A SCHOOL TEACHER.

Not of the happy souls who sing Is he my heart loves best; His speech is not a magic thing, His thoughts but poorly drest.

His path lies not among the great, Their praise he doth not speak; He dwells 'mid those of small estate. The lowly and the meek.

He is not beauteous as a god. As nature's kings should be: No eye would note him in a crowd, Nor heart leap up to see.

No guerdons of the world are his, Nor honours, wealth, nor praise, Small is his share of outward bliss, Laborious are his days.

But ah! could others read aright That mind so pure and fair, How would they envy his delight, His joy beyond compare!

Whils't we aspire to heavenly things, In visions faint and dim, His spirit mounts on golden wings, And all is clear to him.

Whils't we lament man's evil days, By pain and wrong opprest, His lips are ever proud to praise, Bright hopes burn in his breast.

His joys come hardly once a year, While't sorrows crowd apace To him each day is glad and fair The world a blessed place.

So small, so great, his pleasures are,

Alternate sage and child, He looks with rapture on a star A tiny floweret wild. What marvels poets see and hear

All learn when he is by; Music affects the heedless ear Beauty the careless eye.

He chooseth not, but teaches all But gladdens without heed; His mind like dews of heaven fall, On those who stand in need.

All fortune halteth at his door, And sorrows pass not by; They leave him tranquil as before, With spirit calm and high.

His treasure none can take by stealth His portion none destroy, Since things unseen are all his wealth, And nature all his joy!

Nor is he niggard of his hourd, He largely gives his own; A beauteous thought, a kindling word. A glimpse of world's unknown.

For none so full of love as he, His wisdom has no end; The proudest on his bended knee Might pray for such a friend.

Montreal, March 16th, 1881.

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Her hand was on the door. She stopped and turned to him, a smile of malicious tri- as iron. Her hands dropped at his stern

umph on her face and in her eyes.
"Ah!" she said "you heard that, did you? What is Marie De Lansac to me? Captain ously up at its judge.
O'Donnell, you accuse me of the guilt of hav"Tell me the truth," he ordered, his lips O'Donnell, you accuse me of the guilt of having secrets and mysteries in my life. I wonder if I am alone in that? I wonder if Sir Peter Dangerfield knew every episode in my lady's career? I wonder if her papa and her triends are free to read every page in Lady Cecil's life? I wonder if Redmond O'Donnell knows every incident connected with his pretty, gentle sister's New Orleans existence? What women tells father, lover, brother—all? Not one among all the millions on earth. Captain O'Donnell, answer me this: Did you ever hear from your sister's lips the name of Gaston Dantree?"

"Gaston Dautree." The name Lad a famillar sound to him, but at that moment he could not tell where he had heard it-certainly not from his sister. The derisive eyes of the governess were moon him; he could not understand the mocking triumph of their glance.

"I have heard that name," he answered "hut not from Rose."

"I thought not. Then I tell no tales. I keep my own secrets, and let others keep theirs. Captain O'Dennell, the dressing-bell rings. I wish you good afternoon."

She was gone as she spoke. Five minutes after, while he still sat there, mystified, annoyed, perplexed, an opposite door opened. and Lac'y Cecil came in.

Shawas dressed to-day in some pale, seagreen, filmy stuff, that floated about her like a cloud r little form of white lace here and there. A cluster of trailing grasses and halfcrushed pink buds clasped the soft corsage: trailing sprays of green, and a rose of palest blush, freshly gathered, adorned the light brown hair. She looked like a lily, a naiad queen, likear sea goddess, lacking the shells and sea-water. A more striking contrast to the woman had left him could hardly be conceived. And she was not pledged to Sir Arthur, Tregouns-had never been. For one moment a thrill of exquisite delight filled him at the thought—the next he could have laughed aloud at his own folly.

"As though ift could matter to me if tomorrow were her wedding day," he thought. "Free or fettered, she is Lord Ruysland's daughter, and Lam—a Captain of Chasseurs, with no hope of being anything else to my dying day .*

"You here, Captain O'Donnell?" she said. "I did not know it. I came in search of " she parsed, and a faint color rose in the lily face. "They told me Miss Herncastle was here," she added, hastily; "they must vears ago-I believed him. I was warned: have been mistaken."

"No," the chasseur answered, coolly, "they were not. Miss blerncastle has been herewith me. She only left a moment before you came in."

