LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED. "Oh, among his poor patients somewherehe will be along to tea presently. Any news to-night, doctor? I mean..."

"You mean the Scarswood tragedy, of course, ma'am-nobody in Sussex, I believe, talks of anything else latterly. No, no news and no news in this case does not mean good news. The funeral is over, as you know, and there is no will, and everything falls to that pititul, pettifogging little screw of an attorney, Peter Dangerfield — everything, Mrs. Otis—everything. He's Sir Peter now; and among all the baronets who have reigned at Scarswood since the days of James I., I don't believe such a baronet ever disgraced a good old name. She's not got a rap, not a farthing, ma'am—poor as a church mouse, and poorer, for church mice can steal, if they get a chance, and she can't. She's got to work now, Mrs. Otis-got to go out into the hard world and earn the bread and beef of everyday life. Nursery governess or something of that sort she isn't qualified even for that, poor thing poor thing!"

"But, Doctor Graves, this seems a little too dreadful—too cruel. Where are all her friends—all our resident gentry? Must all turn their backs upon her because she chances not to be Sir John's real daughter?"

"She's down in the world, Mrs. Otis, and it's the way of the world to speed tho miserable sinner who falls with a parting kick. Still in this case a new have come forward and offered her a home generously enoughthe Talbots, for instance, and old Mansfield the lawyer. But she's a young woman of a very uncommon stamp, ma'am, and charity's charity, gloss it over as you may. She has acted very strangely from the first, in the last way any reasonable man expects. But you never can tell by what you previously knew of her how a woman will act in any given emergency. The Turks and other heathens who don't treat them as rational beings are in the right of it. They're not! Don't laugh, Mrs. Otis, it's nothing to laugh at. There's that young woman! Quick-tempered, passionate, proud, generous, loving, just the sort of a young woman to break out into tears and hysterics, and sobs and reproaches, making the place too hot for everybody, tearing her hair and rending her garments. Well, how does she act instead? Sits there like a stone, never says a word, never sheds a tear, and broods, broods in sullen silence. Women who don't cry and scold are women to be distrusted, ma'am. If I had seen her in hysterics I would have pitied her; as it is I honestly declare she trightens me. Now

any later and colder." He jumped up and stalked away to a large airy chamber opening off this cosey sitting-Like everything else in and around the widow's cottage, it was daintly neat and clean. The last rays of the chill January fell upon Gaston Dantree, lying motionless upon the bed.

then, ma'am, I'll take a look at our wounded

snake in the grass, and be off before it gets

It was an awfully death-like face-in his coffin the man would hardly look more ghastly, more utterly bloodless and lifeless than now. His faint breathing, his fluttering pulse were barely perceptible—no more. His damp, dark hair fell loose and curly over the white pillows, and in all its spectral bloodlessness his rarely perfect face kept its dark Southern beauty still.

Dr. Graves took his wrist between his fingers and thumb, drew out his watch, gave his head a little professional shake, and prepared to count with that owl-like solemnity patient's pulse ever do wear.

And over her coal fire little Mrs. Otis and mused sadly enough on the fate of that anhappy young lady who a few brief days ago had been the brightest and most blissful of petted heiresses and happy brides elect. "And how strange among all she knew-

Dr. Graves and all-she should have chosen my Henry to come forward and cure the man she loved," she thought with that glow of pride widowed mothers of only sons always feel. "No doubt she knew, if others are too studied to find it out, how clever he is, how suddenly, fully herself. "I am going away, good, how thoughtful, how kind! No woman and I want to see Gaston. How is he tocould ever be more tender in a sick room than he; and if it be possible for earthly physician or earthly drugs to bring this illsated young man round, Henry is the one to do it. But I doubt it .- I doubt it. He looks like death, and he knows nothing or nobody. Hark! here is Henry now!"

She started forward. The front hall door opened, a quick footstep crossed the passage, the sitting-room door was flung wide, and Mr. Henry Otis, "booted and spurred," stood pale as a ghost before his mother.

"Henry!" the word was a low, frightened

"Is she here? Who is that?" He strode across the room to the inner chamber, then fell back with a look of sick disappointment. "Dr. Graves!" he said, "only you. And I was sure I should find her here. "Find whom here? What do you mean

young man?" "I mean Miss Dangerfield. What! don't I must go before it gets too late. Please vou know? She ran away either last night | take me to him at once." or this morning from Scarswood, and no tale or tidings of her are to be found. I thought | cold, and notionless, in the fast-fading dayshe might have come here to-to see him."

staring into it with a greatly disturbed she saw him again -- thus, She stood an inface. "Run away!" the widow and docter both exclaimed.

