

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and its testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fittest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have seen their way to do so.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still larger enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness from the 1st of December, 1880, to the 31st of December 1881 (thirteen months), including the one back number.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

All the above subscriptions are for the term ending December 31st, 1881 (13 months).

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfill all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

This is a phrase very often to be heard and seen during the sessions of the British Parliament. But probably few understand the origin and nature of the phrase. Here is an explanation. In former times, when the beech forests which covered the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire, were infested with robbers, and in order to restrain them, and protect the peaceable inhabitants of the neighborhood of their inroads, it was usual for the crown to appoint an officer, who was called the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. The office, which has long ceased to serve its primary, now serves a secondary purpose. A member of the House of Commons cannot resign his seat unless disqualified, either by the acceptance of a place of honor and profit under the crown, or by some other cause. Now, the stewardship of the Ch. H. is held to be such a place, and it is consequently applied for by, and granted in the general case as a matter of course, to any member who wishes to resign. As soon as it is obtained, it is again resigned, and is thus generally vacant when required for the purpose in question. When the C. H. is not vacant, however, the same purpose is served by the stewardship of a manor of East Hendred, Northstead, and Hempholme. The practice of granting the Chiltern Hundreds began only about the year 1750, and its strict legality has been doubted, on the ground that the stewardship is not an office of the kind to vacant a seat. The gift of the Chiltern Hundreds lies with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and there is at least one instance of its being refused.

THE TUNISIAN DIFFICULTY.

Paris, April 19.—Events seem to be taking a serious turn in Tunis. The real antagonists of France are showing their hands. A telegram to the evening France announces that a detachment of Tunisian regulars has been ordered to the island of Tabarca to oppose any eventual attempt of the French to effect a landing in that neighborhood and to take the Kroumris in the rear.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS. "Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy? I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hot Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well—a day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."—Salem Post.

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

"But it has not been proven that it really was Miss Hernecastle," O'Donnell said; "you all appear to have taken that for granted. She has not pleaded guilty, has she? and your evidence—conclusive though it may be, is purely circumstantial. She owns to nothing but having torn up the note."

"She owns to nothing certainly, but there is such a thing as moral certainty. It may not be evidence in a court of law, but it is quite sufficient to commit a culprit in the domestic tribunal. Miss Hernecastle wore the knight's dress, and went to the ball, and has got Lady Dangerfield into a most infernal scrape. That is clear."

"Nothing is clear to me but that Lady Dangerfield has got herself into a scrape," O'Donnell answered with the stubborn justice that was part of his character. "Give the devil his due Lord Ruysland, Miss Hernecastle made the dress for Lady Dangerfield, but Miss Hernecastle could not compel her to wear it to Mrs. Everleigh's masquerade against Sir Peter's express commands. Miss Hernecastle may have worn the major's dress and gone to the masquerade as Lara, but I don't if seeing her there influenced Sir Peter one way or other. His wife disobeyed him—she went to Mrs. Everleigh's in male attire—defying his threats and the consequences. She is no child to be led by Miss Hernecastle or any one else—she went with her eyes open, knowing her danger, and I must say—think what you please—that in Sir Peter's place I would do precisely what Sir Peter is doing."

"I don't doubt it," the earl responded dryly; "he good enough not to say so to Sir Peter, however, should you see him. He is sufficient bitter without aiding or abetting."

"I am hardly likely to see him. My sister leaves Scarwood to-morrow—Castledorf the day after. I will take her to France and place her in charge of a friend of ours there. Of course it is impossible for her to remain here an hour longer than necessary. I am sorry for Lady Dangerfield—she has been most kind to Rose—most hospitable to me. I seriously trust this disagreeable affair may end amicably after all."

"Yes I hope so," the earl answered coolly; "but I doubt it. It is hard on Lady Dangerfield—she may have her faults and her follies—who has not? But with them all, Genevra was as jolly a little soul as ever lived. And it's a confounded bore now that everything is settled—and he stopped suddenly and looks askance at his companion.

"You allude to Cecil's engagement I presume," O'Donnell supplemented, quite calmly. "Rose has told me. My only surprise is, that it should be announced at this late date of news. I believe I am correct in thinking it a very old affair indeed—of six years standing or more."

Very few people ever had the good fortune to see Raoul, Earl of Ruysland, at a loss, but for one brief moment he was at a loss now.