The faint color deepened in her cheeks. She turned and moved away again.

"I wish to see her. It does not matterit will do after dinner. You dine with us, I hope, Captain O'Donnell, or do you run away at the sound of the dinner-bell? You did it a day or two ago, and Ginevra was very angry 2

She spoke coldly, voice and manuer alike, unconsciously frigid. And without weiting for reply, she reopened the door and walked

AWAY. "Miss Remcastle there-with him!" she thought, a seeden, swift, hot pang, that all Sir Arthur's defalcations had never brought there sharp at her heart; "it is well the days of dueling are exploded, or Sir Arthur might be tempted to call him out."

She hated herself for the hot anger she felt. | duck. But in his face there was little relent She hated herself for the hot anger speaker ing, in his voice little softness, when ne What was it to her?—what could it matter ing, in his voice little softness, when ne what was it to her?—what could it matter ing, in his voice little softness, when ne what was not her speaker in the folly of the past I could for the her, with whom Captain O'Donnell chose in the mass not him to her, of the past I could for the hot areas in the mass not her softness. ing, in his voice little softness, when he to amuse himself? He was nothing to her, of

roses, when she took her place at dinner.

Captain O'Donnell dined with the family,

Gaston Dantree," he mused; recalled the

name well enough now-Ketherine Danger-

field's dastardly lover, of course. He had

been a native of New Orleans; had Rose

known him there? Had her singular whim of

visiting this place anything to do with know-

ing him? The mere suspicion made him

she will tell me. Can he have had anything

to do with the change in her?-the gloom,

the trouble of her life, that has preyed on her mind and broken her health? And if so,

The ladies left the table. Redmond O'Don-

nell sat very silent and thoughtful during

the "wine and walnut" lapse, before the gen-

tlemen joined him. Fate favored him upon

this occasion. Squire Talbot was turning

Lady Dangerfield's music, and his sister,

quite alone, with a web of rose-pink netting

in her hands, sat in the recess of the bay-

window. He crossed over and joined her at

how much longer do you propose remaining

She looked at him, surprised at the sudden

and unexpected question, a little startled by

"Remain? 1-" she faltered and stopped.

"I have no wish to go until the object that

brought you here is an object accomplished,

Rose. That you have some object in insisting upon coming to this particular place I

am quite certain. More, perhaps I can partly guess what that object is."

The rose-hued netting dropped in her lap,

her great, dark eyes dilated in sudden terror.

"You have not chosen to make me your

confident, Rose, and I ask for no one's secrets,

not even yours. Still you will permit me to

ask one question: Did you eve: know Gaston

No one had heard that suppressed cry; the

He sat and looked at her almost as piti-

lessly as he had looked at Miss Herncastle

two hours before. In his stern justice Red-

mond O'Donnell could be very hard-to him-

appeared here: at Castleford the last trace

She feared as well as loved him. Habitual-

ly he was very gentle with her, with all

women, but let that stubborn sense of right

and wrong of his be roused and he became

command, her poor, pale face, all drawn and

white with terror and trouble, looked pite-

set. "It is too late for further prevarication.

"In New Orleans, before he came here to

court and desert, like the craven-hearted das-

His lips set themseives harder under his

"I said I asked for no one's secrets, not

She drew away from him once again, hiding

even yours. I do, Rose. What was he to

her shrinking face in her hands. A dry, tortured sob was her only answer. But her

udge and arraigner never relented.

She made a mute gesture of assert.

"Rose, did M. De Lansac know?"

"He suspected. He never knew?"

"No; he forbade him the house."

"And you-you, Rose O'Donnell, stroped

Again that sobbing sound, again that shrink-

to meet him in secret -to make and keep as-

ing away of face and figure. It was reply enough. If Lady Cecil Clive had seen the

face of the Redmond O'Donnell who sat in

judgment there upon the sister he loved, she

would have been puzzled indeed to find much

similarity between it and the face of that

other Redmond O'Donnell among the Fer-

managh hills. He loved his only sister very

dearly; he had held her a "little lower than

the angels," and he found her to-day with a

secret of deceit and wrong-doing in her life-

found her false and subtle, like the rest of her

honor in man-lett on earth. He sat dead

sex. Was there no truth in woman-no

silent; its was bitter to him well nigh as the

His silence frightened her, cut her, as no

again she lifted her face, all white and

"Redmond!" she cried, with a great gush,

why are you so hard, so bitter? Why do

you judge me so harshly? I was very young;

-I loved him with all my heart. He said

he loved me, and I-oh, Redmond; it is nine

others-older and wiser, read him aright-

told me it was the prospective helress of M.

