THE QUEEN'S CONFESSION. OR, THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RAOUL DE

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARTYR'S DEATH. The kingly power was fast losing all its authority and respect under Wences laus. The king's worst qualities were rapidly developed. He was once more a puppet in the hands of Hatto. He was jealous, cruel, sottish. Hatto was virtually the sovereign. The good, disgusted with the brutish help lessness of the young king, fled far from his presence. The wicked gathered around him; they were his dvisers, his agents; he was their tool, and under his name and authority their lawlessness filled the land

with corruption aed misery.

These evils prepared the way for worse. The teachings of Wickliffe whispered in Bohemia. The flourishing university of Prague had faller into the hands of John Huss. He had not yet begun to teach his errors openly, but enough could be gleaned n his opinions privately expressed, to influence the inture action of the king. From him Wencesiaus learned ecclesiastical obedience was a tyranny invented by the priests, and that the Papal dignity depended on the good-will of the emperor. Wences-laus was flattered. In his most despotic humor, he never dreamed that his kingly power could reach so far, that if the Pope did not bow to his overeign will, he might chastise him

The hour was come in which the holy martyr, John Nepomucene, was to preach for the last time to the people whom he loved, and by whom he was so whom he loved, and by whom he was so much revered. A thrill of sorrow passed through every heart as they saw his pale face, and his wan, worn hands still bearing the scars of the torture he had undergone. He had been their father and their friend; the ment he began to speak, the chests of strong men heaved, and tears be course down the cheeks of women and children. "My dear children," said he, "I have not much time to speak to you. I am going from you, I am leaving you! Would that in leaving you, I left with you the peace of the Savior, that peace in which the prince of this world has no part. But no; it is not my voice which shall deceive. My last words

shall not lead you astray.
"The Church in Germany has had her years, her ages of glory. Her years of trial are begun. The time is one when kings were obedient to Peter, when monasteries rose on the hill-tops and by the banks of rivers, to awaken in men's minds thoughts of God. To the glorious ages of the past are succeeding ages of shame. Men shall try to deface the beauty of the spouse of Christ. The mild face of the Savior shall be again outraged insults which shall be heaped upon His Church. The blaspheming Jews said to Christ, "Come down from the cross and we will believe Thee;" and men who trust only in the strength of their arms and the edge of their swords, shall say to the spouse of "if thou shalt outlive these things which come upon thee, we will elieve thou art upheld by the might

Alas, that my eyes should forese the desolation of the Church. I would fain turn my mind from such a distressful vision, for my soul is filled with a nameless dread that such evils are coming apon you, and I am unable

Oh, great and noble Germany as given sovereigns to Papal Land of powerful kings, how Thou has low art thou fallen! The bones of thy mighty tremble in the tomb! Passions unchecked bring forth crimes hitherto unknown. The blood of thy priests stains thy altars. The voice of false prophets is heard in thy cities. hymn and the psalm are drowned in the hearse cry of sedition. Instead of prayer, thou hast blasphemy. Heresy in thy midst; the altar of Christ changed for the altar of Baal. Church is crucified with Christ. Pray ye to the Lord that the days of your

trial may be shortened."
The picture drawn by the preacher was prophetic indeed. The heresy of John Huss sprang into life a few years after, and for one hundred years it filled the land with bloodshed, plunder,

sacrilege and ruin. While Father John Nepomucene wa speaking, the people were visibly affected. Often during his discourse did he say to them, "A little while, and you shall not see me." from the pulpit, he found hi hearers kneeling in groups, begging his last blessing. Laying his hands on them as he passed through them, he murmured, in a voice broken with emo " May God protect the Church

From that hour he gave himself up altogether to preparing himself for death. Early next morning he set out alone and on foot for Bruntzel, to pray before a shrine enriched with at image of our Blessed Lady. This image was an object of great devotion amongst the Bohemians, for it had been placed there by the apostles of the Sclavon Sts. Cyril and Methodius.

He prayed fervently and long. When he arose from his knees, a young monk, with his hood thrown back, stood be-

'Otfried !" cried the priest.

"Brother Methodius, you mean."
"It is God that sends you. It is sweet to press your hand before parting.
"Whither are you going, father?"

