# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

## A SUMMER DAY.

Adown the lano I walked with May, The summer sun was sinking— There came the echo thro' the hay Of the merry cow-bells clinking.

And far o'erhead, the blushing sky, Seemed bathed in golden glory-While standing there with beaming eye, I told "The old, old story."

Heart ireat to heart, eye gazed in eye-The magic word was spoken-Ah me! I knew not then the lie, Ustil those vows were broken.

For summer days come to an end, And love grows tired and weary-There's many a foe was once a friend, With smiles so bright and cheery.

As old and gray adown the lane, I walk with step once lighter-The old sweet dreams come back again, When life and hope smiled brighter CEAUSE,

# REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE GHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

"Au! you know the story. Yes, in that humble cottage, with only her old servent by her side, poor, passionate, erring Lady Ruysland died. She was insancly jealous-who is to tell whether with or without cause?---of one who had been her rival years before, younger, fairer than herself, as highly born, but poor. His lordship was, in Italy-rumor said, to be near her. Very likely rumor erred, as it usually does; at least her ladyship believed it, and on the night of the earl's return a violent scene ensued. He left her in high anger; bitter words had passed; and in the frenzy of her rage and jealousy, she fled. Next morning she was nowhere to be found. All day they looked for her in vain. At nightfall a messenger came to Clive Court from Mrs. Harman, summoning his lordship. A daughter had been born, a wife was dead." Once more the embroidery dropped in Miss

Herncastle's lap. Her eyes dilated, fixed on his face; her lips were breathless and apart in the intensity of her interest. "They brought the poor dead lady home,

the child they left with Mrs. Harman to nurse. Whether or no Lord Ruysland really had or had not wronged his wife, no one will ever know now. Her death was a terrible blow to him—for a time." The speaker pausthe same as over, and we with it, and we eat, Court was shut up, Mrs. Hayy, Lady Cecil, called Mr. Evorteigh a brute and herself a somely pensioned, and the drink, and are merry, and forgets hand-

left with her. ... Lord Ruysland was absent; For tatter from Mrs. Harman recalled him. 3h6 was of French extraction, and had taken a sudden fancy to visit her relations in Paris more fastidious ladies of the neighborhood, -would his lordship come and take his little Lady Cecil among them, fought shy of the daughter and let her go. He returned to England, received Lady Cecil from her hands. field and she became bosom friends at once. placed her with some relatives in a remote And this week Mrs. Everleigh's masquerade part of England to grow up, and returned to came off-the only thing of its kind that had his wandering life.

"Mrs. Harman left England with her daughter, and I fancy the oarl never heard of her Lara," gloomy and splendid, and misanthrofrom that day to this, until he chanced to see his brother-in-law's picture a few moments ago. Miss Herncastle, Ludy Cocil has left the piano ; after all this talking will you not re- Kaled. By the merest chance, for my lady ward me by a little of your matchless never annoyed her nervous husband with music?"

at once and went with him to the ball, the costume, everything that he would She arose

sufficiently recovered to enliven the drawingroom with the brightness of his presence. All at once the solitude of his study had become unbearable to him; his bugs and beetles, his bees and buttenflies afforded him no consolation. Lights, life, human faces, human volces, he craved them day and night. And so it came about in the first time of Lady Dangerfield's experience of him, her husband had nothing else to do but watch her and grow jealous. Horribly and feroclously jealous. He didn't care a pin's point in the way of love for his wife, but she was his wife, and as long as a lady is that, the gentleman whose name she honors has legal right certainly to most of her tender looks, whispered sentences twilight walks, etc., etc. And Sir Peter got none of those, and Major Frankland got a great many. In reality, in her heart of hearts, if my lady possessed such an inmost sanctuary she really cared as much for the one as the other. A fine fortuno, a fine establishment, fine dresses, superfine dinners-these were the things my lady loved, above husband, child, or lover. But all these things she had, and Major Frankland was very good looking, could flatter ceaselessiy, knew the art of love a la mode to perfection, and was very willing to pay in tender glances, dreamy tete-a-tetes, whispered nothings, for the excellent Scarswood dinners, wines, horses, billiards, and the rest of it. And to do him justice, he did not know Sir Peter was jealous; he meant no harm, only " this sort of thing " helped to make the long summer days pages; and if my lady liked to flirt, and Sir Peter did not object, why should he not show his gratitude and become flirtee as well as any other man? In a round dance my lady's step suited him, their intellects were on an average, they knew the same people, liked to talk of the same things, both

were well looking, unexceptionable of dress and stole—that is what it came to, and where was the sum total of his and my lady's platonic friendship.

long been a chronic victim to a mild form of the green-eyed monster. All at once in plumage smoothed again. these two days the mild, harmless symptoms became furiously aggravated, and the little baronet turned rampantly jealous. He I must run up and see it." had nothing else to do but watch his wife, and A faint, derisivo smile her attendant cavalier, and he did watch them. He lost his fear of ghosts, his interest in Miss | let my lady pass her. Herncastle almost, in this new phase of things He sat in a corner with a big book, and glowered vengefully over the top of it at the placid face of the major and the vivacious face of his wife.