De Lansac's millions he loved-not Rose

O'Donnell. But I loved and trusted, and

our grandfather married-then Clarence was

was all as they said-he was false, base, mer-

cenary to the core, was the heir, not I, and he

left me. Left me without a word, and came

here to England. Still, without a word, he

returned me my letters and picture. Then-

the next thing I heard of him-I saw the

mournful story of Katherine Dangerfield in

From that time I have heard nothing-no-

thing. I should have told you, parhaps, but

it is not so easy a story to tell-the story of

The soft, sad voice ceased; the pale, droop.

ing face turned away from him in the silvery ' tree's wife!"

one's own folly and humiliation."

I did not know what distrust meant, and I-

stinging reproach could have done.

Was he a lover of yours?"

" A false one, of course?"

" Heaven help me-ves."

"Did he favor Dantree?"

signations. You did this?"

bitterness of death.

piteous, to his.

A pause: then-

long mustache, his blue eyes looked stern as

tard he was, Katherine Dangerfield?"

"I am answered," he said- "you have

the dark gravity of his face.

how comes Miss Herncastle to know it?

"I'll ask her after dinner," he thought, and

warm and uncomfortable.

in Sussex?"

" Redmond!"

face. He was answered.

self as well as to others.

curtains of the recess hid them.

Dantree?

swer me."

You knew this man i

"I knew him!"

" Yes.

vou ?

course—nothing. And she was less than nothing to him; all her beauty, all her give; the folly of the present, no. That you took a fancy for a man's handsome nothing to him; all her beauty, all ner witcheries were powerless here, and he took good care to let her see it. But that flush was ttill on her tace, that sharp pain still teneath the sea-green corsage, beneath laces and twenty should still cling to the memory of sea despicable a wretch still nursus him and so despicable a wretch, still pursue him, and drag me, in my ignorance of your secret, into that pursuit-that I cannot forgive."

the governess did not. He looked at his He arose as he spoke, angry exceedingly sister across a tall epergne of flowers. She wounded, grieved inexpressibly. She seized was talking to Squire Talbot-Squire Talbot, his hand in a sort of desperation, and clung whom the soft, sad eyes and wistful little face had been enthralling of late, and wondered what Miss Herncastle could have meant. to it.

"Redmond, you-you don't understand. It is not that. I don't care for him; it is all I can do to pray to be kept from hating his memory, whether he be alive or dead. It is that—that I—" Her courage failed as she looked up into that iron face. "Redmond!" she cried; "who has been talking to youwho has told you this?"

" Miss Herncastle," he answered. "Your secret, it would seem, has all along been no secret to her. She bade me ask you two hours ago, what you knew of Gaston Dan-

tree.1 "Miss Berncastle!" she could but just repeat the name in her ungovernable surprise. "Miss Herncastle," he repeated, still very coldly. "If I were in your place, I think I should come to an understanding with that lady. It was against my will I ever came to Eugland. If I had dreamed of your object, I certainly would never have set foot in it. But I trusted Rose O'Donnell. That is all over now-it is only one other lesson added to the rest. When your enquiries concerning Mr. Gaston Dantree are at an end, let me know, and we will depart for France.

"Rose," he began, speaking abruptly, Again he was turning away, hurt, angry, grieved beyond words to say. Again she caught his hand and held him fast.

"Redmond! brother-friend! Oh, my God, why will you judge me so hardly? have deserved it, perhaps, but-you break my Are you anxious to go, Redmond? If so, of heart. If you knew all I have suffered, you might pity-you might forgive."

He withdrew his hand, and turned sternly

"I have told you-the past I could forgive easily; the present I cannot."

And then he was gone. For a moment she at looking after him with eyes of passionate pleading. Then the pride of blood, latent in her, arose. He was hard, he was cruel, he was merciless. If he had ever loved, himself, or suffered, he would not be so pitiless to her. Lanty was wrong-neither Lady Cecil nor any other woman had ever touched his heart of granite.

She was wounded-humbled-silent. Then Suddenly, sharply, without warning, the question came upon her. One faint, wailing cry, then her hands flew up and covered her all at once the recollection of Miss Herncastle flashed upon her. She had told himshe knew all. All! Rose O'Donnell turned white and cold from head to foot. Did Miss Herncustle know all?