"Yes-run away-to her death most

likely."

"Henry! Good Heaven!"

"Women have been driven to their death before now by men-girls have committed suicide for less than she has undergone. It s not those who make most outcry over their roubles who feel them deepest. What has she left to live for—robbed of all at one struck six; she turned softly and lit the lamp, blow?"

He spoke bitterly-more bitterly than they dreamed he felt. Months ago he had lifted that inner room. Fifteen-twenty-the two his eyes to the darkly brilliant heiress of men looked at each other uneasily. Twenty-Scarswood, and had been mad enough to fall five-thirty. Then Dr. Graves spoke. in love with her. To him she had looked the fairest, brightest, best of women, and not his place for her in her present state. Mrs. Otis. in love withher. To him she had looked the own mother had ever guessed it. But some | do you go and tell her to come out." of the sharp, cruel pain of loss broke out of his voice now.

"When I think of her, and of him-the traitor-the dastard !"-he looked angrily toward the sick room-" I feel as though I should like to strangle him. If she is dead, then Peter Dangerfield and Gaston Dantree are as surely murderers as ever Cain was."

"Mr. Henry Otis," exclaimed Dr. Graves, with asperity, "will you restrain this incoherent language and violent manner, and tell us in a composed and Christian way what has happened? Miss Dangerfield went home all right after the funeral, with Miss Talbot. Did she run away herself, in the night, or did Peter Dangerfield turn her out ?"

"Scarcely that I think," Henry Otis return-

she suddenly made herappearance before the man Vavaser has been stopping, asked to see her, and was shown to her room. Mrs. Vavasor was out; she returned in about half an hour, and they were shut up together until half-past ten. Then Miss Dargerfield left the house alone and on foot, looking more like her own ghost, the landlord says, than herself. Her French maid Ninon let her in a little before midnight—she gave the girl money, bade her good-night and left her. In the morning she was gone. Search has been made but no trace of her as yet has been obtained. My own opinion is that she has made away with herself."

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"And my own opinion is, she has done nothing of the sort !" curtly interposed Dr. Graves. "Only arrant cowards commit suicide, and whatever blood flows in Miss Dangerfield's veins, there is not one drop of the coward in it. She will live and to terrible purpose, as Peter Dangerfield, Gaston Dantree, and that other little villain Vavasor will yet find. Katherine Dangerfield, whereever she is in this, is not in the other worldtake my word for that."

As he took up his gloves and hat, with the last emphatic words, there came a rap at the door. What presentiment was it sent Henry Otis to answer it with such a very unprofessional bound. He threw it open, and -yesthere in the spectral, wintry dusk before him stood the tall, slender, sombre figure-its black robes, its white face, and great solemn eyes-there stood Katherine Dangerfield

He could not speak a word; the unutterable relief of seeing her alive and there, for a moment almost unmanned him. It was she who spoke first, in that faint, sweet voice that haunted him forever after his life long. " May I come in? It is very cold, and I want to see him."

There was something so forlorn in her look, in her loneliness, in the soft, plaintive tone something so like a spirit about her, that the words he would have spoken died on his lips. She stood before him alive, but surely death was pictured on her face.

"Come in," he said simply; and she glided past him, and into the presence of the other

" My child !" Mrs. Otis said, with a motherly cry; "thank heaven, you are alive, and have come to us. Sit down; let me warm your hands-poor, little trozen hands. Oh! my child, what a fright you have given us all! Where in the world have you been?" She sank wearily down in the chair, and 'et her hands lie in the elder woman's warm

clasp. "I have been with Hannah," she answered slowly; "at Bracken Hollow, with my nurse. And to-morrow I leave Castleford, and I could not go, you know, without seeing Gaston, poor fellow. I would have come before, but I-I dont know-my head feels all wrong somehow, and I think I have been half asleep all day. And the walk was so long -so long, and so cold-ah me! and I was so dizzy and stupid all the way. How warm your fire is, and how nice it is to sit here!"

Her voice died drowsily away, her head day came through the muslin curtains and drooped against the back of the chair, her eyelids fell heavily. The three about her looked in one another's startled faces in dead silence. What dtd this mean?

"My child-Miss Dangerfield!" Mrs. Otis murmured. "Oh, look up; don't lie like that, Miss Katherine! Miss Katherine!" "Yes, papa," drowsily; "but I am so

sleepy, and I dont want to get up to breakfast yet. Has Gaston come? It is cold for him to ride from Castleford to-night-and he hates the cold-poor Gaston! Call me when he comes, papa—I want to sleep now."

