

no worse. He had long since reconciled himself to the inevitable necessity of Miss Kendal's neighbourhood, therefore he was highly philosophical on the present occasion.

"Well, it can't be helped. And she is really there—not a mile from the spot we occupy? After this, I'll never believe in magnetism. If there was any truth in it, I should have felt an oppressiveness in the air when the arrival took place."

"O, Vaughan, be good!"

"Would it add to your happiness if I were to resolve to behave well, even to be civil, to Miss Kendal? Do you really wish me to be good?"

"You can hardly believe in such an unreasonable wish?" Caroline laughed, delighted at his gay humour on the obnoxious subject. "But it is true, though; I do wish it—very much."

"Then it shall be done!" he declared, solemnly. "Difficult as the undertaking is, it shall be accomplished; and, to begin at the beginning, Carry, I'll accompany you this afternoon; I also will pay my respects at Beacon's Cottage."

He watched her face narrowly, though smilingly, as if he expected to see there something different from the simple pleasure and gratification with which she looked up to him. But Caroline was transparent as air. Her second thought brought a shade to her face, a serious tone to her voice.

"Vaughan, after all, perhaps she would rather that I went alone the first time. I don't think you shall go to-day."

"Indeed!" he said, coldly. "Is your friendship so close and so sacred that not even your betrothed husband may come near it?"

His cold glance, his displeased tone, struck home. But something of her characteristic repulsion against all unreasonableness and injustice came to Caroline's aid.

"You must know what I mean, Vaughan. It is for Miss Kendal's sake, not my own, that I propose to go alone."

"And Miss Kendal is, of course, to be considered before me?"

She was indignantly silent; a red glow fired her cheek; a significant light flashed ever and anon from her eyes. She looked exactly as she had looked when a child, when Vaughan had been what she called "wicked," and herself "cross." Vaughan recognized the look; it was one evoked in an instant, and capable of being dispelled as quickly.

"O, Carry! you should not try me where I am most weak. On this point I am utterly unreasonable; I confess it."

"I am glad you confess it."

"Don't upbraid me with that measured tone and chill glance. I really