

and thoughts on one far removed, and, by something concerning which we hide our ignorance by the term "magnetism," draw their eyes and thoughts to ourselves.

From her quivering nostrils and dilating eyes, Saville saw that his nymph of the mountain, wood, or water—the embodied enigma that he was now most curious to solve—was on the eve of flight; therefore, cap in hand, and with the suave grace of one familiar with the salons of Paris, he stepped forth from his concealment.

But, seemingly, his politeness was as utterly lost on the maiden as it would have been on a wild fawn, or the heron whose plumage mingled with her flowing hair, for like an arrow she darted by him up the steep ascent, with a motion so swift, so seemingly instantaneous, that he stood gazing after her as helplessly as if a bird had taken wing.

It was not until she had gained a crag far above him, and there paused a moment, as if her curiosity mastered her fears, that he recovered himself, and cursed his stupid slowness.

But, when he again advanced toward her and essayed to speak, she sprang from her perch, and was lost in the thick copse-wood of the bank. Only her light hazel fishing-rod, and the line with the water-lily bud, remained to prove that the whole scene was not an illusion, a piece of witchery that comforted well with the hour and the romantic region.

Correctly imagining that though invisible she might