

brooded over the ghost stories of the house, and so unselfishly denied herself the relief of talking them over with me, that pressing heavily on her thoughts, they had unsettled her mind in sleep. Comparing dates I found she had learned the story of the spirit only a few days before the night on which I had first been terrified by the footstep.

The news of Aunt Featherstone's escape flew quickly through the house. It

caused so many laughs that the genuine ghosts soon fell into ill-repute. The story of the weeping lady's rambles became divested of their dignity and grew therefore to be quite harmless. Ada and I laughed over our adventure every night during the rest of her stay and entered upon our Christmas festivities with right good-will. As for Aunt Featherstone, I must own that she never again said one word in disparagement of the Thatched House.



There is no crown in the world
 So good as patience ; neither is any peace
 That God puts in our lips to drink as wine,
 More honey-pure, more worthy love's own praise,
 Than that sweet-souled endurance which makes clean
 The iron hands of anger.

—SWINBURNE.