Her eyes closed heavily again, her mind was wandering. Her troubles had been too much forher then, after all, and had turned of visage venerable physicians counting a her brain. Dr. Graves bent over her, and shook her slightly.

"rouse up-Gaston has come-Gaston is here!"

She sat up and gazed at him, a bewildered look in her eyes "Who calls?" she asked. "Oh, Dr.

Graves, is it you? Where am I? Is papa sick again? Way, tris an't—" She looked around, and memory seemed slowly strug-gling back. "Yes, I know now-this is Mr. Otis' house-Gaston is here." She rose up night, Mr. Otis?"

"Much as he has been from the first. Miss Dangerfield-little better, little worse." "But he will not die? Mr. Otis, you told me he would not die!"

"I think he will not: I have seen worse cases recover. It is a sort of concussion of the brain. He does not suffer, or at least is conscious of no suffering." "Thank Heaven for that!" she said softly,

'May I see him at once now-and alone? I don't know when I may see him again; and, Mr. Otis, you have been so kind, will cry, but Henry Otis' eyes turned from her to you take care of him for me until he is quite well again? I can't pay you now --- I am poor -but some day if I live, I will."

"I need no pay. For your sake, Miss Dangerfield, I will care for him gladly. I would cherish a dog that had been yours." She held out her hand to him with the old bright grace.

"Thank you. I knew I might trust you.

He led her to the chamber door. White, light, Gaston Dantree lay. She had not seen He crossed abruptly to the fire, and stood him since that fatal wodding night, and now stant; then she entered and closed the door. They heard the sourustle of her dress as she

knelt by the bedside, then silence fell. No one spoke. The moments passed; the night had entirely shut down; the wind howled through the desolate churchyard, whose ghostly gravestones they could see glancing in the darkness. A hushed expectation held them—of what they knew not—

then stood waiting again. Five minutes-ten-no sign, no sound from

The little widow, full of foreboding, tip-

toed to the door, and tapped. No answer. A second tap, louder; still no reply. A third rap—loudly this time, but the only answer profoundest silence. "Open the door, mother!" called the voice

of her son, sounding strange and huskyopen at once!" Mrs. Otis obeyed-ever so little at first and not looking in."

"Miss Katherine," she called, "May I enter?" Still no response. Then she opened the door wide, and recoiled with a cry.

"Henry, the child has fallen-she has fainted!" Henry Otis was in the room before the

home with her brother. About nine o'clock she had softly fallen. In one second she longed fainting fit, doctor—take my word for was uplifted in Henry Otis' arms and borne landlord of the Silver Rose, where the wo- out into the light. Her head fell limp over his arm, her eyes were closed, her features rigid. He laid her upon a sofa-the two doctors bent over her-one with his hand on her heart, the other on her pulse. The heart lay still, the pulse beat no longer. Rigid, white, stark she lay, already growing cotd.

"Oh, Henry, speak" his mother cried.
"Doctor Graves tell me, has she fainted?" The elder doctor removed his hand from her heart, and stood up very pale himself in the lamplight.

"Not fainted, madam," he said quietly;

Sir Peter Dangerfield sat alone in the library of Scarswood; the silken curtains were drawn; firelight and lamplight made the room brilliant: his purple easy chair was drawn up before a writing-table littered with deeds and documents, and Sir Peter, in goldbowed spectacles, was trying to read.

Trying-not reading. For ever between him and the parchment page, a face menacing and terrible kept coming, the face of Katherine, as he had seen her last. Where was Katherine? Dead or alive, she

had sworn to be revenged. Was she dead? He shuddered through all his little craven soul and heart at the thought. Men had looked at him darkly and askance all day, and turned coldly away from him while he spoks. There had been whispers of suicide, What if while he sat here in this warm, lighted, luxurious room, she lay stark and frozen under the stars—dead by her own hand!

There was a tall, smoke colored bottle on another table, with glasses. He was usually a very anchorite for abstemiousness, but he sprang up now, with a muttered oath, filled himself a stiff glass of brandy, and drained it at a draught.

