

Whenever I entered this room I felt a chill creep through me, and grew sad. I had noticed that from the first and supposed it to be because the story the old woman had told me had had a strong effect upon me.

The image of Fenella weeping at the window seemed to have impressed itself upon my mind, so that I could almost see her sitting there.

As I lay in my bed, with the communicating door open, and watched the moonlight falling in chequered patches through the vine leaves down upon the floor, I often fancied that if I did but lift my voice and call "Fenella," I should see the trim form, in its pretty peasant bodice, trip across the sill. Often I even imagined the outline of a figure sitting beside the great box, bent forward toward it. It was only a shadow; only a flutter of the leaves; only something in my own eyes, or my own brain; but it proved how much I thought of Fenella.

Here she had lived, here sorrowed; and there are some who believe that the lives of those who have dwelt in any house leave an impress upon it ever after, affecting the after-dwellers very mysteriously. And we all know that there are rooms in which we cannot be comfortable, and others where a certain sense of peace possesses us, without any such tangible reasons as good or bad ventilation, pleasant outlook, or gloomy surroundings.

Once across the still of Fenella's room, I felt instantly oppressed with sadness, even to the point of tears.

At last I awakened one night with a strange chill upon me. It was not the chill that precedes an illness—we all know it very well. A thought given to those mysteries, which all sensible people profess to doubt, will send it creeping through the blood of almost any one existing. I had been thinking of nothing, dreaming of nothing; but I awakened with this chill upon me, and looking through the door of the little room I have spoken of, which I naturally did whenever I opened my eyes, I saw Fenella.

Yes, my maid Fenella, just as she had looked when she lived with me. Her black petticoat, her red bodice, the white sleeves of her chemise were as plain as though they had been tangible garments. Her black braids fell to her knees. Around her neck hung the black velvet ribbon on which I knew she wore her wedding-ring. She was weeping bitterly, and bending as she wept over the box in which grew the vines and flowers which flung their shadow on the moonlit floor, so that she seemed to water them with her tears.

My first thought was that the old woman was mistaken—that Fenella lived and had returned to the villa in the night without thinking that it was inhabited.

"Fenella," I called—"Fenella, it is Miss Pansy; don't be afraid."

But, as I spoke, she was gone—gone without moving from the spot—gone as a bubble bursts and vanishes. I uttered a scream that aroused my husband from his slumbers.

I was advised to believe the whole scene a dream, and tried my best to think so; but before three days had passed, I saw Fenella again.

This time I was not sleeping. I was in the garden, and looked through the window; and what I saw this time was Fenella, kneeling beside the flower-grown box, making the sign of the cross above it. Her face was like the face of death; her hands waxen white, like those of a corpse.

The sight was so terrible that I lost my senses, and was found by Carlos lying in a death-like swoon upon the grass, ten minutes after.

This time it could not be a dream; but still nothing could make my husband believe that I had seen a spirit, nor that I was a believer in ghosts. "Optical illusion" is a good suggestion—we used it. Carlos explained why it should have taken the form of Fenella, and threatened the doctor.

Weeks had passed. I had accepted my husband's version of my vision. I looked upon myself as the victim of optical illusion. I saw Fenella no more. I laughed at myself for having seen her, or for having fancied it. And the time had almost come for our return home, when, one night, we entertained one or two English friends in our little villa; and between the pauses of song and chatter, some curiosity that we had picked up in our travels was spoken of, and I ran into my room to get it.

It was a dark night. No moon flung its radiance through the windows. Only a little swinging lamp illuminated my apartment; but that inner room, once my maid Fenella's, was bright with a strange silvery light that seemed to grow as I looked upon it. And, as I stood motionless, gazing towards it, I saw my vision once again.

Fenella, paler than ever—but this time strangely occupied. She was digging in the earth about the roots of the vines, and heaping the mould into the form of a new-made grave.

"Fenella," I said. She did not vanish. "Fenella," I screamed. She turned toward me. I saw that a new-born babe lay upon her breast. She made the sign of the cross above it and was gone.

