THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS JAS. A. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP. It was "past twelve" when Tim Flanagan's guests quitted his hospitable dwelling, and as we have seen Mr. and Mrs. Blake home, we cannot do less than return for some of the others. Now we would have great pleasure in accompanying Mrs. Reilly and her son, or Mr. O'Callaghan and his daughter, to their respective domiciles; but for the present we must, however unwill ingly, overlook their claims to our at n, in order to see what befell the Sheridans, for whom we have no small They were walking home etly, Daniel and his wife bevery quietly, Daniel and his who very quietly, Daniel and his who some fore, and Mike following close behind fore, and mike following close behind with his young sister. The great city was silent and motionless, save where the lurid light and the discordant sounds of drunken revelry, issuing from an open door, proclaimed the gin-shop or the low tavern, or perhaps the filthy brothel-places wherein are perpetrated those "deeds unholy" - that make

night hideous to contemplate.

It so happened that the Sheridans had to pass a tavern of the very lowest description, and as they came near the door, Daniel turned round and said in a law rate of the second to be seen to door, Daniel turned round and said in a low voice to his son, "Don't say a word, Mike, till we get past Boner's, for I hear such a noise in it that I'm sure it's full. Keep quiet now and let

All right, father—go ahead !" said

"All right, father—go ahead!" said Mike; "we'll be as quiet as mice." He had hardly said the word when out from Boner's came two or three rowdy-looking fellows, evidently the worse for liquor. They were just felicitating themselves on having outwitted the landlord, and one of them, a second state of the same felicity in a round. fine, strapping young fellow, in a round slop jacket, and a white hat with a black band, said with a horse laugh, "I guess I done him slick that time, for all so wide awake as he is? didn't I, Jim?"

I guess you did, Hugh-the old shark got bit for once. Ha! ha!"
"But who have we here!" said the first speaker, unluckily catching a glimpse of Annie Sheridan's fair face. 'I say boys, there goes a first-rate gal—who'll try his fortune?—I will, for

Go it, old fellow!" cried both of his comrades; "we'll stand to you like bricks."

The Sheridans quickened their pace almost to a run, but it was no use, their rufflanly pursuers were still close

for God's sake hurry on, children!" said the mother, in a thrilling whisper, and not daring to turn her head.
"There's two of them," said one of
the rullans—the fellow addressed as

Jim-" let's us knock down the fellows and we'll have them slick. Come along, we're three to two, and one of them's

Not so old as you think," said Dan to himself; " young enough and strong enough to deal with the like of you the

best day ever you were."
"A fine night, Miss!" said the fellow called Hugh, coming up close to poor Annie, whose little heart throbbed as though it would burst its prison. Now it so happened that Mike had borrowed Edward Flanagan's highly valued oak stick, observing, half in jest and half in earnest, that it might be useful before he got home. This trusty friend he clutched lovingly in his right hand, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the other, in whom he had at once re-

cognized an old acquaintance.
"Not so fast there!" cried the
drunken assailant; "I'm bound to
have a look at this here gal. I say, young woman, won't you take my arm?" at the same time catching the terrified

Hands off !" cried Mike; "don't dare to lay a finger on her !'' and drawing his sister from the rufflan's grasp, he gave her to her mother, who turned on the instant. "You're in the wrong

p this time, my fine fellow!"
Oh Mike dear!" said his mother, " let them alone. Do, for God's sake see, we're almost at home." "Be quiet, Jenny," said Dan, "Mike won't fight if he can help it. Don't be frightened, but hurry on with Annie!" The name thus twice repeated was not lost on the assailant.
Ha, Mike Sheridan, that's you, is

know you of old, and I owe you one—I do! Jim, pitch into the old feller; and, Bill, you look after the gal!—they're in for it now, by—!" and he

swore an awful oath.
"Are we so?" said Mike, coolly, as

The fellow roared out like an elephant.

"Curse you, you've broken my arm!"