She rose up hurriedly and looked down the lighted length of the spacious drawingrooms. No; Miss Herncastle was nowhere to be seen. Should she seek her in her room? She stood for an instant irresolute. Squire Talbot espied her and turned to cross over. She saw in time-flight was her only escape. She stepped through the open window and disappeared.

known Gaston Dantree. He was a Louisian-ian—you knew him in New Orleans. He dis-The tall trees of the lime-walk stood up of him is to be found. Was it to discover that trace you came and brought me here? black in the ivory light of the moon. She turned toward it, then as suddenly storped. Look up, Rose," he said, sternly, "and an-For from its somber shadows Sir Arthur Tregenna and Miss Herncastle walked.

The meeting had been purely accidental, on his part, at least. He had gone forth to smoke a cigar, and (was it by accident?) Miss Herncastle had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Her head was aching—she had come out for the air. A black lace scarf, artistically draped like a Spanish mantilla, covered her head and shoulders, one white, shapely hand held it in its place. A crimson rose, half shattered, gleamed above one pink that. And having " met by chance the usual way," what more natural than that they should take a turn down the lime walk together.

"Do you return to the drawing-room?" Rose heard him say. "It is beyond all com-parison pleasanter here, but-" "But Sir Arthur Tregenna may be missed,"

Miss Herncastle's sweet voice supplemented. No, Sir Arthur, I shall go to my room. Don't let me detain you an instant longer. Thanks again, for the books and the music, and good-night."

Music and books! He had been making her presents then what would Lady Cecil say to this? She hade him good-night with her brightest smile, waved a white hand in the pearly light, and turned with the slow, stately, graceful motion peculiar to her, and walked

He stood, a strange expression of yearning in his eyes and face, and watched the tall figure from sight. Then he turned reluctantly-Rose could see it-stepped through the window whence she herself had emerged, and was gone.

" Miss Herncastle !"

tion?

Rose O'Donnell's clear voice, ringing along the silence, came to the ear of the governess. She had reached the Kings Oak, and was standing, a smile on her lips, on the very spot where Sir Peter had seen the ghost. She turned at the sound of her name, the smile fading away, and confronted the speaker.

"You called, Miss O'Donnell?" "I called, Miss Herncastle. I wish to speak a word to you. I will not defain you an instant," as the governess shivered ever so little in the soft night air. "Two hours ago | bed, and misses, she came to my room next you bade my brother ask me what I knew of Gaston Dantree. Miss Herncastle, in my turn I ask, what do you know?"

She looked more like her brother, as she spoke, than the governess had ever seen her. she came of a bold and brave race, and some of the fire of that race shone in her eyes now. Miss Herncastle returned her gaze steadily. "You really wish me to answer that ques-

"Certainly, or else I had not asked it. Did you know Gaston Dantree in New Orleans?" "I never saw Gaston Dantree in New Orleans in my life." " In England then?"

Miss Herncastle stood looking at her, making no reply. "You heard me?" Rose O'Donnell repeat could not believe. I met him in spite ed; "what do you know of Gaston and-and

of my grandfather's commands, I received me?" his letters-to my shame I own it. Then Miss Herncastle's lips opened to answer with that excellent brevity of speech that born, and I-learned the truth at last. It characterized her.

" Everything. " Miss Herncastle!" "It is your own fault, and your brother's Miss O'Donnell, since by that name you prefer to be known."

"That name!" she whispered the two words, came a step nearer, her eyes dilating, the English papers my grandfather received. her face ashen white.

"Miss Hernesstie," she cried, "what do you mean? What do you know? "This!" the voice of the governess rose. her mouth grew set and stern-" this-that if | ly after I espies master walking in the back Gaston Dantree be alive, you are Gaston Dan-

CHAPTER XIX. KNIGHT, AND PAGE

IT was a noticeable fact noticed chiefly by Sir Arthur Tregenna and Squire Talbot-that neither Miss Herncastle nor Miss O'Donnell returned to the drawing room. For Captain O'Donnell, he did not even perceive his sirter's absence. He sat a little apart from the others, turning over a book of photographed celebrities, and never seeing one of them. One question was revolving itself over and over again in his brain until he was dizzy. Had Katherine Dangerfield died six years ago, or had she not? If she had not, who then lay in that quiet grave in the Methodist churchyard? If she had, who then, in the name of

all that was wonderful, was Helen Hern-eastle? He thought, till his brain was dazed. Lady Cecil Clive, with Sir Arthur seated near her, glanced furtively across the length. of the drawing-room at Redmond O'Donnell's dark, tired face and sombre, blue eyes, and wondered, with a sort of awe, of what he could be thinking so intently and sternly.