"I wish to Heaven I had given her that inferbal three thousand, and be hanged to it!" he muttered, flinging himself back sulkily in his chair. "Curse the luck! What's the use of a title and a fortune if a fellow's life is to be badgered out of him in this way? There's that greedy little devil, Mrs. Vavasor, not a penny would she throw off. And now there's her. If they ever find-I mean when they find her-I'll give her that three thousand, if she takes it, and have done with the whole confounded thing. But she's so confoundedly proud that likely as not she'll turn cantankerous and refuse. Ther's no pleasing a woman any way; refuse it and you insult her, offer it and you insult her more. Oh, come

in, whover you are, and behanged to you!" This pleasant concluding adjuration was in response to a rap at the door. A tall, serious footman in purple plush breeches and white stockings appeared.

"Dr. Graves, Sir Peter," spake this majestic menial, and vanished.

Sir Peter arose and Dr. Graves, hat in hand very pale and solemn of visage, stood before him. News of Katherine at last. He grasped the back of his chair with one hand and faced his visitor almost defiautly, as one who should say "Whatever has happened I at least have had nothing to do with it." "Well, sir?" he demanded.

"Sir Peter Dangerfield, I bring news ofof Katherine. She is found."

The little baronet's heart gave a great leap Found! then she had not committed suicide. "Ah!" he said with a look ot sulky injury, "I knew as much I thought she wasn't the sort of girl to take arsenic or throw herself into the nearest mill-stream. So she's found, is she? And where has she been, pray, since she ran away from Scarswood?"

He resumed his chair, folded his arms, and looked up at his visitor. But still Dr. Graves kept that face of supernatural solemn-

"When she ran away from Scarswood, Sir Hollow. About three hours ago, while I was at Otis' cottage, seeing that unlucky chap Dantree, she came."

"She did! To see Dantree, too, I suppose. Extremely forgiving of her, I must say, but not in the least like Katherine Dangerfield. Perhaps she is going to turn romantic sicknurse to her wounded cavalier, and end by getting him to marry-"

"Stop, Sir Peter Dangerfield !" the old doc-tor said hoarsely; "not another word. Katherine Dangerfield will never marry Gaston Dantree or any other mortal man. She is dead !"

"Dead!" Sir Peter leaped from his chair as though he had been speared. " Dead, Graves! Good God! I thought you said—I thought

His white lips refused to finish the sentence; he stood staring with horror-struck eyes at the elder man.

"Yes, Sir Peter-dead! Of heart-disease, no doubt, latent and unsuspected. This la

how it happened: She came to see Dantree words. She looked shockingly ill and haggard, and her mind seemed to wander a lit- hunt him until they drove him mad? tle. She fell into a sort of stupor as she sat before the fire and complained of her head. We aroused her after a little time, and she went into the sick room. She shut the door, and we heard her kneel down. Then there | the brilliance of day, locked the doors, seized was a long silence, so long, so profound, that | the brandy bottle and deliberately drank himwe grew alarmed. Mrs. Otis knocked again self into a state of beastly stupor. When and again at the door, and received no an- morning dawned. Sir Peter, lying on the had fallen on her face and was stone dead!

"Great Heaven!" "She must have been dead some minutes cold. I left her there when I found life was shocked. That little cottage on the oututterly extinct, and nothing more possible to skirts of Castleford awoke and found itself Peter-it is horrible! And only yesterday, as it were, this house was all alight for the wedding."

And then the old doctor's voice broke, and he turned his back abruptly on Sir Peter and fased the fire.

Dead silence tell. The clock ticked, the cinders dropped Doctor Graves looked fixedly into the ruddy coals, and Sir Peter sat stiff and upright in his chair, quite ghastly to look

"Dead or alive, I will be revenged!" The horrible words rang in his ear like his deathknell. They meant nothing, perhaps; they were but the passionatc, impotent rage of an outraged woman, who knew his cowardly nature to the full, but they did their work. Katherine was dead! and Katherine was viudictive enough to carry her batred and revenge into that world of shadows whither she had gone, and come hack from the grave to pursue him. Greater and wiser than poor little Sir Peter Dangerfield have devoutly believed in ghosts; he was superstitious to the And Katherine was dead-deadcore. dead! Great, heavy drops stood on his pinched, pallid face, and his voice was husky as he

spoke: "Dr. Graves, there must be some mistake here-there must. She couldn't die in that way—it is too horrible—and she was so young -and so strong-never sick a day in her life, by George! Ob, it is impossible, you knowentirely impossible. It's a fit or a faint, if you like-not death. Let us go back and see | made no appearance among them, but shut what can be done for her —I'll go with you. himself up in his gloomy mansion and drowned. "Even he would hardly dare do that, words were spoken. Katherine was lying on Let us be off at once. I tell you she can't be ed thought in drink.

