

CHAPTER X.

MR. VAUGHN was waiting outside for them as they pulled up by the front door, and his face was pleasantly lit up with smiles. "Come in, come in, Vernon, and dine with us," he said, walking down the marble steps to the drive. "The groom will see to the horses," he added.

"Thank you, Mr. Vaughn. I will with pleasure," said Vernon, handing the reins to the smart groom.

"The drive has done you good, Lily," exclaimed her father, pleasantly, handing her down from the buggy and noticing the bright light in her eyes and her healthy complexion.

"Yes, father, it has been a very pleasant day."

"It has turned a little colder now," remarked Mr. Vernon, as they mounted the steps and went indoors. "Slightly freezing, I believe."

"Do you think so, father?" inquired Lily, taking off the long fur mantle she had worn during the drive.

"A few degrees, Miss Vaughn," said Vernon, lounging in an arm-chair he had drawn up to the fire. "But I really didn't feel it."

"We can't expect anything else this time of the