"Very old affair—oh, yes, very—ever since his father's death—in fact, it has been tacitly understood—nothing definite—awful young, of course, and all that sort of thing. It was the desire of the late Sir John, as well as myself, and—of the young people were by no means averse to carrying out our wishes. All is happily settled now—the wedding will take place without any unnecessary delay. Are you going to Castledorf at once? I should like half an hour's conversation with you about it," he lowered his voice—"about Miss Hernecastle; I have placed a detective on her track."

"My lord!" there was an unmistakable shock in the words.

"A detective on her track," repeated the earl. "Take my word O'Donnell, that woman means mischief and will do it yet. I'll forestall her if I can—I'll find out who she is and what brought her here, before I am many weeks older. I have already discovered—He paused—the figure of a man was approaching them through the darkness. "Davis?" the earl said interrogatively, "is that you?"

"All right, my lord." The man pulled off his cap, halted, and looked keenly at O'Donnell.

"Go into the library, Davis—I'll follow and hear your report."

The man bowed obsequiously again, and went. Lord Ruysland turned to his companion.

"That's my detective; past-master of his business, keen as a ferret. I must go and hear his report—it will not detain me long. Then I'll tell you all, and I think you'll acknowledge Miss Hernecastle is worth watching. Wait for me in the drawing-room—Cecil's there, and will amuse you."

He left him and hurried away. The chasseur stood irresolute for a moment—then, as if his determination was taken, turned and walked into the drawing-room. He might have thought it deserted but for the low sound of singing that came forth. The lights were down—there was no one to be seen, but far in the recess where a piano stood he caught a glimpse of a white dress and the gleam of a diamond star. Very softly, very sweetly she sang an old ballad that he had been wont to sing long ago in the little cottage parlor at Torryglan, when her white fingers struck the accompaniment. He crossed over and leaned with folded arms against the instrument. She looked upon him with a smile and sang on:

the old way, the old, glad days had come back, the golden days of her first youth. Sir Arthur Treghena and the present had faded for a moment as a dream, and Torryglan and her love, the only love she had ever known, had come back. And the spell was broken—thus.

She could not speak; the keenest pain, the sharpest pang she had ever felt caught at her heart like a hand. For that first moment even her pride forsook her.

"And I can congratulate you," the grave, deep tones of the soldier of fortune went on. "No truer gentleman, no more loyal friend exists, nor, in the future, I believe no more devoted husband than Sir Arthur Treghena."

"Late—Miss Hernecastle's slave and worshipper! Pray add that before you finish your panegyric, Captain O'Donnell."

She hated herself for the passionate words the moment they were spoken, for the bitterness of the tone, for the intolerable pain and jealousy that forced them from her. It was shameful enough, bitter enough, humiliating enough, surely, to know that she loved this man, as she never would love the man she was to marry had enough without being forced to listen to praises of her betrothed from him. A deep, angry red had risen in either cheek, a deep, angry flame burned in either eye. His calm, friendly indifference, the cool gravity of his look and tone were more than she could bear.

"Miss Hernecastle's slave," he repeated; "no Lady Cecil; never quite that, I think. For admiring, perhaps, if you like. Miss Hernecastle happens to be one of those remarkable women whom almost all men admire."

"We won't split hairs over it. Sir Arthur is, as you say, an honorable gentleman; and to that high sense of honor, no doubt, I am indebted for my present felicity. If he were free to choose, I fear you would hardly bar your chances to win against those of Lady Dangerfield's late governess. I thank you for your congratulations all the same, and accept them for exactly what they are worth."

She made a motion as though to end the subject, but the chasseur, still leaning against the piano, had no present idea of ending it.

"Miss Hernecastle," he resumed coolly, "is, as I have often said before, a very extraordinary woman, and to be judged by no rules. Without any pretension to personal beauty, beyond a stately figure, a graceful walk, and a low sweet voice that most excellent thing in woman—she will yet fascinate where a merely beautiful woman may fail. She is one of those sorceresses whose fatal spell of fascination few may encounter and escape."

"And Captain O'Donnell is one of those fortunate few. But then, if Miss Hernecastle is an extraordinary woman, Captain O'Donnell is a more extraordinary man—extraordinary for his hardness and coldness, and imperturbability for nothing else. The spell of the enchantress has at least been powerless for him."

"Quite right, Lady Cecil. It has been powerless, perhaps, as you say, because I am naturally flinty, or because I have lain for years under another spell, equally fatal, and the one has counteracted the other."

