn days was lingering lovingly and regretfully about the embrowned beeches and dusky firs of Redwood. The shadowy, sweet presence of the season most dear to poet and to artist, was discernible everywhere. She glanced from the midst of many a copse and pinewood; her soft, tender smile shone from faint rifts of cloud that girdled the horizon when sunset was near; the hem of her skirt had touched the dells and hollows where the grass grew lush and tall—had turned the ferns to amber and the grasses to gold. On the smooth turf of the hilly slope that led to the moor, she