"Curse yourself, and not me!" was the cool reply. "It wasn't my faulthoop you're not hurt, father!" but his father did not answer; he had run off in pursuit of Bill, who had followed Mrs. Sheridan and Annie. Seeing this, Mike hastened a way. leaving one of the land of the state of the land of the shade of the land of the shade of the land of the l Mike hastened away, leaving one of the vanquished to look after the other, and scolded and threatened—nay, they had

on his pesterior, telling him to take that by way of a keepsake. Mrs. Sheridan and her daughter had just got into the house, where Nancy, the maid-servant, had been sitting up waiting for

"Never mind wakening the men, Jenny!" said her husband from with-out, "Mike and I have settled the fellows ourselves. Here comes Mike and his shillelagh. Did you see that last move, Mike? Didn't I give Bill what

he was working for?"
"You did, indeed, father!" said
Mike, laughing heartily, "what a great
lubberly poltroon the fellow is!"
"Poltroon!" repeated Dan; "faith

I made him a poltroon, for I gave him the weight of my fist before you came up, and that cooled his courage wonder, fully. The rest was all smooth water. By this time the door was secured— the mother and daughter laughed and wept by turns, and Nancy was almost

beside herself with joy when she heard how her master and his son had drubbed father, "I think we ought to hang that stick over the fire-place, as they used to hang up swords and guns in old

times. It did us good service this very night. I hope you're not hurt any-Nothing worth speaking of, father-

I think I sprained my wrist making that blow at your friend Jim — but it doesn't signify." Mrs. Sheridan's anxiety thus aroused, she speedily went about preparing a linament and a bandage, and Mike's

arm was very soon bound up and resting in a sling.
"I wish you joy of your admirer,
Annie!" said Mike, with a smile. "Do

you know who he is?"

Annie began to pout. She was only Annie began to pout. She was only fourteen, though tall for her age, and she was really so far behind the age as to feel ashamed at any allusion of the kind. "No, I don't know him," said she, "nor I don't want to know him. He's a nasty big bad wan, that's what he is!"

"Did you know him, father?" inquired Mike earnestly.
"Know him! to be sure I did—wasn't

it that vagabond Dillon? didn't I hear what you and he said to each other?"
"Why, now, Dan," said Mrs. Sheridan, "can it be possible that he's so far gone as that?—a decent father and

other's child as he undoubtedly is. "Well, decent or no decent," said Dan bluntly, "there he is for you. If is father and mother were decent, they were neither wise nor prudent-that's all we can say. Our Mike her is bad enough in all conscience, but I hope in God he'll never come so low as that, eh, Mike? — but, indeed, I shouldn't have a heavy word on you

shouldn't have a neavy word on you this night, my poor fellow! after you fighting for us all so bravely. There's my hand, Mike, that I was only in jest. With all your little wildness, you never gave an ill word to your mother or me, nor a sore heart—I'll say that much for and the tear of affection glistened in the father's eye.

Mike cleared his throat once or twice

before he attempted to answer. "Small thanks to me for that, father! I'd be orse than Judas if I could ever forget your goodness to me, and, please God, I never will! I'm bad enough at times, I know, and gets past myself with merriment, but I hope I'll never lose

merriment, but I nope I in never loss sight of the fourth commandment, as poor old Mr. Lanigan used to say."

"May the Lord bless you, Mike!" said his mother, as she laid her hand on his head and smoothed down his rich anburn hair with a mother's fondness. "You must go to bed now, my son! for you're in need of rest, and so is your

'I hope that unfortunate Dillon in't badly hurt," said Mike, thoughtfully, "I know he was only stunned, for I saw him beginning to move as I ran to help you father."
"Even if he was hurt," said Dan,

