LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII .- CONTINUED.

But Lady Dangerfield did not faint-too much cold water, perhaps. She glanced at her preserver, and noticed, even in that mothat he was one of the very handsomest men it had ever been her good fortune to behold. She glanced at herself. Good Heaven! half the exquisite abundance of curls and braids she had set forth with that morning were miles out at sea, her complexion was a

wretched ruin, and her lovely pink grenadine, in which she had looked not a day over twenty five one short hour ago-that pink grenadine, all puffings, and frillings and flouncesno, words are poor and weak to describe the

state of that dress. The boat flying before the rising wind, made the shore in five minutes. Lady Dangerfield had not spoken one word; tears of shame and mortification were standing in her eyes. Why oh, why, had she ever come on this wretched trip-this miserable picnic at all? What business had Major Frankland to propose going out in a boat when he wasn't capable of handling a boat? What a fright she must look-hatless, hairless, comparatively complexionless, and her bright, gossamer summer skirts clinging about her like wet leeches? What must this remarkably good-looking and self-possessed gentleman sitting yondersteering, think of her? He was not thinking of her at all; he was watching, with an amused face, Miss Hallan calmly and deliberately swimming ashore and all the other

people standing like martyrs in the rain. "Now, then, Madam !" He sprang out and almost lifted her on the sands. " Very sorry for your mishap, and if I might presume to offer a suggestion would recommend an instant return home and a change of garments. Goodday, sir : your boat's all right-floating ashore.

And then this cool gentleman without waiting fer remarks or further ado, pushed off again, and skimmed away like a seaguil.

Such a plight as this pleasure party stood in when Sir Arthur and Lady Crcil rejoined them! Wet through, all their fine feathers spoiled-every one of the ladies in as miserable a plight as the shipwrecked party themselves—every one drenched to the skin. Lady Cecil's dark eyes, full of suppressed fun, were lifted to the baronet's; there was a grave smile even at the corners of his sedate mouth. It was wonderful how they understood each other, and how much nearer they were then than they had been that morning.

Of course the picnic broke up in most " admired disorder" and at once. The wet mermaids were packed damp and dripping into the carriages and whirled away to Scarswood as fast as the horses could trot the distance, Lady Dangerfield bewailing her fate, her narrow escape for her life, and anon wondering who her preserver could be.

"He had the air of a military man," she said; "there was no mistaking it; and he was bronzed and bearded, and somewhat foreign-looking. A gentleman, beyond a shadow of a doubt, with a bow of a Lord Chesterfield or a court chamberlain, and the whitest teeth I ever saw."

It was evident Major Frankland had a riv il. him to call," my lady went on. "Common bowed to Lady Cecil with a slight smile, courtesy required it, but really I was so confused and frightened, and all the rest of it, that I thought of nothing. Abominable in Jasper Frankland to let the boat upset. I'li never forgive him. What could that stranger have thought of me—such a horrible fright as I must look.

"My dear Ginevra, does it matter what this stranger thinks? We are all grateful to bim for coming to your rescue so opportunely, but as to his good opinion, I don't perceive that that is a matter of consequence one way or the other."

"One dosen't want to look like a scarecrow," returned her ladyship, indignantly, even before strangers; and he was so distinguished looking, and had the finest eyes, Queenie. Perhaps he may be one of the offieers from the Castleford barracks."

" I thought we had had all the officers from the Castleford, and if any of them are eminently distinguished-looking, I have bitherto taled to perceive it."

"We might have had him over for our theaticals to-morrow night, if I had only had presence of mind enough to ask his name. But how can one have presence of mind when one is drowning? And to loose my hat and my-my chignon, and everything! Queenie, howis it that you have escaped so completely? Where did Sir Arthur take you?"

" lo Bracken Hollow. We were caught in the fist of the storm, and had to run for it Such a race! Even Sir Arthur Tregenna, the most dignified of mankind, does not look dignifed, scampering away from a rainstorm."

Lady Cecil laughed maliciously. "It does people rood to come down off their stilts once in a while, and put their high and-mightiness in their pocket. Really, it has been a day of extraordinary adventures altogether."
"Yes," said Lady Dangerfield crossly;

"and adventures are much nicer to read of than to take part in. I don't want adventures ont of Mudie's select novels."

"A day of adventures," went on Lady Cecil, laughing. "You get upset in the midet of the raging ocean, lightning flashing. thunder crashing, rain falling—and what rhumes to falling, Ginevra, besides bawling? And at the last moment, up rushes the gallant knight to the rescue, handsome, of course, gentlemanly also, military likewise, and with the bow of—a court chamberlain, takes me into the Haunted Castle, and we hear and see the ghost of Bracken Hollow."

