

# THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

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## A LORD OF THE CREATION.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was late in the afternoon when Vaughan Hesketh left his uncle's room, slowly descended the staircase, and entered the study. No one was there. A fire was burning, and Mr. Hesketh's great chair was drawn towards it, awaiting him. But the window was open, and on the table near, two or three books had evidently been recently laid down. Moreover, a cambric handkerchief lay on the floor beneath the window—Caroline's handkerchief, with her initials embroidered in the corner. Vaughan took it up, and regarded the fanciful letters with curious thoughtfulness for a long time. He was disturbed in his reverie by the faint sound of voices at a little distance, floating gently on the evening quiet. Yes, there she was, and Mr. Farquhar beside her. Both were standing at the end of the terrace, looking at the young moon that was just rising over the tops of the pines. The musical vibration of Caroline's sweet laugh reached his ears.

He stepped out, and taking a slanting path across the lawn, overtook them as they slowly paced the broad terrace. He noticed that Mr. Farquhar was talking earnestly, and Caroline listening with interest; he noticed also the gentleman held in his hand a shell-pink rose, which he knew must have been gathered from Caroline's own particular tree. Somewhat brusquely he broke in upon the conference.

"Did you know you had lost this, Carry?" holding up the handkerchief.

"O! thank you. Is my uncle coming down now? Does he seem better?"

"He appears pretty well, and is coming in to dinner. You have been admiring the moon, I suppose?"

"Why do you suppose?"