REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIX-CONTINUED. " Let us hope your headache will not prove so serious as all that, my lady," he remarked. "Your vertigo (how odd you never had a ver-

gone to-morrow. "He means mischief," Miss Herncastle thought, watching him from her cover. "He sees through her transparent ruse, and will follow her to the ball. The Fates are working for me as well as I could work myself."

She glided unobserved from the room after my lady, and joined her in the violet boudoir. A substantial repast was spread here. Lady Dangerfield's appetite was unexceptionable, and she had had no dinner. In an instant every trace of headache and vertigo disappeared. The door was locked, the heavy curtain of violet cloth dropped over it, Lady Dangerfield sat down to refresh her inner ladyship, and Miss Herncastle produced the exquisite page dress. The idea of doubting Major Frankland's appearing was too preposterous an idea ever to occur to her.

"And you think-you are sure, Miss Herr castle-Sir Peter has not the faintest suspicion?" my lady asked, as she rose from the table, and placed herself in the skilful hands of her governess, to be dressed. Delphine had been dismissed as not sufficiently trustworthy. "You are perfectly sure he suspects nothing?"

"I am perfectly sure of nothing in this lower world, except that I am in it," Miss Herncastle answered coolly; "but the pro-babilities are he does not. Major Frankland is in London-you are ill in bed of headache -how then can either of you be at the ball? And it doesn't seem likely he will accept Mrs. Everleigh's invitation himself and go." Lady Dangerfield gave a faint shriek.

"Good Heaven, Miss Herncastle! what an idea!-Sir Peter go. Of course, he'll not go -the very idea is absurd. I don't believe he ever attended a ball in his life, and he detests Mrs. Everleigh much too cordially even to cross her threshold. I wish you wouldn't suggest such preposterous things-I was nervous enough before, you have made me a hundred times worse. Has the box gone

"The box is safely disposed of, my lady. Have no fears-Count Lara will be there."

Her nimble fingers flew over her work Lady Dangerseld's short black hair was artistically curled over her temples and shoulders. and the little plumed cap set sideways there-on. The little high-beeled shoes, with their glittering paste buckles, were on; doublet, exquisite tint of rouge given to the cheeks, the eyes darkened, all the mystic ceremonies of the toilet gone through; and my lady, robed and radiant, looked in the full-length mirror, and saw a charming vision-all velvet, gold lace, flashing buttons, carmine, silk, and waving plumes. Her sallow cheeks actually flushed under their rouge vegetal.

"It is exquisite-it is lovely!" she murmured. "I have not looked half so well in anything for years—it brings my waning youth back—I fancy it will surprise even Jasper. Now, Miss Herncastle, my cloak, and go down quietly and see if the fly you engaged at Castleford is in waiting. Find out mean?"

if Sir Peter is in his study, too. Somehow I She r feel horribly nervous to-night."

"I will ascertain," Miss Herncastle's soft voice answered, as she moved noiselessly from the room.

Horribly nervous. I es, my lady was that. Was it some dim presentiment that with her own hand she was flinging away to-night all that made the hanniness of her shadow life! If Sir Peter should come to the masqueradeif he should find it out.

"You shall not live under my roof and dishonor it -that I swear!" were those not the words he had used? And he had been so quiet-he had looked so grimly in earnest. be wisest to stop at the eleventh hour, forego the party, take off the lovely page's dress and stop at-

Miss Herncastle, silent and swift, was back at her side.

The fly is in waiting. Sir Peter is in his study-the rest still are in the drawing-room there is not a soul to be seen. Now is your time, my lady, and make haste."

But still for a second she stood irresolute. In that moment one word from Miss Herncastle would have turned the scale either he strode away at once through the town and way. That word was spoken.

"Take one last look, my lady—is it not exquisite? Mrs. Everleigh will be ready to expire with envy. You look absolutely daz-zling in your Kaled dress—you never in your life wore anything half so becoming-Major will tell you the same. Now, then, my lady, ferty. quick."

over. From that moment until the grand de- it's dull wid sorra sowl to spake to maybe nouement came, Lady Dangerfield never

paused to think. They descended one of the back stairwaysthey met no one. Miss Herncastle softly opened a turret door, and they glided through. they made their way in the dim starlight along the shrubbery, skirting a belt of dark woodland, and gained the highroad. In the shadow of a clump of beeches the hired fly waited. A moment and my lady was in; another and she was off as fast as a stout cab could carry her "on the road to rnin."