"Oh, Sir Arthur is your knight then, is he?" interrupted her ladyship sarcastically. I thought it would come to that in the end. We don't refuse thirty thousand a year, do we, Queenie, darling, in spite of all our fine poetical, cynical talk of buying and selling. And

what Bracken Hollow? And what ghost?" "What Bracken Hollow! There's only one, and your husband says it is haunted. I suppose he ought to know: he seems an authority on the subject of goblins and ghosts. Of my own knowledge, I can say it is as dismal and dull a looking place as ever laid eyes on-in the words of the poet. A lonesome lodge that stands so low in lonely glen.' And a grim and sombre old womana sort of Sussex 'Norma of the Fitful Head' -presides over it. And at an upper window we saw a most ghostly face, and from an upper chamber we heard a most ghostly cry, Norma of the Fitful Head' accounted for it in some way about a raven and a country girl; but I don't think she expected us to believe it. And then I am sure—certain—I

But Lady Cecil paused. Why should she create an unpleasantness between the governess and Lady Dangerfield by telling of seeing her there? That there was no mistake she was convinced. Miss Herncastie's was not a face to be mistaken anywhere—not at | wandering tourist, or artist unknown to fame |

all the sort of face we mean when we say "it will pass in a crowd." Most people in any crowd would have turned to look twice at the very striking face of my lady's nursery gover-

Lady Cecil went up to her room at once, and rang for her maid. In her damp dress she stood before the open window. while she waited, and looking down she saw, immediarely beneath her, in the rose garden, Miss Herncastle! Miss Herncastle, calm, composed, pale, grave, lady-like, and looking, with her neatly arranged dress and serene manner, as though she had been there for hours, the last person possible to be guilty of any escapade whatever. She looked up, smiled, bowed, turned slowly, and disappeared down a lime walk.

Lady Cecil stood transfixed. What did it mean? Miss Herncastle looked a very clever person, but she was not clever enough, surely to be in two places at once.

That was Miss Herncastle she had seen at Bracken Hollow less than an hour ago, and now Miss Herncastle was here. She could not have walked the distance in the timeshe could not have ridden. And if it wasn't Miss Herncastle, who then was it she had seen?

"Oh, nonsense!" Lady Cecil cried, tapping her slippered foot impatiently. "I know better. It was Miss Herncastle. Desiree," to her maid. "I see Miss Herncastle down there. How long is it since she came in?"

"Came in.' Desiree repeated, opening ber Mees flerncastle wasn't out at all. She has evident, and though she doesn't encourage been in the school-room with her young him, he is friendly enough. ladies."

" Are you sure, Desiree ?" "Yes, mademoiselle," Desiree was sure That is-she had been in the servants' hall

Miss Herncastle—
"That will do, Desiree. You pull my bair when you brush and talk together. Make heste!

Desiree made haste, and in fresh slippers and rosettes, fresh organdie and ribbons, Lady Cecil tripped away to the school-room. Pearl and Pansy were there, making houses of cards. Down went the cards, and the twins surrounded Aunt Cecil immediately.

"Did she see the lightning-oh, wasn't it awful? And the thunder-wasn't she frightened? They were. They went up to the nursery and crept into bed, and pulled the clothes over their faces-and never spoke till it was all over."

"A very praiseworthy precaution my pets. And where all this time, was Miss Herncastle?

Oh, Miss Herncastle-poor Miss Herncastle-had such a headache, and had to go to bed, and they were so glad. Not for the headache of course—they were sorry for poor Miss Herncattle—but glad that they had had a holiday. And that other dress for Seraphina "-Seraphina was the biggest of the dolls -" when would Aunt Cecil make that?"

"To-morrow, if possible. And so Miss Herncastle had a bad headache and had to go to bed. Hum-m-m. When did she take

"Oh, right after you all went away. And she went up to her room with some vinegar, and pulled down the blinds, and locked the door, and told Mrs. Butler she would try to sleep it off. She got up just before you came home—I saw her come out of her room and go down to the garden."

The door opened and Miss Herncastle came I wish I had asked his name, and invited in, her roses and myrtle in her hand. She crossed the room with easy grace, and placed her bouquet in a Parian vase.