Thanks be to God, it's

earpenter; a man who was considered well-to do in the world, employed two or three journeymen, and was seldom without some contract. His family consisted of his wife and three children, consisted of his wife and three children, the eldest of whom was our luckless acquaintance, Hugh. The two others were fine dashing girls, one nineteen, and the other a year or two younger. Unhappily for the children, their parents had early conceived a notion (similar to that entertained by Miles Blake) that the Common or Mixed Schools were much better calculated to promote the worldly prosperity of boys and girls than were the Catholic schools. John Dillon was himself wholly illiterate, and being all his life "Are we so?' same
he placed his back against the wan and he placed his back against the wan and he placed his back against the wan he were much better calculated to prower much better lie, or, as John was wont to say praying schools," nothing could in

him, and his sisters served a similar apprenticeship to Miss Davison. The consequence was just what might be who, seeing his comrade prostrate and motionless, began to think the affair rather too serious for his liking; it was just as much as he could do to defend himself from Dan's vigorous attack, and before he could make up his mind what to do, Mile's stick came whirling what to do, Mile's stick came whirling the rise and days on his right. through the air and down on his right man" to his very face; and at twenty, arm, which fell powerless by his side.

The fellow roared out like an elephant.

(Convey you you're health my am!) have been the ready money he could find in the

just came up in time to see his father dismissing the valiant Bill with a kick cases with him." The good priest number one !"

went, it is true, but with little hope of succeeding; still he went, because he thought it his duty to go when asked; and he talked to Hugh with that mild dignity and persuasive eloquence which had won back many a soul from the ways of vice and error; and Hugh listened with apparent interest, and told the project that that was what he told the priest "that was what he called first rate talk, and he guessed he'd think of it—some day;" that was he'd think of it—some day; that was all the satisfaction the Doctor could get from him, and with a heavy sigh he left the house, pitying the unfortunate parents of such a son, and saying in his own heart: "pray heaven he may die a natural death!"

That was Dr. Power's last visit to the the pullon, who ever told as a capital

Hugh Dillon, who ever told as a capital joke how the priest had tried "to come it over him, but was confoundedly bit-the cunning old fox!" Hugh's educa tion did not end with Mr. Simpson' tuition; it was continued in and around the engine houses, where his evenings and sometimes, nights were spent, from wwher master and his son had drubbed be rascals.
"I'll tell you what, Mike!" said his ther, "I think we ought to hang that raise money to go to the theatre. The raise money to go to the theatre. pa'ernal mansion was rarely blest with the light of his countenance, and when he did go there it was by stealth, a his father had forbidden him the hous ince he had decamped with the mo Still, his poor heart-broken mothe encouraged him to go once in a while when she knew her husband was likely to be absent, still hoping "againg hope," that he might yet be reclaimed when he had sown all his wild oat Alas! that time never came; Hugh Dillon never sowed any other than "wild oats." He lived and died "one of the b'hoys." of the b'hoys." When about nineteen, he bound himself to a butcher, in Centre market, but very soon found that he had no taste for such hard work. He left the butchering business to those who liked it better, and tried his hand for a while at stage-driving. This, too, was soon given up, for the fact was that Hugh could not confine himself to any regular employment. He grew any regular employment. He greevery day more idle and dissipate People began to wonder how he found money to spend; but whether he had money or not he kept lounging around the taverns, and, in due time, became a confirmed "loafer," the meanest and most worthless of human beings the meanest and (always excepting election days, when no man is worthless in the great Re-

If Hugh Dillon had ever possessed heart or soul—and Tim Flanagan al-ways maintained that he had had originally a fair share of both-they had evaporated, long years before his second encounter with Mike Sheridan. Religion he had none, natural affection was dead within him, the word honor was meaningless for him, and he knew no other law than that of his own will. Boner's tavern was one of his favorite haunts, as Boner was famous for keep-

ing good liquor. Such had been the life of Hugh Dillon since we saw him at Mr. Simpson's school, sneering at Harry Blake for his Irish and papist propensities. It was a pitiable life to contemplate, especially when taken in connection with Dillon personal appearance, for he was really a fine-looking young fellow, notwith-standing all the disadvantages of his condition. Well might his parents bewail their early imprudence. And they did bewail it in sorrow and in shame; but grief and remorse were alike unavailing; neither could bring back the past, nor arrest the headlong career of ruin which their own ness had first marked out. The daughters of the family were just one step above their brother—no more. Dress was their hobby; and before that grand idol all minor objects had to give way Still they professed a sort of subjection to their parents, depending, of course, on certain conditions, such as the being allowed to "dress as fine" as they wished, to go to the theatre once in a shortly, "he got nothing but what he deserved. You needn't bother your self about him. Go to bed and try to Go to bed and try to Thanks be to God, it's ditions all fulfilled (in other words, self about him. Go to bed and try to get some sleep. Thanks be to God, it's no worse with us than it is!"