Mrs. Everleigh's fancy dross party brought matters to a climax.

Mrs. Everleigh was an exceedingly charming lady of whom Castleford knew very little indeed, except that she was excessively rich, blow to him—for a time." The speaker paus-ed a second, glanced across at his lordstip's serenely high-bred, placid countenance, and smiled.  $\neg$  For a time. We lose our nearest Mr. Everleigh were, and why he had put away and dearest, and the world goes round much the wife scales bosom, a great many asked and the course of the series of put her perfumed mouchoir to her blue eyes and uncomfortable state of doubt. But she dressed elegantly, lived luxuriously, gave the most brilliant receptions far or near. The been dreamed of-and my lady and the major were going. The major as the "Chief of pical, in black velvet and plumes, like a mute at a funeral, and my lady was going as Kaled, Lara's page-the devoted, the addring

Everleigh's as page to that man's kright, then-remain with Mrs. Everleig'a-don't come back here. I have endured a good deal; will not endure this. Go if you will; I shall not lift a finger to prevent you; butdon't come back. Scarswood is mine; the would think you had done nothing else all mistresses of Scarswood have been honorable your life." women always; you shall not be the first to dwell beneath its roof and disgrace it-I swear !"

For once in his life he was eloquent, for ouce in his life he was dignified. He rose with the occasion; in that moment you would almost have respected him. He turned and left the room. His wife stood petri-fied? Was she awake-was she asleep? Was this Sir Peter Dangerfield? Could she believe her senses? There was a second auditor to this marital

outbreak-an auditor who stood almost as surprised as my lady herself. It was Miss Herncastle, who had entered in the full tide of the discussion, and had stood, not seeming to know exactly whether to go back or go on. My lady turned and saw her now. "Miss Herncastle!" she cried, in haughty

anger. "You-and listening?" "Not listening, my lady," Miss Herncastle

answered, meeting her angry eyes steadily. 'You told me this morning when the doublet was completed to tell you, and let you try it on. It is finished, and, obeying your orders, I came in search of you at once."

For Miss Herncastle had been ordered to desert the schoolroom latterly, and turn scamstress in general to my lady. And it was there for Miss Herncastle, rose up and warned Miss Herncastle who, with boundless taste her to take care. What was at the bottom of and good nature had suggested the two costumes, and produced a little painting of Lara She know she disliked Miss Herncastle, and and Kaled. The major and Lady Danger- she felt that Miss Herncastle disliked her. field had both been charmed with the idea. The major was now np in London selecting his costume, and Miss Herncastle had ridden was the harm ? Major Frankland did not into town with my lady, silk and velvet, lace that threat: "You shall not be the first to think of this-Major Frankland never thought and feathers had been purchased, the goverat all if he could help himself. But that was the sum total of his and my lady's maid had since sewed, sewed, sewed night and day. Miss Herncastle had such taste, such clover fingers, and In a vague hazy sort of way, Sir Peter had was altogether a miracle of dexterity and castle betrayed her? and what if he kept his cheerfulness. Lady Dangerfield's ruffled

> "So I did. And is it ready? But Sir Peter objects so strongly-is so disagreeable-still

A faint, derisive smile dawned upon the face of the governess, as she stepped back to

"And when you do see it\_teast me to per-suade you to wear it. It will be an easy task, despite the counsels of a nundred husbands." " I'll go, and trust Miss Herncastle, and dc-That was what chat slight chill smile said ceive the jealous, tyrannical little monster, if plainly, wough, as she followed my lady to I can. What motive has she for betraying plainly strongs,

z'he dress lay spread upon a bed-a shinng vision of carmine silk; white ostrich plumes, gold braid and black velvet. My lady's eyes lit up like black diamonds, as she lifted the separate articles that composed the years old indeed! Odious little dwarf! I'll costume, and held them up to glisten in the sunlight. Millinery was the one thing of all things earthly, that most closely appealed to this woman's soul.