"I regret to hear you have been suffering from a severe headache all day, Miss Herncastle," Lady Cecil said, and the amber clear brown eyes fixed themselves full upon the face of the governess. "Pansy tells me you have been lying down all day. But for that I saw at a window of the house in Bracken Hol-

low." The face of the governess turned from the flowers over which she was bending-the deep gray eyes met the searching brown ones stendily.

"Thought you saw me, Lady Cecil! How very strange. And Bracken Hollow-where is Bracken Hollow?"

"Bracken Hollow is within easy walking distance of Scarswood, Miss Herncastle; and you are right, it is very strange. I was posi-

tive it was you I saw. "You were mistaken, of course," the governess said calmly; "it seems my fate to be mistaken. I had a headache, as Pansy says, and was obliged to go to my 100m. I am unfortunately subject to bad nervous head-

aches. Her face was perfectly calm-not a tremor, not a flinch of eye or muscle. And again Lady Cecil was staggered. Surely this was truth or most perfect acting. If Miss Herncastle had spent the day in her own room she could not have spent it at Bracken Hollow. And if it were not Miss Herncastle she had

seen, who on earth then was it? Thoroughly mystified, the earl's daughter descended the stairs. In the vestibule sat the hall porter, the Castleford Chronicle in his hand, his gaze meditatively fixed on the rainbow spanning the sky.

"Johnson, have you been here all dayall day, mind?"

Johnson turned from the rainbow and made "Yes, my lady-which I meanter say hexcepting of corse while I was at dinner-all

the rest of the day, my lady. "And did any one leave the house during our absence ?-- any one-the children-the

servants?"

"No my lady," Mr. Johnson responded, rather surprised, not that I see, my lady. And it would be himpossible for hanny one to come without my seeing, my lady. The I think you said? And for me, my knight young ladies, they wasen't on the grounds all lay, my lady, likewise none of the servants Mrs. Butler she were a-making hup long haccounts in her hown room, and Miss Erncastle she were a layin' down with the 'eaduche, my

> lady. And there were no callers, my lady. Lady Cecil turned away with a dazed look, She had no wish to play the spy upon Miss Herncustle. If she had been to Bracken Hollow, and had owned to it, Lady Cecil might have wondered a little, but she would have said nothing about it as it was, but she puzzled over it all the evening. The picnic party, rejuvenated, dined at Scarswood. Sir Peter left the Saturnia Pavonia, and dined with his guests-my lady's father, and my lady herself in fresh raven ringlets, fresh bloom, and fresh robe of gold-colored tissue and with roses, looked as pretty and as animated as though ten pounds' sterling worth of the tresses had not drifted out to sea, and a lovely new toilet

> had been utterly ruined. " I wish I had thought of asking him his name," Lady Dangerfield remarked, over and over again, returning to the Unknown. " A gentleman. I am positive—there is no mistaking the air of society; I should know a trooper in the pulpit or in his coffin, there is no mistaking their swing. And he had the

most expressive eyes I think I ever saw." "Your close observation does him much ed jealousy. "He is, in all propability, some samples.

"God! he looked like someone I've met before," muttered the earl plancing uneasily on his daughter. He was in London the night of the opera, and it is just possible he may have followed us down here. Only that it would not be like him-proud as Lucifer he used to be; and then I should think, too, he had got over the old madness. Did you see this unknown knight-errant, Queenie?"

"I? No, papa; it was all over before we came up. The curtain had fallen on the grand sensational tableau, the hero of the piece had fled; Sir Arthur and I were only in time for the farce." The earl stroked his iron-gray mustache,

eassured. "If it be O'Donnell, and 'ron my life 1 think it is, I only hope Sir Arthur may speak before he appears again on the scene. Not that she cares for him, of course or that his appearance will make any difference in the result It was only a girl's, only a child's fancy -and it is six years ago. What woman ever

remembered an absent lover six years?—a husband for that matter? They say Penelope did; but we have on that island with Queen Calypso and Miss Eucharis, she was flirting at home, and looking out for his successor. The only unpleasent thing about it will be, if they discover the little counterplot I indulged in at that time. I'ts odd Sir Arthur don't probrown French eyes. "But, mademoiselle, pose. He is greatly taken with her, that is