"To the land of promise."

"I am aware," said the young monk, sorrowfully, "that you are persecuted. I know that to defend the queen you have undergone the torture. God calls you to reward you. But the queen! who will protect her? What will become of Bohemia?"

"Only God can tell, my son. To me it seems there is a sad, sad time before, them. You are clothed in a habit

which shall draw upon you the hatred of men. Summon up all your strength; shall expiate the crimes of the wicked, you shall suffer for the guilty."

Offried begged that he might be all lowed to accompany him to Prague.

lowed to accompany him to Prague.
"I allow you to come with you, but at the gates of the city we part." They walked on together towards the city, discoursing as they went of heavenly things. John Nepomucene exhorted his young companion to fulfill the rule of the Cistercians with the utmost exact

ness, and Otfried begged the martyr to remember him before God. Near the gates of the city John Nepomucene clasped the young monk in his arms. It was a long and affection ate embrace. At last he tore himself from the arms of his young friend, and passed alone through the streets of the

city. Othried never saw him more.

Wenceslaus was standing on a balcony outside one of the windows. It was yet early in the day, but the flush of drunkenness was on his face, and the stupor of drunkenness was in his eyes. He was thinking of the queen, whom he had so cruelly wronged. She had pardoned him: but as he was too revengeful to forgive, so he knew not what it was to be forgiven. In Ottried he believed he saw an enemy of his honor, in John "One word," thought he, "from that stubborn priest could restore my lost Then the red flush of happiness. drunkenness was made redder still by the heat of his anger. At that moment the priest passed below. Wenceslaus saw him, and gave orders that he should be immediately brought before

An equerry delivered the message The priest smiled gravely; he knew what the king required of him. He entered the palace and awaited the king's pleasure. In a few moments he was standing in the presence of Wen coslaus. 'You shall speak this evening, or—''

The priest looked at the king with a

calm look, which said more plainly than words, "Do you not know that I do not fear death?" but not one word came from the priest's lips. "Call six from the priest's lips. "Call six soldiers," said the king to the same person who had delivered his message to the priest. "Take this priest," said Wenceslaus to them, when they entered the apartment, "take this wretched priest from my sight, and when night is come cast him into the river. I do not wish his death to cause needless noise; a fanatic people would give him the title of martyr."

"Sire," said one of the soldiers,
"they have already given him that title

"Away with him," roared the king. The night had fallen; all the bells of the city announced to the faithful the grand festival of the coming morrow. The priest rejoiced: he would soon be keeping the Ascension of his Divine Master with the angels and the saints of God. He no longer thought of himself. He spent the few hours that remained to him in prayer, He prayed to the Almighty to and to save the country so soon to be made desolate by the heresies of John Hass and Jerome of Prague. offered up his coming martyrdom for his unhappy country, and he earnestly besought the Lord to console the queen, whom he would no longer be able to

When the soldiers went into the room where the priest had been left to await their coming, they found him on his knees, wholly wrapt in communion with God. They rudely bound him and dragged him to the bridge. The distant bells rang'cut in mellow tones. The starless, moonless night was dark and heavy. The Muldaw flowed deep and dark below. The soldiers raised up the body of the saint; one moment they poised it in the air, then let i The martyr fell with a loud splash into the waters below; the waters rolled over him, dashed against the arches of the bridge, and all was still. The soldiers tried to pierce the darkness below, but descrying nothing, they hurried from the place.

The soul of the saint was hardly in the presence of its Maker, when his body, floating on the water, was surded with a great brilliant light, drew many persons to the banks of the news of the strange event spread rapidly. (rowds hastened to the bridge and ran down to the waters edge. They saw the body of the martyred priest resting on the waters, bright and beautiful. The whole river was lighted up with bright rays which came from the martyr's body. per window in the palace the queen many forms moving rapidly to and fro, and she heard the hum of many voices breaking the silence of the night. She hastened to the king to ask what it meant. The tyrant, struck with awe at the news, and forbidding anyone to follow him, fled like a madman from the palace into the country.

