

has been some condition of payment, or something else, not complied with."

"That's simple enough. A few lines in the book-keeping awfice can invalidate the deed."

"One or two words, Mr. Lamb, and I have done; the quicker you answer, the sooner Miss Du Plessis' decision is reached. Do you represent the commissioner, the minister?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Were you sent by his deputy, the head of the department?"

"Not the head exactly."

"Is the name of the man, for whom your friend wants to expropriate Miss Du Plessis' land, called Rawdon, Altamont Rawdon?"

"How did you know that? Ore you one of the deportment outriggers?"

"No; I have nothing to do with any kind of dirty work. You go back, and tell your man, first, that Rawdon is dead, and that in life he was a notorious criminal; second, that Miss Du Plessis' land has been devastated by the fire in which he perished; and, third, that if he, or you, or any other contemptible swindler, moves a finger in this direction, either above board or below, I'll have you up for foul conspiracy, and make the department only too happy to send you about your business to save its reputation before the country."

As Ben Toner and his friends in the kitchen would have said, Mr. Lamb was paralyzed. While the lawyer had spoken with animation, there was something quite judicial in his manner. Miss Carmichael looked up at him from under her long lashes with an admiration it would have done him good to see, and a hum of approving remarks went all round the table. Then, in an evil moment, the young lady felt it her duty to comfort the heart of poor Orther Lom, whom everybody else regarded with something akin to contempt. She talked to him of old times, until the man's inflated English was forgotten, as well as his by no means reputable errand. The young man was quite incapable of any deep-laid scheme of wrong-doing, as he was of any high or generous impulse. He was a mere machine, educated up to a certain point, able to write a good hand, and express himself grammatically, but thinking more of his dress and his spurious English than of any learning or accomplishment, and the unreasoning tool of his official superiors. He had been checkmated by Coristine, and felt terribly disappointed at the failure of his mission; but the thought that he had been engaged in a most dishonest attempt did not trouble him in the least. Yet, had he been offered a large bribe to commit robbery in the usual ways, he would have rejected the proposition with scorn. Miss Carmichael, knowing his character, was sorry for him, little thinking that his returning vivacity under her genial influence smote Coristine's heart, as the evidence of double disloyalty on the lady's part, to her friend, Miss Du Plessis, and to him. Tiring of her single-handed work, she turned to Mr. Bigglethorpe, saying: "You know Mr. Lamb, do you not?" The fisherman answered: "You were kind enough to introduce us last night, Miss Carmichael, but you will, I hope, pardon me for saying that I do not approve of Mr. Lamb." Then he turned away, and conversed with the Captain. When the company rose, the only person who approached the civil servant was the colonel, who said: "I pehsume, suh, aftah what my kind friend, Mr. Cohistine, has spoken so well, you will not annoy my niece with any moah remahks about her propheety. It would please that lady and me, as her guahdian, if you will fohget Miss Du Plessis' existence, suh, so fah as you are concerned." This was chilling, but chill did not hurt Mr. Lamb. The little Carruthers, headed by Marjorie, were in front of the verandah when Miss Carmichael and he went out. Marjorie had evidently been schooling them, for, at her word of command, they began to sing, to the tune of "Little Bo Peep," the original words:—

Poor Orther Lom,
He looks so glom.

Miss Carmichael seized her namesake and shook her. "You naughty, wicked little girl, how dare you? Who taught you these shameful words?" she asked, boiling with indignation. Marjorie cried a little for vexation, but would not reveal the name of the author. Some said it was the doctor, and others, that it was his daughter Fanny; but Miss Carmichael was sure that the lawyer, Marjorie's great friend, Eugene, was the guilty party, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that the sooner he left Bridesdale the better. Coristine was completely innocent of the awful crime, which lay in the skirts of Marjorie's father, the Captain, as might have been suspected from the beauty of the couplet. The consequence of the poetic surprise was the exclusive attachment of Miss Carmichael to the Crown Lands man, in a long walk in the garden, a confidential talk, and the present of a perfectly beautiful button-hole pinned in by her own hands.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Picnic—Treasure Trove—A Substantial Ghost Captured—Coristine's Farewell—Ride to Collingwood—Bangs Secures Rawdon—Off to Toronto—Coristine Meets the Captain—Grief at Bridesdale—Marjorie and Mr. Biggles—Miss Du Plessis Frightens Mr. Lamb—The Minister's Smoke—Fishing Picnic.