Sir Arthur was taken with her. His eyes followed that fairy graceful figure everywhere; he stood by the piano while she sang, and she sang very sweetly, his eyes on the herself, and not in the grounds, but of course | perfect face, his ear drinking in these silver sounds. He was at his ease with her; he talked to her as he had never talked to any woman in his life; see was fair and good, lovely ard gentle. Why should be not make her his wife? If that exquisite flower-face of hers had wrought dire havoc ere now with the ton-susceptible hearts was she to be blamed? She might not be quite his ideal, perhaps-but which of us ever meets or marries our ideal ?-and he liked her very wellvery well, and admired her greatly. Why

not speak, then, and ask her to be his wife? Heresolved this question in bed that night until he fell asleep. Of love, such as he had heard of and read of—that intermittent fever of cold fits and hot fits, of fear, of hope of jealousy, of delight-he knew nothing. That mad fever into which common sense never enters isn't a dignified passion; a man on his knees to a woman, calling upon all the gods to witness how he worshipped her, is not an elevating or majestic sight. He was not a lover o the u-ual hot-headed, hare-brained sort, all wearing the same bright armor, all singing the same sweet song. But he esteemed, and admired, and liked Lady Cecil. She was his equal in every way, save fortune, and that he neither thought of nor cared for, and the very next day that ever shone he would ask her to be his wife.

For Sir Arthur Tregenna to resolve was to do. He was none of your vacillating lovers, who don't know thei own minds, and who are afraid to speak when they do. Without being the least a coxcomb, he felt pretty sure of his answer. Her father wished it, she did not seem at least to dislike him, and as husband and wife they would learn to love each other, no doubt, very dearly. His eyes followed her that day as they had never followed her before-with a new interest, a new tenderness. And Lady Dangerfield's sharp black eyes saw it as they saw everything.

"Thine hour his come, oh, Queenie," she laughed maliciously. "The grand mogul has made up his mind to fling his handkerchief at his slave's feet. Look your leveliest grave way, and came forth. to night, La Reine Blanche, for the great Cornish baronet is going to lay his title and rtune at vour fee

The color flashed hotly for a moment over slowly following. the exquisite drooping face—a flush of pain, of almost dread. Her woman's instinct told her also, as well as Ginevra, that Ginevra was right. He was going to ask her to be his wife, and she-what should she say? What could she say but yes? It was her destiny as fixed as the stars. Asort of panic seized her. She did not love him, not one whit, and Lady Cecil Clive at two-and-twenty-old enough to know better, certainly, and admirably trained by a thorough woman of the world-a woman of the world herself—out three seasons.—believed in love!

I am pained to tell, but the truth standsshe believed in love. She read De Masset. and Meredith, and Tennyson-she even read Byron sometimes. She liked him-as she might a grave, wise, very much elder brother, but love him-no-no-no-uo!

And Lady Cecil knew what love meant. Once, oh, how long ago it seemed! for seven golden weeks the sun had shone, and theroses flamed in the light. Earth bad taken Eden, and the Someone that we all see a day or two in our life time bad appeared before her, and then—the seven weeks ended, and life's dead teen was ended, and well nigh forgotten, it | up over the tall tree-tops. might be; but she didn't care for Sir Arthur Tregenna, and he was going to ask her, and there was nothing to say but " Yes."

She avoided him all that day, as she had never avoided him before in all her life. If her chains were to be clasped, at least she would avert the fetters as long as she could. She shut nerself up in her room, took a book, and forced herself to read. She would not think, she would not come down. It had to be, but at least she would have a respite in

spite of them all. The levely, rosy July day were on, and dinner time came. She had to go down then. As Owen Meredith says:

We may live without books-what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope—what is hope but tish flash of her bonny black eyes.
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?

Her respite was over. She must face ber She went down in white silk and doom. There was to be an evening partytheatricals, charades, dancing—a large com-pany was coming. She was as white as her dress, but perfectly calm. They were evera bon and point-lace. Barmaid costume the brave race, the Clives, going to the scaffold or to the altar without wincing once.

Sir Arthur took her to dinner-gentlemen never know when they are not wanted. He was very silent during the meal, but then s-lence was his forte. Lady Cecil, usually the brightest of the bright, was under a cloud top. She cast furtive, sidelong glances at her companion. Oh, her doom was sealed-that compressed mouth, that stern face, those grave, inexorable eyes told the story. Do her best, she

could not shirk fatality long.