"Oh !---" a long inspiration. " Miss Herncastle, your taste is perfect-perfect; I nover was striking six, and as she walked up the saw anything so lovely. And to think that avenue, came face to face with Sir Peter and preposterous little baronet says I shall not wear it. Delphine, take your sewing into your own room-I am going to try this on." Exit Delphine with a curtsey. My lady sinke into a chair. "Do my hair, Miss Herncastle," she says, impatiently; "I shall try it on at least."

Miss Herncastle's deft fingers go to work. Embroidery, costume making, hair dressing -nothing seems to come amiss to these deft white fingers.

glass vet, please. Let me dress you; when in the whole affair. O'Donnell had taken it everything is on, then you shall look and see the effect."

And then Miss Herncastle set to work in again. earnest, my lady aiding and abetting. She Both gentlemen bowed to the pale, tired-had locked the door; profound silence, befit-looking governess. The baronet turned round, these foolish trifles, he had discovered the ting the importance of the moment, reigned. and looked darkly and suspiciously after her. Silken hose, buckled shoes, little baggy silken unmentionables, a doublet of carmine silk, all aglimmer with gold cord and lace and sparkling buttons; a little black velvet likeness, O'Donnell, to the picture of Kathecloak lined with deep rose red, seeming but a rine Dangerfield? You must be blind if brighter shade of the carmine, clasped jaur.t- you do not." ily a little to one side, and the one end flung back over the shoulder ; a little black velvet beret or cap, set one side the black crepe hair, terrifying. By the eye, I was examining a long ostrich plume sweeping over the shoulder and fastened at the side by a diamond aigrette; a tiny rapier set in a jeweled scabbard-that was the radiant, ple. Now had Katherine Dangerfield a sparkling vision my lady's glass showed

disturbed by conscientious qualms of any kind. "A famous idea, Miss Herncastle," she said,

as the governess ceased. "What a head yon have for plotting and taking people in. One

Miss Herncastle received this involuntary compliment with becoming modesty, that faint, derisive smile creeping for a second or two around her handsome mouth. But she was busy removing the page's attire, and my

lady did not see it. "If you write to Major Frankland at once, my lady," she said, " I will take your letter to the post-office myself, and he will get it in time to-morrow. It will simply be doing a kindness to Sir Peter to keep him in the dark about the ball ; his imaginary troubles about ghosts are quite enough for him at present."

She placed writing materials before my lady, and my lady, in her spidery Italian tracery, dashed off a page or two to the major, apprising him of the facts, of Sir Peter's unexpected disapproval and Miss Herncastle's clever plan. Before it was signed and sealed, Miss Herncastle, in hat, jacket, and parasol. stood ready to take it into town. It would be a long, hot, dusty walk, but what sacrifices will not friendship make? She took the letter, put it in her pocket, and left the room and the house.

My ludy watched her from the window out of sight, and somehow a feeling of distrust all this willingness to serve and please her? What if she should betray her to Sir Peter, after all? And Sir Peter had looked so uncomfortably in earnest when he had made dwell beneath the roof of Scarswood and disgrace it-that I swear !" A cold chill came over her for an instant in the sultry summer air. What if she went? What if Miss Heraword?

"It would be wiser to give it up," she thought ; " he might keep his word, and then -great Heaven! what would become of me? I will give it up." She turned, and her eyes fell on the dress-the carmine silk, the diamond aigrette, the doublet, the beret, the rapier-all her good resolutions faltered and failed at the sight. "I won't give it up," she exclaimed, setting her little white teeth. " I'll go, and trust Miss Herncastle, and dcme? and later, if he does find it out from any and having Jasper see how young and pretty I look in it, for a kingdom. Thirty-five serted—a suitable place to thirty go as surely as I stand here."

Miss Herncastle walked into town over the dusty highroad, under the boiling July sun, and posted my lady's letter. She returned weary, dusty, foot-sore, as the stable clock Captain O'Donnell.