She laughed satirically, and began playing a waltz. "The beau chasseur under a spell! Impossible to imagine such a thing. Who is the sorceress? Some Diamond of the Desert?—some Pearl of the Plains?—some lovely Arab's daughter? Who?"

"I like it, but I like the song I heard you singing as I came in better—my song, Lady. Do you remember the last time I sang it standing beside you in the little parlor at Torryglan, as I stand now? You playing, and your father asleep in his arm-chair—or was he only pretending sleep, and watching us? The last time, Lady Cecil, though I did not know it."

She made no reply. She still played on the Rose Waltz, but she struck the chords at random.

"I remember it so well. You were dressed in white as you are now. White is your fitting color, Lady Cecil. You had wild roses in your hair, and we sang together all evening and scarcely spoke a word. You have changed since then—grown taller, more womanly; more beautiful and yet—will you be offended, I think I like the 'Queenie' of Torryglan better than the La Reine Blanche of Scarwood."

"Captain O'Donnell's memory is good," she answered, as he panned, not looking at him; "better than I ever gave him credit for. I remember the evening he alludes to very well—the last, though I did not know it either. And will be offended if I tell him I liked the Redmond O'Donnell who saved my life, who sang songs, and who was neither blase nor cynical, better than the dashing Chasseur d'Afrique of six years later! I fear time improves neither of us; I have grown worldly, you a cynic. What will we be ten years hence, I wonder?"

"I think I can answer. You will be Lady Cecil Treghena, the fairest, the loveliest, the gentlest of England's stately matrons, the most loving of wives, the most tender of friends—a perfect woman nobly planned. I shall be—well, perhaps a Colonel of Chasseurs, the highest promotion I can hope for, with a complexion of burnt sienna—or—else occupying six feet of Algerian soil. In either event I am most unlikely ever to meet you again; and so to-night, before we say our final farewell, I think, in spite of your dislike to love stories, I must tell you one. Not my own; you think me too hard for any such tenderness, and perhaps you are right. Let us say a friend of mine—an Irishman too—now an Algerian soldier like myself. Will it bore you very much to listen, Lady Cecil?"

"Go on," she said, faintly.

"It was—well, a number of years ago—when my friend was little better than a bobbledoher of two or three-and-twenty, with a head full of romance and chivalry, an inflammable heart and an empty purse. He had a long lineage, an old name, a ruined homestead, a suit of peasant's clothes, and nothing else. He lived alone—a dreamer's life, full of vague, splendid hopes for the future, and troubled with very little of that useful commodity—common-sense.

another praised. In those days I—my friend, I mean—was poetic, and two lines from one of his poems describes her:

"A lovely being, sweetly formed or molded, A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded," a pretty idea and a correct one. He fell in love with her—I have said she was sweet and gracious, gentle and kind—as a fair young queen might be to a peasant who had done her a service—too great not to be grateful. And he—she was a fool—he mistook it—mistook her. Will you believe it, Lady Cecil, when I tell you this enthusiastic young Irish idiot believed his passion returned, and actually deemed that for love of a raw mountain lad, without a farthing in his purse, she would wait until he had won name, and fame, and fortune, and become his wife. He smiles and wonders at his own inconceivable imbecility when he thinks of it now.

"I have one thing to say in his favor—he didn't tell her. When this foolish passion of his grew too great for one heart to bear, he went to her father and made his confession to him. I can imagine how this worldly wise peer this ambitious English nobleman, laughed in his sleeve as he listened—it wasn't worth growing serious over, and in his way he rather liked the lad. He was wise enough not to laugh aloud however—if the young Irishman had been a duke he could not have entertained his mad proposal with more gravity and courtesy. His daughter had been engaged from her fourteenth year to a Cornish baronet of fabulous wealth, and was to marry him in a year or two at the most."

"Was it possible she had not told him? No, that was strange, certainly. However, her father could speak to her—if her heart coincided her to Irish love in a cottage instead of Cornish splendor, why—far be it from him to go between two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, etc. He was to go to-night—to come to-morrow and receive his answer from herself. Only, in the meantime—this last evening, he was not to broach directly or indirectly, the tender subject to her, and to-morrow he was religiously to absent himself from their cottage all day. In short, the English peer dealt with a fool according to his folly."

