

festivities waxed gayer and gayer up to the climax of supper. Caroline, besides her position as hostess, was far too brilliantly attractive not to be constantly engrossed, and her attention fully occupied in succession, now by one, now by another, and not unfrequently by two or three admiring swains at once. Mr. Farquhar held aloof under these circumstances. Caroline was afraid he was not enjoying himself much. She occasionally caught glimpses of him standing against a doorway, or examining the prints and books on one of the tables, or leaning by the sofa where they had been talking together, apparently watching the dancers, his peculiar but not unkindly smile curving his mouth. Once Vaughan came up to him, and they exchanged a few remarks. Mr. Hesketh, also, fresh from his hard-won rubber, and very genial and exhilarated, as whist-players always are in such cases, came into the room, with a word and a smile for every body, and finally anchored beside the stranger guest.

"Not dancing, Mr. Farquhar? I hope you have at least a dislocated ankle to plead in excuse. In these days, for a young man not to dance is to be a sort of Pariah in society."

The gentleman addressed bowed, as if in humble acceptance of his doom, and presently made some complimentary remark on the brilliancy of the evening.

"I am glad you are entertained," said the old gentleman, taking that fact for granted rather prematurely, "I suppose a festivity of this kind does not often enliven your dry legal studies. I know—I have heard that you are a most determined and indefatigable student."

"Pray believe all you hear of me that is in that strain," his companion rejoined, with his inscrutable glance from under his dark brows.

"I am glad to believe it," said Mr. Hesketh, emphatically; "the capacity of hard work is one which I greatly respect in a man. There is a kind of courage in labour that transcends most bravery, I think."

"Yet it must require more courage to be idle, I fancy," remarked Mr. Farquhar; "the reality of work and its results is a very comfortable *fact*, such as few men's lives could afford to be without."

Mr. Hesketh did not reply to this, but passed on to the subject of Vaughan; his present studies and future career. He was anxious that his nephew and adopted son should make a figure at the bar, where he himself had practiced in his earlier manhood, but without much success. He told Mr. Farquhar with what satisfaction he heard of Vaughan's intimacy with himself.

"A companion like yourself, persevering and industrious, is precisely what I could have most wished for him. He has talent enough, and energy, too, when he chooses?"