I crept back to my guests without having screamed or fainted. I had determined not to be scoffed at as a ghost-seer. I even kept my secret from my husband; but that night a strange thing happened. A tempest swept across the country and took our villa in its way.

It demolished a chimney and the deep window of Fenella's room; with it the flower-grown box and the great luxuriant vines.

We sent for workmen to clear away the rubbish, and this is what they found among it, deep down in the mould from which the vines had grown: A little box, in which lay the tini-

est skeleton human eyes ever rested upon, and about its neck a little golden chain, to which hung a heavy, plain gold wedding-ring, with this name engraved within it: FENELLA.

REMEMBRANCES.

I think of thee
When the soft voices of the nightingales,
In sweet and plaintive warblings to the night,
Ring through the vales.

When thinkest thou of me?
I think of thee
By the cool waters of the shaded fountains;
While, in the shimmering rays of twilight glow,
Glisten the mountains.

Where thinkest thou of me?
I think of thee
With many tender hopes and anxious fears,
Passionate longings for the one I love,
And burning tears.

How thinkest thou of me?
O, think of me
Until we meet again some happier day,
Till then, however distantly my feet may roam,
Shall I think and pray
Only of thee—of thee!

THE HAUNTED STUDENT.

In an upper room in one of those great houses which in large German cities are let in flats and rooms to many occupants, sat about midnight of a warm spring day four young German students, who had drunk quite as much as was good for them, and were loudly and absurdly boastful in consequence thereof.

They were afraid of nothing.
They grew loud and angry at last, and might have fought with one another to prove their boasts true, but for a sudden turn that was given to their conversation by the eldest, quietest, and most serious of their number.

"My friends," he said, rising, and leaning across the table, "we are all brave enough where living men are concerned, but there are things—beings, that we all dread. We feel them about us in the dark. We are conscious of them in moments of solitude. We deny their existence, but we dread their power. The man who would face an armed band is as liable to these terrors as the meanest coward. Let no man boast that he has no fear until he has defied them."

He paused, and looked slowly around him.
Two of the students sat silent for a moment, the other burst into a loud, derisive laugh.

"You talk like an old woman," he said. "Defy what? Tell me, and I'll do it. I'm neither afraid of ghost nor fiend."

"It is midnight," cried the first speaker, holding to the table for support; for grave as he was, the wine had affected him more than any of the rest. "Yonder in the moonlight, I can see from the window the white crosses of the graveyard. I dare either of you, medical students though you are, to go to that graveyard, open a grave, unscrew the coffin therein, and bring thence something belonging to the dead man, a fragment of his dress, a lock of hair—what I care not—crying as you do so, 'In Satan's name, I bid you come and claim your own again.'"

Once more the younger student burst into a wild laugh.

"Dare it—why not? Save for the city authorities, what would there be in such an act to frighten me, who have no dread of the dissecting-room and do not believe in Satan. Why should I not dare that, Gottlieb?"

"Try it and see, Herman, my friend," said Gottlieb.

"I will," shouted Herman. "I know a little grave, new dug in a quiet place yonder. I know of a place in the wall one may easily scramble over. I go, and I will prove that I have done as I said I would. Adieu, for a while. Stay; I want a spade, a screw-driver, and a knife. Unfasten the closet door, Gustave. Give them to me. Now wait until I come again."

He reeled towards the door as he spoke.

"Go if you dare!" said Gottlieb, in a low tone.

"Go!" yelled Gustave.

"Stay!" shouted Jean, the fourth of the party. "I tell you Gottlieb is right. You will not dare!"

"Not dare?" cried Herman. "Ha! ha! ha!"

He dashed out of the room.

The others rushed to the window and peered over the balustrade of the balcony.

It was a house of four stories.

Under every row of windows ran a quaint carved balcony.

The moonlight sparkled in the narrow street below.

Through it, looking up at them with another wild laugh, they saw Herman run, wrapped in his cloak, which hid the implements he carried with him.

He turned in the direction of the graveyard. The companions returned to the room and sat down around the table.

"He will do it," said Gustave.

"He dare not," said Gottlieb.

Jean drew his watch from his pocket, and laid it before him.

So they sat for an hour.