"My friend has told me, as we lay and smoked, Lady Cecil, with the stars of Africa shining on our bivouac—that that evening stands out distinct from all other evenings in his life, and will, until his dying day. Every detail of the picture—the quiet, wax-lit room—the earl foregoing sleep, the better to watch them in his chair—the candles burning on the piano and illuminating her fair Madonna face—the cold, autumnal moonlight sleeping on the brown banks of heather without—the white dress she wore—the roses in her hair, gathered by his hand—the songs she sang—the sweet, tremulous, tender light all over the lovely face. It will remain with him—baunt him until his heart ceases to beat. They have met since then, but never again like that—young, fresh, trusting, and unspotted from the world."

"Next day came. They had parted without a word; he had passed a sleepless night, and at day break had ridden away true to his promise in spirit as in letter. Evening came and brought him—for the answer he hoped, he believed would be yes. He had worked himself up into a fever of loving and longing, he flew down the valley to the casket that held his pearl of price. What do you think he found? A deserted house, the birds flown. Two notes were placed in his hand by a servant, who sneered at him as he gave them, two brief, cold, hard notes of farewell—that struck him more brutally than blows, one from her, one from her father. It was the old hackneyed, stereotype form—she was sorry, did not dream that he cared for her, was engaged to another, it was better she should go, and she was always his friend, etc. etc. It was written in her handwriting and signed with her name, her father's indorsed it."

"It was only that he richly deserved, you and I can see that, for his presumption, his madness, the only answer that could be given; but Lady Cecil, men have gone mad or died for less. In one night, from an enthusiastic boy, trusting all men, he became what you call me, a hard, cold skeptic, with no trust in man, no faith in woman, a cynic and a scoffer in a night. He learnt his lesson well; years have gone, they have cured him of his folly, but it is a folly that has never been repeated, and never will be his dying day. Only—when they meet in after days, do you think she of all the women on earth should be the first to reproach him with his hardness, his coldness, his unbelief? She taught him his first lesson—should she find fault if he is an apt pupil?"

He paused. His voice had not risen—in the low, grave tone she knew so well, he had told his story; it was an undertone of sadness and cynicism running through it. There was a half smile on his face as he looked at her and waited for his answer.

"She started to her feet—the angry flush had long since left her face—she stood before him, pale to the lips—her brown eyes met his full.

"Captain O'Donnell, what story is this? Is it—"

"My own, Lady Cecil! Yes; you hardly need ask the question, I think."

"Need I not? Yours! And what letter is this you talk of, written by my hand and signed with my name. I don't understand."

"You don't understand. A few minutes ago you accused me of a defective memory. But I suppose a matter of such trifling import could not be expected to remain in your memory. I mean the letter you wrote me, rejecting my presumptuous suit—telling me of your engagement to Sir Arthur Treghena, the night before you left Torryglan."

"I never wrote any such letter."

"The note papa dictated, and which he made me write," she said in a sort of whisper. "Redmond, I see it all!"

"The old name, the thrill his heart gave to be heard it. In the days that were gone it had been 'Redmond' and 'Queenie' always."

"It is my turn not to understand. Will you explain, Lady Cecil? I certainly read the note, written and signed by you."

"I know, I know." She sank back into her seat and shaded her eyes with her hand. "I see it all now. Papa deceived us both. In a broken voice, in brief words, she told him the story of that note.

a scene—no inconsiderable gain. All the wisdom of a Solomon and all the eloquence of a Demosthenes could not have made me see my folly in the proper light—the utter impossibility of my being ever any other than friend to Lord Ruysland's daughter. I would have persisted in falling at your feet in pouring forth the tale of my madness, and succeeding in distressing you beyond measure. Your father foresaw all that, and forestalled it—he could scarcely have acted other-wise than he did."

"And Captain O'Donnell, who might have been taken at his word by a girl of sixteen, as silly as himself, is only too thankful for his hair-breadth escape. I understand, sir—you don't know what good reason you have to thank Lord Ruysland's common-sense. I go on—you look as though you may have seen something more."

"I have. I saw Miss Hernecastle steal Sir Peter and play ghost. Come, O'Donnell, I am possessed of a burning curiosity concerning Miss Hernecastle—make a clean breast of it—and tell me what you know."

"I can tell you all about the moonlight night you speak of, if that is what you mean. I remained later than usual at Scarwood, and going home I saw Miss Hernecastle taking a moonlight ramble, and presuming on my previous introduction, took the liberty of joining her. The moonlight may have affected her nerves as well as your lordship's; midnight constitutional may agree with her or she may have been paying a visit—this at least is certain, our meeting was purely accidental, and never occurred before, nor since."

"And the mysterious words I heard under my window? Keep your secret and her, if you will, but I warn you fairly I will find out for myself. Would you like to hear what I have discovered already?"

