

## SHADOWLAND.

On a hillside where the sun never shines,  
Where the light of day never comes,  
That the land of the living, the land of the dead,  
And this is the land of shadows.

It may not be in your young years,  
When our hearts beat time to pleasure,  
That our souls will wake to the solemn truth,  
Or thrill to the shadowy measure.

For bright are the shadows of youth,  
When our life is in its prime,  
And early we welcome each thought of the future.

And as we grow old,  
That the sun's beam  
May fall in a cloud of sorrow,  
Oh, we do not then do we learn the truth  
By the light of the shadows of youth.

That the land of the living, the land of the dead,  
And this is the land of shadows.

In the shadowy land of youth,  
They rise before us so fair and bright,  
And they seem to us so real,  
That we follow them on, and forget their light.

Flows from the realm of the dead,  
They come and they pass away,  
Like the clouds of the summer day,  
And other phantasms of hope are slain.

When the sun's beam  
Shines brightly on the shadows of youth,  
Through the earthly damp  
Seems hung in a cloud of sorrow.

Oh, how we cherish our dream's ideal,  
Unfolding the shadows of the past,  
That the land of the living, the land of the dead,  
And this is the land of shadows.

First pleasure comes with her dream's spell,  
And stirring her harp of gladness,  
We list to the music of the answering  
Soul.

That is the land of shadows,  
Alas! what fears arise,  
As the shadowy phantoms fly,  
And oh! how the heart with its solemn  
Sighs the land of shadows.

Years for the future,  
Not on a hillside where the sun never shines,  
Or feel in our dream's ideal,  
That the land of the living, the land of the dead,  
And this is the land of shadows.

A splendid crown may we wear,  
And caught by the glare, we are charmed  
Again.

Till we die, too, deceive us,  
And then as we see them pass  
We murmur, Alas! alas!  
And a voice that wakes in our mortal  
Breast.

Ring, what's the name,  
But an empty name  
Won by the soul's unrest.

But manhood, dashed by the wine of health,  
Still turns from the mortal coil,  
Nor leaves the land of shadows,  
In its radiant glory lies far beyond,  
And this is the land of shadows.

Not till our eyes grow dim with years,  
And we stand at the cloudy portal,  
Where the soul is free from earthly fears,  
And the human becomes immortal:  
Not till we hear the voice  
Of the waves upon the shore,  
Whose thrilling tones of an infinite sea,  
While angels come  
From their radiant home,  
To teach us the truths of eternity.

Oh, not till then will our souls be blest,  
Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson,  
That the land of the living, the land of the dead,  
And this is the land of shadows.

## THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY THE "DUCHESS."

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"It is very odd, I suppose," observed Ebbel Villiers, glancing round the walls. "Uncomfortable places all ways are. It would be quite a treat to Lady Betty Trevel, who roves over the early Britons. It seems rather thrown away upon us. Captain Ringwood, you look as if you had been suddenly turned into stone. Let me pass, please."

It was uncommonly friendly of Ringwood not to have let the door slam, and so imprisoned us for life, says Sir Adrian, with a laugh. "I am sure we owe him a debt of gratitude."

"I hope you'll all pay it," laughs Ringwood. "It will be a nice new experience for you to give a new creditor something for once. I never pay my own debt; but that doesn't count. I feel sure you are all going to give me something for my services as doorknocker."

"What shall I give you?" asks Ebbel coquettishly.

"I'll tell you by and by," he replies, with such an expressive look that for once the story girl has no answer ready, but, blushing crimson, hurries past him down the stone stairs, where she waits at the bottom for the others.

As Florence reaches the door she pauses and stoops to examine the lock. "I wish," she says to Sir Adrian, a strange subdued excitement in her voice, "you would remove this lock, do."

"But why?" he asks, impressed in spite of himself, by her manner.

"I hardly know myself; it is a fancy—no unaccountable one, perhaps—but still a powerful one. Do be guided by me and have it removed."

"What's the fancy?" he asks laughing.

"No—the lock. Humor me in this, shut the door carefully, for more earnestly than the occasion seems to warrant. Call it a silly pretence, if you like, but I honestly think that lock will work you evil some day. Therefore it is that I ask you to do away with it."

"You ask me?" he queries.

"Yes, if only to please me—for my sake."

She has evidently forgotten her late distrust in him, for she speaks now in the old sweet tone, and with tears in her eyes. Sir Adrian flushes warmly.

"For your sake," he whispers, "this is the last I would not do, I thus re-act."

But their must be no violence," she gasps, "no attempt at—"

"What is it you would say?" he interrupts sternly. "Collect yourself; you surely do not know what you are hinting at. Violence! what do you mean by that?"

"I hardly know," she gasps, trembling. "I was your look, your tone, I think, that frightened me."

"Faint—am I one to lay my plans so close to the future," he exclaims coarsely; they

are not wanted where I am. Now to business. You want to marry Sir Adrian, as I understand, whether his desires lie in the same direction or not?"

At this plain speaking the dainty little lady winces openly.

"My own heart is in your direction," confesses Arthur remorselessly. "We both know where his heart would gladly find its home, where he would seek a bride to place her in this grand old castle, but I will frustrate that hope if I live for it."

He grinds his teeth as he says this, and looks with fierce defiant eyes at the long rows of his ancestors that line the walls.

"So would gladly see her proud fair face looking down upon me from amidst this goody company," he goes on, apostrophizing the absent Florence. "But that shall never be. I have sworn it; unless I am her husband—unless I am her husband!"