Miss Talbot left her at Scarswood, and went her face on the floor by the bedside, where dead. I don't want her to die. It's a proit—nothing more. Strong, healthy girls like Katherine don't drop off in a minute like that."

"Sir Peter," the old physician said quietly "I am sixty-five years of age, and for the past forty years I have seen death in all its phases-lingering and instantaneous. And I tell you she is dead. But we will go to her as you say-you can convince yourself with

your own eyes."
But still Sir Peter would not be convinced would not-could not "make her dead." He hurried from the room, changed his dress ordered round his horse, and in fifteen minutes the two men were galloping full speed through the keen, frosty night into Castleford.

The town lay hushed and dark-It was close upon eleven now. Neither spoke a word; the breathless pace did not admit of talk They reached the Otis' cottage, its whole front lit, and figures flitted rapidly to and fro. And Peter Dangerfield's heart under his riding-coat was throbbing so rapidly, he turned sick and reeled dizzily for an instant, as he sprang from the saddle. The next he rallied and followed his leader in.

On the sofa, in the little sitting-room, where they had first placed her, Katherine still lay. They had removed her hat and cloak, and loosened all her clothes, but over that rigid face the solemn seal of eternal sleep had fallen. The had closed her eyes and folded the pulseless hands, and calmly, as though sleeping, and fairer than ever in life, she lay. The haggard look had all gone and a great calm lay upon it.

So Peter Dangerfield saw her again. There were three persons in the room. Beside Mr. Otis and his mother, the old ex-Indian nurse from Bracken Hollow, sad, gaunt and grey, sat close by her nurseling, swaying ceaselessly to and fro, and uttering a sort of moaning cry, like a dumb creature in pain. She lifted her inflamed eyes and fixed them with savage hatred upon the pal-

lid face of the baronet. "Ay," she said, bitterly; "you're a fine gentleman now, little Peter Dangerfield, and you do well to come and look at your bandiwork; for you're her murderer, you and that Katherine. I wish I hadn't said what I did to lying, false faced villain lying yonder, as sure as ever men were murderers. The law won't hang you, I suppose, but it has hung men who deserved it less. I wonder you aren't afraid as you look at her-afraid she will rise up from her death-bed and accuse

He turned his tortured face toward her, quite horrible to see in its fear and ghastliness. "For Heaven's sake, bush!" he said. "I never meant this! I never thought she would die! I would give all I am worth to bring her back to life. I couldn't help it-I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds Don't drive me mad with your talk !"

"Liar!" old Hannah cried, towering up and confronting him; "double liar and coward! Who refused her dying father's bequest? who offered her the deadliest and most dastardly insult it is possible to offer woman And you say you are sorry, and ask me not to drive you mad! I tell you, if the whole town rose up and stoned you, it would not be half your deserts. I say again, I wonder that, dead as she lies there before you, she does not rise to accuse her murderer. Mr. Henry Otis. this is your house, and she thought you her friend. Show yourself her friend now, and

turn her murderer out!" "Hannah. Hannah, hush!" interrupted Mrs. Otis, scandalized and alarmed. Whatever Sir Peter might be, it was not in this good woman's nature to do other than reverence the Lord of Scarswood, the man of eight thousand a year.

But her son stepped forward-pale, cold and stern.

"Hannah's right, mother," he said, "and he shall go. Sir Peter Dangerfield, this house Peter, she went to her old nurse at Bracken is no place for you. You have come here all by you and that man yonder. He is beyond the pale of justice-you are not; and, by Heaven! you shall go! He threw wide the house door, his dark eyes flushing, and pointed out into the darkness. "Go, Sir Peter, and never set foot across threshold of mine again. She turned to me in her trouble. she came to me in her dark hour, and she is mine now-mine Go!-vou coward, vou robber and insulter of helpless girlhood, and

come here no more!" The fiery words scourged him, averted faces met him on every side. And, calm and white, Katherine lay before him, with closed eyes and folded hands; most awiul of all! Without a word he slunk away like a whipped hound, the door closed upon him, and he stood alone under the black winter night.

Alone! Would he ever be alone again Sleeping and waking would not that terrible white, fixed face pursue him. "Dean, I will come back from the grave if the dead can!" Would the words she had spoken, the dreadbefore leaving Castleford—those were her ful words he had laughed at once, ever cease to ring in his ears now? Would they not

Sir Peter Dangerfield rode home. Home! What was Scarswood better than a haunted house now? He shut himself up in his library, lighted the room to more than Then we opened it and went in. She hearthrug, was far beyond all fear of ghosts or

goblins in heavy, bestial sleep.