The little cowardly baronet had been seized with a sudden and great fancy for the tall, soldierly, fearless Irishman. A confidant of some kind he must have. Frankland was out of the question-Sir Arthur he stood, like most people, in awe of-the earl would have listened suavely and sneered secretly; O'Donnell therefore only remained. And O'Donnell suited him exactly; he had not a grain of fear in his nature; he had a cool head'a "Now, my lady. No, don't look in the stendy nerve, and he was intensely interested up, had promised to investigate, did not believe it was a ghost, and Sir Poter breathed

> Both gentlemen bowed to the pale, tired-"Where has she been now?" he asked,

voice dropped to a whisper and glanced half | "in other words, trying if my will, my mesfearfully around. "Who in Castleford does meric power, could master you. I found you

Bracken Hollow is a haunted house." "Indeed," the chasseur said, his hands in his pockets, his face immovable; "it looks like it, I confess. And what manner of ghost haunts it, and who has ever seen him? that is, supposing it be a him. As far as is no small triumph for me."

my experience goes, ghosts are generally of the feminine gender." "For Heaven's sake don't talk in that way. O'Donnell," Sir Peter said nervously, taking his arm. "You don't know what may hear you. Bracken Hollow is haunted; most unearthly sounds have been heard there-heard by more than me, and not superstitious peo-

ple either. A murder was committed there once many years ago, and they say ......" "Oh, of course they say. That's not evidence. I want to hear what actually has been

seen.' "Well-nothing then," Sir Peter responded reluctantly; "but I repeat it-horrible and

unearthly cries have been heard coming from that house often, and by many people." "And none of those people investigated, suppose ?"

"It was none of their business; they were only too glad to give it a wide berth, and go near it no more." "Who lives at Bracken Hollow?"

"An old woman named Hannah Gowan. She was Katherine Dangerfield's nurse in her and dislike, that had always lain dormant | youth, and Sir John pensioned her off, and gave her Bracken Hollow."

"Whew-w-w-w!" O'Donnell's low, shill whistle pierced the quiet air. Katherine Dangerfield's nurse! By George! that

accounts—" he stopped. Sir Peter looked at him, all his never-ending suspicions and fears aroused.

"Accounts for what ?" O'Donnell halted in his slow walk, and laid his hand confidentially on the shoulder of the

baronet, and looked calmly down into the baronet's little wizen face. "Sir Peter," he said gravely, "a light is

beginning to dawn upon me; the mysteries are lifting slowly, but, I think, surely. I cau't tell you what I think, what I suspect; 1 hardly can tell myselt yet. All is confused —all is stranger than I can say; but as in a glass, darkly! I begin to understand—to see the end. Wait-give me time. As surely as we both live, this strange mystery shall be sifted to the bottom, and the ghost of Scarswood, the ghost of Bracken Hollow exorcised.

Now I am going away by myself to think." He turned and strolled away, leaving the patrified little baronet standing under the lime-trees, the picture of dazed and helpless astonishment.

flung himself into a chuir, his hands still deep in his pockets, his brow still knit in that reflective frown.

The room had seemed very dark, coming in from the glare of the sunset. As, after five minutes he litted his eyes from the carpet, he found that it was not dark. More, he found that he was not alone-the library had another occupant-that occupant Miss Herncas-

tle-Miss Herncastle asleep). Miss Herncastle asleep! After the first instant's surprise, he sat still and looked at her. It was easy enough to understand how she came to be here. She had passed the windows as he had done-the dark seclusion of the library looked inviting; she, wearied and warm, had entered, and finding it entirely deserted, had lain down, and all unconsciously fallen asleep. She had removed her hat; one hand pillowed her head; her face, with the light full upon it, was turned toward him. Pitilessly, searchingly, he sat and read that face. The straight, finely shaped nose, the square-cut, resolute lips the curved, determined chin, the broad, rather low, intellectual looking forehead. It was perfectly colorless, that face, even in sleep. And in her

not? Dismal and lonely! I should think so. asleep-sound asleep-after your walk, and I stood and looked at you and willed you to awake. You obeyed. A liberty on my part, perhaps, but the temptation was irresistible. You possess a very powerful will of your own. Miss Herncastle; that mine can command it.

March 30, '81.

Something very like a flush passed over the perfect pallor of Miss Herncastle's face. Her great gray eyes fashed upon him with something more nearly akin to anger than anything he had ever seen in them before. But thorough self-command had long ago become second nature to her. Her sweet voice had all its wonted soft music when she spoke :

"I rearet Captain O'Donnell has no better use for his time than watching me, and no better subject for his meameric experiments. The Lady Cecil Clive, for instance-did he ever try his mesmoric powers on her, 1 won. der ?"