O'Donnell nodded in smoky silence—more interested than he cared to show. Had his lordship discovered the truth!

"Well," Lord Ruysland said, "from the night I saw her with you, and the night I saw her play ghost, my mind was made up. I had distrusted her from the very first—now I knew she was a dangerous woman."

I wrote a letter to the quiet to a friend in London; my friend in London, still on the quiet, paid a visit to Scotland Yard, and sent down Davis, a dingy little man in rusty black, with weak eyes and a meek air, like a person run to seed. He arrived on the very day of the grand denouement—the day upon which Miss Hernecastle was expelled from Scarwood. She had no friends or acquaintances in Castledorf; she had announced her intention of returning to London. Davis and myself were on the platform when she appeared—a signal from me told him she was our game. From that moment she was safe; my share in the business was over. She took a second-class ticket for London—so did Davis. It was a Parliamentary, with no end of stoppages. What do you think Miss Hernecastle did? Instead of going to London she got out at Treverton Station, nine miles distant, and deliberately walked back in this direction as far as the town of Lewes. It was quite dark when she reached Lewes Davis still unseen on her track. She went to a remote little inn in the suburbs of the town called 'The Prince's Feathers,' and remained there all night. She gave no name, and wore a thick green veil over her face. Davis also, he remained in her room, the whole of the evening day—it was nine o'clock before she departed forth; and when she did venture out, still veiled, where do you think she went to? Have you ever heard of Bracken Hollow?"

Again O'Donnell nodded.

"Bracken Hollow is over three miles from this, and four from Lewes, a tolerable walk, so poor Davis found to his cost. It was a dizzy night, the roads muddy, the darkness intense, but Miss Hernecastle went over the way as though she knew every inch of it. Davis dogged her—saw her within the gate of Bracken Hollow, saw her knock at the door, saw her admitted by an old woman, and saw no more of her that night."

"He waited until daylight, under the trees, in the drizzling rain; but no Miss Hernecastle reappeared. He could stand it no longer; the fear of rheumatism was stronger than his professional patience. He returned to Castledorf, ate his breakfast, changed his clothes, came to me, and told me his story. When I tell you that Bracken Hollow is the residence of the late Miss Katherine Dangerfield's nurse—when you remember the striking resemblance Miss Hernecastle bears to the late Miss Dangerfield—the coincidence, you will own it is at least striking. The question, in the state of things, naturally presents itself to an inquiring mind—Did Miss Katherine Dangerfield really die at it?"

"Go on," Captain O'Donnell said, with an immovable face.

"It is a question that has occurred to me many times. The resemblance—noticed by all who ever saw the late Sir John's adopted daughter—the coincidence of age—if Katherine Dangerfield had not died she would be precisely Miss Hernecastle's age now—and lastly, this familiarity with Bracken Hollow and Katherine Dangerfield's nurse. The nurse is there to be sure; and yet Davis had never mind that at present he kept one eye on Sir Peter while the other was on the ex-governess. We had run the ex-governess to earth, we might leave her safely at Bracken Hollow for the present, and watch the baronet's movements. It will be a horrible thing for Genevra, this separation. A woman in this case becomes totally extinct for life. I want to arrange matters amicably for this time, and I fancy it will be a lesson that will last for life. I had sent Frankland back to town, I had called upon Sir Peter at the Scarwood Arms. I found him sullen, and doggedly obstinate beyond all description."

"I've no objection to seeing your lordship for once in a way, said this amiable nephew-in-law of mine; 'but if you've come to talk of your niece, or plead for her, I want you to be of no use.'"

"I ventured a mild remonstrance—the natural levity of poor Genevra's character—her vanity—her love of balls in general—the deception of that infamous governess, etc. etc. It was all eloquence wasted."

"Women of thirty-five should have outgrown their natural levity," returns my niece's baronet; 'and her vanity and love of balls sure have made a fool of her once too often. I told her not to go and she went; I warned her of the penalty, and she defied me. I don't care a fig whether it was Miss Hernecastle. Major Frankland—she thought it was Frankland, and that's enough. I'll never see her again—I'm blessed if I will! I'll have a separation—I'm blessed if I won't! Only the word the noble baronet used was not 'blessed.' Upon that I left him and set Davis on the watch."

"He spent the day alone; when night came he went to Dubourg's gambling house. Davis entered, too, keeping well in the distance, his eye on Sir Peter. He asked and lost, staked and lost, again and again. He played for an hour, losing steadily, go when a water bucket brought him a candle with a line or two pencil on the reverse side. He looked at the round, Davis says, read it again, dropped it, and went forward to meet a stranger who entered. I'll show you that card presently."

