

into her questioner's face, as it was her way to do when speaking the truth was not quite pleasant to her.

"How was that, my dear? Don't you intend writing to her again?"

"I would rather not," she said, with great frankness.

"Indeed. Why so?"

"It seems foolish," she began, apparently finding some difficulty in choosing her words; "that is, I don't think there is much use in writing regularly to—to any one who has little sympathy with—one's-self."

"And that is Miss Kendal's case? She has no sympathy with you, is that it? She is a good deal older, and it may be difficult for a woman of thirty to sympathize in the feelings and thoughts, the likes and dislikes, of a girl of sixteen."

Caroline did not reply; she was meditative, on a sudden.

"You did not 'suit' one another, to use your favourite expression," proceeded Mr. Hesketh; "wasn't it so, Carry?"

"I suppose so, uncle," she responded, gravely.

"And yet Elizabeth Kendal is an excellent woman——"

"O, sir, I was going to say so," Caroline cried, eagerly; "she is good, gentle, noble. I can't tell you how much I used to admire and respect her—for many things."

"A very qualified and cautious summing up of your sentiments. I think Vaughan must have inoculated you with some of his barrister's prudence—ch, Caroline?"

he looked up; her eyes filled, her lip quivered. It was evident this was a subject which, for some reason or another, struck more than ordinarily deep into a sensitive part of her nature. Mr. Hesketh was content to leave it. He had not much leaning towards the science of investigation, and he thought the entrance of the servant with letters was very timely.

"One from Vaughan," he announced, setting aside the others; "now we shall have the day fixed for his return;" and he read aloud the letter:

"TEMPLE, July 30.

"DEAR UNCLE,—I had intended being with you at the end of this week, but my friend George Farquhar insists on my going home with him, and staying a few days, before proceeding to Redwood. I know you will not object to the delay, under the circumstances. Moreover, I wish to ask your permission to bring him with me when I come. I should much like you to know him; he is a capital fellow. I write to catch the post; have only time to send love to Caroline,—Your affectionate

VAUGHAN HESKETH."