

toy; that he had deceived the dying uncle who had been his benefactor, as well as the woman who had given him her all of love and confidence. That, in short, as she had said, the Vaughan that her love had invested with such dear and ideal attributes, never existed. Old truths that, even when they were boy and girl together, Miss Kendal's clear eyes had seen, but hers had been blind to, came back to her now—tiny links in the great chain of evidence that, against her will, and to her cruel anguish, every hour of every day was adding to in her mind.

It was fatally clear to her now, why, and for what, the betrothal had been sought for by Vaughan. All Mr. Hesketh had said to her as to the division of the property, recurred to her now, far more vividly comprehended than it was at the time. And then, the day before that dreadful evening, when, at the dying man's bedside, Vaughan had taken her in his arms, saying he loved her! Sometimes, as these and other recollections passed before her, she found herself unable to continuously realize them. She felt blinded and dizzy; sense failed her for a space, and a curtain of blankness seemed drawn between her and those hideous visions. It was so now. She fell back again upon her sofa, moaning feebly, and shielding her eyes from the light.

Miss Kendal drew down the blinds, and sat down beside her, holding one of her hands. She lay very still for so long a time, that at length the governess believed she must be sleeping. Very welcome was that belief. Surely the crisis was past, or passing, and a better and a calmer state not far off.

Miss Kendal softly left the room to give some directions concerning the children. When she returned, with her basket of never-failing knitting in her hand, her charge still lay quiet—she had not moved during her absence. She sat down in her old place beside the sofa, and busily pursued her knitting, while the early twilight fell, and gradually darkened the room and the outside world of garden and bare hills. Miss Kendal's knitting at last lay idle upon her lap, and she mused, with her eyes fixed upon the fire that now illumined the room with its peculiar glow. In that glow, the slight figure on the sofa, in its long white wrapping-gown, looked more than ever fragile and spirit-like. The watcher could almost have found it in her heart to arouse her even from sleep, that by stirring she might break the eerie spell that seemed upon her.

But she did not stir, even when a clang of the outside bell caused the mistress of the house to look up from her thoughts with a vexed impatience. Presently, the servant entered.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Vaughan Hesketh would be glad——"

"Hush! In the library," imperatively waved Miss Kendal, as she