The whole city flocked to the river. The canons of the cathedral went in procession, took up the body, and carried it to the church of the Holy Cross of the Penitents. Everyone hastened to kiss the hands and feet of the martyr, and if possible, to procure a shred of his clothes as a relic. ng's wickedness was betrayed by the soldiers. The anger of the people, pent up so long, burst forth. The martyr's death gave them a courage they had not known for a long time. They no longer feared the king's frown, or Hatto's baleful shadow. Their words, their gesture's were full of wrath. The king, hearing of the people's excitement, and fearing a sudden uprising against his tottering throne ent an order to the religious to have the martyr's body secretly removed.

It was accordingly removed, but when everything was ready for its reception, it was borne with the utmost pomp to the cathedral by the clergy add people of Prague. On the tomb of the martyr may yet be read the follow-ing epitaph; "Under this stone lies ing epitaph; 'Under this stone lies the body of the most venerable and most glorious Thaumaturgus, John

the seal of confession, he was cruelly rom the bridge of Prague into the rive Muldaw, by the orders of Wenceslaus IV, King of Bohemia, and son of Charles

The Ball of St. John Nepomucene

The Ball of St. John Nepomucene's canonization was solemnly published by Benedict XIII, in 1729.

Year after year, and night after night, plous mothers gather their little ones round the firesides of Prague to tell them the story of the martyr-saint, who died rather than betray the queen's confession. And never does citizen of Prague cross the bridge from queen's contession. And hever doc-citizen of Prague cross the bridge from whose battlement the saint was cast into the waters of the Muldaw, without piously uncovering his head as a mark of respect to St. John Nepo-

CHAPPER XII.

LAST DAYS OF WENCESLAUS.

"The wicked man fleeth when no on pursueta." As a demoniac carries his tormentor with him wherever he goes, Wenceslaus carried with him the tor ment of gnawing remorse wherever he went. There was no peace in his soul Change of scene brought him no relief. There was no pleasure in his food, no resi in his sleep. His crime had "murdered sleep;" horrible dreams harrassed him in the night; he feared dawn; every

in the night; he feared dawn; every morning began a long day of torture.

The viper his indolence has fostered at length showed its ugly head. The heresy of John Huss had taken deep root. This bold heretic was an able man, one to lead others blindly by the energy of his strong will. He had won over a great number of the students to over a great number of the students to his side They took his adopted heresy for originality of character, and wit him they were ready to profess and maintain the errors of Wickliffe. To the sophistry of John Hass, they added seal and enthusiasm which young the men bring with them to every cause they take up warmly. Young people are fond of hero-worship; John Huss was the hero of the University of was the nero of the University of Prague, and the students, who followed his lead, blindly worshipped him. They carried his name to the furthest bounds of the city; they discussed his theories, and wrangled over what they did not understand. Owing to their numbers their activity, and earnestness, they were a powerful body for good or evil They were to be met in groups in every quarter of the city, denying, distin guishing, and granting arguments heard for the first time in the streets of Prague.

The good people of Prague were astonished at what they overheard from the roisy wranglers. Astonishment soon gave place to curiosity. The people wished to know what the students argued so learnedly and so noisi ly about. The students were right glad to satisfy them. The vulgar stared at them in open-mouthed won der. They could not always make themselves understood; but it mattered not, they were listened to; they were regarded as superior lights, even when were most unintelligible. They were flattered : flattery encourages every admirer of John Huss was glad to gather round him a knot of listeners he easily succeeded in making himsel heard, and thus the way was prepared for the arch-heretic in the city of Prague.

John Huss was born in the village of Huss, from which he took his name His advancement in learning, and in social life, proves him to have been a clever, energetic man. His parents were too poor to afford him the means of a good education. Le carried a young gentleman's books every day to young gentleman's books every day to the university. The lad found it hard to be trudging in ignorance beside his more fortunate companion, and with a manly pride and bold resolve, he determined to know more about the books than their mere weight.

Mixing with the students and profes sors, drawing near to every one that would lend him a book, or a helping hand in his rugged path, he pulled down one by one the barriers which tried every means to induce him to stood in his way, till he became one of retract, he even told him he would be the chief professors in the university.

