

the yellow eye — I could not regard it but as an eye — blinking at me through the trees, and with a stifled cry I sank once more into my easy-chair. In a few moments I moved my chair to the fireplace and rang my bell. My housekeeper, Mrs. Chilcomb, answered the bell. "Light my lamp, if you please, and draw down the blind," I said in an agitated tone.

I could not see her face, but evidently the tone of my voice alarmed her. She stood still in the centre of the room. Then she turned her face towards the window and, lifting her hands cried,

"Lord 'a' mercy on us, sir. He *is* back again, sure enough!"

By this time I had almost recovered from my fit of terror and I asked calmly,

"Who is *he*? What do you mean?"

"The squire—or the squire's son, I should say, to be more correct, sir—Mr. Ralph Brabazon. That light is in the old squire's room."

"Please draw down the blind and light the lamp," I said a little testily. I was angry with myself.

Mrs. Chilcomb obeyed with a show of alacrity, and when she had fixed the lamp she turned her face towards me, and, lifting her head, muttered:

"Lord 'a' mercy, sir, you do look bad. Are you ailing, sir?"

"No," I answered gruffly, "I am quite well, thank you."