

world! Keep your trinkets, you dear little soul, and I'll manage as best as I can."

"But how can you? Do take them—you don't know how glad I am!—and then all your trouble will be over."

He kissed her—this time without verbally deprecating her plan. He even looked with a half-calculating glance at the jewel-box. She went on, flushed with eagerness, "I shall think of you so happily after you are gone, if I know everything is right, and you are not going to be worried or miserable. *Do take them!*"

"Your jewels! I can't. Suppose my uncle should ask about them."

"Some day I could tell him." Vaughan frowned. "Or," she went on, bright with a new idea, "could not you sell them as people do in books, and ask the man to keep them, and let us buy them back again some day."

He seemed struck by this suggestion.

"Think, Vaughan, couldn't you?"

She urged him, with dewy eyes, and cheeks all flushed with earnestness. He listened, and glanced at the ornaments, and smiled on her, and pressed her hand to his lips many times.

And so it came to pass, that some ten minutes afterwards Caroline watched from her dressing-room window the departure of the carriage for the railway station. Vaughan sprang to his seat beside the lawyer-like gentleman, his visitor, and Vaughan held carefully under his arm a certain square brown paper parcel. He looked up at her window, waved his hand, and was no longer in her sight.

And then Caroline sat down and cried—what for she could never have told—for she was relieved, glad beyond expression. Everything was happily arranged, and Vaughan was to be back the next day but one. However, as it was—she cried heartily and long, and when she rose from her chair, and looked out of the window, the September twilight had shadowed everything, and with a flash the thought came into her mind, "It is too late now to go to Beacon's Cottage."

A knock at the door, and Miss Maturin's maid announced—"Miss Kendal has just come, miss, and is waiting to see you downstairs."

CHAPTER VII.

A lady, dressed in black; middle-aged, of a dignified presence, with a calm face, neither handsome, nor remarkable for anything except a certain expression, of quiet humor and equable self-possession, which was thoroughly womanly, although not often seen in women. This was the outside

aspect
insta
"
SH
rass
Both
than
her f
"
"
"
"
He is
toget
"
"
And
her ag
"
dread
"
enough
been i
"
"
"
The
colour
"
must t
"
"
"
"
You m
his old
friend.
"
"
O
has sin
"
"
"
Miss
she stir