Being a Bohemian by birth, he had an inborn dislike to the German professors. He went to the king, and obtained from him the privilege that, in all the deliberations of the university. the vote of one Bohemian professor would count as much as the votes of three Germans, or as the votes of any three professors coming from any other country than Bohemia. The German sors were offended. They left Prague in a body, and settled in Leipsic, and to them is mainly due the credit of establishing the famous University of Leipsic. John Huss was now master of the University of Prague. he Bohemian, Saxon, Bavarian, and Polish professors who were with him in the university, weakened by mutual jealousies, bowed down before his sovereign will.

Just about this time. Peter Payne one of Wickliffe's disciples, having fled from England, arrived in Prague. He brought with him the works of his master. They fell into the hands of John Huss. Blasphemous as they were, they pleased him by the newness of their teachings. He felt a strong yearning to teach them openly. But he could not becomingly begin at once; only a short time before he had subscribed the condemnation of those very doctrines. John Huss, however, was not a man to remain idle. He began to make Wickliffe's doctrines subjects of discussion with the students. cess in the university made him bold. He threw off the mask. Preaching one day in the church of Sts. Mathias and Matthew, in Prague, he openly professed and praised the teachings of Wickliffe, and said if he were dying all his yearnings would be satisfied by the assurance that the glory Wickliffe was now enjoying in heaven would be also

Boldness brings success. John Huss was joined by priests who were tired of moral restraint, and by doctors who were discontented with the unfair distribution of the rich livings in the gift of the Church. Those livings were indeed often given to persons having Nepomucene, doctor, canon of this church, and confessor of the queen. Because he had most (aithfully kept | being nobly born, while the virtue and | by a deadlier hate for Hatto, pressed

learning of the lowly born were frequently forgotten. Be that as it may. John Huss had soon a large following. Shinko, Archbishop of Prague, called a Synod, at which were gathered men remarkable alike for virtue and learning. This Synod condemned the doctrines taught by Huss. Huss strove to stir The Archbishop excommunicated him.
He appealed to the Pope; in the meantime the Archbishop died, and Bohemia time the Archbishop died, and Bohemia became a prey to the growing heresy. The heresy preached by John Huss aimed chiefly at sapping the authority of the Pope, and of the superiors in the Church. He said that priests, though excommunicated, ought to preach; but civil and ecclesiastical lords, as Pre-

civil and ecclesiastical lords, as Pre-lates and Bishops, lost all right to rule when they were guilty of moreal sin.

John Huss was fast approaching his unhappy end. He was cited to Rome by the Pope; he refused to obey the summons. In 1414 a General Council was held in the city of Constance. was held in the city of Constance.
John Huss was summoned to appear
before the council to defend his doc
trines, by the Emperor Sigismund.
"This Council," says Schlegel, "Sigismund, true to the ancient idea of em
peror as protector of the Church, and
of the whole Christian republic of Europe, supported with the utmost zeal He was moved to this zeal indeed by a special cause more nearly touching his own interest, for he needed these general assemblies of the Church, and the expression of public opinion they rmed, in order to subdue the mor readily the Hussites, either by forcible or by peaceful means. . . And now, in these bloody Hussite wars we, for the first time, perceive what frightful effects must ensue when the affairs of the Church and of Christianity, neglected by their spiritual and temporal heads, whose first duty it had been to watch over them, at last devolve upon a passionately excited people, and have to be decided by a desolating

Huss refused to leave Prague unless Huss refused to leave resum units the emperor furnished him with a safe conduct. Sigismund gave him the protection he demanded. Instead of peacetection he demanded. Instead of peace-fully awaiting the issue of the council, or preparing to defend his doctrines, or retract them, once arrived at Con-stance he never ceased to praise Wickiffe, and to teach his doctrines openly ough excommunicated by his Bishop in Prague, he continued to celebrate Mass. When the Archbishop of Con-stance heard of these things he prohibited him from celebrating, and he forbade the people to be present at his Mass. He was frightened. He trembled for his safety when he saw the charges which would be made sgainst him. He attempted to fly from the city. Disguising him self as a peasant, he hid himself in a cart-load of hay, but was discovered by a spy placed to watch him. He was arrested by the order of the magistrates of the city. When asked why he disguised himself, and hid himself in the hay, he said it was because he was cold. He was put on horseback and taken to prison. He appealed to the safe conduct given to him by the emperor; but his attention was directed to the clause giving him security only as far as he was charged with certain specified crimes. As far as any erroneous doctrine in faith went, he was told that unless he proved his cause not to be heretical, he must re tract or suffer death. His terror out weighed his attachment to his doc trines. Seeing around him several Bohemians who had accompanied him to the Council, he threw himself from his horse amongst them and tried to евсаре. He was seized again and confined in the Dominican convent; but again trying to escape, he was shut up in a surer prison.

