

trouble together were smiting violently at the gate of her heart. She so longed to believe him right—to be able to “help him.” To think him “mistaken”—and her severest thought went no further—was a sore pang. She was very young—all but a child, and alas! one who had not learned that wisdom transcending all logic, and rising superior to all cant of worldly experience—that simple but sufficient wisdom which is to be learned and received “as a little child.” But the true instinct of her fresh and unwarped nature held her upright. She took Vaughan’s hand, and looked into his face with her clear eyes steadfastly—“It would not be right—you will feel so too, presently.”

Vaughan rose abruptly, breaking from her gentle hold. “It is nearly time; I must see my uncle before I go.”

“O, if you would only ask him——”

“Pardon me; I have told you. Nay, Carry,” for her pleading look would not be denied, “I am only sorry I have worried you and wasted my own time to no purpose. We only seem to misunderstand each other by talking. Let me go, dear; I’ll come again as soon as I go out.”

He did not come again, after a very brief interview with Mr. Hesketh, who was at once satisfied, it seemed, by the cogent reasons Vaughan doubtless adduced for his sudden journey to London. But it was Caroline with a very different aspect that met him in the dining-room—Caroline, with a bright, eager face and a quivering smile—Caroline, bearing in her trembling hands a box, some twelve inches square, of ebony and pearl—a significant-looking box.

“O, Vaughan! the happiest thought came to me just after you had gone,” she cried, as he entered the room, and while she hastily and tremulously disengaged a little golden key from her watch-chain. “You want money—I haven’t money, but I have all these, which can be sold, and will be as good as money—won’t they? Vaughan, won’t they? and your friend can be helped, and all will be right. Look here!”

Tear-drops of sheer joy glistened in Caroline’s eyes as she unlocked and opened the casket and displayed her treasures. They were not many, but were mostly of value. There they shone in their pretty velvet recesses—rings, bracelets, two or three brooches, and one dazzling ruby necklace.

“Will all these make up a hundred pounds, do you think?” she asked, anxiously, and looked up in his face for the answer.

Let it never be forgotten, in the record of Vaughan Hesketh’s thoughts and deeds, that he was touched by the young girl’s artless generosity; that his first impulse was to draw her to his side, and say, emphatically, meaning what he said, too, “Dear Carry, I won’t touch them for the