In Mrs. Everleigh's stuccoed mansion, in Mrs. Everleigh's gorgeous reception rooms, half a hundred lamps shone dazzlingly o'er fair women and brave men. It was the usual scene-nuns and demons. " Friars of orders gray "in juxtaposition with brigands, hooded Capuchine flirting with ballet dancers, Levantin pirates waltzing with Queen Elizabeth; negroes and flower girls, Indian Chiefs and Spanish donnas-all the grand personages of history and opera, a motley and bewildering had been "over and above well," and he could spectacle—all unmasked. And over all clashed out the music. The air was heavy with perfume, the eye grew blind with light, and dazzle and color.

Among the brilliant-robed throng there was not one who excited more attention than the little glittering page, Kaled. But where was Lara? An hour had passed since the page's arrival, but the page's master was absent still. And under the silken mask an angry flush was rising at length over the page's

What could keep Major Frankland? She flung herself into a seat as she asked the question-alone for a brief moment—the first since the ball began, "Did he not come down after all? How dare he disappoint me so? And how absurd I must look—the page without the knight. I'll never-"

She stopped-some one had approached behind her unseen-a voice spoke low in her

"The Chief of Lara has returned again. Look up-my faithful Kaled-my prince and paragon of pages-and welcome your knight and master!

"The Chief of Lara," in the picturesque dress of a Spanish cavalier, stood behind her, his mask over his face. But for one instant she had not recognized Jasper Frankland's well-known tones. "No-don't reproach me, Ginevra, as I see you are going to do, and as I know I deserve. I couldn't help it—only just got down—serious illness of my grandtather-ought to be by his bedside at this instant. Ah-a redowa-my favorite dance. Come, Kaled, let me look at you. A gem of a dress indeed it is exquisite. Come." He whirled her away, but for the first time

in her experience the major's step and hers tigo before) I am quite sure will be entirely did not agree. For the first moment or two they absolutely could not dance togetherwhirled away to the admiration of all behold-

"What is the matter with you to-night Jasper ?" Lady Dangerfield asked half pettishly. "Your voice sounds strange, you don't dance as you used—and—and some-thing about you, I don't know what, looks unfamiliar. Take off your mask, sir, and let me

"Not likely. A pare must never presume to command his master. Rest assured that I am I, and at supper we will unmask, and become the cynosure of all eyes. Ginevra your dress is absolutely perfect—there is nothing to equal it here to-night."

A passing domino caught the half-whispered words, and paused to watch them. From that moment, wherever the knight and page went the black domino was sure to follow. It was an indescribably brilliant party, there was hardly a moment's cessation in the whirl of dancing-the hours flew by like minutes-and Lara and his page never parted company for an instant, whether they waltzed or walked, whether they sought the cool stillness of half-lit balconies and boudoirs, or plunged into the whirl of maskers. And still all unnoticed-stealthily and sure as

watched, and bided his time. They wandered into a conservatory at last, filled with the moonlight of shaded lamps, where the music came faint and far-off, and tall tropic plants reared their rich heads tar atove.

Fate itself, the black domino followed, and

"How hot it is-how noisy they are," Kaled murmured, sinking into a moss-green seat. "I must take off my mask-I shall look as red as a milk-maid when we unmask. In the ten minutes that intervene between this and supper, let me try and get cool if I can." He stooped over her with the whispered imbecility he knew was expected of him, and

fanned her with a palm leaf. "Shall I fetch you a water-ice?" he asked it will help you to feel cool. You will have

it eaten before we go to supper." She assented languidly. Her mask lay in her lap, and watching her with glittering eyes, the spactral domino stood in shadow of hose, cloak, rapier, scented gloves, all; the the palms. Count Lara's garments brushed him as he went by—but Lara's eyes had no-ticed him from the first. In a second Count Lara had vanished. My lady, looking flushed and handsome in her boyish travesty, fanned herself in the cool shade of a myrtle-tree. And behind the palms the domino waited. Both waited for what never came-the re-

turn of Count Lara. The moments passed on-the summons to supper was given-the masqueroders were crowding to the supper-room, and still Count Lara did not appear. In a storm of wrath and impatience, my lady lingered - twice tonight he had made her wait-what did he

She rose at length, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, and taking the proffered arm of an ogre, made her way to the suppertables. The laughter and excitement were at their wildest-everybody was unmaskedeveryhody was making the most astounding discoveries-everybody was present-everybody but the exasperating Count of Lara.