Leaving Mike to woo "tired Nature's sweet restorer," we will take a retrospective glance at the career which had brought Hugh Dillon to such a state of moral destitution. He was the only son of a respectable and industrious considered the superporter; a man who was considered white's well-timed blow, he found him-

consciousness, suspended for a while by Mike's well-timed blow, he found himelf with his head lying against a lamp post, and his first sensation was some-what similar to that of the unlucky "little woman" who "went to the market to sell her eggs," and who got into bloomers while she slept, through the malicious agency of whose name was Stout."

Goodness, mercy on me! sure this i

By degrees he arrived at the con clusion that it was himself—Hugh Dil-lon,—and no other, who lay there in his proper person; then came the

If this be I, as I suppose it be is arm to deal the blow. udden strength by the recollection, Dillon raised himself up, clenched his ceth, ditto his fist, and looked around teeth, ditto his list, and looked around to see whether Mike was within striking distance. But no-no-all was silent around-neither Mike Sheridan nor any one else was to be seen, and the cold night-breeze sent a chill to he wretched heart of that houseless, homeless man.

homeless man.

"Where can they have gone to?"
he asked himself over and over again,
thinking of his trusty comrades. "I
guess there minding number one!"
He was making the best of his way
back to Boner's, when Jim bolted out
of a neighboring alley, accosting him
with: "Hillo, Dillon! is that you?
I thought you were a dead man!"

"I thought you were a dead man!"
"If I'm not, I needn't thank you!"
responded Dillon. "I might have been

" Now that's what I call real mean of you, Dillon!"—do you know that I've got my arm broken—and it was all along your quarrel. I had nothing to do with it. See there!" and he to do with it. See there!" and he pointed to the arm which hung motion-

less by his side.
"Well, it can't be helped!" replied
Dillon, coolly. "Where's that blubbering feller, Bill? Hillo! here he omes! I guess his arm ain't broken! He 'most always gets it on the other end of him !" Sure enough, Bill came up rubbing

and bemoaning the very part indicated by Dillon, whereupon the latter burst into a loud laugh, saying: "I told you so, Jim-didn't I?—who kicked

on, Bill ?"

Bill only replied by a sullen grunt, and an affectionate consignment of the querist to the land of "blazes." Jim was in little better humor, so that Dil-lon found it expedient to lay a sticking-plaster on their mental wounds.

ing-plaster on their mental wounds.

"Come, come, now—don't be so savage on my hands—let's go back into Boner's, and you'il see if I don't warm your hearts with some of his nuwber one. That's the stuff for broken down courage !—eh, lads,—ain't it?"

"I guess it won't heal my arm!" growled Jim—"it will take a doctor and some close confinement to do that and some close confinement to do that

—curse the feller, if ever I get my eye on him again, I'll do for him-I

"All right, old feller!" responded Dillon, as they gained the door. 'It will go hard with two of us, if we don't give him his oats! We owe him, let me see, a broken head, ditto an arm, me see, a broken head, data and together with an unmannerly applica-tion of his boot-toe to the rear of Bill's premises; well, never mind, that s twice he floored me; I'll come at him for the whole round sum when he least

expects it!"

"But it wasn't the young man that I had to do with," said Bill, sullenly;
"it was the old feller himself. I'll he hanged if he hasn't the strength of two men in him! That leg of his must two men in him! That leg of his must be something harder than flesh; I'm bound to say, I'll not forget it in haste!" and he again rubbed the afflicted part, to the great a nusement of Dillon, at least, for Jim was in no humor of laughing. His friend Boner sent for a doctor to set his broken limb, and in his hands we leave him. Well content are we to get back to Well content are we to get back to "other men and other scenes." And

yet the course of cur narrative brings us but one step higher in the moral

It was the morning after the merry meeting at Tim Flanagan's. Miles Blake and his wife were seated at the breakfast table. They had sent more than once to apprise the young people that breakfast was ready. Miles was in no very good humor, and told his wife not to bother herself any more about them-"my heart's broken with them," said he, "that's what it is. They have no respect for Mary, than if we were the dirt off his feet. Did you ever hear anything like the impudence that Henry gave me last night?"