"No," Captain O'Donnell returned, lying indolently back in his chair, and looking the very embodiment of handsome sang froid "I don't believe the Lady Cecil is a good subject; if if she is, I leave her to her rightful owner, Sir Arthur Tregenna, when she can get him, which isn't often of late. And speaking of watching you, Miss Herncastle, I must tell you I have done that once before lately, on an occasion when I don't think you saw me. Not intentionally, as now, at least at first ; afterward, I fear, I must plead guilty to the somewhat dishonorable charge. But then again, the temptation was very strong. And upon my word, Miss Herncastle, you are so very mysterious, so very interesting a lady -if you will pardon my saying so-that watching you more than repays one for his trouble."

"Mysterious! interesting! I don't know what you mean, Captain O'Donnell!" "Oh, yes, I think you do. You must be

aware you are an object of mystery and interest to all in this house ; if for nothing else. your startling resemblance to that dead girl, Katherine Dangerfield. And then there are the nocturnal walks to Bracken Hollow, a haunted house, whose ghost at least you don't seem to fear. And then there are your singular assignations held in such very singular places. Who, for instance, but mysterious Miss Herncartle would think of giving a gentlemen an interview in a-churchyard, at nightfall ?"

She set her lips in the line he well knew. and looked at him, hard, fuil, defiant.

"You understand me, I think. Was it the night before last? Yes, it was. I left Sir Peter Dangerfie d's bedside-you remember I relieved you, and let you and Sir Arthur go. We had been talking, Sir Peter and myself, of the ghost-very strange affair that, by the way-of Katherine Daugerfield, dead and gone, also of the young man Otis, who fell in love with her, and in whose house she died. With my mind full of Katherine Dangerfield, her sad story and misfortunes, I went to Katherine Dangerfield's grave. I thought I had the place all to myself-certainly I never dreamed of its being made a place for lovers' tryst-but I was mistaken On my way out, between me and the gate two figures stood. Had I not recognized them-one of them, rather-I should have passed on, surprised a little at their charnel-house taste, but no more. But I recognized them. If you will excuse me again, Miss Herncastle-there is no mistaking that graceful walk of yours, or that stately poise of the head and shoulders. I knew you; I also, after a moment, knew the man.

Her lips set themselves closer, in that thin, unpleasant line; her gray eyes still showen with that silent, threatening glitter.

"Sir Peter had described him, and I heard you speak his name—Henry. Tall, sallow, thin, stooping, living in London, and named Henry. There was no mistaking-the man was Mr. Henry Otis, surgeon, late of Castleford-The man from whose house Katherine

Dangerfield was buried." For the first time in his knowledge of her her face changed. It turned gray-a ghastly stant-thou she arose herself again, and defied him.

piano. For nearly an hour she sat playing bravely and brilliantly, he seated himself near, his face in shadow, his ears drinking in those sweetest strains. Then she got up, and the seated himself in the seated himself in the seated himself those sweetest strains. Then she got up, and the seated himself is brinning cup flowed over! those sweetest strains. Then she got up, and turned purple with rage; he absolutely for the first time in his experience of her, held swore; he stamped his small foot, and out her hand as she said good-night.

" You have done me a great favor to-night, Sir Arthur," she said ; "greater than you know. Let me thank you, and-goodnight."

He looked up at her in surprise. 4 A \* great favor," he repeated, her firm, cold hand in his clasp; "I don't understand, Miss Herucastle.

smile-looking not at him, but across the yes, I know where you were the night you saw room, at the figures of the Earl of Ruysland and Lady Cecil Clive. Long after he had reason to know what the strange and triumphant smile meant.

"You may understand some day, Sir Arthur, and sooner than you think. Once more, good-night."

With the words she was gone. He watched the tall, commanding figure as it swept across the room and disappeared. Other eyes had witnessed that farewell; the Earl of Ruysland set his lips, the delicate waxen cheek of Ludy Cecil flushed.

"There shall be an end of this," his lordship thought sternly. "You have goue the length of your tether, Sir Arthur Tregenna; it is high time to pull you up."

Miss Herncastle went up to her room, but not to bed. She sat down by the open window, a starry light in her eyes, almost a flush of color on her marble face. "At last! at last! at last!" her lips said.

She was smiling-a smile not good to see. Her eyes were fixed on the night prospect, but she saw nothing. So, for upward of an hour, she sat. She could hear the sounds from below, the music, the soft hum of voices, the low laughter. She could hear, but she hardiy seemed to listen. She was wrapped in herself; that glowing, exulting face, you would not have known it again.

"At last ! at last !" she kept softly repeating, " my hour has come."

She arose after a time. Even through her absorption the falling dew struck chill. She arose, closed the window and the curtains, lit the lamp, and fung the ivory miniature contemptuously across into an open trunk.