Now slowly, more thoughtfully he repeats his last phrase, until Dora, frightened by the sudden change that has disfigured his face, speaks to him to distract attention.

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"Ay, to tell you what is on my mind. I have said you want to marry Adrian; I mean to marry Florence Dalmaine. To-day I disliked certain symptoms. I saw, that led me to believe that my own machinations have not been so successful as I could have wished. Before going in for stronger measures, there is one more card that I will play. I have written you a note. Here it is, take it—handing her a letter folded in the cockle shell fashion.

"What am I to do with this?" asks Dora nervously.

"Read it," he addressed to yourself. You will see that I have copied Adrian's handwriting as closely as possible, and have put his initials A. D. at the end. And yet, with a diabolical smile—it is no forgery either, as A. D. are my initials also."

Upon the note with trembling fingers, Dora read aloud as follows:

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Dora, having finished reading the letter, glanced at him uneasily.

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"There shall be no 'but' in the matter. You have entered into this affair with me, and you shall persevere to the end. If you fail me, I shall betray your share in the matter to your servants, and I will not declare myself, for the reasons you already know, and for the same reasons I must keep up a semblance of familiarity with you. I will gladly break with altogether. But I am happy only with you, and happy too in the thought that our hearts beat in one."

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"Ah, I have touched the right chord at last, have I? Society, your idol, you dare not brave! Well, to continue, you will also tell her, in your own sweet innocent way, that you have agreed to account for Adrian's decision, and almost loverlike attempts to her in the library's room with him some time before, earlier in the day; that, in his fit of pique, he had sought to be revenged upon you, and soothe his slighted feelings by feigning a sudden interest in her. You follow me?"

"Yes," replies the astute Dora, "but I have never entered into this hateful intrigue!"

"Then when you have carefully shown these lies in her heart, and seen her proud face darken and quiver with pain beneath your words—oh, how his own evil face glows with unbridled satisfaction as he sees the picture he has just drawn stand out clear before his eyes!—you will affect to be driven by compulsion into granting Sir Adrian's supposed request, you will don your hat and cloak, and go down to the library to encounter—me. If I am any judge of character, that girl, who haughty to all the world, will lower her pride for her cruel lord's sake, and will follow you, to madden herself with your meeting with the man she loves. To her, I shall on this occasion represent Sir Adrian. Are you listening?"

"She is indeed—listening with all her might to the master mind that has her in thrall."

"You will remember not to start when you meet me," he continues, "leaving his commands with insolent assumption of authority over the dainty Dora, who up to this has been accustomed to rule it over others in her particular sphere, and who now clings and writhes beneath the sense of slavery that is oppressing her. 'You will meet me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I shall be clad in my cousin's light overalls, the one of which Miss Dalmaine was graciously pleased to give me approved yesterday morning.'

"His eyes light again with a revengeful fire as he calls to mind the slight prize Florence has bestowed in a very casual fashion on his coat. Every body, every kindly word addressed by him to his cousin is treasured up by him and dwelt upon in secret, to the terrible strengthening of the purpose he has in view."

"But if you should be seen—be marked," hesitates Dora faintly.

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At this plain speaking the dainty little lady winces openly.

"My own heart is in your direction," confesses Arthur remorselessly. "We both know where his heart would gladly find its home, where he would seek a bride to place her in this grand old castle, but I will frustrate that hope if I live for it."

He grinds his teeth as he says this, and looks with fierce defiant eyes at the long rows of his ancestors that line the walls.

"So would gladly see her proud fair face looking down upon me from amidst this goody company," he goes on, apostrophizing the absent Florence. "But that shall never be. I have sworn it; unless I am her husband—unless I am her husband!"

Now slowly, more thoughtfully he repeats his last phrase, until Dora, frightened by the sudden change that has disfigured his face, speaks to him to distract attention.

"You have brought me here to—she ventures timidly."

"Ay, to tell you what is on my mind. I have said you want to marry Adrian; I mean to marry Florence Dalmaine. To-day I disliked certain symptoms. I saw, that led me to believe that my own machinations have not been so successful as I could have wished. Before going in for stronger measures, there is one more card that I will play. I have written you a note. Here it is, take it—handing her a letter folded in the cockle shell fashion.

"What am I to do with this?" asks Dora nervously.

"Read it," he addressed to yourself. You will see that I have copied Adrian's handwriting as closely as possible, and have put his initials A. D. at the end. And yet, with a diabolical smile—it is no forgery either, as A. D. are my initials also."

Upon the note with trembling fingers, Dora read aloud as follows:

"Can you will you meet me to-morrow at four o'clock in the library? I have been told to you, but I have not had cause. For the present, I do not declare myself, for the reasons you already know, and for the same reasons I must keep up a semblance of familiarity with you. I will gladly break with altogether. But I am happy only with you, and happy too in the thought that our hearts beat in one."

Yours forever, A. D.

Dora, having finished reading the letter, glanced at him uneasily.

"And what is the meaning of this letter? What is it written for? What am I to do with it?" she stammers, holding the previous misadventure against the palm of her hand, as though in loathing of it.

"You will show it to her. You will speak of it as a love-letter written to you by Adrian. You will consult her as to whether it be wise or prudent to accede to his proposal to meet to-morrow in the library. You will, in fact, put out all your power of deception, which—with a smiling smile—is great, and so compel her to believe the letter is from him to you."

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