She made hir escape after dinner unnoticed, as she fondly hoped, amid the gay throng. A bright little boucoir, all rose silk and ormolu, and cabinet pictures, opened off one of the drawing-rooms, double doors and a velvet | ringlets at gallant Boots, shows her white curtain shutting it in. Thither this stricken deer fleed. The double doors slid back, the rose velvit curtain fell, and she was alone, ahonor,' said Major Frankland with suppress- | mid the pictures and the bric-a-brac, with the | were 'tother dear charmer away.' crystal moon rays.

cast in some blissful Arcadian valley, where existence might be one long succession of ruby sunsets and silver moonrises, where nightingales sing the world to sleep, where young ladies need not get married at all if they like, up almost passionately at that bright opal- put their heads together, and wonder if the

tinted star-set sky.
"Oh!" she said, "I wish, I wish, " Lady Cecil, I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but they have sent me here to find

Her clasped hands fell—her hour had come. Sir Arthur stood tall and serious towards her. She looked up, all her terror, all her helpless appeal for an instant in her large, soulful eyes. But he did not read it aright-what man ever does? And be came forward hastily, eagerly. How beautiful she looked, how noble, how sweet,—a wife for any man to be proud of. He steoped over her and took her hand. The words were on his lips-in one minute all would be over!

"Lady Cecil," he began. "I have sought you here to-" He never finished the sentence.

The door slid back, the curtain was lifted and Miss Herncastle came into the room.

> CHAPTER VIII. REDMOND O'DONNELL.

WITH the golden blaze of the illuminated drawing-room behind her, with rose-velvet curtains half draping her, the moonlight full upon her pale face and jet black hair-so for one second she stood before them So Sir Arthur Tregenna saw her first, so in her sleeping, and waking dreams all her life long, Cecil Clive remembered her, standing like some rose-draped statue in the arch.

"Lady Cecil." began the soft, slow legato voice, "Lady Dangerfield has sent me in search - She broke off suddenly; she had advanced a step, and for the first time perceived that Lady Cecil was not alone. I beg your pardon," she said, "but I was not aware-

"Wait-wait, Miss Herncastle!" Lady Cecil exclaimed, rising up with a great breath of intense relief. Ludy Dangerfield sent you in search of me, I suppose? Has anybody come? Are they preparing for the Charades? "Yes, Lady Cecil, and they are waiting for you. There's the music."

"You play, Sir Arthur, do you not?" Lady Cecil turned to him and then for the first time perceived him gazing intently at Miss Herncastle. He was wondering who she was-this tall, majestic woman, so unlike any woman he had as yet met in this house. "Ah! I forgot, you don't know Miss Herncastle. Sir Arthur Tregenna, Miss Herncastle. How odd to live in the same house a week and a half, and never once meet. Hark! is not that Ginevra's veice calling?"

"Queenie! Queenie!" called the shrill, impatient voice of her ladyship; "are you asleep or dead, or in the house, or what? Where are you?

She too lifted the curtains and stared at the group in indignant surprise. "What on with are you all doing here in

the moonlight? Sir Arthur, I think I sent you after Lady Cecil Clive. Miss Herncastle," sharply, "I think I sent you -. Is there some enchantment in this sylvan spot that those who enter it can never come forth?

She looked pointedly at the baronet. Had he had time to propose? He was not a man of fluent speech or florid compliment, like her gallant major-he only smiled in his

Lady Cecil had sped away like the wind

, Who is that? Sir Arthur asked under his breath. "Who? Do you mean Miss Herncastle-

my governess?" "Your governess? She looks like an empress.

"Absurdly tall, isn't she?-half a giantess Do you like tall women? No; don't trouble yourself to turn a compliment. I see you do. Miss Herncastle is to assist to-night in the tableaux-that is why you see her here."

That old, never-failing recourse of country houses, charades and tableaux vivants were to enliven the guests at Scarswood tonight. The disused ball-room had been litted up as a theatre, with stage and seats, the Castleford military band was already discoursing martial music, and the well-dressed audience, prepared to be delighted with everything, had already taken their seats. Fans fluttered, an odor as of Araby's spicy breezes was wafted through the room, a low murmur one slowly enters, the lights go slowly down, of conversation mingled with the stirring strains of the band, the lamps overhead twinkled by the dozen, and out through the wide-open windows you caught the starry level flowed back. That dream of sweet six- | night sky, the silver crescent slowly sailing