And Katherine Dangerfield was dead. The papers recorded it, the town rang with ten or more, for she was already growing it—the whole neighborhood was utterly be done, and came here. It is shocking, Sir famous. Crowds flocked hither all day on toot and in carriages, poor and rich, to look on that placid, dead face. And so the tragedy of Scarswood had ended thus. Sir John Dangerfield lay in his tomb, Gaston Dantree the brilliant adventurer lay in his darkened room hovering between life and death, and Katherine, so bright, so dashing, so full of life and hope, and love and happiness only a few brief weeks ago, lay here-like this. "In the midst of life we are in death," Everybody shook their heads and quoted that: the funeral sermon was preached from it. All who had ever known her bowed down now in reverence before the solemn wender of the winding sheet.

People came forward-two or three of the county families, the Talbots at their headand offered to take the body and have the obsequies of appropriate grandeur. But Henry Otis set those resolute lips of his, and doggedly refused.

"It was to me she came in her trouble." he answered, "not to you. No man alive has a better right, or a stronger claim now than I And I'll never give her up. She refused all your aid alive, she shall not seek it dead. From my house she goes to yonder churchyard-I will give her up to none of you."

Edith Talbot never left the house. She sat by her dead friend, weeping incessantly. Feeling against the new baronet ran very high and bitterly. No one but old Hannah knew of the terrible insult of that other night, but everybody suspected foul play. He

The funeral took place two days after, and they laid her in a remote corner of that little obscure churchyard, among the lowly of Castleford. A fir-tree reared its gloomy branches above the grave—a gray cross mark-ed the spot. They laid her there in the twilight of a wintry afternoon, with bowed Katherine Dangerfield was told and done. One by one they dropped away to their homes, Edith Talbot among the last, still crying behind her vail, and led away by her brother. And then Henry Otis stood alone over the grave of the woman he loved and had lost. He stood with folded arms while the short, dark gloaming ran on, his hat lying beside

> KATHERINE, ÆTAT 17.

other woman, and this was the end.

him, the keen wind lifting his hair unheeded.

He had leved her as he never would love any

REBURGAM.

That was all; no second name. Who knew what the name might be, or if she really had a claim to any name whatever? And so, while he stood there, the twilight fell, and it was his mother's voice, calling plaintively, that aroused him at last.

"Henry! Henry! come home, dear! You will get your death standing there bareheaded in the cold!"

An hour later, when the slender crescent moon lifted her sickle over the blue sea-line, another pilgrim came to that new-made grave, fearfully, and by stealth.

Peter Dangerfield had not dared to come to the funeral, but he came now to the grave. He was horribly afraid still, but all the same, he could not stay away. It was like a hideous dream to him. Katherine dead!-that bright, dashing young Amazon, whose laugh had rang so clear, whose eyes had flashed so bright! Katherine dead! And they call him her murderer!

He made his way along the little pathway, worn by humble feet, to the spot where they had said her. The faint new moon flickered on the granite cross. He knelt on one knee and read the inscription:

KATHERINE,

ÆTAT 17. RESURGAM.

What a brief record it was! And, Resurgam-what did that word mean, he wondered, stupidly. Then it dawned upon him " Resurgam" meant "I shall rise again." "I

shall rise again!" From her very grave the dead girl spoke and threatened him. How long he lingered there he never knew. He felt half stupified, partly with the liquor he had beeh drinking, partly with abject fear, partly with cold. He was cramped stiff when at last he arose to go. His horse stood outside the little gate. He mounted him, let the reins fall upon his neck, while his head sank upon his breast. How the animal made his way home-how he got into the house, into his own room, into bed. he could never have told. All that shone out

vividly from that night in his after life was the dream that followed. He was wandering through a dark and unknown country—bleak and forsaken. He could see the stars in the sky, the new moon, a solitary fir-tree, and gravestones every where It was one perpetual graveyard, and a spectral figure, with long, floating brown hair, and waving white arms, beckoned him on and on. He could not see the face, but he knew it was Katherine. He was tired, and sick and cold and tootsore. Their dismal road ended at last in a ghastly precipice where, looking down sheer thousands of feet below, he saw a seething hell of waters. Then his shadowy guide turned, and he saw Katherine Dangerfield's dead face. The stiff lips parted, and the

sweet, strong voice spoke as it did of old: and cried out as one man, God bless that "Living, I will pursue you to the very ends of the earth. Dead, I will come back from

the grave, if the dead can !" The words she had spoken in her passionate outburst she spoke again. Then her arms encircled him with a shriek of terror he was hurled over that dizzy cliff—and awoke sitting up in bed,

trembling in every limb.
Only a dream! And was this night but the beginning of the end!