"Lie there," she said; "you have done your work. I want you no more. I have waited six years-a long time; but even Troy fell at last. I have heard all I wanted to hear. I see my way clear to the end now !"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE SCAR ON THE TEMPLE.

"I Tell you madam, you shall not go!" "And I tell you, sir, I shall !"

"Lady Dangerfield, I repeat it, you shall never go to that disreputable woman's house in that disgusting dress."

"Sir Peter Dangerfield, I repeat it, as sure as the night after to-morrow night comes, I will go to Mrs. Everleigh's masquerade in the costume of a page."

And then husband and wife stood still, and paused for breath, and glared at each other, as much more devoted husbands and wives will do at times in the marital relation I am told.

It was three days after Sir Peter's attack,

screeched forth in passionate falsetto, that my lady should not go.

"And I tell you I shall !" my lady retorted, also flying into a towering passion, and using none too ladylike language in her sudden fit of rage. "Don't make a greater fool of your-solf, Sir Peter Dangerfield, than nature has al-

ready made you. It's no aflair of yours. Attend to your bugs and horrist crawling She smiled-a strange exultant sort of things, your ghosts and your gambling. Oh,

the ghost under the King's Oak. I don't interfere with your amusements—be good enough not to interfere with mine."

She had trodden on her worm so long that she had forgotten even worms sometimes turn. She had gone just a step too far. The purple hue of rage left his face; it turn-ed a ghastly yellow. He folded his small arms across his small chest, he planted his small feet resolutely on the carpet, and he stood and looked at her. "You mean to go, then, Lady Dangerfield?"

"I mean to go, as surely as you stand there, Sir Peter Dangerfield."

" In this disgusting dress?"

"You called it disgusting once before. I don't perceive the disgusting. It's a beauti-ful little dress, and I expect to look lovely in it.'

"You mean to go to this disreputable woman's house ? "

" You said that before also, Sir Peter; don't let Mrs. Everleigh hear you, or she may bring action against you for defamation of character. Her husband was a brute, and she had to leave him-nothing very uncomon in that-most husbands are. She has her own fortune, and she enjoys herself in her own way. I suppose it is infamous for a woman who has ever had the misfortune to marry to presume to enjoy herself after."

"You mean to go to Mrs, Everleigh's masquerade ! You mean to go in male attire !-you, the mother of two children '-a woman thirty-five years of age1"

That was too much. Lady Dangerfield might have endured a great deal, but this last insult-this cold-blood d mention of her -no, she could not stand that. What right-feeling woman, indeed, could ?

" You little wretch !" cried Sir Peter's wife ; and for a moment the words, and the tone, and the look, brought Katherine Dangerfield, and the conservatory, and six years, back vividly vefore him. "How dare you use such language as that to me? If I never meant to go I should go now. Five-and-thirty, indeed ! I deny it; it is a base falsehood ! I shall not be thirty-one until next birthday. And I shall go to Mrs. Everleigh's, and I shall go as a page just as sure as Thursday night comes !

"And with Major Frankland, Genevra ?" "With Major Frankland-a gentleman at least who does not insult ladies to their faces by odious falsehoods about their age. Thirty-

five indeed! I have no more to say to you Sir Peter Dangerfield, only this-I shall go ! " " Very well Lady Dangerfield,"-he was yellower than ever-he was trembling with Sir Peter be none the wiser."

and for two days the little baronet had been | passion ; " then hear me. If you go to Mrs. | My lady listened in calm approbation, un-

In all her life, she had never looked so nearly benutiful as in this boyish travesty ..... in this glowing carmine silk, and lofty plume, and black velvet.

"Oh !" she said no more—only that one long-drawn breath. She stood and contemplated the picture in silent ecstasy.

"It is perfect-it is beautiful," Miss Herncastle murmured ; " I never saw your ladyship look half so well in any thing before, It will be the costume of the ball."

" It is lovely-lovely," my lady responded, still staring in an ecstasy ; " but Miss Herncastle, I have already told you Sir Peter has taken it into his imbecile head to object-to absolutely forbid. He calles the dress disgraceful-nonsense-and Mrs. Everleigh disreputable. And you have no idea how disagreeable and how obstinate Sir Peter Dangerfield can be when he likes."

Miss Herncastle smiled again-that slight, chill, unpleasant smile.

"Have I not? But I think I have. Men have peculiar notions on these subjects, and with a man like Sir Peter, it is much easier to let him have his way than to combat. They never yield an inch."