Eliza coming in at the moment pre vented her mother from making any reply. "What in the name of good-ness kept you so late?" said Mrs. Blake. "It's a shame for young people like you and Henry to have their father and mother waiting for them at the breakfast table! Is your brother coming down, or what is he about?"
"Why, I thought you knew that he

wasn't going to breakfast here!"
"No, indeed, I knew no such thing Where else would be breakfast? Hush!

here he comes! here he comes!"
But Henry T. Blake was not going there; he had no intention of joining the little family-circle on that particular morning. Passing on through the hall, and turning neither to the right hand nor the left, he deliberately put on his hat and sailed forth, no one knew Eliza. In a note, which was just handed to Mrs. Blake, the dutiful son "declared his intention" with a vengeance. The note read as follows:

"MY DEAR MOTHER :- As my father thought proper to favor me last even-ing with an intimation that my ways were not altogether pleasing to him, at the same time threatening to turn me out of doors, or something to that ffect. I hereby beg to apprise you and nim, with all due respect, that I would nuch rather perform that office myself than have him or any one else do it for me. Wishing you both a good appetite for your breakfast, although I cannot partake of it without forfeiting my own self-respect, I remain, my dear mother,

Your affectionate son, HENRY T. BLAKE

At first this note was regarded by both parents as a practical joke, not-withstanding Eliza's assurance that it vas no such thing ; but, on inquiring of the servants, it was found that Henry had actually sent off his trunks very early in the morning. This was dole-ful news for the father and mother. How did I get here?" Now, it was nothing new for poor Hugh to find him self in similar circumstances, but he wanted to know who reduced him to wanted to know who reduced him to self in similar circumstances, but he wanted to know who reduced him to make the window. and walk to the window, in order to conceal his emotion. Eliza looked from one to the other; she thought of their one to the other; she thought of their long years of devotion and affection, and tender care; of the many sacrifices which they had made for Henry and herself; she remembered the brilliant visions in which she had so often heard ooth parents indulge when talking of their children's future, and now she saw them spiritless and heart broken, outraged in their tenderest affections. It is true, she still sympathized with Henry, but she could not look on such

Going round the table to where her mother sat, she put her arm round her

neck, and begged of her to be composed.
"Come to your breakfast, pa, dear!"
said she, "it will be quite cold; ma, do not take on so. I'm sure Henry will be back soon. I guess he will soon tire of boarding out, and you shall see him coming home a true penitent some of these days."

Miles shook his head, but resumed his place at the table. His wife dried utes his own success in business, in a stature of a man, her strange guide her eyes, and prepared to pour out the great measure, to his being a Free-paused.

coffee. Eliza's kindness was the best consolation that either could have had at the moment, and their gratitude to sion."

About the consolation of the consolation o her was so touchingly manifest, that Eliza could scarcely restrain her tears. It seemed to her then that nothing t seemed to her then that nothing could ever again induce her to be ashamed of her parents, or to treat them with disrespect. Whether she kept her with disrespect.

good resolution remains to be seen. But, lest the reader should be too sanguine on that point, be it remembered that a certain place, which we do not choose to name, is paved with good re-Singular paving-stones for solutions."

such a place! In the course of that afternoon, Henry Blake met Zachary Thomson, by ap-pointment, for the transaction of some important business. "Before entering important business. "Before entering on the matter in hand," said Blake, "let me inform you that I have changed

quarters this morning. The old man poke to me in such a way last evening that I could no longer put up with it; and to tell the truth, I feel much better pleased to be away from the old couple; their surveillance was at times, scarcely to be tolerated."