A bell tinkled and the curtain went up. You saw an inn-yard, a pump and horse trough, artistically true to nature, on the sign | ger. The silence of awe and expectation falls 'Scarswood Arms." Enter Boots, (Major upon the audience. She glides nearer and Frankland,) a brush in one hand, a gentleman's Wellington in the other, in a state of awful, vengeful in the dim light. The Friend soliloquy. He gives you to understand he is of the People looks up for the first time, but in love with Susan, the barmaid, and Fanny, it is too late. The Avenger is almost upon the chambermaid; and in a quandary which | him, the gleaming dagger is uplifted to strike. to make Mrs. Boots. Enter Fanny—tall, Sir Peter Dangerfield beholds the terrible face dark, dashing—(Miss Hattan, the rector's of Miss Herneastle; he sees the brandished daughter;) and some love passages immediacely ensued. Boots is on the point of that rings through the house. A thrill of ed Sir Arthur in the green-room, two hours proposing to the chambermaid, when there comes a shrill call for "Fanny," and exit Fanny with a last coquettish toss of her long black ringlets, a last coquetnating to tell. She is very blonde-with a wig of golden hair, a complexion of paint and pearl powder-a very short skirt of rose silk, a bodice of black velvet, and a perfectly heart-breaking little cap of rose-colored ribwide world over. Enter Susan (Lady Dangerfield), tripping jauntily forward, bearing a tray of tumblers, and blithely singing a Boots' allegiance is shaken. "'Tother one

little song. was pretty," he says, "but this one caps And then she has a the globe. pretty penny in Castleford bank, too." More love passages take place. Susan is coyshricks and skirmishes. Down falls the tray. smash goes the glass. Boots must have that kiss—(it sounded very real too)—Susan slaps his face ;-not irretrievably offended, though, you can see, and-"Susan! Susan," bawls a loud bass voice. "Coming, ma! am coming!" Susan answers, shakes her blonde

teeth, and exit. Boots is alone. Boots soliloquizes once more. "How happy could I be with either,

His quandary has returned—he cannot She sat down in a dormeuse in the gray win- make up his mind. If he marries Fanny he you are a born actress. I really thought for its aburn beard and mustache, its keen blue

will hankor after Susan, if he marries Susan, asks with a melancholy howl. He plunges his deeply rouged face into the snowy folds of a scented cambric handkerchief and sinks down a statue of despair, still feeoly murmuring : "Both-both-both !" The curtain and thirty thousand a year is not a necessity falls to slow and solemn music. "First sylor life? She clasped her hands, and looked lable!" shouts an invisable voice. People first syllable is not-" Both."

The bell tinkles, and the curtain goes up again. This time it is an Eastern scene. A large painting of an oasis in the desert is hung in the back ground. A group of Bedouins hover aloof in the distance. A huge marble basin filled with gold-fish occupies the centre, and in sandals and turban, an Eastern dignitary sits near. The Eastern dignitary is Sir Arthur Tregenna, his face darkened, his fair. hair hidden by his gorgeous turban. An Easteren damsel approaches, a scarlet sash round about her waist, her loose hair flowing, her beautiful bare arms upholding a stone pitcher on her head. She salaams before my lord the dignitary, lets down her pitcher into the marble well, and humbly offers my lord to drink. The band plays a march. "Second syllable!" shouts the invisible voice, and the curtain goes down. It rises again—to stirring strains this time

-the band plays "The Gathering of the Clans" You are in "marble halls," pillars, curtains-and a great deal of tartan drapery. Enter a majestic figure in court attire. (Major Frankland again.) His military legs look to advantage in flesh-colored tights, his military the baronet did not dance. He led Miss figure is striking in velvet doublet, cloak, and rapier, his military head in a plumed cap. Fe is a Scotchman, for he wears a tartan sash, and his plumed cap is a Scotch bonnet. His mustaches and whiskers are jetty black his complexion is bronzed. He is in love again, and soliloquizing—this time in a very transport of passion. He loves some bright prrticular star far above his reach, and apostrophizes her with his rapier in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the chandelier. Come what may, sooner or later, he is determined to win her, though his path to her heart lie through carnage and blood. The major pronounces it "bel-lud." He gnashes his exp-nsive teeth, and glares more ferociously than ever at the chandelier. In the distance he espies another court gallant in brave attire, and more tartan sash. The sight brings forth a perfect howl of jealous fury. He apostro-phizes this distant cavalier as "Henry Stuart, Lord of Darnley, Duke of Albany, and King of Scotland." The audience have evidently got among royal company.

The warlike strains of the band change to a soft, sweet Scotch air. In the distance you hear musical feminine laughter and talkingit comes nearer. A sweet voice is singingthe Castleford brass band play the accompaniment very low and sweet. The dark gentleman in the rapier and doublet staggers back hands! What a pity that the beggar maid iment very low and sweet. The dark gentleapace, savs in a whisper audible all over the room, "Tis she!" The queen approaches with her three Maries. The sweet voice comes nearer; you catch the words of the queen's own song of the "Four Maries."

