

"Better, we hope," he replied, dauntlessly; not knowing, or not remembering, anything about it.

"And Caroline?"

"Very well—as usual."

"I fancied she looked wearied, and that the roses were faded a little, yesterday. She has had a trying time, poor girl."

"She was very sorry—we were both disappointed," said Vaughan, after a brief pause, "that she could not come with me this morning."

"She must not confine herself too much. It is a brave little spirit, that is apt to tax its physical powers overmuch sometimes. It was very good of you to come and see me under the circumstances," added Miss Kendal, with a kindly smile; for she really thought it so. Knowing that she had not formerly been a favourite with the young man, she at once concluded that any extra attention he paid her was for Caroline's sake. But Vaughan suspected a covert sarcasm, and coloured an angry crimson, bit his lip, and turned abruptly to the window, and the beauties of nature. All of which Miss Kendal noted—somewhat to her perplexity. However, she took her accustomed chair, which happened to be beside the very window where he was standing; drew her workstand towards her, and began knitting, the identical knitting, Vaughan verily believed, that she had always been busy over at Redwood. There was the thick round ball of white cord to be duly placed in her pocket, and there the eternal little square in process of formation. The glancing steel pins presently began to resume their appointed click; it was really nervously like old times, to stand by, and watch, and listen. With that voice, too, sounding so confusingly near, the most musical and most thrilling voice ever attuned to a baby-story.

"And then he went on a long, long way, till he met a great tall man, who had eyes like emeralds. And he looked at him, this man, and he said in a terrible tone ——"

"What do you think of our view?" broke in Miss Kendal's "terrible tone," startling Vaughan again. "We are very proud of being the highest habitation within five miles, birds' nests excepted."

He said something appropriate in reply, contriving, with some difficulty, to steer clear of the gentleman with the emerald eyes. Miss Kendal went on again. She could not quite understand why he so persistently looked out of the window, nor why his usually self-possessed aspect was so embarrassed and disturbed. Shyness was out of the question. She knew him too well to suspect him of such a weakness. Did he wish to make an exit, at once speedy and graceful? Was he anxious to be back to Redwood? It seemed likely. Miss Kendal's keen gaze

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