No, far or near he was nowhere to be seen A dozen voices called his name; no one could tell what had become of him. Infuriated, mystified, my lady looked up and down. What was it she saw that made her leap from her seat with a low cry of fear, that drove the blood from her blanched cheeks? She saw-What if he found it out? What if he kept for one instant, amid the crowd, the facehis word? She shivered a little under her not of Major Frankland, but of Sir Peter cloak. Was it too late yet? Would it not Dangerfield, looking at her. For one instant only, then it too disappeared.

CHAPTER XX.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK WHEN my Lord Ruysland had finished his little paternal lecture to Major Frankland and saw that gallant officer ride off, be turned to address Captain O'Donnell, and found to his surprise that Captain O'Donnell was gone. The chasseur, indeed, had lingered a moment. With his straw hat pulled low over his eyes, to his quarters in the Silver Rose The slouching, cockney-looking individual to whom he had spoken at the station was at the Silver Rose before him, and as the captain passed through the inn yard, sat on a bench in friendly converse with Lanty Lat-

"Dull?" Mr. Lafferty was repeating as his The scale was turned—the last hesitation master passed through; "troth ye may say from mornin till night. But thin, on the other hand, there's the hoith of aitin and dhrinkin goin on late an' early, an niver a ban's turn to do half yer time, not to spake ov the barmaid an' the cook, two as purty an as pleasant spoken crathurs as ye'd wish to kiss. It's a comfortable life entirely it would be av the town was only Ballynahaggart instead of Castleford. But arrah! shure we can't have iverything. By the hokey, here's the mas-

ther himself, long life to him." "All right, Lanty," his master responded. passing through with a nod, and taking no notice of Lanty's companion. "How are they all at the Park! Seen Miss Rose lately?" "I was at the Park above this morning, Misther Redmond and I saw her ladyship, the lord's daughter, an' she was axin for ver honor. and bid me tell you the young misthress was

over an' above well." O'Donnell merely nodded again an hurried on. It was a very long time since his sister see plainly enough it was more a mind than a body diseased; and that this Gaston Dantree -the scoundrel who had wrecked another noble life, was in some way the cause, he knew thanks to Miss Herncastle. But that he was or had been Rose's actual husband, had neve

for an instant occurred to him. Lanty Lafferty resumed his place of occupa tion of brushing a pair of his master's tops, and the conversation with the stranger from London, interlarding work and social converse with a little music. His rollicking Irish voice came through the open windows to his master's ears:

"'It was on a windy night, about two o'clock in the morning. An Irish lad so tight, all—'

Bad scran to ye fur tops, shure the art o'man wouldn't git ye the color he loikes!

"' An Irish lad so tight-

Ob. thin, divil fear him but he was tightshure it's a weakness all his countrymen this minute, fresh from the still—me very night's work was an underhand and dastardly his death-bed he asked me to stand in his to the boudoir to place my fate in her hands. gins, in a third-class car, went back to heart's broken drinkin' the hear they have in thing the character and dastardly his death-bed he asked me to stand in his to the boudoir to place my fate in her hands. gins, in a third-class car, went back to heart's broke a drinkin' the beer they have in thing, the chasseur led the way. One be-

will I iver see the day when all his sodgerin' they were in the churchyard before the Castlean' his diviltry in Algiers, and Ameriky' and England will be over, an' meself back in O'-Donnell Castle on the ould sod once more! Talk about graudeur-about yer Windsor Castles, an yer St. James' Palace-be me word, the two av them together couldn't hould a candle to Castle O'Donnell. Sixty-three rooms-sorraless-a stable full of cattle-the best blood in the country, a pack o' hounds, a butler in silk stockings, an' futmin as high as Fin McCoul, the Irish giant, if iver ye heerd av him. Whiskey galore, champagne for the then Count Lara seemed to catch it, and they axin', an' waitin' maids that it ud make yer mouth water only to look at. It's little 1 thought, six years ago, whin I left such a place as that, that it's an English inn I'd come to. It's thim were the blessed times all out."

"Blessed times, upon my life," responded Mr. Lafferty, there's yer master a calling of

Lanty seized the boots and made a rush for his master's room. The soft silvery gray of the summer evening was falling by this time. and with his back to the faint light, the chasseur sat when his man entered. · Come in, Lanty, and shut the door ... per-

haps you had better turn the key. I see you have made the acquaintance of that fellow in the inn yard already."
"Jist passin' the time o' day, yer honor.