"Give way. That means to give up the idea of the ball-to submit to be tyrannized over-not to wear this exquisite dress. Miss Herncastle, do I hear you aright ?"

"You hear, but you do not understand. Of course you go to the ball-only-let Sir Peter think you don't. It will be easy enough to deceive him. It may involve a few falsehoods, but your ladyship will not stickle at that. You go to the ball in peace -and he goes to bed in peace, and what he never knows will never grieve him."

"But how is it to be done?"

Miss Herncastle paused a moment in deep thought, her brows knit.

"In this way," she said. "Write to Major Frankland in London, and tell him when he returns to Castleford, on Thursday evening to remain in Castleford, at one of the inns, instead of coming to Scarswood. It is as much on his account as on account of the page's dress that Sir Peter objects. You can tell Sir Peter, if you choose, that you have given up the idea-that Major Frankland has been detained in town. He will not believe it, of course, but when the night arrives and he does not return, and he sees you retire for the night he will. Once in your room, you dress, of course; bribe the coachman to drive you quietly to Mrs. Everleigh's, and wait the breaking up of the ball. At Mrs. Everleigh's you must the Major; he can keep quiet in the town all the following day, and in the evening come here as though direct from the You will have enjoyed the ball, and station.

"Oh I see a certain likeness," O'Donnell,

repeated, "but nothing so marked as to be the photograph with a magnifying glass and I discovered a mark or scar of some kind on the left side of the face, right above the tembirth-mark there, or anywhere else-the pro-

verbial strawberry mark on the arm, or mole on the neck, or anything of that sort ?"

"The line you saw was a scar-the scar of wound that came pretty near ending her life. On the voyage out to India her nurse blunt end of a spike, and gave herself a horscar a hundred times ; it wasn't very disfiguring, and she never tried to conceal it. white, triangular scar, that used to turn livid

red when she got angry." O'Donnell listened thoughtfully.

had she lived to be eighty." "Quite impossible; bnt why?"

"Oh, only idle curiosity, of course. I noticed the mark, and it set me wondering what it might be." Ue paused a moment, his eyes on the ground, his brows knit in a thoughtful frown; then he looked up and spoke again. quite abruptly ; "You told me, Sir Peter, she lied in the house of a man named Otis. I think-a doctor, who afterward removed to temple. A full and noble brow he saw it was lives ?'

"I know nothing about him, but there is no reason to suppose he does not."

" Was his Christian name Henry ?"

Sir Peter paused a moment, and thought. "It was Henry," he answered. "I remem-ber now. Henry Otis, that was his name."

"Was he tall, spare, very light-haired, very allow complexion and a stoop?" "Yes, he was. O'Donnell, have you seen him?" You describe him exactly."

"I think I have. And she died in his don ?

"I don't remember exactly-some months, I think. There were people who said he had fallon in love with Katherine, and was miserable here after her death. She was buried from his house, and he erected that stone to her memory. Then he took his mother and

went up to London." "He and his mother lived alone?" "They did."

They kept a servant, I suppose ?"

Sir Peter looked at him wonderingly. "I suppose they did; it was not his mother who opened the door for me when I went O'Donnell, what are you driving thére. nt?

"I'll tell you presently. If the servant who lived with them at the time of Katherine Dangerfield's death be still alive, it strikes me I should like to see that servant. One question more, Sir Peter, on another subject. Do you know a place some three miles from here -a dismal, lonely sort of house called Brac- | could be too subtle and ico deceiving, ken Hollow?"

sleep she dreamed, for her brows were contracted, her lips moved. She looked fairer creeping gray, from brow to chin. For an in-in her slumber than he had ever thought her stant the fearless eyes flinched. For an inawake.

Who was she? A strange woman, surely -a wonderful woman, if the dim, mysterious suspicions adrift in his mind were right. Who was she? Helen Herncastle of London, as she said, or-

An inspiration came to him-an inspiration that lifted him from his chair to his feet, that caught his breath for one breathless moment.

The scar on Katherine Dangerfield's temple!

He hardly knew what he suspected as yet, wild, improbable, impossible things; and yet he did suspect. Now, if ever, was the time to let her fall out of her aims; she struck the end all suspicions, and test the truth. Miss Herncastle wore her black hair nearly down rible cash just above the temple. I saw the to her evebrows; what easier than now to lift one of these shining waves, and look at the A left temple-it was the side of the face uppermost.