"They reveled through the summer night, And by day made lance staffs fice, For Mary Beatoun, Mary Seatoun, Mary Fleming and me!"

and with the last word Mary Stuart enters her three Maries behind her. She looks lovely It is Lady Cecil Clive, n trailing Jewel studded robe of velvet, the little pointed Mary Stuart cap, with its double row of pearls and a diamond flashing in the centre stomacher, dotted with seed pearls, ruffle, enormous farthingale. She is smiling -she is exquisite-she holds out her hands with "Ah! my lord of Bothwell and Hailes, you here, and listening to our poor song?" The noble doffs his plumed cap, sinks gracefully down on one knee, and litts the fair so bright. And beggar-maids have Grecian already, and Miss Herncastle, with the stately hand to his lips. Tableau! Lively music | noses, and exquisite hands, and willowy figures air and grace of a young queen, was more —still very Scotch. "My queen—La Reine in—pictures, and nowhere else. In real life slowly following.

Blanche," he murmurs. The audience applaud. It is very pretty, Black Bothwell and stumpy and grimy, their figures stout and the White Queen, and the three Maries strik- strong, and they talk with a horrid cockney ing an attitude in the background.

Of course the word is "Bothwell;" a child could guess it. Another charade followed, then came a number of tableaux. In one of these Miss | young lady could be so hard and practical? Herncastie appeared-in only one; and then by her own request and at the solicitation of Lady Cecil. The tableau was "Charlotte all sunshine and couleur de rose to-well-Corday and the Friend of the People." Sir

Peter Dangerfield in the role of Marat. The curtain went up. You saw an elegant apartment, a bath in the centre, and in the bath the bloodthirsty monster who ruled fair France. A desk is placed across the tub; be writes as he sits in his bath; he signs death-warrants by the dozen, and gloats with bellish exultation over his work. There is an altercation without—some one insists upon seeing him. The door slowly opens, some semi-darkness rules the scene, the band plays the awful music of Don Giovanni before the statue enters. A tall female figure glides in, in a trailing black robe; she glides slowly forward—slowly, slowly. Her face, deadly pale, turns to the audience a moment. Clutched in the folds of that sable, sweeping robe, you see a long, slender, gleaming dagnearer; she lifts the dagger, her pale face of Miss Herneastle; be sees the brandished horror goes through every one as the curtain rapidly falls.

"Good Heaven! she has killed him!" an excited voice says. Then the lights flash up, the band crashes out the "Gwards' Waltz;" but for a moment neither lights nor music can overcome the

spell that has fallen upon them. "Who was that?' everybody asks-"who played Charlotte Corday ? And everybody feels a second shock, this

time of disappointment, as the answer is: "Only Lady Dangerfield's nursery gover-Behind the scenes the sensation was great-

er. Pale, affrighted, Sir Peter had rushed off, and into the midst of the actors. "How dare you send that woman to me? he cried trembling with rage and excitement. "Why did you not tell me that she was se-

lected to play with me?"
The well-bred crowd stared. Had Sir Peter gone mad? They looked at Lady Dangerfield, pale with anger and mortification-at Lady Cecil, distressed and striving to explain, and at Miss Herncastle herselfstanding calm, motionless self-possessed as

They quieted him in some way, but he threw off his Marat robe and left the assembly in disgust. Miss Herncastle would have followed, but Lady Cecil, her gentle eyes flashing, forbade it.

"Nonsense, Miss Herncastle! Because Sir Peter chooses to be a hysterical goose, is that any reason you should suffer for his folly? You acted splendidly-splendidly, I saya mement you had stabbed him! You sha not go up and mope in your room—you shall stay and see the play out. Sir Arthur ami Miss Hernesstle while I dress for the table of Rebecca and Rowena.

of Reflecca and now end.

Sir Arthur obeyed with a smile, at the prety peremptory command. He was stranger struck with this tall majestic young woma who looked as an exiled queen might, we spoke in a voice that was as the music of the spheres, and who was only a nursery gover ness. She had produced as profound an in pression upon him as upon the others, by he vivibly powerful acting. Charlotte Cords herself could never have looked one whi more stern and terrible, with the uplified knife over the doomed head of the tyren; than had Miss Herncastle.

"Her Majesty, La Reine Blanche, com-mands but to be obeyed," he said with a smile. "Permit me to lead you to a seat Miss Herncastle, and allow me to indored Lady Cecil's words. You are a born actress.

ress.