They're civil crathurs thim English chaps

mostly, an' shure I'm not proud." "I'm glad to hear it, and it's just as well your pride has not stood in the way of your sociability on the present occasion, as you would have to make his acquaintance whether or no. Lunty, can you keep a secret?" " A saycret is it! Upon me conscience thin that same's a question I didn't expect from yer father's son. A saycret! Arrah, Misther Redmond, is there a bad turn ye iver did since ye were breached I didn't know! Is there a bit of divlement ye iver wor in (an' faith yer divilment was past countin') that I didn't know better than my prayers, and did I ever tell—did I now! Faith it's late in the day, so it is, to axe me such a question as that."

"Well, Lanty don't be indignant-of course I know you can. Then I want you to keep quite this evening, and perfectly sober, remember; to retire to your room early, but not to go to bed. About half-past eleven, when the town is quiet and every soul in the inn gone to sleep, take your shoes in your hand, steal out as though you were a mouse, and wait for me under the clum of larches beyond the inn. You'll find your London acquaintance there before you-I brought him down, and I want you both to-night. Lanty, did you ever hear of a resurrectionist-a sack-'em-

"Sorra hear. Is it anything to ait or drink?" " Nothing to eat or drink. A resurrectionist is one who opens graves, steals dead bodies

and sells them to medical students for dissec-"The Lord betune us and harm!"

" And this fellow you have been talking to all the evening is a professional sack-'em-up." The chasseur's gravity nearly gave way at Lanty's look of borror. " Never mind, my good fellow, he won't sell you for dissection; and, as I said before, you must be civil to him despise his profession, for I have brought him down on purpose to open a grave this very night, and you are to come along and help.
"Open a grave! Oh, king o' glory'"

"It's all on the square, Lanty-no stealing dead bodies, no selling to doctors-I haven't quite got to that yet. But I have reason to believe that a very great fraud has been perpetrated, and that very great mischief may come of it. To prevent that mischief I open this grave, open the coffin, see what it contains, and place it exactly as I find it before You understand!" morning.

Understand. Mr. Lafferty was staring at his master with an expression of blank horror and consternation. Open a grave in the dead of night to see what a coffin contained. All the "divilment" of the past paled into insignificance beside this crowning act. Was his master suddenly going mad!

. I can't explain any furtner, and it is not necessary for you to know. Be on hand as I said: keep sober make no noise, and let me find you with Juggins under the larches at half-past eleven. They keep early hours here -all will be still by that time. Now go, and mind, not a word of this to a soul."

Lanty Lafferty went-his mouth had fallen onen, and he forgot to shut it, his eyes were like full moous, that blank expression of consternation still rigid on his face.

"Open a grave! Oh, wirra! After twelve o'clock! The Lord look down on me this night! To see what's in a coffin! Arrah! is it taken lave of his sinsis intirely he is! Faith it's little rhyme or raison there iver was wid him or wan av his name, but av this disi'nt bang Bunnagher! Bannagher! upon me sowl it bangs the divil."

But to rebel, to disobey, Mr. Lafferty did not dream. Had his master informed him it was his painful duty to murder some one, and he (Lanty) was to assist at the sacrifice, that faithful benchman might have groaned under the awful duty assigned him, but he would have obeyed. And he would obey now, al. though alegoin of ghosts should rise in their winding-sheets to warn them from their dreadful deed. The evening gray deepened into dark. Ten

came_the stars were out but there was no moon. Captain O'Donnell sat at his open window and smoked. To him this last act was but an act of simple duty to save his friend-the one last proof needed in the strange discovery he had made. No harm should be done-the coffin would be opened, and replaced precisely as he found it, the grave re-closed. And then Miss Herncastle should hear all-should contess to the man who had made love her the whole truth, or he would.

At half-past ten the inn was already dark and closed u for the night; there were but few guests, and those few kept primitive hours. At eleven not a light was to be seen. Still O'Donnell sat at his window, looking out at the dim starlight smoking and waiting. Halfpast eleven, and punctual to the moment, he saw Lanty stride across the inn yard and disappear in the shadow of the larches. The time had come. He had removed his own boots, and with them in his hand, made his way out of the room, down the stairs, and through the door Lanty had noiselessly unbolted. Not a creature was to be seen-the whole town seemed to be still and dark. He seated himself on a bench and drew on his boots, then he made his way at once to the place of tryst.

Lanty was at his post-upright as a ramrod, silent as a tomb, and giving his companion a wide berth-Mr. Joggins, with a sack over his shoulders containing spade and pick, and instruments for opening the coffin -spoke as he drew near.