"I heard her ask you as you stopped if it were to be war to the knife between you, or words to that effect. You answered it should be as Miss Hernecastle pleased. You left her as she stood, and she watched you out of sight almost—yet hardly as if you had been her lover. And yet I gadly thank you ever were that."

"Hardly. I played the lover once in my life, and received a lesson I am not likely to forget. Who should know that better than your lordship?"

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O'Donnell nodded in smoky silence—more interested than he cared to show. Had his lordship discovered the truth!

"Well," Lord Ruysland said, "from the night I saw her with you, and the night I saw her play ghost, my mind was made up. I had distrusted her from the very first—now I knew she was a dangerous woman."

I wrote a letter to the quiet to a friend in London; my friend in London, still on the quiet, paid a visit to Scotland Yard, and sent down Davis, a dingy little man in rusty black, with weak eyes and a meek air, like a person run to seed. He arrived on the very day of the grand denouement—the day upon which Miss Hernecastle was expelled from Scarwood. She had no friends or acquaintances in Castledorf; she had announced her intention of returning to London. Davis and myself were on the platform when she appeared—a signal from me told him she was our game. From that moment she was safe; my share in the business was over. She took a second-class ticket for London—so did Davis. It was a Parliamentary, with no end of stoppages. What do you think Miss Hernecastle did? Instead of going to London she got out at Treverton Station, nine miles distant, and deliberately walked back in this direction as far as the town of Lewes. It was quite dark when she reached Lewes Davis still unseen on her track. She went to a remote little inn in the suburbs of the town called 'The Prince's Feathers,' and remained there all night. She gave no name, and wore a thick green veil over her face. Davis also, he remained in her room, the whole of the evening day—it was nine o'clock before she departed forth; and when she did venture out, still veiled, where do you think she went to? Have you ever heard of Bracken Hollow?"

Again O'Donnell nodded.

"Bracken Hollow is over three miles from this, and four from Lewes, a tolerable walk, so poor Davis found to his cost. It was a dizzy night, the roads muddy, the darkness intense, but Miss Hernecastle went over the way as though she knew every inch of it. Davis dogged her—saw her within the gate of Bracken Hollow, saw her knock at the door, saw her admitted by an old woman, and saw no more of her that night."

"He waited until daylight, under the trees, in the drizzling rain; but no Miss Hernecastle reappeared. He could stand it no longer; the fear of rheumatism was stronger than his professional patience. He returned to Castledorf, ate his breakfast, changed his clothes, came to me, and told me his story. When I tell you that Bracken Hollow is the residence of the late Miss Katherine Dangerfield's nurse—when you remember the striking resemblance Miss Hernecastle bears to the late Miss Dangerfield—the coincidence, you will own it is at least striking. The question, in the state of things, naturally presents itself to an inquiring mind—Did Miss Katherine Dangerfield really die at it?"

"Go on," Captain O'Donnell said, with an immovable face.

"It is a question that has occurred to me many times. The resemblance—noticed by all who ever saw the late Sir John's adopted daughter—the coincidence of age—if Katherine Dangerfield had not died she would be precisely Miss Hernecastle's age now—and lastly, this familiarity with Bracken Hollow and Katherine Dangerfield's nurse. The nurse is there to be sure; and yet Davis had never mind that at present he kept one eye on Sir Peter while the other was on the ex-governess. We had run the ex-governess to earth, we might leave her safely at Bracken Hollow for the present, and watch the baronet's movements. It will be a horrible thing for Genevra, this separation. A woman in this case becomes totally extinct for life. I want to arrange matters amicably for this time, and I fancy it will be a lesson that will last for life. I had sent Frankland back to town, I had called upon Sir Peter at the Scarwood Arms. I found him sullen, and doggedly obstinate beyond all description."

"I've no objection to seeing your lordship for once in a way, said this amiable nephew-in-law of mine; 'but if you've come to talk of your niece, or plead for her, I want you to be of no use.'"

"I ventured a mild remonstrance—the natural levity of poor Genevra's character—her vanity—her love of balls in general—the deception of that infamous governess, etc. etc. It was all eloquence wasted."

"Women of thirty-five should have outgrown their natural levity," returns my niece's baronet; 'and her vanity and love of balls sure have made a fool of her once too often. I told her not to go and she