

every pain, sooner. Don't ask me why; it is enough that it is impossible." He looked at his watch. "In half-an-hour I must be off."

"How long shall you be away?"

"I cannot tell; I am almost distracted; I don't know which way to turn. Let me think."

He leaned his head down upon his two clasped hands. His trouble and perplexity were evident, and Caroline's heart began to ache. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Vaughan, can't you tell me all about it?"

"It is another person's secret, which I must not betray, even to you. You won't wish it?"

"O no! But if I could only help you."

"Yes, Carry, I thought of you at once; but it is no use; since you can give no aid, my case is hopeless indeed. I depended on you."

"But are you sure I am so helpless?" cried she, eagerly, as thoughts and plans began revolving rapidly in her mind: "let us think; do try and think——"

"Stay!" Vaughan looked up at her suddenly. "What would you say if my uncle asked you for what purpose you wanted your money?"

"What should I say—what could I, but the truth? I must tell him it is for you."

"But supposing that is *not* the truth. If I want it for some one else—eh, Carry, don't you see?—my feelings and your conscience may be spared at once."

"I don't understand——" She hesitated.

"If you told my uncle you needed the sum for an immediate necessity—a charitable purpose—don't you think he would be satisfied?"

"Perhaps. But O, Vaughan! you don't mean—that you would wish——. Think again, you don't see clearly."

"Where would be the wrong? Who would be harmed? On the contrary, how much good would be done by this simple reticence—nothing more. You say nothing but what is true—only you do not tell the whole truth."

"But he knows I always tell him the *whole* truth. To speak as you say *would* be deceiving—or trying to deceive."

"You are misled by terms. Truth is valuable for its *effects*. In order to maintain peace and order, and for the better understanding between men, truth is a good and advisable thing; when, instead, it is likely to promote trouble, disorder and ill-feeling, it is false principle to stickle for its maintenance."

She stood, hanging her head before him. His sophistries and his

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