"Here we are, noble captain-up to time. and not a minute to be lost. Lead the way. and we follers and gets to business at once.' Keeping all in the shade of hedges and wayside trees, with an uncomfortable feeling

these parts, an' me gettin that fat in it, that lated pedestrian—one doctor's gig they met, sorra a waistcoat I have in the world that'll no more, and the trees screened them even button on me good or bad. Oh, blessed hour! from them. They walked so rapidly that ford steeples tolled twelve. As the first sonorous boom of the midnight hour tolled out, Lanty Lafferty crossed himself devoutly, and looked fearfully at the white tombstones gleaming in the ghostly light.

Redmond O'Donnell strode steadfastly along between the two rows of graves, the lonely paths, until under its solitary tree he looked up. paused at Katherine Dangerfield's. His lips were set, his eyes stern-for good or ill he would know the truth soon.

"This is the grave," he said, curtly. "Go

to work; I'll keep watch." The resurrectionist opened his bag, produced his shovels, gave one into the reluctant hands of Lanty, and set to work with professional rapidity and dexterity. The two men worked with a will until the perspirahis listener, smoking philosophically. "Isay tion stood in great drops on their faces.

Mr. Lafferty, there's yer master a calling of O'Donnell had brought a brandy flask, and gave them copious libations, until even Lanty's drooping spirits arose. No sound but the subdued noise of the shovelling clay -nothing living or dead to be seen. O'Donnell worked with them-there was no need of watching-and at last, far below in the faint light of the stars, the coffin lay re-

The men lay on their spades, wiped their faces, and drew a long breath. Then the Afterward you will do as you please. resurrectionist and Lanty raised the coffin bemaking it weighty-and placed it at Red- on the table. mond O'Donnell's feet.

At last! He drew one long, hard, tense breath—his eyes gleamed. "Open it," he said, in a composed sort of voice, and Mr. Joggins produced his screw-driver, and set to work once more. The screws, one by one, were removed—the last lay in the palm of the lid and see either the mouldering remains of Katherine Dangerfield, or-

He made a sign, Joggins raised it, all three bent forward to look. There was a simultaneous exclamation from all as the bent letter across to him. "I wrote that, as you again to reassure themselves. The late rising moon, which had been struggling Mrs. Lawton. You have read it now read his through the mists of coming morning, shone suddenly for a moment full upon the ghastly object before them, and lit it brightly up.

They saw what Redmond O'Donnell had expected to see-AN EMPTY COFFIN.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE LENGTH OF HIS TETHER." That fateful July night, destined to be marked forever in the calendars of Lady Dangerfield and Captain Redmond O'Donneli, was fated likewise to be marked with a red cross in that of Sir Arthur Tregenna.

"Sir Arthur Tregenna has run the length of his tether," Lord Ruysland had calmly said to himself while pacing the Castleford station; "it is high time to pull him short

For Lord Ruysland to decree was to act. This very night Sir Arthur should receive his "+hort pull up."

He waited placidly where he was; he saw the Parliamentary train, and not until then tainly say for Miss Herncastle-she is did he summon the fly, and give the order to one of the very cleverest women I ever met. not sooner. He was going to play cure you of your folly, if this sort of folly is his last great stake to night. If he ever to be cured. failed, his whole future might be told in one brief, forcible word—ruin; not one pulse beat quicker, not one sign of | dock before him, and went on. ings to-night.

Squire Talbot cut short his visit and moodily departed. Lord Ruysland and Sir Arthur were left alone before it was quite half-past nine. Fate seemed inclined to take sides with the peer. Two minutes after Talbot's departure he opened the duel, and fired the first shot.

"What is this about a letter from Cornwall and your departure to-morrow, Sir Arthur? I heard you telling Lady Dangerfield at dinner, but did not quite catch your drift Busi-

ness, I suppose?" business - business too long "Yes. deferred. Pennwalder wrote me a week ago urging me to return. There's a fever among my people, there have been mining accidents and much distress. It is greatly to my discredit that I have neglected my duty so long."

"Humph! then you positively leave us tomorrow?

had gone last week." He said it moodily, drumming with his fingers on the table, and not looking at his

companion. "So do I," Lord Ruysland spoke gravely, and with unwonted energy; "so do I with all my soul. For the last week Scarswood has been no place for you."

" My lord !"

