

relieved them of their watches and rings, and left the apartment chuckling over his ill-gotten spoils.

CHAPTER VII.

AN APPARITION.

"Diabolo, madam: Diachilo, I had a strange dream this night."

"Ola, you may have yet another before the morning."

"San Josia! but I did dream I saw the man with the cloven foot, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and a Portuguese hat!"

"Aha, and I suppose that he seemed quite familiar to you, but who did he look like?"

"Oh, he seemed very ugly and old."

"But who did he look like?"

"Well, since you ask me, I must say that he bore a striking resemblance to you, my dear!"

"Ola, to me? but I will tell you who I would like to see. Do you know I would have my father come to me—my father who died in *ma belle France*."

"Yes; but why see him, what could he do for you?"

"Listen, before he died he buried a bag of gold somewhere in his vineyard, and to the day of his death he told no man where he had buried it."

"Are you sure that he knew himself?"

"Himself? Garcia, but all Southern France knew not such a fine character."

"Are you sure, my dear, that he buried it before he died? Geniuses you know are always doing strange things."

"Do you know, if I could see my father, I would boldly ask him where he hid it, and as I was his favourite child I am sure he would be only too glad of an opportunity of telling me its hiding place."

"Would you not be afraid of him?"

"Garcia, no! not I, indeed."

"But you never saw a ghost?"

"Ave Maria, no!" she crossed herself as she spoke.

"But I did once, and it was so awful that the very thought of it makes me tremble all over like, and almost makes me cry! I learned a dreadful lesson this once. Ah, mother, if a ghost should ever ask you for anything, give it if it lies in your power, else may Heaven have mercy upon you! But I will not tell you what I saw, it would drive you crazy!"

"Ave Maria! but I am trembling now!"

"They tell me that this Posada is haunted, that every fifty years strange sounds are heard in the cellar, and the rattle of a chain!"

"I have never heard it, and I don't believe one word of it." A deep groan from one corner of the apartment broke the silence which succeeded this avowal of disbelief. It might not have carried conviction with it, or it might have caused her liege lord to dismiss the unwelcome and hateful thought, were it not

accompanied by the pair motionless, frighten th by its loud

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"Caramba, t it is useless her tell you all that The door or was the simplest It was consequ