

the house. And hardly waiting for her quick affirmative, he went on—"I wonder what made you ill.—It was queer all on a sudden."

"Yes," said Caroline, searching in her own mind for any other cause than the real one.

"Very likely it was the boat spinning round," he suggested; "that was it; don't you think so?"

"Perhaps it was," she said gladly.

"You did not look pale till then," he went on; and the boat spun tremendously, didn't it? Poor Carry!"

He laughed, and so did she. Very gayly they thus re-entered the house.

CHAPTER II.

Redwood looked especially pleasant in summer afternoons. Mr. Hesketh, seated in his chair under the great cedar-tree on the south lawn, thought so, at least. There was the quaint, red-brick mansion straight before his eyes, the terrace walk, and the long modern sash windows of the breakfast-room opening on to it. At the side, a broad, level lawn again, with flower-beds here and there, and a sun-dial in the midst. Shrubberies, at all times rich and sedate with evergreens, luscious and brilliant in their seasons with lilac, syringa, and sweet-briar, rhododendron and red English roses. Beyond them were meadows sloping gently downward to the thin streamlet that flowed through the park till it reached the large piece of water they ambitiously called the lake. Dark, mysterious woods belted in the prospect. "So far shalt thou see, and no farther," they seemed to say; and Caroline liked to imagine to herself a wonderful new world lying beyond that black shadow. She had been through it often enough, but when her eyes no longer looked on the actual beyond, she chose to disbelieve it, and went back to her own creations. That abrupt hill, especially, crowned with a pine wood, looked like the very edge of the world, and the girl's eyes turned wistfully towards it many times in a day, with that constant longing for something in the future—some unattained newness, which is one of youth's irritating pleasures, sweet pains, which you will. She had lived at Redwood all these years, and never yet ascended Crooksforth Hill. So she was saying to Mr. Hesketh on this very afternoon, as she stood near him, leaning against the slender stem of a young silver birch, and twisting in her fingers a spray of roses gathered from the tree that overspread the southern wall of the house—rich, burning, passionate, red buds like drops of sunfire.

Caroline, as a girl of sixteen, was equally picturesque and poetical to behold. There was a wild half Indian grace in her lithe, elastic move-