"It is high time for me to speak-a false delicacy has restrained me too long. I would indeed prove unworthy the dying trust of my dearest, my truest, my best friend, your dead father, if I held my peace longer. To-night | this miserable designing woman, and forever. I will speak, be the consequences what they may—to-night I will do my duty, however distasteful that duty may be. Long before on yourself. Go to Cornwall-go abroadyour return to this house, if return you are do anything—anything, only see Miss Hern-mad enough to do, I and Cecil will have castle no more." gone, and it is neither my wish nor my intention that we three shall ever meet again. My daughter's health de- perfection of his-acting. And still Sir Armands change-she is falling into low spirits-I will take her to Scotland to the Countess of Strathearn's for the winter. I merely mention this that you may make your farewells to her final when you part to-morrow.'

A flush rose up over the blonde face of the Cornishman, a deep permanent flush; his lips compressed, his eyes did not leave the table. Guilt, shame, contrition were in his countenance, and guilt held him silent. Let Lord Ruysland say what he might, he could not say one word more than he deserved.

"I see I do not take you by surprise," his lordship coldly went on; "I see you are prepared for what I would say. How bitterly I have been disappointed in you—of all I had expected from your father's son--of-I may say plans I had formed-of the hopes I had cherished -- it would be idle to speak to night. Hopes and plans are all at an end-your you have been the first to disregard it. But still for your father's sake I will speak. On

to do so-hitherto I have held you as my own son-all that too is changed. You have deliberately chosen to become intatuated with a woman of whom you know nothing-except that she is your inferior in station-deliberately chosen to throw us all over, and fall in love with a designing adventuress."

That deep, angry red still burned on the baronet's face, his lips were still resolutely compressed, his eyes still fixed upon the table At the last words, however, he suddenly

"Designing adventuress!" he repeated, slowly. "You use strong words, Lord Ruysland. Of course you do not make such a statement as that upon mere suspicion."

"I do not. I condemn no one upon mere suspicion. That I suspect Miss Herncastle of some deep, mischievous, latent object in coming here, is true; that I suspect her of maliciously working upon that poor little superstitious tool, Sir Peter, and his fears, and of playing ghost for his benefit, is also true. But let that go-it has nothing to do with you, and for your sake simply I speak. You have haunted Miss Herncastle like her very shadow from the moment you met her firstfor her you have pointedly, almost rudely, I had said, neglected and overlooked all others. There was but one way for this to end with a man of your high sense of honor-in marriage. Before that disastrous consummation is reached I lay a few plain facts before you.

He took from his pocket-book a little packtween them-the damp clay clinging to it, et of papers, and spread two of them out up-

"Be kind enough to glance over these Sir Arthur. They are the testimonials of character, and references given by Miss Hern-

castle in London to Lady Dangerfield. Still dead silent, the young Cornishman took them. The testimonials were carefully worded, the references were to a Mrs. Law-Joggins hand-nothing remained but to lift ton of Wilton Crescent, and a Jonas Woodwidge, esquire, of St. John's Wood. He read and pushed them back.

" Well." he said in a compressed voice. "Read this also." The earl pushed another see, to my solicitor, asking him to call upon

He pushed a third letter across. For the third time the baronet read.

answer."

"Lincoln Inn, London, July 29th. " My Lord :- In compliance with your demand I called at Wilton Crescent at the number given. No Mrs. Lawton lived there, or had ever lived there. I next called at St. John's Wood; a Mr. Jonas Woodwidge had resided there about a year ago, but has emigrated with his whole family to Australia. This is all the information I have been able to obtain.

"I am, my lord, etc." Sir Arthur laid down the letter. The flush bad faded from his face, leaving him very pale.

"It is plain to be seen by any one not wil fully blind, that the references are forged, hy Miss Herncastle, of course, for her own ends. If Lady Dangerfield had taken the trouble to seek them and find this out for herself, no doubt her very clever governess would have Major Frankland return, still gloomy and in been prepared with some plausible story the sulks, saw him depart an hour later by to account for it. This much I must cer-Scarswood Park. There was no hurry, the Do you need further proof that she is a deyoung baronet was with the Park party at signing adventuress? Let me tell you what Morecambe; they were to return to dinner, my own eyes have seen-sufficient in itself to