John Huss at last stood before the Council. Witnesses are duly and formally examined. All the charges of which he was accused were proved against him. He was asked to retract: he refused. The Cardinal of Cambray treated more leniently by the Council if he made a full retraction. He answered humbly that he "had come there to be taught by the Council, and that he was willing to obey its decrees." A pen was accordingly handed to him to sign his retractation in the Bohemian language, as he had been asked to do in the beginning. He again refused. The emperor him self strove to bend is stubborness but all in vain. The Council gave him plenty of time. The sixth of July was fixed as the day on which they would give their final decision. Four Bishops and four Bohemian gentlemen were in the meantime sent to induce him to save himself by renouncing his errors, but they could never bring him to make a direct retractation.

The appointed day came at last. He persisted in his errors and was put to

death. It is not every leader of whom it can be said his party outlived him. John Huss was dead, but the Hussites were many and strong. Their next leader, Jerome of Prague, perished in the same manner as their former leader. Maddened at the punishment of their leaders, the Hussites banded together in Bohemia, rained the churches, seized the property of the monasteries, and attempted the life of their king, King

Wenceslaus.
Frightful excesses and desperate outrages were committed in the street of Prague. Hatto pretended to de-spise the Hussites. Many of them had bitter reason to remember him, and they sought to wreak deadly venge ance upon him. He was a bold, fear less man, and few of them cared to meet him singly. Returning home wards one night, and accompanied only by Mauper and a troop of soldiers, Hatto suddenly met a strong party of the Hussites. The road was narrow walls strong and high rose on either side : there was no time for retreat there was no chance of quarter. Hatte saw his only hope of safety lay in breaking through the Hussites. plunged his spurs in his fiery Boher

madly to the front, and though he quickly disabled more than one of them, they dragged him from his horse and trampled him to death. The troop of soldiers fought bravely, but were at length overpowered and disarmed.

At the beginning of the conflict Manper turned and fied; but the modern that the grand of the conflict manual fields and field; but the modern fields are desired to grand the grand the grand to the grand

ment Hatto was dragged to the grou his horse was mounted by one of the Hussites, who followed Mauper, over-took him, and slew him.

took him, and slow him.

Thus perished two men joined through life in forming plots of the deepest villainy. Their names were not linked with a single virtue. They fell under the hands of men whom they had wickedly incited to rebel; they were made the victims of passions which they inflamed for the purpose of

achieving their own heartless aims.

The fate of Wenceslaus is soon told. Four years after the martyrdom of St. John Nepomucene Wenceslaus lost his gentle and virtuous queen. The Saint's death gave her a terrible shock. Weak and languishing, she lingered from 1383 to 1387, when she closed a life of great self-sacrifice and keen sorrow, to begin a life of peace and

changeless rest with the blessed.

Wenceslaus remained some months in the castle of Zebrac, whither he had fied on the night of St. John's martyrdom. His heart grew harder; his ear was deaf to the voice of Heaven his only joy was the brutal pleasur arising from a slothful voluptuous life But his punishment came swiftly. The whole empire was a scene of blo and wild ungovernable disorder. The Switzers raised the standard of revolt, and freed themselves from the contro of Albert of Austria. Wenceslaus sold the duchy of Milan for one hundred Wenceslaus sold thousand florins; one by one he sold out to the highest bidder many of his richest and fairest provinces. He had lost every feeling of manly dignity and ruin. self-respect; but the stubborness of the pause the tyrant and the sottishness of the drunkard accompanied him to the last. In 1383, the princes and states begged the tyrant to leave Bohemia, to reside in the empire, and put a stop to the growing evils. He laughed at their fears, spurned their entreaties, and continued to follow a course which shocked the good and enabled the bad to plunge the whole land into deepest misery. He had no pity for the misery. He had no pity for the wretched. The cry of the widow and the orphan was heard in every street and corner of the kingdom. Still Wenceslaus ate like a glutton, drank like a drunkard, and laughed like a madman. By the advice of his brother Sigismund, the nobility of B hemia locked him up twice as a dangerous lunatic; he escaped from his keepers, but a fit of apoplexy swept him from the lane he had so long cursed with his presence; the German empire and the kingdom of Bohemia began to breathe the pure air of freedom, and to grow strong under the rule of the wise and able Emperor Sigismund,

