

gin of some great illness, that would at once steep soul and body in its own strange oblivion. But such forgetfulness, even though it would be gladly purchased with much pain, seldom comes to those who crave for it most sorely. Caroline felt, oftentimes, as if the chords were so tightly strung, of sense, and thought, and feeling, that surely, *surely* they must break, unless some such relief were granted, and the tension relaxed. But no, full consciousness was to be her portion; she was to drain the draught of suffering, so new to her lips, to the very ultimate dregs. During those three days, it is not too much to say, she lived over again, almost at every minute, the few hours of that dreadful evening. There is a curious faculty in the mind, during certain phases of its hardest trials, which causes it to arrange its very tortures as in a cruel orderliness; to make pictures of those past events which have wounded the spirit almost unto death, to set the story of the woe that is even yet writhed beneath, to a sort of rhythmic music, that *must* be listened to, aye, and felt to the innermost vibration of nerves already overwrought to a very anguish of sensitiveness. This strange ordeal the young creature's soul had to pass through now. Some natures are exhausted by much suffering into a species of torpor; some struggle through, and find a wild relief in the struggle, till physical strength fails them, and they are prostrated, and unconsciousness enwraps them like a kind, protective shroud. But Caroline's nature possessed all the predominant characteristics of her untried youth: its strength, its passion, its resistance, its fearless daring, its wild incredulity of the very burden under which it staggered. All this made endurance a lesson most difficult to learn, and yet her spirit was of that sort that does not bend or break, but *must* endure, even to the end.

The days went by. Miss Kendal heard—though she did not think it necessary to tell Caroline—that Vaughan had gone to London. She heard, too, of his return, two days afterwards. She marvelled inly as to the results of his journey; although, in truth, she entertained but small doubt as to the issue of his suit to Madame de Vigny. A sardonic smile was all the prospective compassion she had for him. She felt, indeed trebly steeled in pitilessness when she looked at Caroline. Meanwhile more than one message of inquiry for Miss Maturin came from Redwood; to which Miss Kendal returned succinct replies. That lady watched her charge with a grim anxiety, a never-wearying care, such as might have been expected in her. She guessed something of what passed under the stony outside—the gray, moveless calm, that characterized Caroline's aspect during this time. She did not try to disturb it, by look, or word, or gesture. Her love it was, perhaps, which lent her the fine tact as if instinctively to pursue that course, best and fittest, and in truest sympathy