"There is but one way," he said to himself, moodily; "a way I hate to take, and yet—for every one's sake—for Rose's—for Tregenna's -for Sir Peter's-it should be taken. If Katherine Dangerfield was buried six years ago. Katherine Dangerfield cannot be here. My mind is made up." He rose with the air of one who shakes off a burden. "I'll wonder no longer. No possible harm can come of it, and it will put an end to this juggling ghost-seeing—this mistification. I'll do it. And I'll begin the first thing tomorrow morning."

He took his leave and went home. It was a brilliant summer night, and, as he neared the fields, he stopped and looked suspiciously around. But if he looked no Miss Herncastle was to be seen. It was long past midnight when he reached the silver Rose, but even then he did not go to bed. He lit a cigar, and sat down by the open window to smoke and think. The town was very quiet, the lights all out—the stars and Captain O'Donnell had the peace and beauty of the sweet July night all to themselves. He sat there, darkly thoughtful for over an hour. When he threw himself on his bed; he had thought it all out: his whole plan of action lay clear before him.

At ten o'clock next morning he began. He took his way into the town, to that pleasant cottage adjoining the churchyard wherein Katherine Dangerfield six years ago had died.

"I have warned her," he thought, "and she will not be warned. She must take the consequences now."

A family, named Wilson, resided in the cotage at present—that much he had ascertained at his inn. They had taken possession the very week in which Mr. Otis had left, and had been there ever since. Mrs. Wilson, a rosy little matron, answered the door in person, and ushered her military visitor at once into the parlor. Captain O'Donnell's bus-iness with Mrs. Wilson was very simple. He understood that the servant woman who had lived in the family of Mr. Otis, six years ago, was now in the service of Mrs. Wilson. His business was with that servant-could he see ner a moment or two in private?

The little mistress of the cottage opened two bright, brown eyes in surprise, but answered readily in the affirmative. If e meant Dorcas, of course-Dorcas had come to her with the house, and Dorcas was in the kitch. en at present, and would wait upon the gentleman at once.

Mrs. Wilson went and Dorcas came-a stout, elderly woman, with an intelligent face.

"I wish to obtain a few particulars concern ing the sudden death of a young lady in this house six years ago," the chasseur began, plunging into his subject at once. "You remember her, of course? Her name was Katherine Dangerfield."

Yes, Dorcas remembered perfectly well, remembered as though it were yesterday. She had come to the cottage late in the eveninga cold, dark winter evening it was-to see the sick young man, Mr. Dantree. Mr. Otis himself had let her in. The next thing she heard, ear. She had never looked better in her life half an hour later, was Mrs. Otis scream. —Sir Arthur's eyes pretty plainly told her She had rushed in. Miss Dangerfield was that. And having "met by chance the usual lying then ou the sofa, white and still, and Dr. Graves said she was dead.

"You saw her dead?" "Yer, poor dear, and a beautiful corpse she made, calm, and white, and peaceful, and looking more as though she were asleep than

dead." "How long was she kept here before she

was buried?" the soldier asked. "Only two days, sir, and she looked lovely to the last. I remember her well, lying in her coffin, with flowers all round her like marble or way work, and misses a crying over her and master with a face like white stoue. I saw it all, sir, saw the coffin-lid screwed down, saw her carried ont, and a fine, respect able funeral she hed-all the gentry of the

neighborhood, poor dear young lady. Humph!" Captain O'Donnell said, knit-, ting his brows. Katherine Dangerfield had died theu, and Miss Herncastle had nothing whatever to do with her, in spite of all the astounding coincidences. "One question more my good woman; how long after the tuneral was it that Mr. Otis left this place for Lon-

"About a month, sir-yes, just a month. think they would have gone sooner, but for the unexpected arrival of his cousin, the sick young lady from Essex."