Gottlieb finally fell asleep, his arms folded upon the table, his long hair falling over them. The moon had set.

The narrow street was enveloped in darkness, save where a few yellow lights glimmered from the windows.

All was silent as the grave when the clock in the church-tower dropped one solemn stroke into the night, and as it died away, swift feet sounded on the pavement, then upon the stairs, and paused at the door, which was flung open to reveal the form of Herman Hummel.

He was wrapped in his cloak, as he had been when he left them.

But then his face had been scarlet flushed, and his eyes bright; now he was pale as death, and his eyes dim, cold expressionless, were sunk in his head.

He cast the spade on the poor, flung back his cloak, which dropped to the ground, and, advancing, laid upon the table something which the black cloak had enveloped.

It was a woman's hand, exquisite as Greek sculpture, and white with the waxen hue of death.

It had been severed at the wrist.

"I did as I promised," he said. "Look, here is the proof. And I bade her come for her own in Satan's name. I'm not afraid of Satan. I'm not afraid of her. Though she said—'I will.'"

Then he dropped forward into Gustave's arms insensible.

He came to himself in a few moments, laughed, drank deeper, idled with the dead hand, and finally embalmed it in spirits and placed it on a shelf in a wide jar.

But his manner was unnatural, and as his friends bade him good-night, they felt it to be so.

When all were gone, he abandoned the efforts at cheerfulness, and cast himself upon the lounge which formed his sleeping-place, with a sort of groan.

Wrapping the counterpane about his head, he strove to sleep, but in vain.

Hour after hour passed on, and the grey dawn came, and he had not closed his eyes.

Lifting his head, he looked towards the window.

Something stood outside of it—a woman's figure, slender and small, clad in a long white robe. It seemed to be gazing upon him.

Cold with terror he stared at it.

It lifted its arms slowly and strangely over its head.

Horror of horrors! on the left wrist there was no hand!

"She has come to claim her own!" cried the young student.

And, with a scream, the figure vanished.

The next day Gottlieb Nun was informed that his friend, Herman Hummel, lay ill with a fever, and was quite delirious.

His student friends nursed him well.

The fever vanished in due time, and he should have recovered entirely.

But, contrary to all probabilities, he still remained weak and nerveless.

He took no interest in anything.

He had no hope for anything.

He could not be roused.

Once or twice, having been left alone, he was found trembling with excitement and horror, hiding his face in the pillows, but he always refused to give any explanation of the cause of his emotion.

Indeed, after a few days of apparent convalescence, he took to his bed again, and hour by hour, day by day, seemed to grow weaker and weaker.

The three friends took turns in watching with him at night, and of all his nurses Gottlieb Nun was the most constant.

He blamed himself for the graveyard episode, which he believed had brought this illness upon Herman, and could not do enough to atone for it.

"Herman, my friend," he said one night, "I believe that something I know nothing of disturbs your peace. Will you confide in me? I would help you if I could, believe me."

Herman turned his hollow eyes upon him.

"No man can help me," he said; "I committed sacrilege. I disturbed and I mutilated the dead and I did it in Satan's name. Gottlieb, retribution fell swiftly upon me. She came to me that night; she stood at the window, she lifted her arms, and I saw the wrist from which I severed that beautiful hand. I cried out, and she vanished."

"It was the fever," said Gottlieb; "it was a dream."

"I have no fever now," said Herman; "and she came to me again last night. She has come many times before, always on moonlight evenings. I was awake, I swear. She stood there at the window in her shroud, and looked in."

"You have dwelt upon the thought until your mind is disordered," said Gottlieb. "Nay, why do you keep the token of that night before your eyes?"

"I will destroy it—or, better, tell me how to find the grave whence you took it, and it shall be reinterred; that, I know, will lay the ghost. Herman, for my sake, cast off the unhappy fancy. It is I who caused you to go to the graveyard that night. We had all been drinking too much; we were fools—you no worse than the rest."

But he spoke in vain.

Herman only shook his head.

Gottlieb sat quietly beside him until he slumbered.

Then, lowering the light, so as to leave the room in obscurity, he proceeded to put into execution the plan he had already formed.