She smiled a little, and accepted his proffer. ed arm. Some of the ladies shrugged their shoulders and exchanged glances A baronet and a governess! He led her to a seat in the theatre, and remained by her side until the performance ended. They talked commonplaces, of course.

discussed the different tableaux and the ditferent actors; and when the last tableau was applouded and the curtain fell upon the finale, he drew her hand within his arm once more, and was her escort back to the drawing. the baronet did not dance. He led Miss Herncastle to a seat and took another beside her. What was it that interested him in her. he wondered—he was interested, strangely Not her beauty—she was in no way beautitul; not ber conversation, for she had said very little. But she was clever-he could see that; and what wonderful eyes she hadbright, deep, solemn. How her soft, slum. brous accents pleased and lingered on the ear She was dressed in white to-night in dead white; without jewel or ribbon. Her abun-dant black hair was braided and twined like a coronet around her head—in its blackness a cluster of scarlet fuschias shone. He had once seen a picture of Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, in a robe of white, and with blood red roses wreathing her black hair. And to-night Miss Herncastle, the nursery governess, looked like Queen Semiramis.

She was turning over a book of engravings, and paused over the first, with a smile on her

"What is it?" Sir Arthur asked. "Your engraving seems to interest you. It is very pretty. What do you call it?"

"It is ' King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' and it does amuse me. Look at the Beggar Maid-see what a charming short dress she has ou! look at the flowers in her is, the charm would be gone. We can excuse Cophetua for falling in love with that exquisite Greek profile, that haughty, high-bred face. Notice how much more relegant she is than those scandalized ladies-in-waiting in the background. 'This beggar-maid shall be my queen!' the enraptured king is saying, and really for such a face one can almost excuse

him. Sir Arthur smiled.

"Almost excuse him! I confess I can't perceive the almost.' She is beautiful, and

graceful, and young, and good." "And a beggar-maid. The beauty of a Venus Celestes, the grace of a bayadere, the goodness of an angel, would not counterbalance that. Kingly eagles don't mate with birds of paradise, be their plumage ever accent and drop their h's. No, these things happen in a laureate's poems—in life, never.

"Where did you get your cynicisms, Miss Herncastle? Who could have thought a "A young lady! nay, a governess. All the difference in the world, Sir Arthur. A world an earl's daughter, say—looks a very gloomy and gruesome place seen through a gover-

ness's green spectacles." She laughed a little as she turned the book over. Sir Arthur stroked his long, fair beard and wondered what manner of woman this

"How bitterly she talks." he thought: "and she looks like a person who has seen trouble. I wonder what her life can have

He was puzzled, interested-a dangerous beginning, He lingered by her side nearly the whole evening. Lady Dangerfield looked on in surprise and indignation. Such unwarrantable presumption on Miss Herncastle's part, such ridiculous attention on that of Sir Artbur.

" Queenie, do you see ?" she said, half angrily "there is that forward creature, the governess, actually monopolizing Sir Arthur the whole night. What does it mean? And you look as though you didn't care."

Lady Cecil laughed and fluttered her fan. There was a deep permanent flush on her cheek to-night, a light in the brown eyes that rarely came. She looked quite dazzling.

"I don't care Lady Dangerfield, Miss Herncastle may monopolize him until doomaday knife, and leaps up with a shriek of terror if she chooses. What it means is this. I askago, to amuse her, and he is only obeying orders. Upon my word, Ginevra, I think he is really enjoying himself for the first time since his arrival. See how interested and well pleased he looks. You ought to feel grateful to Miss Herncastle for entertaining so well your most distinguished guest. I always thought she was a clever woman-now I feel sure of it. What a pity she isn't an earl's daughter-she is just the woman of all women he ought to marry. Don't interrupt, I heg, Ginevra; let poor Sir Arthur be happy in his own way."

She laughed again and floated away. She was brilliant beyond expression to nightsome hidden excitement surely sent that red to her cheeks, that fire to her eyes. Lady Dangerfield, too, had her little excitement, for the preserver of her life had been found and was

actually now in the rooms. He had entered some hours ago with the earl, and taking his place among the audience-He had applauded the Bothwell scene, and watched La Reine Blanche with cool critical eyes. She was very beautiful, but she did not seem to dazzle him. Like all the rest, the "Charlette Corday" tableau had struck him

most. "The deuce," he muttered under his breath as he boked at her; "who the dickens is it

that ledy reminds me of?" He ould not place her, and as she did not appear again, he speedily forgot her. He went with the earl into the ball room, the oynosue of many pairs of bright eyes. The tall, soldierly figure, the dashing trooperswing, the dark face, with its bronzed skin,