There is deep solemn silence in the hospital of the Cistercian monastery. Ottried is lying motionless on his bed. A group of monks are kneeling on the floor near the bed; their heads are bowed in prayer: they are praying for the eternal rest of a departed soul; they are begging the Almighty to have mercy on the soul of the generous Offried.

THE END.

IN AN OLD CASTLE. A MYSTERIOUS GHOST, A PICTURE AND

A HAPPY DENOUEMENT. Every evening since I had come, old

Shawous asked: "And did Your Honor sleep well last night?" And every evening I had invariably answered him: "Excellently, Shawmus, as becomes a man who has ridden far and procured an excellent appetite and had it honestly satisfied."

But this night I answered him no

such thing.

This night I answered: " No, Shaw-This night I answered: "No, Shaw-mus, for I heard the ghost."
"Lord save Your Honor," he said, trembling so that he nearly let fall the lagon of cut glass on its silver coaster which held my port wine. been at Kilmanus Abbey, man and boy, or a matter of sixty years, and no ghost have I seen or heard.

What!' said I; "not heard a liquid his name in this unhappy land. lap, lap of a silk train as if it fell from one stair to the other, and the dainty

tapping of high heeled shoes?"

"No such thing, Your Honor," he said obstinately. "There is no g at Kilmauus Abbey. Your Honor at Kilmanus Abbey. Your Honor but tween me and the page. I fought dreamed it, or it was the bats and owls against the possession of it, and time in the upper floor swooping by on their wings; or maybe the seagulls,

ghosts?"
"I am a Highlander," said I, "and none of your unbelieving Sassenachs. The Camerons have the second sight, and I have heard my mother, Elspeth

Cameron, say—''
I broke off with a laugh. Was I going to exchange superstitions with the old man. Then I would talk till midnight. "I saw the lady. Shawmus." I went

on, "for I rose from my bed and threw my plaid around me, and followed her she disappeared somewhere down 'Twould have been no ghost of the

Aylmers, then," he said with a curious conviction, "for no lady of the Ayl mers would demean herself by going to the kitchen, dead or alive."

The pride of the old fellow amused

and pleased me.
"It occurs to me now," I went on. ' that by the fashion of her garments she would have been a living woman about the time you first came to Kilmanus. Her dress belonged to fifty or sixty years ago. I have seen a picture

leer which I thought carried some apprehension. "So close that I might have easily overtaken her, " said I. " But 'tis no business of mine, though the fortune of war has made me the unwelcome guest of the house to spy on a lady, iiv-

ing or dead."

"I wish madam could hear Your Honor," said Shawmus. "She wouldn't grudge you the shelter of her house, then."

"She would grudge it now?"

"Net to Your Honor and the shelter of her house, then."

"Not to Your Honor any more than the people in the valley grudge the shelter of their rooftrees to Your Honor's Highlanders. There were terrible tales before you came. The women were for hiding themselves in the vaults in th' ould abbey."

"Alas," said I. "If others had come

in our place they would have had too much cause."
"Would Your Honor know the ghost

again it you were to see it?" asked Shawmas, with the sly look which covered the fear of a timid and meek old "The garments," I returned. "I

caught no glimpse of her face.
"Would Your Honor come with me?" he asked, his smile all deference his old hand inclined toward one of the silver candle-sticks.

I rose and followed him. At the lead of the first flight of stone steps he unlocked a door. The place struck chill, and the candle was but a glow-worm

lamp amid all that darkness.

I followed him down the long stately room. The moon came from behind a cloud and mildly illuminated it. Pictures were ranged along the walls. There were cabinets between the long window full of china and silver. It was well the Highlander had come here and not the Hessians. The house had great treasures, although it was falling

Half way down the gallery Shawmus paused and lifted the light in his shaky hand. It illumined a picture.

