A GIRUS PRAYER.

FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.] Oh! Eriniour own green/Emerald Isle, How often I think of thee! Too long have thy sons been in exile. Too long have they mourned for thee.

Ahl surely thy sorrows will soon have an end A free nation we'll behold thee once more, The harp so long silenced once more will re-And re-echo sweet strains as of yore.

And thy poor exiled children once more will To revisit the place of their birth;
While thy abbeys and castles now wrecked and

Shall rejoice with the songs of their mirth. Blessed Mother look down on our Emerald Isle, To which thou a visit hast' paid, And ask of thy Son that bright freedom shall

Once more through its every glade. AN IRISH GIRL.

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III. SIR ARTHUR TREGENNA.

FAR away, along the north coast of Cornwall, not far from "the thundering shores of Bude and Boss," there stands a huge pile of masonry, looking old enough and hoary enough to have been built by the hands of the Druids, and called Tregenna Towers. It's lofty battlemented circular towers pierced the blue air at a dizzy height-its beacon a land-mark fifteen miles up and down the coast. From its sea wall you look sheer down three hundred feet of black and slaty cliffs into the white surging sea below. And to the right, three miles off lying in a warm, green hollow, is Tregenna village, with its ivied church and vicarage, its clusters of stone cottages, with roses, myrtle, and fuschslas blooming out-of-doors the year round. Gray, lonely, weather-beaten Tregenna Towers stands, with the steady sea gale howling around it, miles of foam-white sea, and a low, dusk, fast-drifting sky over all. Right and left as far as you can see, and farther, spread moors, and mires, and fisheries, all claiming for their lord Sir Arthur Tregenna, twelfth baronet of his line, and one of the very weal-thiest in the United Kingdom. You may wander on for miles over those purple ridgy moors. You may ask the brown lishermen or the black miners wherever you meet them,

Arthur Tregenna is lord of all. Only once in seven long years has the master's footstep rung through the gray, lonesome rooms of Tregenna. He is a wanderer over the earth from the North Sea to Oceanica. Since his Father's death, ten years before, when he was three-and-twenty, Tregenna has seen but little of him-England. either, for that matter. And still with loving fidelity the old servants, the old tenants and retainers look forward to the day when Sir Arthur will bring a bride to old Tregenna, and renew its ancient splendors. For they love him very dearly. The gentlest of masters, the most Christian of gentlemen, the kindest of landlords-that is what they will tell you of him. He might have been one of good King Arthur's nights, so stainless a record, so high a code of honor, so unblemished a life lay behind him. He had loved his father with a rare and great love, and upon that father's death had gone abroad, and been an exile and a wanderer alone,

and the answer will still be the same-Sir

On the second day of July, among the passengers who arrived at the London bridge terminus, straight from Tasmania, was Arthur Tregenna. His luggage was scant, there was nothing about him to betoken the owner of fabulous wealth, and he drove at once to a certain old-fashioned West End hotel, that s family had used for generations. He dined, dressed, and drove to Lowndes Square. But the shutters of that aristocratic mansion were closed, the furniture gone into Holland shrouds, and an old woman in pattens, who opened the door, informed bim that the family had left only that very morning, for Sussex.

"Then there is nothing for it but to follow," Sir Arthur thought. "It is due to her -to my promise. I shall go down to-mor-

He went back to his hotel in the silvery summer dusk. London seemed new to him after years of wandering through Canadian wildernesses, Mexican tropics, Indian jungles and American prairies; its roaring, surging, ceaseless Babel stunned him. He sat in an arm-chair near the open window, the last pink flush of the dying day upon him, and a thoughtful gravity habitual to it lying upon his face.

He was a very tall, very fair man, this Cornish baronet, with deep set gray eyes, close-cropped blonde hair, blonde whiskers, and—not handsome. The face of a sunburnt student, perhaps, never that of a handsome man-a face that could set itself stern as death, a face at once proud and grave, but a face that men might trust and woman love, for all that. A face that lit into wonderful warmth and geniality when he smiled, but Sir Arthur Tregenna did not smile often.

The thoughtful gravity of his face was a shada graver even than usual this soft summer evening as he sat here alone. His eyes looked wearily over the surging sea of strange faces, with semething of a tired,

"Nine-and-twenty," he was thinking " and French neighbors phrase it, and settle down to civilized life. And yet-I don't knowthe normal life suits me after all, and I may be glad to return to it. If I find her as I half expect to find her, I most assuredly shall. A London coquette is no wife for a plain, practical man like me. And I want a wife. not a butterny.

