

THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN OR THE UNDERGROUND SYNDICATE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson, author of "The Princess," "The Lightning Conductor," etc.

CHAPTER V. Tangled Threads.

A second glance at Captain Oxford assured Elspeth that, despite the haunting likeness of some other face, she had certainly never seen him before. He was not a young man to be easily forgotten, and the girl did not wonder that he had attracted Lady Hilary. Not only was he remarkably good to look at, but it seemed to her that, with such eyes—brilliant, like his hair, and only a few shades darker than the unburned skin—he must be honest and sincere. If there were a mystery about his advent last night, she told herself that it could be nothing of which he need be ashamed.

Elspeth well knew who was meant by "him," and she doubted very much that Mr. Kenrith had "happened" to speak. "Yes," she answered, as her head and Hilary's were bent over the book. "He only wanted me because he had heard that I'd traveled in the same carriage with you, and hoped I could go to talk about you to him. He confessed that after I'd been in the room a little while, Oh, Lady Hilary, he worships you. I do wish I might take the liberty of saying something."



Passing her hand over the surface of oak, there was no door.

careful, that's all," Elspeth thought she heard her say; and Hilary's expression was not quite so pleasant as it had been, though he forced a smile to greet the stenographer. "I'm looking woman, that," he said, as he ushered Elspeth into the room. "Countess Radepolski, I mean. She and I only met here a short time ago, but she was of other people had proved still more absorbing and dwelling upon them had proved her from giving much attention to the mystery of the night's disturbance. But when darkness came again, and a second night had to be faced in the tower room, the romantic love troubles of Lady Hilary Lambert and Captain Oxford faded into the background of her mind. The one absorbing question was whether or not she had really been played upon her, and whether, in spite of her firm conviction to the contrary, there were such things as ghosts, which haunted places on earth that they had lived or loved."

rolling in money, I believe, a jolly good catch for some poor young man. By the way, she was telling me that Mr. Kenrith had bought a jewel—a diamond, I believe, which was once in her family. I don't care much about such things myself. Whenever I buy diamonds, it is to give away to some friend. But she is keen to know if she's got it here, for it seems that she had passed a bad night, and appeared somewhat disappointed when she had announced herself to be in the best of health and spirits the next morning. But then, even if she had not imagined the expression, the man might easily have known no more than that the tower was said to be haunted.

that the servant who had brought her meals had worn rather a peculiar expression when he civilly asked after her health in the morning. He had looked, she thought, as if he had expected to hear that she had passed a bad night, and appeared somewhat disappointed when she had announced herself to be in the best of health and spirits the next morning. But then, even if she had not imagined the expression, the man might easily have known no more than that the tower was said to be haunted.

CHAPTER VI. A Face in the Moonlight. Elspeth had had very little time during her first day at Lochrain Castle to brood over her own affairs. Those of other people had proved still more absorbing and dwelling upon them had proved her from giving much attention to the mystery of the night's disturbance. But when darkness came again, and a second night had to be faced in the tower room, the romantic love troubles of Lady Hilary Lambert and Captain Oxford faded into the background of her mind.

more ethereal than itself—had swallowed it up. Stiff and straight the girl stood staring at the spot where it had been. Then, when she recovered from the first shock of terror, half-amusement, she went, instead of an shivering, as with cold and weakness, across to the table to light lamp and candles. All the while she could see the white face in its halo of moonlight, as plainly as if it had been photographed upon her brain; the fine forehead, the straight brows, the brilliant eyes, yes, even the hair, the rest, those terribly brilliant eyes.

Her own breathing frightened her, and the knock, knock of her heart against her ears, until she had got a light. Then it was more horrifying to find the room empty, save for herself, than it would have been to see the man where she had stood before. If he were a man of flesh and blood, he would have been there still, she said, for the door was shut and locked, and it would be impossible to enter or escape through a window. It must be, the girl thought, that a ghost had come to prove to an unbeliever that such things were not all yet—and yet—she did not feel as if she had seen a ghost. Besides, why should a ghost have seemed startled at sight of her? Surely there had been a look of apprehension and alarm on that pale face, with its frame of dark beard, as the brilliant eyes had looked toward her. Then, there was another question: Why should a ghost look like Captain Oxford, disguised in a dark wig and beard? Elspeth hated to ask herself this, for she wished to believe Captain Oxford all that she would, and there was a kind of relief in the thought that the strange vision might have been he, bent upon some mysterious errand to the haunted tower.

There were secret entrances to rooms in some old houses—secret entrances so skillfully hidden that none save the initiated would dream of their existence; Elspeth knew this very well from hearsay. But what business could Captain Oxford or any other man, have in the tower? Who ever it had been, ghost or human, the sudden revelation of her presence in the room had been unwelcome, and the apparition had vanished to avoid her by vanishing in some way, therefore she might assure herself that the visit had not been connected with her. The trick they were so cunningly playing on her, she thought, could be accomplished by waiting longer. Elspeth decided, and shivering with the night chill, she crept back to bed. She did not expect to sleep, but fatigue overcame fear, and from puzzling over the mystery in waking thoughts, she began heavily slumbering, rather than appalled, by all these reasonings restored Elspeth to a semblance of calmness. She took a candle in each hand, and made as though an examination as she knew how, in the wall on the right of the fireplace, in to which the figure had seemed to vanish; but as far as she could tell by peering closely, and passing her hand over the surface of oak, there was no door or any means of opening the wainscot there.

REV. DR. TORREY MADE MANY CONVERTS IN MONTREAL CRUSADE. 2,372 Persons Expressed Conversion, and Collections Were \$3,700. Evangelist Got \$1,000, and His Three Assistants \$700, and Church \$850—Presbyterians Led in Responses to Invitations to Stand Up.

PRETTY CHURCH WEDDING AT DIGBY. Digby, N. S., May 8—A very pleasant event took place at 12:30 today in the Digby Baptist church, when Frank W. Nichols, barrister, was united in matrimony to Miss Sadie G., third daughter of David Sproule, of the firm of D. & O. Sproule. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Archibald, pastor of the church, and was attended by a large number of friends.