Captain O'Donnell had risen to go. these last words he suddenly sat down again. "The sick young lady from Essex. Ah! I think this may be what I want to hear. When did you say the sick young lady

"On the very identical night of the funeral, sir, and most unexpected. I had gone to morning before I was up, all white and in a once and heat water for a bath;' and then she sat down in a chair, looking fit to drop. I ves. a voung lade who had come in the night. | there. a niece of hers from Essex, and who was going to stop with them a few days. She begged me to keep it a secret. The young lady was weak-like in her intellect, and they would be obliged to confine her to her room. I promised not to speak of it, for misses she look- | ing seen him at all? ed trembling and frightened to death almost. And so she was all the time the strange young fixed on the major's face. lady was in the house."

" How long was that ?" her room, and misses a-trotting up and down all day long, a-waiting upon herself."

"What was she like-this young lady?" Dorcas shook her head.

"That I couldn't tell, sir. I never laid my eyes on her, leastwise except once. Master and misses they kept waiting on her, all day long, and misses she slept with her in the same room at night."

"But you saw her once ?! "Yes, sir, but it was by accident, and at night. I didn't see her face. She never stirred out all day long, and at night I used to hear sounds of footsteps, and dcors softly opening and shutting. One night I watched, I heard the house door shut softly, and directface at all. She was tall, and dressed in stand aside and mind my own business. All dark clothes, and but this was only a notion the same, I sam Lady Dangefield's nearest male relative, and as such, bound to warn her dead and buried, I should have said the. height and the figure were like hers."

The blood rose dark and red over the sunbrowned face of the African soldier. For an will perceive at once the force of what I say." instant his breath seemed fairly taken away: "Well?" he said in a tense sort of whis-

Dorcas looked at him in surprise. "Well, sir," ahe said, "the very next night after that the sick young lady ran away. I don't know whether they had been keeping. her against her will or not, but in the dead of the night she ran away. When misses awoke next morning she found the bed empty, the door unlocked, and Miss Otis (they called her door unlocked, and Miss Otis (they called her door unlocked, and Miss Otis) gone. She screamed out liks one crazy, and ran down in her night-clothes to things. She is wilfully blind to her danger, but you will not be. You are the only one and except when he looked at Miss Dangerfield dead in her coffin, I never saw him wear

such a face; I declare it frightened me. He searched the house and the garden, but she was nowhere to be found. Then he set off for the station, and discovered (I heard him tell his mother so) that a tall young lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, had gone up to London by the very first train. That same day, he got a telegraph dispatch from London, and he went up at once. He came back in three days, looking dreadfully gloomy and out of spirits. His mother met him in the hall and said. 'Well, Henry, is she safe?' in a flurried sort of a way, and he pushed her before him into the parlor, and they had a long talk. Miss Otis never came back, and two weeks after master and mistress went up to town themselves for good.

It was quite enough. Captain O'Donnell rose again; his grave face had resumed its usual habitual calm; he had heard all he wanted-more than he had expected. He pressed a half sovereign into Dorcas' willing | it all | he couldn't separate from her for such palm, bade Mrs. Wilson good-morning, and a trifle as that." departed.

That's all, sir."

His face was set in a look of fixed, steady determination as he quitted the cottage and returned to Castleford. He had taken the field's. The obstinacy of a mule is gentle, first step on the road to discovery—come what yielding, compared to it. And, by Jore, might, he would go on to the end now.

The middle of the afternoon brought Lanty

Lafferty to Scarswood Park with a note from the captain to Miss Rose. It was only a brief word or two-saying he had gone up to London by the mid-day train and would probably not return for a couple of days.

Miss O'Donnell was in her room, suffering from a severe attack of nervous headache, when this was brought her. She looked at the bold, free characters—then pressed her face down among the pillows with a sort of groan.

"And I intended to have told him all today," she said, "as I should have told him long ago if I had not been a coward. To think—to think that Miss Herncastle should have known from the first. Ah! how shall I ever dare tell Redmond the pitiful story of my folly and disobedience."

That day-Wednesday-passed very quietly; it was the treacherous full that precedes all storms. Miss Herncastle kept her room; she was putting still a few finishing touches to that lovely page dress. Late on Wednesday evening came from town a large box addressed to Major Frankland; my lady and the governess alone knew that it contained Count Lara's costume. My lady was on her best behavior to her husband-go to the masquerade she was resolved, and brave all consequences. Sir Peter might never find it out, and if he did-well, if he did it would blow over, as other storms had blown over, and nothing would come of it.