"Who would live with a doll, though its hair should be dressed And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion!'

"A London belle of three years' standing and a flirt-no such woman as that is hardly likely to be wife of mine or mistress of Tregenna. But it was my faather's wish that at least I should marry no one before seeing her, and every wish of his is sacred. It is surprising, though, that she remains single still,-with all that beauty and grace and fatal witchery they say she possesses. Many men have offered, but she has refused allmen with rank and power and wealth."

For Sir Arthur had returned home on most matrimonial thoughts intent. His late father and the present Earl of Ruysland, disand comrades. The plain Cornish baronet had been dazzled by the more brilliant peer, and when that peer tell into poverty, his purse and sympathy were ever at his service. And one having an only son, the other an only daughter, what more natural than that they should sink their hood of friendship to

the closer bond of relationship.
Old Sir John had loved and admired little Lady Cecil, next to his body, above all earth- the country.

ly things. Her fair face and golden ringlets, and brown, luminous eyes made sunshine often in the dim, dusky-stories old rooms of Tregenna, her clear girl's tones, the sweetest music. She had not met young Arthur on these visits, he had been up at Oxford. Casually, however, once or twice they had come together. But somehow the friendship of the fathers was not reproduced in the children. Little Lady Cecil in her white frocks and blue sashes, her flowing cuirs, and dancing eyes, was but a frivolous, tiresome child in the pedantic gaze of the tall, Greek speaking, Latin-loving under-grad; while this uplifted, severe, silent young Oxonian was an object of asked his son, stricken with grief, to make, if he could win her consent, Lady Cecil Clive and Ers. Grundy forgotten." the future mistress of Tregenna.

"You will love her," the old man had said
"Who could help it? She is as beautiful as the day, and as good as she is beautiful No one lives whom I would as soen see your wife as my old friend's child."

was in her nineteenth year upon his return, pupils?, and it was her first season, death in the family having kept her back. They met in that gay, gracious, brilliant, Mayfair world, and he no means the woman of women he wished to ealm tones replied : make his wife.

She was lovely-no doubt of that-sweet, gentle, pure, and proud. But she loved admiration-many men sought her, pressed forward eagerly in the chase, and Sir Arthur Tregenna stood in the backgroun? and saw her smile upon them all; very few of those smiles were for him. She had heard nothing of that death-bed compact, and her father chanced to be absent from England that first season. Before it ended Sir'Arthur had manned his yacht, and set out for the Mediter ramean.

And now after three years he was back, and on the same errand. One last effort he would make to obey his father; if he found her the sort of woman he half suspected, then she should never be wife of his.

Two men were talking near him as he sat . "Their conversation fell on his ear-they

one of them was saying. "Somewhere down to Sussex, is it? Then I shall not go to the "To Blanche."

"So poor Buccleth used to say until she refused, and sent him headlong to perdition. It's a curious fact in natural philosophy that all the men who lose their heads for the White Queen go straight to the bad after it | sight. Poor she is as a courch mouse, and yet I believe she has rejected more proposals this season than the Duke of Belviour's daughter herself, with her beauty, her blood, and her splendid dot. What do you suppose she is waiting for-a ducal coronet?"

"Old Ruys is an inscrutable card, and there's someone in the back ground, depend upon it. Wasn't there a whisper at Patt's of an enormously rich Cornishman for whom the old bird is reserving her. She is charming-La Reine Blanche—and nothing under thirty thousand a year stands any chance there.

"' Praise as we may when the tale is done, . 'She is but a maid to be wooed and won.' " I envy the Cornishman, whoever he is." " His name is Tregenna-Sir Arthur Tregenna-worth no end in tin mines and fisheries and that, but a deuce of a prig, as I am

The next instant the two young dandies were startled by the tall, sunburned, silent gentleman in the arm-chair rising up and cing them.

"I beg pardon," he said in haughty surthur Tregenna. Had I known I was the subject of your conversation I would have interrupted you sooner. And you scarcely honor the name of the lady you praise by making it | nearer, fixed her eyes upon his face, made the public property of a coffee-room."

With which, and a frown of haughty anger the tall, tanned gentleman stalked away, leaving the two friends aghast.