"It is Madame Bridget," he said, "the mother of Sir Hugh. "It was

painted when she was newly wed and I but newly come to Kilmanus." "It is the lady." I cried, "or it is her gown."

There was no mistaking the thick yellow silk. so closely threaded with seed pearls, which well became that lady, ripe as a peach for all her youth. Never had I seen anything so flowing. Her cheek was the bloom of the peach where the sun had kissed it, but her face was browner and warmer than any peach. Her hair was brown with a glow in it, almost a hint of red. Her brown eyes looked on me as though she yet lived. Indeed, as I stood there gazing in the brown candle light, the eyes seemed alive. I stared an instant. Then a sigh broke from me to think

She died young?" I asked, as we left the gailery.
"Scarcely older than Your Honor saw her in the picture." I was glad of it. I could not have thought of

old and sad. Now, night after night I lay awake listening for the lap, lap of the lady's silk on the staircase, and the night I did not hear it it was a lost night for me. The old house amid its woods, with the ruined abbey and its centuries graves close by, and the wild and of graves close by, and the wild and troubled times it was and the mists of the winter, doubtless bred fancies, for here was L Ronald Cameron, fast fall-ing in love with a dead woman or her

I kept out of doors as long as it was possible each day, but while I visited my men and rode from picket to picket —for it was a time of war—the old house or something within it vet draw

me back.
I would not think of it; yet when I come home at nightfall with the snow heavy on my plaid I was as any husband coming to the kiss of a fond wife albeit there waited for me none but the old servant, and the lonely meal Looking round I caught the glint of in the gaunt library, so ancient and his watering eye, which I had thought faded, and full of precious things beauat my first coming to be sinister, but tiful and (arnished. I knew nothing later traced its source as the eager of the family but what the house told later traced its source as the eager of the family but what the house told curiosity of a lonely and friendly old me or weat I gathered from the garrulity of the servant; but I knew that it was very proud and very poor. I also knew that it was suspected of disloyalty, and that the madam and her daughter were in France, and the son more than suspected of complicity knows I blame him not, nor would the King's majesty have blamed him if he had known what things were done in

Night after night, as I sat in the library and read or wrote, my sword on the table by me, my pistols at hand,—for those were wild times—the face There is no ghost of Madame Bridget would come be atter time I refused to be dragged, as my heart would have dragged me, to for the furrows are white with them | the picture gallery to gaze upon her and the hunger drives them indoors. face, since there was something un-Sure Your Honor doesn't believe in holy, and to be feared, I thought, in this sudden passion for the dead.

But presently there came a proof that the ghost lived.

One night, after I had tossed for hours, I yielded to the desire that beset me for a sight of the picture, feeling that once I had seen it, I might perhaps sleep. I therefore rose and dressed myself, and went downstairs. It was full moon, and I knew just the hour when it would shine on the pic-

ture, so that I needed no light.
I gazed my fill, and was about to return to my chamber. Alas! looking on the pictured face had not assuaged my desire to behold the living woman, My heart cried out within me as I turned away because she was dead. My heart cried out within And then I remembered old ballads my mother used to sing of unhappy knighter who trysted with dead ladies in impenetrable forests, and lost their souls there by. Yet one thing I am sure of that she was no lost soul, the gay and

tender lady of the picture.

As I left the gallery I heard a sudden swish, swish of sitks in the great hall below me, and drew back into the of the Princess Clementina attired in shadow of the curtain that overhung just such a gown. It was yellow satin, looped and embroidered with pearls."

"Your Honor got close to the ghost?" the old fellow asked with a seen her face in the quiet composure

of death I should cease to be haunted by the face of the living woman. Up she came, swish, swish, with he silks all rustling softly and a light came with her. A second more and he face showed above the upper step. Sh carried a silver branch of three way candles; and their light was full on he face. It was pale, paler than the face

or the portrait, yet the minute I sav it, I knew it was the face of no ghost but of a warm, living woman.