He advanced-he hesitated. Something in her helplessness-in the sacredness of "Humph!" he said, "a scar like that it sleep, appealed to his strength and his manwould be impossible ever to obliterate, even | hood, and held him back. It seemed a dastardly deed to do while she slept what he dared not when awake. And yet it was his only chance.

"I may be judging her cruelly, shamefully," he thought ; " if the scar is not there, 1 am. For her own sake I will look."

He drew near-he stooped over the sleeping form; very gently he lifted the black waves of hair that covered her forehead and Loudon. Do you know if this man still those bands of dead dark hair hid. Litted off, it altered her wonderfully, it made her ten times more like the portrait of the dead girl.

He glanced at the temple. Good God! yes! there was the livid triangular scar Sir Peter Dangerfield had de-

scribed, just above the temple. He let the hair drop-he absolutely reeled for a second, and grasped a chair. He stood there thunderstruck, spell-bound, looking down at her, helpless to do anything else.

Something in the magnetism of that strange, fascinated gaze must have pierced house, and was buried from it, you say? How even the mists of slumber. Without sound long after did he leave Castleford for Lon- of any kind to disturb her, the evelids quivered, lifted, and Miss Herncastle, wide awake in a second, looked up from the sofa unto Redmond O'Donnell's face.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### R(SE O'DONNELL'S SECRET.

For a moment-for an hour, it seemed to him-not a word was spoken. His dazed eyes never left her; he stood almost like a man stunned.

She rose up on her elbow, returning his gaze. What did his face, its sudden pallor, showing white even under the golden bronze of his skin, tell her? Something in his eyes least is certain-there is not one page in her cowed her strangely-fascinated her also. She rose slowly up to a sitting posture and

## spoke, answering that fixed look; "What is it?" she asked.

The sound of her voice broke the spell. He drew a long broath and was himself again. In dealing with this woman, who

"Certainly I know Bracken Hollow." His magnetism, Miss Herncastle," he said coolly ; Ler I have been ever an acquaintance-a

"Well," she said, "what next ??

"I stood, as they say in novels, rooted to the spot, and yet with a sensation of relief. For one moment-only one, Miss Herncastle -I fancied your companion to be Sir Arthur Tregenna. I might have known better. It possible for a man like that to swerve a little from the straight path of duty : to stoop to deliberate dishonor-never."

She smiled-a smile not pleasant to see.

"Dishonor! an ugly word. For Sir Arthur Tregenna to meet me in private thus-would be for him-dishonor ?

"Most certainly, if he met you as a lover. And he is fast becoming that, though I doubt if he knows it himself yet. For Sir Arthur Tregenna, the blighted husband of Lady Cecil Clive, to meet you, or any woman, in that way would be dishonor ."

"The blighted husband of Lady Cecil Clive she echoed softly still, with that gleaming smile. "I beg your pardon, Captain O'Donnell, he is not, he never has been for one second that. And," her eyes flashed up now, in a sudden fire of triumph, "I have but to say it—and benever will!"

He sat still looking at her, pale, and grave and surprised.

"Never has been? Do you mean to say, Miss Herncastle, that Sir Arthur has not been for years the pledged husband of Lord Ruys land's daughter?"

"No; not for years, not for days, not for He is no more her blighted hustband hours. than-than you are. Ha! you feel that!" She laughed bitterly as she saw him wince. You have been, in the best years of her life, what he never was-Lady Cecil's lover. Oh, I know more than you think, Captain Redmond O'Donnell, of that little Irish episode six years ago You saved her life at the risk of your own, and fell in love with her afterwards. Very pretty, very romantic-a very old story indeed, I know, but Sir Arthur does not. He is not in love with Lady Cecil now; do you think it will help love on to hear that story of her youth-that story she will never tell him?"

'Redmond O'Donnell's face had grown cold and set as stone, he was deaf and blind. If he had been told Miss Herncastle was rightful heiress to the crown of England, it would have astonished him less-he would have believed it more easily-than that, all unwill-ingly, she had learned to love him.

"You do Lady Cecil great injustice, Miss Herncastle," he answered, with chill stornness in bringing her name into this discussion at all. You wrong her more by your confounded suspicions. Whether she is, or is not, the betrothed of Sir Arthur Tregenna, this at past life that he and all the world are not free to read more, perhaps," looking her straight in the eyes, "than all can say." I did her the service you speak of in Ireland, six years ago; is there anything in that to conceal? And there the 'story,' as you phrase it, begins and ends. Your suspicions are all unfounded all unjust. Whatever my folly may have been, "I have been experimenting in animal in that past time of a most foolish youth, to