There were others who judged differently Some inkling of what was brewing, something of what Sir Peter had said, reached the ears of Lord Ruysland, and Lord Ruysland had ventured in the most delicate manner to expostulate with his wilful niece. The game was not worth the candle-the masquerade vas not worth the price she might pay for it. Better humor Sir Peter and his old-fashioned prejudices and throw over Mrs. Everleigh.

Ginevra listened, her eyes compressing-a gleam of invincible obstinacy kindling in her eyes. She was one of those people whom opposition only doubly determined to have their

"That will do, Uncle Raoul. Your advice may be good, but I should think your threescore years' experience of this lite had taught you nobody ever yet relished good advice. I'll go to the Everleigh party-I'll wear the page dress and snap my fingers at Sir Peter Dangerfield. His threats indeed! Poor little manikin! it's rather late in the day for him to play the role of Biuebeard. I shall

The earl shrugged his shoulders and gave it up. He never argued with a woman.
"Certainly you'll go, my dear—I knew per-

fectly well how useless remonstrance would be, but Cecil would have it. Go, by all means. Whatever happens I shall bave done my duty. Let us hope, Sir Peter may never hear it.' "Your duty! The Earl of Ruysland's

duty!" his niece langued contemptuously. I wonder if all that paternal solicitude is for me or himself? If Sir Peter turns me out of Scarswood, you must follow, Uncle Raoul! The dress is made, and my promise given. I shall go to the masquerade." Thursday came—that delusive quiet still

reigned at Scarswood. When the afternoon train from London rushed into the Castleford station there appeared among the passengers Captain O'Donnell and Major Frankland; and placid and patrician pacing the platform, the Earl of Ruysland.

"Ab. O'Donnell-back again. You don't know. I suppose, that your sister is quite intremble, and says to me, 'Dorcas, get up at disposed. I regret to say such is the casenervous attack or something vague of the sort. How do, Frankland? On your way to asked her if any one was sick, and she said | Scarswood? Permit me to accompany you

But the major drew back in some trifling embarrassment. He wasn't going to Scarswood this afternoon; to-morrow-ah-he intended to put in an appearance. Would his lordship be kind enough not to mention hav-

The earl's serene blue eyes were tranquilly

"I understand," he answered, "you are down on the quiet-Sir Peter is to hear no-"Not quite a fortnight, sir; and a sight of thing of it until after the ball? Is that your bother she made—all her meals took up to little game, dear boy? You see I know all about it, and my age and my relationship to Lady Dangerfield give me the right to interfere. Now, my dear fellow, that masquerade affair must be given up."

He took the younger man's arm, speaking quite pleasantly, and led him away.

"Do you know why I took the troucle to drive four miles under a blazing July sun, over a dusty July road, to wait five minutes in a stuffy station for the 2.30 express, dear boy? To meet and intercept you-to ask you as a personal favor to myself, as an act of friendship to Ginevra, not to go to this fancy ball?"

"My lord," interrupted Major Frankland. uneasily, "am I to understand Lady Dangerfield has commissioned you to-"

male relative, and as such, bound to warn her of her danger. Failing to impress her, I come to you. As a gentleman and a man of honor—as an old friend of poor Ginevra's, you "Indeed. You will pardon my stupidity if

fall to perceive it as yet." alt lies in a nutshell. Sir Peter Danger. field does you the honor of being infernally iealous. That is an old state of things—this masquerade at that womans's house has brought matters to a climax. He has told Lady Dangerfield that if she goes she shall not return, and, my dear Frankland, he means

it. They are both as obstinate as the very who can prevent this disastrous termination on you we all depend. There is but one thing for you to do—don't go. Stay —I know what you would say. You have proknow what you would say. I on nave promised—your dress is in the house—Lady Dangerfield will be offended, et cetera. Granted—but is it not better to break a promise that involves so much? Is it not better to temporarily offend Ginevra than ruin her for life? Frankland, as a man of the world, you cannot fail to perceive that but one course is open to you-to withdraw. Trust me to make your peace. In three weeks she will see from what you have saved her, and thank you."

The gallant major gnawed his military mustache in gloomy perplexity.
"Confound the little bloke!" he burst out.