"Gad!" Wyatt said; " and that's Tregenna: like a rencoutre on the stage where the hero. supposed to be at the antipodes, turns up at a minute's notice. I took him to be a sailor, merchant captain, or something of that sort. Has his arrival, I wonder, any thing to do with the little Clive's flight from London?" More and more dissatisfied, the young baronet left the room and the hotel.

And this was the girl he had come home to marry-a flirt who drew men only to refuse them and send them to perdition, as that perfumed puppy in the coffee-room phrased ita fair and fatal Circe, born to work evil and destruction upon earth.

"I shall go down and see for myself." he thought, sternly; " that at least my promise binds me to, but no hardened coquette shall ever be wife of mine. If I find Lady Cecil Clive what I know I shall, I will leave England again within a week, and try once more the plains of Texas, the buffalo, and the Indians. I will take some dusky woman; she shall rear my savage brood. Well, not quite so bad as that, perhaps-I'm not in love, and the fellow in Locksley Hall was-but I'll go to my grave alone, and Tregenna shall pass to the next-of-kin, sooner than marry a woman I feel as alone in England this first day of of the world who is a woman of the world my return as though I had never set in it be- and no more. How lightly these flippant fore. It is time I gave up this Bedouin sort fops took her name on their lips. And my of life, this wandering, gipsyish, vagabond poor father believed her an angel because she kind of existence and ranger, as our lively had an angel's face. It's enough to make a man forswear the sex."

CHAPTER IV.

AT SCARSWOOD.

LATE in the afternoon of that sunny June day, at the very hour indeed in which Sir Arthur Tregenna sat listening to Wyatt and bir companion in the coffee room of his hotel, Lady Dangerfield, her uncle, cousin, governess, servants, etc .- an imposing processionarrived from London at Scarswood Park.

Scars wood! With the rose flush o the setting sun upon it, with the glades, the lawns, the shrubberies steeped in gold, with the stone urns on the stone terraces turned to burnished silver, the scarlet roses like sparks of fire, every leaf of the copper beaches bloodred rubies, the windows glancing through the trees like sheets of burnished gold. Scarswood Park and the turreted old mansion came upon them-a marvelously fair picture. Trackless depths of fern waved away and away, the great fish-pond spread out like a silver mirror. Landscape gardeners under my lady's orders had done their work; the parterres, similar in many things, were yet close friends | the tropic bloom, the wealth of myrtle and mignonette, of roses and geraniums, were

like unto some modern garden of Eden. "How lovely-what a magnificent old place!" Lady Cecil exclaimed; "and you call it dull as death, as dismal as a tomb, Ginerva!"

It was her first visit to the ancestral home of her cousin's rich husband, and in her heart of hearts the belle of London dearly loved

Lady Dangerfield glanced around her with little sour air.

" So it was, so it is, so it will be-if I let it. Why can't the London season last forever? I like rural life and rustic scenes in pictures. -in real life give me Belgravia, year in year

"And balls, soiress, operas, drawing-rooms and drives—the old, weary, treadmill, tire-some, endless round. You are fearfully and wonderfully vital, Ginevra, and stand the wear and tear well; but if these little breathing spaces did not come even you would have awe and terror to the earl's daughter. But rest of the year in just such a dear old counsir John died, and on his death-bed he had try house as this, half a dozen nice people to

"Well, my dear, you shall have all that and snna Towers is as old again as Scarswood, and twice as truly rural. Is that my lord and master I see on the portico steps? Really he shrivels up and grows smaller with Arthur had given his promise, and when every passing day! And here comes Pearl She laid her slender gloved hand on the arm did a Tregenna ever break his word to a and Pansy flying down the steps like little of the governess, and looked into her face friend or foe? He went abroad then, and for wild Indians. Miss Herncastle, what do you with that rarely sweet smile that had driven three years remained abroad. Lady Cecil think of your future home and your future

The governess, in charge of my Lady's lat King Charles, had taken the third seat in the carriage. The earl had not driven with the began to realize that Lady Cecil Clive was by ladies from the station. Miss Herncastle's

