

I saw her fall, saw her eyes swimming in death as she rested one moment with her hands on the floor, and the next dropped lifeless at his feet.

My heart was bursting: I could not speak or move, I was stunned with with horror—I fainted.

When I came to myself I was sitting in front of a large fire: a stout old gentleman was pouring down my throat a stiff dose of brandy, while Garston, the murderer, was chafing my hands; and, could I believe my powers of vision! Miss Foster, the victim, was composedly doing up her back hair in front of the mirror.

"It's all right, he's coming round," said the stout one cheerily. "By jingo! but it was sublime, beat Leah into fits; it'll bring the house down. 'That scene would be a fortune in itself, but,'" he added, seeing I was conscious, "how the dickens came you there?"

"I d-do-do-n't know," I said, my teeth chattering so I could hardly speak.

After a time explanation followed. It turned out that Mr. Garston was an actor of no mean note, that he had discovered in his niece, Miss Foster, the germs of marvellous tragic talent, and that she might pursue her studies without interruption under his own experienced guiding, he had taken the White House, being moreover assured that as the house had the reputation of being haunted, it would be free from visitors at the times of these rehearsals.

The stout gentleman was the manager of one of the largest London Theatres, and had come on this especial night to form his judgment of the result of their labours.

The fright had not been all on my side; for hearing me fall on the stairs they had opened the door and found me—but Mr. Garston was too familiar with stage demons to be taken in, and justly guessing that I was some one come with the intention of frightening them, and that I had been myself frightened into a fit by their own handiwork, they dragged me into the room and acted the part of the good Samaritan.

I spent with them a very pleasant evening, having received permission to go and change the costume I wore for less diabolical garments, and to bring back with me Jack Charters, who had been waiting ingloriously in a drizzling rain, considerably astonished at my continued absence.

We are both going with passes to see the first performance of the piece, and if Miss Foster act one-half as well then as she did on that memorable night, she deserves to be styled the Queen of Tragedians.

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Massey was the next victim, but he was ready for the sacrifice.

Davy, however, insisted on an intermission for the brewing of a fresh bowl, and this being accomplished, the narrator related all the incidents and misfortunes of