"It isn't that I particularly care to go to this masquerade junketing, but I know Gin-Lady Dangerfield has set her heart on it, and will be proportionately disappointed. Are you quite sure, my lord, that he means to carry out his absurd threat? that he—ob, hang

"Could be not?" the earl answered quietly. "I find you don't altogether appreciate the force of such characters as Peter Danger-Frankland, in this case he will have grounds to go upon. Lady Dangerfield, against his express command, goes to a masquerade at the house of a woman of doubtful reputation. in male attire, and in the company of a man who has been her lover, and of whom he is monstrously jealous. He warns her of the consequences, and in her mad recklessness she defies them all. Egad! if he does turn her out to-morrow morning, I for one won't blame him. You and Ginevra will act in every way, of course, as your superior wisdom may suggest. I have no more to say, only this-if you and she really persist in going, I and my daughter shall pack our belongings and depart by the earliest train to-morrow. I have spoken."

He turned to go. Still lost in dismal perplexity, still angrily pulling his ginger mus-tache, still gloomy of tone, the badgered major spoke.

"I say—my lord—hold on, will you? What the deuce is a fellow to do? I can't go off to London again, it that is what you mean -oh, hang it no! without a word of explanation or excuse, or that sort of thing. I can't, you know-the thing is impossible."

"Write a note-invent any excuse you please. Your nearest relative, from whom you have expectations, is in articule mortis. and demands your presence to sooth his last hours. Anything will do-say what you please. She'll be in a furious passion at the disappointment, but you save her, and virtue is its own reward, and all that. I promise to bring her to see matters in their true light in a week.

"My lord," the major cried resolutely, "I must see her. I'll tell her myself—I'm blessed if I know what. But I won't go to the masquerade-I promise you that."

He stalked gloomily away as he apoke, eaped into a fly, and was whirled off in cloud of dust. The earl looked after him with a slight smile, in which his habitual sheer lurked.

"Poor children-how vexed they are at losing their toy. He'll keep his word, however-he's not half a bad fellow, Frankland -a tailor's block, with an inch and a quarter of brain. Nothing is farther from my intentions than to permit a rupture between Gineyra and her imbecile husband, if I can prevent it. At least until Cecil's prospects are defined more clearly; and that day of reckoning must come very soon. As I said, Sir Atthur has run the length of his tether---it is high time to pull him short up."

He turned to look for Captain O'Donnell. but Captain O'Donnell had long since disappeared. He had lingered an instant to speak a hurried word to a disreputable-looking fellow whe had emerged from a third-class carriage-a cockney evidently of the lowest typo -a singular-looking acquaintance for Redmond O'Donnell, the earl would have thought had he seen him. But he had not seen, and after listening to a brief direction given by the Algerian officer the fellow had touched his battered hat and slouched on his way.

And in a very perturbed state of mind indeed Major Frankland made his way to Scarswood Park.

What he was to say to my lady, what excuse to offer, how to get out of his promise, he had not the remotest idea. What she would say to him he knew only too well. As the railway fly flew along he could see in prospective the sharp black eyes flashinghear the shrill voice reproaching—the storm of rage and disappointment with which she would sweep from his presence and order him never to approach her again. And their platonic friendship had been so agreeable and Scarswood had been such a pleasant country refuge after the London season. Confound the little jealous baronet, and trebly confound him. What asses some husbands make of themselves for nothing at all.

What would be say? He reached the park with that momentous question still unanswered and unanswerable. What should be say? He bade the fiv wait-he wanted to be driven back presently to catch the next up-train. What should he say? With his inch-and-a-quarter of brain" in a whirl from the unwented exertion of thinking, he walked up the avenue, and under the King's Oak came face to face with Miss Herncastle.

She was reading-she was alone. Major Frankland took off his crush hat, all his flurry and guilt written legibly on his usually nlacid face.

"Aw-Miss Herncastle-how do? Is-aw -is my lady at home?"

"My lady is not at home, Major Frank. land; and if she had been"—Miss Herncastle's large, grave eyes looked at him meaningly-"You are the last person she would have expected to see at Scarswood this afternoon.'

" then you know-" "I know all about the note, warning you not to appear here until after the masquerade. My lady is absent to-day, with Lady Cecil and Miss O'Donnell, at an archery party at Morecambe, and Sir Peter is in close attendance. Do you think it wise to run county

garden with a lady on his arm. It was a "Lady Dangerfield has commissioned me ter to my lady's commands in this fashion cloudy sort of night, and I couldn't see her to do nothing—has ordered me, indeed, to "Miss Herncastle, I—I'm not going. I've