He leaned back in his chair looking sternly at Sir Arthur sitting like a culprit in the

agitation or eagerness marred the serenity of his handsome patrician face. As cooly, as desaw the ghost under the King's Oak, of which liberately as he had pronounced sentence of more anon. It was a hot night, brilliant doom upon young O Donnell six years ago, moonlight, and it is a failing of mine that I he was going to bring Sir Arthur to his bear- | can never sleep well on very bright moonlight nights. It was past eleven when I went up to my room. I knew it was useless a brief space, and met again at dinner. My to go to bed, so instead I sat down to write ing. Yes, in those days he had loved in lady was seized with that distressing head- half a dozen letters. It was half past twelve He had changed—she was no more to ache, and disappeared immediately after, Miss | when 1 finished the last-I lit a cigar and sat Herncastle in her wake. Sir Peter in a few down by the open window to smoke myself minutes followed suit. Miss O'Donnell into sleepiness if I could. The stable clock looking pa'e and fagged, made her struck one, still I felt no inclination toward and sought her room. Lady drowsiness. While I still sat there, to my Cecil insisted upon accompanying her. surprise, I saw, at that hour, a woman and man crossing the fields and approaching Scarswood. If you have noticed, and beyond doubt you have, Miss Herncastle possesses a very stately walk-a very commanding figure. . I knew her instantly-I also, after a moment or two, recognized the man. Of him, however, it is needless to speak. He accompanied her to the very house; they parted almost directly under my window. I heard him promise not to betray her. She appeared to be absolutely in his power. When he left her she stood and watched him out of sight. All this was nearly about two in the morning, mind, when everybody supposed the governess to be in bed and asleep. How she got in I don't know. She came down the next morning, looking as self-possessed and inscrutable as ever. My suspicions were aroused, and I watched again the following night. Sir Arthur Tregenna, as surely as

tell you, I saw her steal softly under my win-"I positively leave to-morrow. I wish I dow, a few minutes before midnight, and take her post under the King's Oak. The gallop of Sir Peter's horse could be distinctly heard on the road. She wore a long dark mantle, and as he rode up the avenue I saw her fling it off and stand before him all in white-he hair flowing, her eyes fixed. What followed you know. She picked up her cloak and made her way back-how, Heaven knows. I tell you the simple truth-to-morrow I shall tell it to all the house-to-morrow Miss Herncastle quits Scarswood, and forever, Tonight I warn you, Arthur, my lad-my son almost. Pause while it is yet time-give up Do not bring disgrace on your dead fatheron your honored name-and lifelong misery

> The earl's voice broke-grew actually husky in the intensity of his emotion-in the

thur sat like a stone. "It has been a bitter blow to me-a blow more bitter than I can say. But I have learned to bear many bitter things in my life -this is but one more keen disappointment added to the rest. It will be better perhaps that we do not meet to-morrow-let me say it now-good-by, and may Heaven bless you,

Arthur." He rose and grasped the young man's hand Sir Arthur grose too-quite white now, and looked him full in the face. 'One moment, my lord-then good-by if

you will. All you have said I have deserved

-no one can feel how I have fallen from honor and manhood more than I. Whether it is still too late to repair my great fault must rest with you. What I have returned to England foris now on the eve of parting forever—of the what I came to Scarswood for—you must surely know. I shame to speak it. It was to see and know Lady Cecil C.ive, and if she could so far honor me, make her my wife. father's dying wish binds me no longer since | On the night I first met," he paused, and spoke the name with a sort of effort, " Miss Herncastle, I had followed the Lady Cecil inplace toward you. Hitherto I have striven Of the spell that seemed to seize me from that don. By the same early train in a first

moment, you know only too well-it is a sort of madness that I suppose few escape. For a time I was blind—I saw no danger—lately my eyes have been opened to my own guilt There is but one who can be my wife—whe. there is out one who can be my mis-who ther or no I have wronged her too greatly to ask her, you may decide. If so, then I leave England the moment my Cornish business is settled—if not," he paused. "It shall be as you say, my lord." He foided his arms, very white, very stern, and awaited his answer.

The bound that battered old organ, the early heart, gave at the words! He was saved! But his immovable face remained as immov able as ever.