Hardiy had my blood begun to rustumultuously through my veins at th knowledge than it was frozen again Had I made an unconscious movement "Hush!" said the lady, in the soites

of whispers, and then drew back little. Then I saw she was not alone. A extremely handsome youth was wit her, following close behind. "Did you hear anything, Harry?

she asked in a whisper.
"Nothing, sweet," he replied "The old house was always a place for

strange noises at night."
His face came into the light of th candle. He were his hair unpowdered and it fell over the collar of a soldier cloak. Under the cloak I saw the gli

ter of uniform. He had fine blue eye and features of a classical delicacy an d gnity, finely set off by his night black hair. He looked pale and ha assed, and I thought he held a hand i his side. So much I recalled afterward, an wondered how I had carried so cles an impression from the black passio of rage and jealousy which swept ove

me at the sight of her lover.

As they stood there, she hesitating he slipped an arm about her neck. M hand went to my sword. I would hav killed him without a scruple. The her words saved him.

"Your wound-" she began So he was wounded and unharmed I turned away, setting my teeth, in the darkness. When I looked again, the had passed up the stairs.

Now, even then, in the extremity my jealousy, I did the lady no wron So it was a lie old Shawmus had to me, and the family yet hid in the w derness of the great house, which had never thought to explore.
much consideration had I shown the though I believed it empty. Doub they had thought the coming the soldiery menaced them with t speakable things, as it had done els where, and so they burrowed awa from one poor Highland gentlema who would not have hurt a hair their heads. And the lady's loverrebel, doubtless-came to see her

mightfall.

I tossed on my bed sleepless ti morning. I, who had not known sleepless night till I came to Kilman Abbey, found my bed that night place of torture. Indeed, my loo and the sorry breakfast I made rouse the commiseration of old Shawmi who appeared at my horse's head, as mounted, with a flagon of spiced win

"A stirrup cup, Your Honor," said. "Your Honor looks this morning as though you had seen a ghost." took the wine, and it warmed me.

I rode over the frosty ground, I resolved within myself to leave the pla which had worked so evilly upon m There was another house of some co sideration in the glen which would a ceive me, and I should be among loys ists. I had chosen Kilmanus Abb

because the house should be safe-When I returned at night and to old Shawmus that he was about to quit of me, I saw first a light of rel in the rascal's face. Then it was flowed quickly by a deeper shado "Twould be better Your Hon

stayed," he said, "for we may get worse in your place." I had no thought to sleep that nigh The fire went low in the library; I plenished it. The candles burnt to t ocket. I had the full moon and the light. So I sat in the deep characteristics within the screen of Spanish leath by the fire, and with my chin on brea t, thought my bitter and leale

thoughts. It was about two of the clock a bitter cold when I heard the lap, of the lady's silks gliding down stairs, and the hurrying tapping of I little heels. She came hurriedly, admit her lover, I did not doubt, business which admitted of no delay.

Suddenly there was a little shrip soft and quiet that I hardly kn it I had really heard it. But I went the door and looked out. There v the lady sitting on the lower step. pr to the lips. The branch of cand beside her fluttered in the wind. she saw me, her lips opened as thou to speak, and closed. Her eyes look at me as though they prayed me mercy. It was the girl of the picti with a shadow of fear all over her jo "Madam," said i, going near "what is the matter?"

'I have twisted my foot," said a 44 My heel turned beneath. I can: What am I to do?" Kneeling down by her, I felt abothe ankle. I am the seventh son a seventh son, and know something medicine. "'Tib a strain," said I, "You l

better let me lift you to a couch. Y will not be able to stand upon it." Only then I noticed that she wor large, feathered hat, and a cloak velvet that hid her finery.
"What am I to do?" she crie

wringing her hands. "It is not mys sir, but some one needs help. Will ; and old Shawnus and send him for doctor? There is a horse in the abl ready to be ridden." If the case is urgent," I said, ";

had better trust me. I know sor thing of medicine. It is seven miles the nearest town.' "Sir," she replied, "the old n

Shawmas has learned to love you. have not dared to trust his report you. But now I cannot help it. I will trust you in the name of G Upstairs a gentleman lies bleeding, all we know, to death. We can we know, to death. staunch the wound."
"Show me the way." I said, and the

added: "I beg your pardon, but the is nothing else to be done."

And with that I took her in my at