"It is a beautiful place, my lady. But I

have seen Scarswood before." "Indeed! This is not your first visit to Sussex, then? Was it in Sir Peter's time, or before? Pansy—Pearl! Little wretches, do you want to run under the carriage wheels? Stand back and be still! Sir Peter, how stupid of you to let those children run wild in this

boisterous manner!" It was my lady's first greeting to her husband as she was assisted out. Sir Peter had come down the steps to meet her; she gave him two gloved fingers, then gave the twins first a shake, then a kiss. The little nineyear-olds were miniatures of herself-the same round, black eyes, the same crisp, black hair, the same petite features and proportions, and so much, also, like one another that it seemed impossible at first glance to tell them

"You disobedient little midgets!" their did not seem to heed him-and lost in his mamma said, " how often have I told you not own reverie he did not comprehend a word. to rush to meet any one in that hoydenish "Left this morning, did you say, Wyatt?' | way | What is your maid thinking of to let

" Twasn't Susan's fault, mamma," piped one Clarges Street reception to-night. London is black-eyed twiv. "She told me to stay in the howling wilderness without her. The sun | nursery, but me and Pansy saw the carriage, shines on nothing half so levely as La Reine and you and Auntie Cecil, from the window, and we couldn't stay. We're awful glad you've come, Auntie. Our dolls haven't got you've come, Auntie. summer dress on their backs."

Lady Cecil laughed and kissed the twins. Children always fell in love with her at

"Not a summer dress to their backs, Pearl, and the season so far advanced! A harrowing case, which must be attended to imme-Sir Peter, will you indorse Pearl's diately. welcome, and say you are glad to see me likewise ?!

She gave him her hand with a smile that thawed even the frozen nature of Sir Peter Dangerfield. To be glad to see any one who was a visitor and daily expense was not in his nature, but as such things had to be under the rule of his very much better half, he shook Lady Cecil's delicate gray glove, and said something about his pleasure in welcoming her to Scarswood.

" And Scarswood is a nome to be proud of," Lady Cecil said-"mv idea of an earthly paradise; as I told Ginevra coming up. Papa stayed behind, Sir Peter, talking to a friend he will be here for dinner. Permit me-Miss Herncastle, Sir Peter. Ab, Pansy ! ab, Pearl! No more dolls and dressmaking. Here is a lady come all the way from London to train you in the way you should go."

the governess was at some little distance and stiff. Papa, Peter, do you want her? I'll then stopped, put up his eye-glass, and tell her." stared again. The governess came a step graceful obeisance, and turned to her punils. " Will you give me a kiss, my dear? You are Pansy, are you not?-you Pearl? Ah! I thought I could tell the difference, though

vou are so much alike." "I trust Sir Peter, you saw that the upholsterers fitted up the drawing and diningrooms according to my orders? Have the pictures ar-" She stopped short. "Good gracious, Queenie! what is that man staring at? Sir Peter!"

He never heard her. His eyes behind his double eye-glass were fixed upon Miss Herncastle; his face had turned to a dull yellow paller from brow to chin. His wife stood and stared at him aghast.

"For Heaven's sake, look at him, Queenie! Is he going to have a fit, or-Sir Peter Dangerfield, what on earth are you agape

She caught his arm impatiently, and gave him no gentle snake. "He's storing at you, Miss Herncastle

What is the matter with him?" Miss Hernca-tle turned calmly from the children, and again looked at the baronet. "He certainly looks very ill. Is there

anything I can do?" "Her voice!" the baronet said, in a horror-struck whisper; "her eyes, her face Oh, Heaven! who is this?"

"Who?" his wife cried, with a second angry shake. "Are you mad? Whom are you looking at? What do you mean? Who?

"That woman-that girl! Who is she?" "Miss Herncastle, the children's governess. you little idiot!" Lady Dangerfield actually called that noble baronet a "little idiot," and gave him a second stake into the bargain. What is there about her to trighten you into fits, I should like to know?"

"Miss Herncastle, the governess," he muttered, falling back; "and for one moment-I thought-I could have sworn it was-" "Well whom?"

"One dead and buried for six long years." He turned his back upon her abruptly, and with that ghastly answer walked into the house. My lady turned angrily upon her new go-

verness "Really, Miss Herncastle," she began, haughtily, "this is very extraordinary, I must say. The Earl of Ruysland sees you last night in the moonlight and takes you for a ghost. Sir Peter Dangerfield sees you to-day in the sunshine' and takes you for another. Who are you, pray ?"

The faintest symptom of an amused smile dawned on the tranquil face of the tall nursery governess. "lam Helen Herncas'le, my lady, and the

ghost of no one that I know of." Ludy Cecil laughed outright—her sweet mellow laugh.