AFTER his Parthian shot, the Captain ordered Sylvanus to get out the gig, as he was going home. Leaving Marjorie in the hands of her aunt Carmichael, he saluted his daughter, his niece, and his two sisters-in-law, and took

their messages for Susan. There was grief in the kitchen at the departure of Sylvanus, who expected to be on the rolling deep before the end of the week. Mr. Pawkins and Constable Rigby had already taken leave, travelling homeward in an amicable way. Then, Doctor Halbert insisted on his vehicle being brought round, as there must be work waiting for him at home; so a box with a cushion was placed for his sprained leg, and he and Miss Fanny were just on the eve of starting, when Mr. Perrowne came running up in great haste, and begged to be allowed to drive the doctor over. With a little squeezing he got in, and, amid much waving of handkerchiefs, the doctor's buggy drove away. Mr. Lamb exhibited no desire to leave, and Miss Carmichael was compelled to devote herself to him, a somewhat monotonous task, in spite of his garrulous egotism. Timotheus, by the Squire's orders, harnessed the horses to the waggonette, and deposited therein a pickaxe and a spade. Mr. Bigglethorpe brought out his fishing tackle, joyous over the prospect of a day's fishing, and Mr. Terry lugged along a huge basket, prepared by his daughter in the kitchen, with all manner of eatables and drinkables for the picnic. The lawyer made the fourth of the party, exclusive of Timotheus, who gave instructions to Maguffin how to behave in his absence. The colonel was with Wilkinson, but the ladies and Mr. Lamb came to see the expedition under way. It was arranged that Timotheus should drive the Squire and the lawyer to the masked road and leave them there, after which he was to take the others to Richards place, put up the horses, and help them to propel the screw through the lakes and channels. Accordingly, the treasure seekers got out the pick and shovel, and trudged along to the scene of the late fire. As they neared the Encampment, their road became a difficult and painful one, over fallen trees blackened with fire, and through beds of sodden ashes. At the Encampment, the ground, save where the buildings had stood, was comparatively bare. The lofty and enormously strong brick chimney was still standing in spite of the many explosions, and, here and there, a horse appeared, looking wistfully at the ruins of its former home. There, the intending diggers stood, gazing mutely for a while on the scene of desolation.

"Sandy soil, draining both ways, and under cover," is what we want, Coristine," said the Squire. The two walked back and forward along the ridge, rejecting rock and depression and timbered land. They searched the foundations of houses and sheds, found the trap under Rawdon's own house that led to the now utterly caved-in tunnel, and tried likely spots where once the stables stood, only to find accumulations of rubbish. A steel square, such as carpenters use, was found among the chips in the stone-yard, and of this Coristine made a primitive surveyor's implement by which he sought to take the level of the ground. "Bring your eye down here, Mr. Carruthers," he said. "I see," answered the Squire; "but, man, yon's just a conglomeration o' muckle stanes." The lawyer replied, "That's true, Squire, but it's the height of land, and that top stone lies almost too squarely to be natural. Let us try them at least. It will do no harm, and the day is young yet." They went forward to a spot beyond the stone yard, on the opposite side from the burnt stables, which they saw had once been railed off, for the blackened stumps of the posts were still in the ground. It was a picturesque mass of confusion, apparently an outcrop of the limestone, not uncommon in that region. But the lawyer probed the ground all about it. It was light dry soil, with no trace of a rocky bottom. Without a lever, their work was hard, but they succeeded in throwing off the large flat protecting slab, and in scattering its rocky supports. "Man, Coristine, I believe you're richt," ejaculated the perspiring Carruthers. Then he took the pick and loosened the ground, while the lawyer removed the earth with his spade. "There's no' a root nor a muckle stane in the haill o't, Coristine; this ground's been wrocht afore, my lad." So they kept on, till at last the pick rebounded with a metallic clang. "Let me clear it, Squire," asked the lawyer, and, at once, his spade sent the sand flying, and revealed a box of japanned tin, the counterpart of that discovered by Muggins, which had only contained samples of grindstones. A little more picking, and a little more spading, and the box came easily out. It was heavy, wonderfully heavy, and it was padlocked. The sharp edge of the spade loosened the lid sufficiently to admit the point of the pick, and, while Coristine hung on to the box, the Squire wrenched it open. The tin box was full of notes and gold.

