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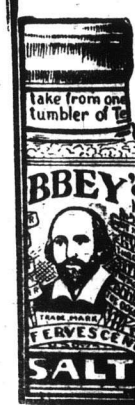
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Whiffet yelped gleefully. One discovery led to another. A wooden button, turning on a screw, released a neat panel about two feet six by one and a half that swung outward on leather hinges, revealing a little space between the frame uprights, and then two handles screwed to the broad boarding beyond. A tug at these latter and a section two feet thick in length and about one and a half in breadth came easily toward him and was as easily slid to one side. Whiffet bounded through, and then, thrusting his head into the aperture, Mr. Bob Ramsay was in no wise surprised to find himself surveying from the level of the floor the second-story back room of No. 1. The removable panel of wainscoting began at the west wall where it joined the companion piece on that side. It had been carefully painted over, after being as carefully sawed some two feet out, and from the interior of the room, at least, defied detection. This, then, was the dressing-room of the ghostly visitor, and Ramsay felt sure he had only to wait and watch. Some night the cold current of air, sweeping down and slowly swinging the door with the loosened latch, would tell that the panels were open and the ghost getting ready to walk. Then whoever he was, Bob meant to hammer him well for daring to terrify Jessica Thornton.

She blushed red when told that it was Steiner who had been posing as ghost. And then that voluble mother of hers let another cat out of the bag. Steiner, it seems, had been the worshipper from

afar who had written Jessica many a lovelorn verse and at least one romantic, despairing letter in which he raved of noble birth, and baronial estates, and besought her to fly with him to the Rhineland. For these unsigned effusions, little Gretel, the hospital-steward's daughter, had been his messenger, and she did not fear to point him out. So Steiner languished in the guardhouse awaiting trial, and here endeth the ghost part of the story. The rest is soon told. Mamma Thornton got well. It was time to start for Laramie, and poor Jessica had grown tired waiting—waiting for Bob Ramsay to come to his senses and his knees, or hers, and say he was sorry for what she had said. Come he would not, however. He had been stung to the quick. He was heartless, obdurate, abominable, said he, for she knew he loved her and longed to hear him say so. The night came that was to be their last at Russell, but no Bob Ramsay, and then Jessica Thornton did a remarkable thing. Not until twenty years after, however, did any one but Billings, the adjutant, and Bob Ramsay know of it. Then it was told to Jessica Ramsay, aetat 18, to help her out of a tangle of her own, and told by her mother—but that has nothing to do with the present story. When another November came and with it the Fifth again back from the chase of Chief Joseph and his brave, devoted, but luckless band, the old ghost-haunted rookery of No. 1 was the blithest army home on the line, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Bob Ramsay were the occupants.



The gloe party.

Jim's Boy.

An Ideal of Parental Obligation—A Story of Camp Life at the Diamond Mine.
By Mrs. Tom Kelly.

Hot air, blazing sand, a sky of brass, and a shadowless world.
It was the dry season in Pniel, on the banks of the Vaal, when Pniel was the bustling centre of the river diamond diggings of South Africa. The sun's rays appeared to be vertical all day long, and a magnetic attraction seemed to be drawing the orb itself nearer to the earth, for its beams scorched every inanimate object, and inflicted fateful strokes on many a living thing exposed to its merciless power.

Among innumerable dwellings whose unsightliness proclaimed their temporary character, and whose ugliness (broken poles, torn canvas, and ill-fitting walls and roofs of corrugated iron) was all glaringly displayed by that most ostentatious showman, the Sun, stood a small and neat construction, a striking contrast to its surroundings. It had been erected from an architectural design gradually evolved as plant and labour had been obtained, and weather had permitted. The result was a well-thatched shanty, made principally of wood, with here and there a patch of wattle and daub. The corner poles were of various heights, suggesting the masts of a ship, and the abode was called "The Admiralty" by the camp, and its owner was known by the appellations "Admiral" and "Big Jim."

When our story begins he was preparing an evening meal. Notwithstanding

heat and bad luck, he always told little Jim there was "a shot in the locker still," but though he had bought a selection from the dainties available (confined to bread, sugar, coffee, tea, beef and mutton, all at famine prices), he was not versed in the art of cooking for invalids, and little Jim had taken but scant interest lately in the repasts. For some weeks the boy had been ailing; his limbs had become weak, his eyes were feverishly bright, and his features often now relaxed into a weary expression when his smile died away, and the Admiral, seeing these signs of declining health, watched for the rains more eagerly than ever he had looked on stormy nights for the lights of Plymouth Sound. But the rains did not come, and the luck did not turn and the Admiral, following a theory in diamond mining essentially original, dug on persistently, "up against the prevailing winds" that blew clouds of scorching sand all over the country, while little Jim was surely pining.

Suddenly a new idea occurred to our elder hero, and, with the tact upon which he was wont to pride himself, he set to work to carry it out.

"Jim," he began apologetically, "I've lost my genius for cooking. You see, digging and sorting takes the delicacy out of the fingers. I think we'll go up to Joe Murray's, and you'll get supper there, for I have to go to the ferry to yarn



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