"At all events, changes are pleasant now and then," said Zachary, "but where have you moved to?" "For the present you will find me at

Mrs. Delmaine's boarding-house."
"But what of Eliza?"
"Oh! Eliza's all right; she's in full possession at home. She can, somehow, submit to what I could not—or would ot if I could! Eliza's your look-out.

let others do as they may!"
"Well, I suppose I needn't attempt to deny it," said Zachary, with a smile, better her than Jane Pearson—eh.

Henry?' Nonsense! you always get on to that subject, start where we may. But what about the other affair?"

"Oh! that's all settled. The Lodge meets to-night, and I'll introduce you. I proposed you at the last meeting, and I suppose you hardly thought it neces-sary to acquaint your governor with

Zachary. "You have often told me that your Church is opposed to secret

ieties?"
Oh! as to that, Dr. Power never consults me in his affairs, nor will I go out of my way to consult him. You have proved to my satisfaction that it is a great advantage for a lawyer to be a Freemason, and as I mean to attain a Freemason, and as I mean to accoming a high place in the profession, if I possibly can, I will leave no means untried. If joining your honorable order, may serve as a step, I am right willing to do it. At what hour do you assemble?"

emble ?" "About eight, or half-past eight. Shall I call for you?"

"If you please — you will find me ready. At eight o'clock, punctual to his appointment, came Zachary Thomson, and as the two friends walked arm-inarm to the house where the Lodge asembled, Henry said, all of a sudden:

"A propos to what we were just saying; did you hear what befell that wild cousin of mine, Mike Sheridan?" " No, what was it ?-nothing bad I hope, for I confess I have a sort of lik-

ing for Mike; he's a good-hearted fellow as ever lived."
"Oh, of course" said Henry laughing; "good nature is, I believe, a characteristic of the class to which he belongs; Mike is of the genus Paddy as thoroughly Irish as if had fed on potatoes all his life, and made his daily

ablutions in holy water.' "Weil, but you have not told me what happened to him; I am really an-

Xious to hear."
Henry proceeded to relate the occurrence, ending with: "I cannot tell how true it may be; I've not had time to inquire;

· 1 tell the tale as 'twas told to me.' "That Dillon is a great scamp!" said Zachary, with honest indignation. "There's scarcely a week goes over my head that I don't hear of him in some disgraceful brawl; he's a hard case, take my word for it. As for Mike, he's a brave fellow, and I honor Mike, he's a brave fellow, and I honor his hands joined in an attitude of him—I do so. But here we are!—now, prayer, stood before her. make up your mind, my good friend, for a solemn scene. In a few minutes you must stand before that venerable body, Lodge No. — and ask to be admitted a member of that time-honored tracted towards herself. order, whose power is felt throughout the earth, and makes thrones and em-

"I don't doubt it—come along, my riend—my brother that is to be! You are about to take an important step,

After an hour or spent in Lodge No.—, our two friends sallied forth once more and turned their faces to-wards Zachary's home, "How do you feel now?" was Zachary's question half laughing and balf serious.

"Periectly satisfied," was the response, "and much encouraged."
"Den't you feel as if you had got a staff to lean on ?- that's just how I felt

"Well, I can't say I feel such a perceptible support as yet," replied Henry laughing; "whatever I may do hereafter. I feel, however, that I have crossed the Rubicon, declared myself a free man, as far as the priests are conerned, and secured for myself the sworn assistance of a very numerous and powerful body! If that be your

off, then it is also mine."
"I am happy to hear it. Come in w and have some supper. Father now and have some supper. Father will be rejected to hear of your joining the order."

"Why, do you mean to say that your

now going on, let me see, five-and-twenty years. It was he that made me twenty years. It was he that made me last before ar join, for he always says that he attrib big enough

"Ah!" sighed Blake, "there is the advantage of having an enlightened, educated man for a father; I can almost envy you."

Just then the door was opened, and eeing them safely housed, we leave them for the present.

TO BE CONTINUED. THE GHOSTS OF THE ABBEY

AGNES O'FARRELL ROWE IN CATHOLIC

Author of "Strangely Met," "Come," "A

It was a very old, rather tumbled-down and dilapidated looking house. For years it had borne the reputation

of being haunted and was supposed to have been a monastery in days gon by.