PART II. CHAPTER I.

LA REINE BLANCHE. THE place was Her Majesty's Theatre-the opera the " Figlio del Regimento,"-the bour after the first act-the time, the last week of the London season—and the scene was brilliant beyond all description. "All the stead. She's married, and a Marchioness; world," was there, and the prima donna was that sweetest of singers, that loveliest of women, that most charming of actresses, Mademoiselle Nilsson.

Her Majesty's was full—one dazzling blaze of light from dome to perquette, tier upon tier of magnificently dressed women, a blaze of diamonds, a glow of rainbow bouquets, a flutter of fans, a sparkle of bright eyes, a vision of fair faces, and lights and warmth, and Donizetti's matchless music sweeping and

surging over all. The house had just settled back in its seats. for a few moments, the whole audience had risen, en masse, at the entrance of royalty. in the royal box now sat the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, and the Princess

The bell had tinkled for the rising of the curtain upon the second act of the opera when a fashionably late party of three entered one of the proscenium boxes, and a thousand eves and as many "double barrels" turned instantly in that direction. You saw at once that these late arrivals were people of note, and looking at them you would merely glance at two of the party, and then your eyes would have fixed, as countless eyes there did, upon the third face—a wondrously fair face. The party were the Earl of Ruysland, his only daughter, the Lady Cecil Clive, and his niece Ginevra, Lady Dangerfield. And the Earl of Ruysland's only dauguter had been the most brilliant belle of this London season, as she had been of the two preceding, and not in all that dazzling house, not in the royal box itself, looked forth a fairer, sweeter face than that which looked with perfect self-possession over the audience now.

She had advanced to the front at once with high bred composure, drawn back the curtain with one slim, gloved hand and leaned ever so slightly forward, with a half smile upon her face. In the musical interlude, before the rising of the curtain for the second time, countless bows and smiles greeted her, whichever way she turned. All the lorgnettes in the house seemed for an instant aimed at that one fair face and queenly head, upheld with stag-like grace; but to my Lady Cecil that was a very old story, and, with all her woman's love and adoration, something of a weary one. She lay back in her chair, after that first sweep of the house, threw back her opera cloak, all silk, swan's-down, and snow cashmere, as seemingly indifferent to all those eyes as though she sat in the theatre alone.

A belle of Belgravia—yes, Lady Ceoil was that. It was a marvelously brilliant face on which the lamplight shone, with its com-plexion of pearl, its soft, large, lustrous, haughty carriage of the dainty head, the pure i not for love-making. A brilliant scene this

Greek type of feature, the swaying grace of the tall, slight form. A rarely perfect face, and as sweet as perfect, with its dreamy ten der eyes, its gravely gentle smile. You would hardly have dreamed, looking at its delusive innocence, how much mischief my Lady Cecil had done in her day, how much, the gods will. heads and sad, solemn faces, and the story of ing, she yet meant to do. Those brown, serene eyes, had " slain thousands and tens of thousands," that delusively gentle smile had driven men blind and mad with the insanity called love. A pearl-faced hazel-eyed Circe who led her victims down a flower-strewn path with words and smiles of honey, only to leave them stranded high and dry on the desolate quicksand of disappointment, where the bones of her victims bleached. A flirt by nature—a coquette ripe for mischief, a beauty without mercy and without heart-that was her character, as half the men in London would have told you.

And yet-and yet-how lovely she looked, to-night! how radiant! how spotless! Dressed for some after ball, the loosely-falling opera cloak showed you a robe of rose silk, decollete, of course; soft touches of rich point-lace, a cluster of rich moss roses in the corsage, and lace draperies falling open from the large pearly arm. Looking at her as she sat there, you were half-inclined, knowing all the enormities, to forgive the deeds of darkness wrought by so peerless a siren. Fair and fatal; and when in repose, even with a touch of sadness, there was something in it that made you paraphrase the words of the southern sculptor, speaking of Charles Stuart, "Something evil will befall her, she carries misfortune on her face." Her companion was a very excellent foil to

the fair, pale, pensive beauty of the earl's daughter. Lady Dangerfield was a brunette of the most pronounced type, petite, four-and-thirty years old, and by lamplight, in diamonds and amber silk, still young, and still pretty. Her black hair built up in braids, and puffs, and curis, by the most unapproachable of Parisian hair-dressers, was a marvel of art in itself. There was a flush on either sallow cheek-art, or nature? who shall say? -and if the purple tinting under the eyelids made those black orbs any longer, bigger, brighter, than when they came first from the hand of a benificent Providence, whose busi-