He took the jar containing the hand from the shelf where it had stood, and, making his way

down into the little garden behind the house, dug a hole, and buried it.

Then, with a hopeful heart, he ascended the stairs again.

To his horror, as he ascended the stairs, he heard his friend's voice uttering wild moans and cries for help.

Dashing the door open, he rushed in.

Herman was sitting up in bed, staring towards a corner of the room, and pointing at something which stood there with one thin finger.

"For Heaven's sake!" Gottlieb began, but he said no more.

His blood curdled in his veins.

He felt powerless to move another step forward.

In the faint light that fell through the open window, he saw a figure standing just within the room.

The figure of a fair young woman, dressed in white, who stretched her arms before her as one who groped her way.

One of these arms ended in a beautiful little hand, from the other the hand was gone.

"Can such things be?" said Gottlieb to himself.

"Nay, I will not stand staring here. I will know what that is. It is no shadow—it is substance. What the eyes can see the hands can surely feel."

He forced himself to move.

He rushed forward.

The object stood perfectly still.

He stretched out his hand and caught folds of muslin in his fingers.

"Herman," he cried, "this is no ghost, it is a living woman. Can you turn the light a little higher?"

In a moment more the yellow lamp-light filled the room, and the two young men looked upon a strange sight.

A young and beautiful girl in a somnambulist's slumber; her eyes were open, but saw nothing; her dress was only a night-robe, her feet were bare.

She had certainly lost a hand, but she was no ghost.

"Who is she?—what is she?—where does she come from?" cried Gottlieb.

But at that instant a voice was heard on the balcony, and an old woman, wrapped hastily in a cloak, hurried in.

"I am frightened to death," she cried.

She thought she had leapt the balcony. Pardon, poor child, gentlemen—she walks in her sleep.

It is a habit she has always had since the accident in which she lost her hand. Sometimes I sleep, and she escapes me. I am the Widow Henrich. I live in the next room. If she awakes here she will die of shame. Let me lead her away. I never awaken her."

Gottlieb politely bowed and stood aside.

The old woman led the young sleep-walker away, and he closed the window behind them.

From that moment Herman Hummel recovered rapidly, and soon there was no need of watching with him.

Circumstances soon parted him from Gottlieb Nun, and they did not meet for twelve long months.

At the end of that time they once more encountered each other.

"Herman," said Gottlieb, when the first interchange of courtesies was over, "have you ever seen that pretty sleep-walker again?"

"Yes," said Herman, "I have met her very often. I sought her out and made her case my special care, and I have cured her of sleep-walking. She is the sweetest girl in Germany; and, save for the loss of that dear little hand which makes one tenderer of her, you know, the prettiest also."

"I see," said Gottlieb, shrugging his shoulders.

"You are in love with her?"

"Yes," said Herman. "I marry her to-morrow."

GERMAINE WILDE.

"It is positively shameful!" ejaculated Lyle Curtis.

"What?" asked Miss Germaine Wilde, looking up from her embroidery.

"As if you did not know, Germaine!"

"I know? How should I?"

"Surely, how should you? What have we been talking about for the last half-hour?"

"Of the weather, the latest style of visiting-cards, Miss Payson's charity-school, and Kate Kershaw."

"Kate Kershaw. There you have it! She is beautiful and fascinating, and flirts with charming science; and I say it's a shame."

"A shame that she flirts? Cousin Lyle, one would think you had been wounded."

"Not I. I am all right. But I have known Henry Ridgeway from boyhood, and he is the most glorious old fellow in the world—worthy of a queen. And it makes me growl to think he should waste himself on Kate Kershaw."

Miss Wilde arched her handsome eyebrows.

"Do you think her unworthy?"

"I do. She has no soul. And Henry is all soul."

"Ah! fortunate fellow! How much he must save in tailor's bills."

"Pshaw! Germaine, you are in a sarcastic mood, and I do not like you then. What is the matter? Was Lawrence inattentive last night?"

"Lawrence? Really, I do not remember."

"Do not remember! And yet engaged to marry George Lawrence! Only hear the woman! Wouldn't George feel flattered?"