

CHAPTER II.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

- turned my eyes, and as I turned surveyed
An awful vision."

THE sun was sinking in the far west as the little schooner Evening Star went dancing over the bright waves toward Campbell's Isle. Captain Guy Campbell stood leaning negligently over the taffrail, solacing himself with a cigar and conversing at intervals with a slight, somewhat haughty-looking young man, who stood beside him, watching the waves splashing as they sped along. No two could be more opposite as far as looks went than those two, yet both were handsome and of about the same age.

Like all of his race, young Campbell was very tall, and dark as a Spaniard. His short, black, curling hair shadowed a forehead high, bold and commanding. Dark, keen, proud eyes flashed from beneath jetty eyebrows, and the firm, resolute mouth gave to his dark face a look almost fierce. His figure was exquisitely proportioned, and there was a certain bold frankness mingled with a reckless devil-may-care expression in his fine face, that atoned for his swarthy complexion and stern brows.

His companion was a tall, elegant young man, with an air of proud superiority about him, as though he were "somebody" and knew it. His complexion was fair as a lady's, and would have been effeminate but for the dark, bold eyes, and his dashing air generally. There was something particularly winning in his handsome face, especially when he smiled, that lit up his whole countenance with new beauty. Yet, withal, there was a certain faithless expression about the finely formed mouth that would have led a close observer to hesitate before trusting him too far. This reader, was Mr. Willard Drummond, a young half-American, half-Parisian, and heir to one of the finest estates in the Old Dominion. The last five years he had passed in Paris, and when he was thinking of returning home, he had encountered Captain Campbell and his sister. Fond of luxury and ease as the young patrician