ness was it but the lady's own? For the Earl of Ruysland-tall, thin, refixed, patrician, and fastidious-he was fifty odd, with a venerable bald head, shining like a billiard ball, and two tired, gray eyes. He had been a handsome man in his day, a spendthrift, a gambler, a dandy, a member of the famous Beefsteak Club, in his youth. He had run through two fortunes, and now stood con-

fessed the poorest peer in Britain. Two young men in the stalls had been among the first to take aim at the new-comers, at Lady Cecil, rather, and the longest to

"La Reine Blanche is looking her best tonight. Few reigning beauties stand the wear and tear of three seasons as the White Queen does. "La Reine Blanche!" his companion re-

stare.

peated. "I always meant to ask you, Delamer, why they called her that. A pretty idea too. "From some real or fancied resemblance to that other La Reine Blanche, Marie Stuart-

dazzleing and doomed." Starer No. Two put up his lorgnette and took another survey. "Not fancied, Delamer-there is a resemblance-quite striking. The same oval face, the same Greek type, the same expression, half-tender, half-melancholy, halt-disdainful. If Mary the Queen had a tithe of that beauty, I can understand now how even the hardheaded Scottish commoners were roused to

enthusiasm as she rode through their midst,

sweet face!" "That will do, Wyatt. Don't you get roused to enthusiasm; and don't look too long at Ruysland's peerless daughter; she is rhat'a their names know, who lured poor devils to death and doom. She's a thorough-paced flirt; her coquetries have been as numberless as the stars, and not half so eternal. She's the highest-priced Circassian in Mayfair, and you might as well love some bright particular star, etc.; and besides it is au courant at the clubs that she was bidden in and bought ages ago by some tremendously Cornish baronet, wandering at present in foreign parts. a sensible fellow, gives Queenie-they call her Queenie-no end of margin for flirting, until it suits his sultanship to return, pay the price, and claim his property. Look at Nillsson inbut it's not half so dangerous, believe me, as

gazing at La Reine Blanche." "I'm not looking at your La Reine Blanche," Wyatt answered; "I'm looking at that man yonder-you see him ?-very tall, very tanned, very military. If Redmond 0'-Donnell be in the land of the living, that is

Delamer whirled around, as nearly excited as the principles of his life would allow a dandy of the Foreign Office to be.

"What! Redmond O'Donnell? the man we met two years ago in Algiers—Le beau Chasseur as they used to call him, and the best of good fellows. By George! you're right, Wyatt, it is O'Donnell! Let us join him at

once.

A few moments later, and the two embryo diplomats from the F. O. had made their way to the side of a tall, soldierly, sunburned man who sat quite alone three tiers behind. "What? You, O'Donnell! I give you my

word I'd as soon have expected to see Pio None sitting out the opera as Le Beau Chasseur. Glad to see you in England, dear old boy, all the same. When did you come?" The man addressed looked up—his dark,

grave face lighting into sudden brightness and warmth as he smiled. It was a handsome face, a thoroughly Celtic face, despite the golden tan of an African sun, with blue eyes, to which long, black lashes lent softness and depth, profuse dark brown hair, and most desirable curling mustache. It was a gallant figure, straight, tall, and strong as a Norway pine, and with the true trooper swing.

"Delamer-Wystt-this is a surprise!" He shook hands cordially with the two men, with a smile and glance pleasant to see. - When did I come? Only reached London at noon to-day, after a smooth run from New Orleans of twenty-two days."

"New Orleans! And what the deuce took Captain O'Donnell of the Third Chasseurs d'Afrique, to New Orleans?" "A family matter-I'll tell you later. As

we only remain a day or two in London, thought I would drop in to her Majesty's and hear Nillsson for the first time." "We! O'Donnell, don't tell me there's a lady in the case - that the madness of matri-

mony has soized you—that you have taken to yourself a wife of the daughters of the land. You Irishmen are all alike, fighting and lovemaking—love making and fighting. Ah!"
Mr. Delamer shook his head and sighed faintly; "she isn't an Arab, I hope-is she? O'Donnell laughed.

"There's a lady in the case, but not a wife. Don't you know I have a sister, Delamer? brown, gazelle eyes, its trailing hazel hair, Have no fears for me-my weaknesses are bound back with pearls, and roses,, the many and great-for fighting, if you like, but