

doubly compassionate to all who are not so. I yearn to give away out of my abundance."

"I like to hear you say you are happy. I like to see you look like that—And you are really happy, Caroline?"

"Have I not said?" she returned, with a bright smile. But it faded a little, as she went on—"If only my uncle were quite well, and himself again, I should be in the condition I used to repudiate—I should have nothing left to wish for."

"He will get strong again, in time: never fear. Dr. Barclay thought well of him yesterday, you know."

"Still it is a mysterious sort of ailment, which makes me anxious. Every day he is later in coming from his room; every day, exertion seems more painful and difficult. He was never very active; now his love of repose almost amounts to torpor. And his memory is not so good as it used to be."

"Ah!" said Vaughan, struck by the fact.

"Do you think that is bad?" cried Caroline, in eager alarm. "Dr. Barclay did not take much notice when I told him; he said with the physical weakness all mental disorder would go. And he is very cheerful always."

"That is a great advantage. Don't frighten yourself, or be too anxious, dear child. There is nothing dangerous in the sort of chronic influenza which, after all, my uncle's illness resolves itself into."

But Caroline's serious eyes took no new light.

"Don't look so grave, dearest. Do you know, I fancy your cheek is the least in the world less blooming than it was a week or two since. Suppose we go for a walk?"

He had no cause to complain of her want of bloom. Radiant and rosy was her blush as she replied, "O, Vaughan! I've something to tell you—something you won't like to hear."

"You little puss! I'll punish you ——"

"No; don't laugh. It is really something disagreeable. I knew it last night, but I did not wish to vex you before there was absolute need."

"What is it, then?" he asked, with a momentary peevishness, which escaped him unawares, being the natural protest against anything disagreeable or vexatious which it was part of his character to feel, though he did not always express it.

"It is about Miss Kendal. She arrived at Beacon's Cottage last night, and I am going to see her this afternoon," said Caroline, bravely and directly.

She could not help laughing at the wry face with which Vaughan received the information. The fact was, he felt rather relieved that it was