The country declared that the monks were to be seen nightly about the grounds, telling their beads, while one

old friar in particular was reported to traverse certain corridors, and parts of the house in a manner which fact that some secret weighed heavily upon his mind. This good spirit was described by

those who alleged they had seen him as wearing a coarse brown habit fastened at the waist by a cord, the hood, or cowl, being always well drawn forward cowl, being always well drawn forwards so as to conceal the head. A low mur muring sound, generally heard som distance off as though to warn peopl of the approach of the supernatura was supposed to accompany

each apparition.

"No, I cannot say that I have been "No, I cannot say that I have been honored by a visit from his reverence myself," said our host, in answer some of the questions asked; "but m daughter has seen the visitor twice according to her story, but ha never mustered sufficient courage to challenge him. I must acknowledge that we have all heard rather stronge, uncanny sounds a times, but have seen nothing, so we pu the peculiar noise down to no moromantic source than the scuttling In spite of Mr. water rats." assertion that he saw some dark object hiding among the ruins of the old abbe church a few nights previously, th major still remained an could not be raised to sufficient en iasm to head the search party which we

intended to institute.

Both my friend and I had fully made ap our minds that if such a person as he monk existed we would unearth im during these few holidays. Now, I was only a young medical student who head for some time had been far more full of love for pretty Ella Leigh, Jack's sister, than it was of either study or medicine. According to Jack's own arrangement that night we slipped from the house long after all the more sober-headed inmates were asleep, and having hidden ourselves among the

ruins, waited for the first appearance of the ghost. Meantime Ella Leigh lay awake think-Meantime Ena Leigh lay aware think-ing of all the stories that she had ever heard in connection with their new home. It was only of late years that the old Abbey had been purchased by her father, and now that she had fin-ished school and was at liberty to indulge in a little romance of this she found it very interesting to hear the different stories told by the neigh-

boring peasants.

To her it seemed not an improbable thing that the monks should still haunt. their earthly home. What more likely than that their relics and valued church treasure were concealed somewhere bout, hidden from the time of the Re formation? Perhaps they were but waiting for the arrival of one of their own faith who would have courage listen to them, and to whom they cou divulge their secret and thus earn a

At length, tired out, the weary closed, and she fell into a heavy slumber. Suddenly she awoke with the feeling that she was not alone. She raised herself on her elbow and looked around. The bright moonlight streamed in through the window and cast a hal-lowed radiance about the room. It seemed to the girl that the curtains o her little bed parted and a monk in a brown habit, his head bent forward and

prayer, stood before her.
With a terrible feeling of horror upon her Ella lay watching him, spell-bound with amazement, scarcely daring to breathe lest her attention might be at-

tracted towards herself.

The mysterious figure stood for some time earth, and makes thrones and empires tremble at will. Are you still resolved?"

"Quite so—why do you doubt it?"

"I don't doubt it—come along, my while her towards herself.

The mysterious figure stood for some time as though expecting the girl to address him, but all her boasted courage seemed to have deserted her. She only stared with wildly terrified eyes upon him, while her tongue, with which she would fain have summoned help, seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth and was unable to perform its

For fully five minutes, which seemed hours to her, the figure stood; then, seeing no advance likely to be made on her part, the monk raised his head and looked straight into the eyes of the looked straight into the eyes of the girl. A pleading expression passed over his pale, haggard countenance as he fixed a pair of piercing eyes upon her, and then slowly and solemnly made a movement with his long, bony fingers motioning her to rise and follow him.

During this interval some of her courage and daring had returned. It was not likely if this was a visitor from another world that he would want tharm her; besides, was not this th opportunity for which she had often longed? Now that it had arrived surely she must do something. Terribly frightened and shivering in every limb, though trying her best to if possible to learn what it all meant,

the girl instinctively followed.

Her guide did not seem to walk, but rather glided along as though floating on air. Still keeping her courage well why, as you have father is a Freemason?"

'Yes, I do; I thought I had told you so before Father has been a Freemason, following him as he tranverse following him as he tranverse landing outside her room. Paus high was following him as he tranversed the landing outside her room. Pausing at last before an alcove which was quite to hold the full-sized