

"Was that by any chance the lady you saw?" asked St. Die. Candon found himself face to face with the girl in brown.

"Good God!" said he.

"It is a good picture," said St. Die, "though the painter is unknown. It is Julie de St. Die, and she died two hundred years ago by the hand of the man she ruined. You have had an experience given to few. Very few people see her—she is shy—very shy—. But if a happily married man chanced to be here he might see her—or any really happy person whose happiness might be broken—she was that sort," he finished rather

bitterly, releasing the curtain and stepping aside.

"Julia," said Candon later in the day, as they were being conveyed back to St. Dizier. "That place was haunted."

"What place?" asked the startled Julia.

"The Château. I saw the ghost. It was a girl. I saw her the evening we came, and I saw her again last night."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Julia, nestling close to him, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I—I didn't like to," replied Candon.

FRUITS

BY CLARA MAUDE GARRETT

HEAP me a basket with bloomy fruit,
 With yellow pears and mellow nectarines,
 And here and there the rich enamelled greens
 Of apples, and the delicate blue suit
 The ripe plum wears. There are no flowers that flute
 The ruffled fields, no garden love that leans,
 And lends a laughing eye to quiet scenes
 More beautiful: the rose herself is mute.

This berry speaks of June and bees and maze
 Of blossoms blown; this grape of amethyst
 Is silvered with the frost of Autumn's tears.
 Then heap my basket high so I may gaze;
 So sate my soul with perfume glow and mist,
 I shall be one with joy and ride the years.