

ments; a flush of colour in the deep-toned gold of her hair, and the warm roses that forever glowed on her cheek. Her features were fine rather than pretty, with a certain strength in their outline which is not always so pleasant in a woman's face as it promised to be in hers. But when the spirit within her chose it, those gray eyes could soften into tenderness, the firmly-cut mouth could relax into a sweetness perfectly womanly, and entirely bewitching. Even now, in her early girlhood, these changes of expression were often perceptible; but as yet she was thoroughly girlish, and with all a girl's eager susceptibility to impressions—quick, fast succeeding feelings, and unanalyzed sensations. In such a nature, reverie takes the place of thought, and, indeed, Caroline, while very prone to dream, to imagine and to lose herself in the maze of her own wild fancies, was too little used to reflect. Moreover she was seldom retrospective in her own mind. She talked about the past quite as frequently as she thought about it. As for the future, it is the special inheritance of youth, and Caroline had taken possession long ago, and held it triumphantly, after the manner of an autocrat. As she stands now, twisting the rose-spray between her long, thin fingers, you may be very sure she is far enough away from Crooksforth Hill, the name which has just left her lips.

"But, my dear," observes Mr. Hesketh, responsive to the remark she had made to him: "you could go any day you know. Stockes would drive you to the foot of the hill, and you might walk up to the top, or you could ride on your pony."

"Yes, I might," said Caroline, and went back to her empire straightway.

"There is a beautiful view from the top," went on the old man. "On clear days you can see the sea quite distinctly; and the moorlands are very fine on the other side. But it is many years since I was there. Vaughan went once, but it was a misty day, and he was disappointed. When he comes home he must take you there. That will be the best plan."

"Ah, he will be here in a week now!" cried the girl, rising to the surface of things, with a deep-drawn breath of much pleasure and satisfaction.

After all, she lived thoroughly and keenly in the outside world at most times. She was a sentient being in the fullest degree: her perceptions were exquisitely acute; she responded like a finely-strung harp, to every air that passed by, even from the faintest to the loudest blast that shook the roof-tree.

The bright colours of some flowers in the shrubbery border caught her eye. She danced across the lawn to gather them, singing in her clear but