

"No!" she said at length, in quite a low, quiet sounding tone; "it is some dreadful, dreadful dream."

Her clasped hand fell before her; but her gaze never wavered. She stood in the same attitude, looking at him with those fixed, glittering eyes, yet. Miss Kendal threw her arms about her.

"Come away, my child—come away."

"Vaughan, speak—speak!"

Her cry rose into a piercing shrillness. She struck aside the kind embrace, with that sort of instinctive, careless force with which we sometimes fling our arms in a troubled sleep.

"What can I say?" Vaughan said, in a half-soothing tone. "My dear Caroline, I wish——"

"Stop!" And at last her eyes let him go; and as if some strange strength had existed in her by virtue only of that long gaze, that minute she reeled giddily, and caught at the thick folds of the window-curtain near her. Nevertheless, when Miss Kendal again sought to support her, she put her away, with a hurried, passionate gesture towards the window.

"Open it—open it!" at last she said. And not waiting for obedience or remonstrance, she herself threw it wide, and sprang out on to the misty lawn. The other followed her, and caught hold of her.

"Caroline, you must not."

"I must! Let me go! ah, let me go!"

The agony of the imploring cry was not to be resisted. Yet bitterly Miss Kendal repented her momentarily loosened grasp, when the young girl, let free, darted swiftly and straightly along the broad path that led down the garden.

"The river! the river! O, my child!" and the governess sickened as she followed.

But what was her utmost speed compared to the frenzied rapidity of Caroline? She had lost sight of her before she came to the thick and mazy shrubbery which divided the garden from the water. She did not know the paths, and she grew bewildered amid them long before she made her way through brake and underwood to the damp embankment, overgrown with tall rush grass, that margined the sluggish stream.

But she had mistaken the girl's purpose. No such thought had place in her mind, maddened though she was. All she felt was simply the longing, the absolute need, to *get away*—to fly somewhere. The instinct of the wild animal pursued—wounded—in peril; the yearning to breathe in free air—in solitude; the unconscious, unrecognized desire to escape, as if sorrow could be fled from—as if grief were limited to place! All this, and more, was amongst the chaos of Carry's soul. No thought of

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