"There's thoosands an' thoosands here, Coristine, eneuch to keep yon pair body o' a Matilda in comfort aa' her days. Man, it's a grann' discovery, an' you're the chiel that's fund it," cried the Squire, with exultation. The lawyer peered in too, when, suddenly, he heard a shot, a bullet whizzed past his ear, and, the next moment, with a sickening thud, Carruthers fell to the ground. Coristine rose to his feet like lightning, and faced an apparition; the Grinstun man, with pistol in one hand and life preserver in the other, was before him. Without a moment's hesitation he regained his grasp of his spade, and stretched the ghost at his feet, mercifully with the flat of it, and then relieved his victim of pistol and loaded skull-cracker. He heard voices hailing, and recognized them as those of the veteran and the fisherman. He replied with a loud cry of "Hurry, hurry, help!" which roused the prostrate spectre. It arose and made a dash for the tin box, but Coristine threw himself upon the substantial ghost, and a struggle for life began. They

clasped, they wrestled, they fell over the poor unconscious Squire, and upset the tin box. They clasped each other by the throat, the hair; they kicked with their feet, and pounded with their knees. It was Grinstun's last ditch, and he was game to hold it; but the lawyer was game too. Sometimes he was up and had his hand on his opponent's throat, and again, he could not tell how, he was turned over, and the heavy squat form of Rawdon fell like an awful nightmare on his chest. But he would not give in. He saw his antagonist reach for a weapon, pistol, skull-cracker, he knew not what it was, but that reach released one hand from his throat. With a tremendous effort, he turned, and lay side to side with his enemy, when Timotheus dashed in, and, bodily picking up the Grinstun man in his arms, hammered his head on the big flat stone, till the breathless lawyer begged him to stop. Up came Mr. Bigglethorpe and Mr. Terry in great consternation, and gazed with wonder upon the lately active ghost. "Make him fast," cried Coristine with difficulty, "while I look after the poor Squire." So, Timotheus and the fisher took off Rawdon's coat and braces, and bound him hand and foot with his own belongings. But the veteran had already looked to his son-in-law, and, from the picnic stores, had poured some spirits into his lips. "Rouse up, John awri," he cried piteously, "rouse up, my darlint, or Honoria 'ull be breakin' her poor heart. It's good min is scarce thim toimes, an' the good God'll niver be takin' away the bist son iver au ould man had." The Squire came to, although the dark blood oozed out of an ugly wound in the back of his head, and the amount of liquor his affectionate father-in-law had poured into him made him light-headed. "Glory be to God!" said the old man, and all the others gratefully answered "Amen."

(To be continued.)

FAIRYLAND.

THEY tell us the fairies have vanished,
They "dance no more on the green,"
Alas, 'tis our eyes that are holden,
The fairies are there, I ween.

'Tis true we've affrighted the wee-folk
With clamour, and rush, and roar,
To a further enchanted circle
Than ever they were of yore.

But indeed, indeed I have seen them,
O'er hill, in forest, on fen,
Those gay little green-kirtled maidens,
And swift-footed, red-capped men.

Why, think you, the crickets are tuning,
And harping the live-long day?
Is it not for the night-noon revel
Of goblin, or sprite, or fay?

For what is the fire-fly flaming
His torch in the darksome gloom?
Were it not that the little people
Might find out the sweetest bloom?

Then hie thee away to the meadows,
(Make sure that the moon be bright)
And if you have faith in my fairies,
You'll see them, I trow, to-night.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

SHORT STUDIES IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE—IV.

AND now we come to the fourth great name on this list of Russian novelists. I have reserved Dostoevsky to the last, not because he is so either in time or in importance, but rather because I consider him to have reached a higher psychological development than either of his distinguished rivals. "Gogol" says M. de Vogüé "avait regardé dans ces sordes ténèbres, avec amertume et ironie; Tourguénief y a plongé du sommet de son rêve d'artiste, en contemplatif plutôt qu'en apôtre; Tolstoï est en sens le premier apôtre de la pitié social, mais, par ses origines et ses débuts, il est encore de ceux qui descendent de haut dans la gouffre; après nous verrons venir ceux qui en sortent." Yes, there were others to go even further, and the chief of these is Dostoevsky. Turgénief had handled the puppets of his creation with the gentle touch of the dreamer; he had watched them without the flush of hope and without the trembling of despair; his moves in this game of life had been neither many nor violent, but ever true to the dictates of his artist soul. Tolstoï, with furrowed brow and concentrated gaze, had moved his puppets as if they were pieces on a chess-board. Analyzing every step and making deductions, he had sat over this game until his own brain grew dizzy with thought and his heart sank within him with the consciousness of the impossible. Then of a sudden all had become clear and luminous, for, from the back row of those imitations of life he had drawn forward the most insignificant of them all, and listening himself to the voice of his own creation, he had bowed his head in reverence for an ideal unconsciously evolved from the ponderings of his own mind. Dostoevsky viewed his puppets with feverish intensity,