

# THE VIRGINIA HEIRESS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A SPOILED CHILD.

Long lines of red and orange were paling slowly in the western sky, showing where the August sun had dropped behind the blue Virginian hills, as Sybilla Tresylian stepped through the open French window into the grassy lawn. Singing as she went, holding a book in one hand, and swinging her hat in the other by its rosy ribbons, followed by two or three wooly poodles of preternatural ugliness, and a yelping little tan terrier, the young lady floated across the lawn—yes, floated, I say it advisedly; it was not walking that airy, graceful, swimming motion, that scarcely seemed to bend the clipped grass on which she trod. She floated over the velvet sward, her white muslin dress fluttering in the faint breeze and pink ribbons blowing about her, to where, under some giant beeches skirt-ing the lawn, there was a large fish-pond with swans swimming about, and an arbor of green vines and wild sweet roses. And here, still singing "*La ci darem*," Sybilla Tresylian flirted her