

There was a silence while Mr. Hesketh refolded the note. Caroline's face was perfectly eloquent of disappointment, as her companion saw with a momentary glance.

"Well, he'll be here in time for the ball, at any rate," said he; "and I shall be glad to see his friend Farquhar. I knew his father, and he himself is well worth knowing. Besides, he will be a welcome addition to our rather scanty stock of cavaliers, won't he, Caroline?"

There was a pause.

"I think his friend is very selfish," she then pronounced, warmly, "to insist on Vaughan going with him just when he was coming home. He could have chosen some other time. He might be sure Vaughan wants to see us, after being away nearly a year."

"My dear child —" began Mr. Hesketh, with a slight smile. But something made him stop, and his smile grew more melancholy than cynical. "You remember," he added, "it is only two days since you said disappointment was right and proper, and did people good."

Another pause, during which Caroline pulled the feathers from her pen, scrap by scrap, and flung them on the air. She was annoyed, grieved, pained, more than she would confess, but the strong healthy young spirit righted itself very soon.

"Well," she said, presently, half laughing, "I suppose I am being done good to; but it isn't very pleasant; I don't like it, uncle. I am not a stoic after all, I'm afraid."

"Promise never to be either stoic or sophist, and I'll forgive you all your sins against grammar," the old gentleman replied, drawing her towards him, and kissing the frank, sweet face. "I'm afraid poor Miss Kendal, in her devotion to Lindley Murray, must have had a hard time with her rebellious pupil."

"Poor Miss Kendal!" echoed Caroline, with a brief sigh, and then turned to her invitation notes again.

CHAPTER III.

MR. HESKETH'S remark, that Vaughan "would be at Redwood in time for the ball," proved literally prophetic. The morning of the fifteenth of August dawned, cloudy and threatening rain, and Vaughan and his friend were only expected to arrive in the afternoon. The day proved rainy, one of the most dismal of wet summer days, with a chill and dampness in the air, and the trees looking forlorn and spiritless.

Caroline had plenty to do: she went about the house from early