

He stood pulling at the tassels of the sofa-cushion with a petulant air. At length, however, he looked up, laughing. "It isn't worth being vexed about; and, after all, Carry, I don't so much mind. She won't be your governess, and will have something better to do than lecturing you, and tugging you about, botanizing and moralizing, &c. So we won't talk about her any more. Just play me '*Fra poco*.' You haven't forgotten it in all this while?"

He looked tolerably confident that she had not. He opened the piano, and then luxuriously extended himself on the sofa, while she played to him some of his favourite operatic morceaux; luscious, flowing music, dreamy even in its passion, dulcet in its pathos, such as one would naturally close one's eyes, physically and mentally, to enjoy. He lazily opened his, when, at last, she ceased playing, and rose from the instrument.

"Don't go yet, Carry; it's so pleasant."

"But I must see my uncle now. You know the horses are ordered at twelve, and it is now past eleven."

Her step was decisive, as she passed down the long room by his sofa, whence he gazed at her entreatingly and detainingly. He saw it was no use to protest or complain. She went out at the door, and he rose, yawned, and sauntered to the window, with his hands in his pockets, meditating after the manner of men.

"How handsome she is grown! No milk-and-water school-girl, either. Something to interest as well as to attract. It is fun to see her angry, all the while knowing that her love is fifty times stronger than her indignation. Dear little soul, I prize her affection very much; it is worth anything to come back to it as a rest after— Hum—hum!"

The meditation floated off into vague air, as he quitted the room, descended the staircase, and sought his friend Mr. Farquhar to come and play a game at billiards, till the time for riding.

Meanwhile Caroline stopped on her way to Mr. Hesketh's apartment—likewise musing.

"I wish Vaughan was—— I wish I did not care quite so much about—— I wish—I wish——"

She got no further. And very wistful and a little perplexed was her face as she thus paused, looking out on, but hardly seeing, the soft August sunshine, which seemed to rest in visible repose on the broad lawn. But her face grew clear again, and she went in to her uncle with her own fresh gayety of aspect and manner.

"O, it is the fairest, sweetest morning," she cried; "it is dreadful to