"You are but mortal, Arthur, and Miss Herncastle is a most attractive woman Without possessing a single claim to beauty she is a woman to fascinate men, where the perfect face of a goddess might fail. She is a Circe, whose power all must feel. It not too late, I hope, I trust; and yet Cecil is very proud. If she can forgive and accept you, I can, with all my heart. I shall no say good-by, then, but good-night and ar

He left him before Sir Arthur could speal -left him alone in the brightly lit, empty drawing-room. He stood irresolute, ther turned and followed the earl into the room. Now was the time-now or never ; let him hear his fate at once. Something lay like a stone in his breas:—the dark, beguiling face the soft flute voice of Helen Herncastle was before his eyes, in his ears. Of all the women on earth she was the one woman he would have chosen for his wife, and Destiny had written that he must never look on her fac

In passing the length of the drawing room to the door, he had to go by the tiny boudoiwhere, on the evening of the theatricals, he had followed Lady Cecil. The curtains were only partly drawn and scated within, he hands folded listlessly in her lap, her eyes fixed on the dim starlight, he saw once more as on that evening, the earl's daughter. on that evening, he swept back the curtain and stood, tall and dark, by her side.

Her half-uttered exclamation died away. H fore she could speak one word he was saying what he had come to say-hurriedly-incohe rently-his face all set and stern, looking a unlike a lover as can well be conceived. She drew little away from him, her clasped hang tightened over one another. She sat perfect ly still and listened -- a sort of scorn for hin --- a sort of scorn for herself--- an utter wear iness of everything, the only feelings she we conscious of. She listened with steady pa tience to the end.

" He was unworthy of her-infinitely m worthy; he esteemed and admired her with all his heart; it had been his dying father wish--he had her father's consent. Would Lady Cecil Clive do him the honor to b come his wife?"

She looked up at his last words, flushing red in the darkness. " My father's consent," she repeated slows "Sir Arthur tell me the truth. My father is been talking to you to-night? He has--a!

how shall I say it -- he has ordered you to f low me here and say this?" "On my sacred honor no. I have be talking to your father asking his permissing to address you. I have said before I am uworthy; if you refuse me I shall feel I E receiving the punishment I richly merit. you accept me it will be the study of my li

to make you happy." He stood and waited for her answer. " punishment," he repeated with inward scor "Ab, yes, Sir Arthur, my refusal would be punishment not over hard to bear. Head me, hoping-yes, hoping-though he may to acknowledge it himself, that I will refuse, at

I—I must say yes." She must say yes—her whole future, I father's, depended on it. She could not be his anger-she could not live this life for

-what would become of her if she refused All at once Torryglen rose before her, a nond O'Donnel face, bright, eage now than his cousin Ginevra, and while i lasted, she must love him. No time to shi the truth now, she loved Redmond O'Donne and this man who stood beside her aski her to be his wife loved Helen Herncast What a miserable travestied world it v what wretched hypocrites and cheats they

were. Why had she not been born a farm daughter to hold life with a wholeso hearty interest, to love her husband and

loved in return? "You do not answer," Sir Arthur "I have lost all hold on your respect and teem, as I deserve. Lady Cecil, will you speak at least, and let me hear my fate? "What is it you wish me to say?" she a ed wearily, a touch of pain and impatience

honor-you have lost neither my respect my esteem. Tell me truly-truly-do really wish me to say yes?" "I really wish you to say yes. If you not say it, then I leave England again month-for years-tor life."

her voice. "You ask me to be your wife

Arthur Tregenna-you are a man of truth

a sort of gasp. "You will leave England! Then the no one else you will marry if..." "There is no one else I will marry if

She drew her breath hard-she spoke

refuse—no one." He said it resolutely—a hard, metallica in his tone, his lips set almost to pain. "There is no one else I will marryrefuse me I leave Eugland. Once more, Cecil, will you be my wife?"

" I-will be-your wife." The words were spoken—her voice falls her face was steadily turned to the moonlight. It was over. He took her band lifted it to his lips. How chill its to but scarcely so chill as the lips that took it. Then it was drawn away and she stood

"I leave here for Cornwall, as you know be absent two-almost three weeks. morrow, before I go, I shall speak to b Ruysland. Whatever I have been in the p -this much, Lady Oscil, you may believe me-that you will ever be first in thoughts from this hour-that I will m you happy if the devotion of a life can doll "I believe you," she held out her hand her own accord now, "and trust and h you with all my heart. It is late, and tired. Good-night. Sir Arthur."

"Good-night, Lady Cecil." She left him standing there and went her own toom. What a farce it had all b -she half smiled as she thought of it, le making without a word of love, a propos marriage without a spark of affection bet them. They were like two puppets is Marionette comedy playing at being in l But it was all over-her father was save she would make a brilliant marriage after She had accepted him, and fulfilled her tiny. Her name was written in the Book

Fate-Lady Cecil Tregenna. CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER THE MASQUERADE. By the first train on the morning follo the discovery in the churchyard, Mr.