"How absurd you are, Ginevra. Ghost, indeed! Only evil consciences see ghosts, and Miss Herneastle is much too substantial for ghost or fairy. She resembles some one Sir Peter has once known-dead six years he said. Was there not a consin-a young lady who died suddenly-an-

there was-dare say it is she! It's not Miss semble dead people, but it's very extraordinary and very unpleasant. My nerves have received a shock they will not recover from

for a week. I hate scenes!"

And then with a last backward, distrustful glance at the governess, my lady swept away upstairs in a very bad temper indeed. But bad temper had years ago become a chronic complaint of Lady Dangerfield's. The world the magnolias, and clematis came. A silver had gone wrong with her in the days of gray mist lay over the park, a faint, new moon to go under speedily. For myself six weeks love's young dream, and soured the milk of for London, if you will, four of Baris, and the human kindness within her for all time. It human kindness within her for all time. It its plaintive vesper chant in the green gloom was not Miss Herncastie's fault, perhaps, that of the trees, and far off the sheen of the sumpeople should mistake her at first sight for a mer stars lay upon the sea. And within the ghost, still it was vexatious and exasperating, and if her nerves were to be unstrung in this manner, it would perhaps have been betmore, when you are Lady Tregenna. Treg- ter to have paid a higher price for a commonplace person, who would not startle earls and baronets into mistaking her for the spirit of

their loved ones gone. Lady Cecil lingered for a moment behind. so many men fathoms deep in love

"You will not mind Lady Dangerfield, Miss Herncastle? She is no rvous and assily irritated; she has had a great deal of trouble in her life-time, and little things annoy her. These momentary irritations pass with her as quickly as they come. Do not let them annoy you."

Sweet and gracious words, spoken with sweet and gracious meaning. Miss Herncastle, still standing with Bijou humbly in arms, looked up and their eyes met, the eyes of the working woman and the delicate, highbred patrician. What is in the gaze of those steady gray eyes that made Lady Cecil recoil What in the expression of the quiet shrink away ! She could never have told ; the eyes were calm, the face emotionless, and yet

"You are very kind, my lady. I am not annoyed-I have no right to be. People in my position are not apt to be too sensitive,

still I thank you very much." Lady Cecil bent her head, caught up her

gray silk skirts and swept away. "Whoever Miss Herncastle is, I think she must have seen what they call better days. She is a lady evidently, in spite of her position. She attracts me and repels me at once. They are handsome eyes, but how coldly, how hardly they look at you. A striking face, the face of a clever woman, and yet I can't like it. Something in the look she gave me just now made my flesh creep, and she doesn't resemble any dead person ever I knew. Papa took her for a ghost and Sir Peter too. How very

Perhaps she could have thought it yet more odd could she bave seen Sir Peter still lingering farther down the entrance ball, screened by a porphyry case taller than himself, and watching the governess, as one of the servants conducted her to her chamber. Still more odd, could she have seen him follow, as though drawn by some irresistible fascination up along corridors and galleries, until he stood in the passage leading to the nursery, and the rooms of the governess and childeren.

While he stood irresolute, hardly knowing what he wanted or why he had come, the nursery door opened, one of the twins came bouncing out, and ran headlong against him in the evening twilight of the hall.

"Don't scream, l'ansy-it's I." Sir Peter clapped his hand over his mouth. "I only came up here to-to-Pansy, where's the governess!"

Pansy pointed to the nursery door, with wide eyes of wonder.

" What is she doing?" "Looking out of the window and looking grumpy. I hate grumpy governesses. I hate Miss Herncastle. Why didn't mamma fetch us a governess like Aunt Cecil. She's The twins fixed four big, bright, black eyes and battledore. I hate poky people. So does prise; "I am that deuce of a prig-Sir Ar- full on the new governess. Sir Peter bowed | Pearl. Miss Herncastle's poky, and solemn

> "Oh! no, I don't want her-you mustn't tell her. I-I'm going down again. Don't say anything about my being up here, Pansy –there's a good girl."

> He turned in a nervous, irresolute manner -a manner that had become habitual to him of late years-and groped his way downstairs. Six years had passed since that tragic day, when he had looked upon Katherine Dangerfield's dead tace, and those six years had made him an old man. Remorse, terror, nerves, dyspepsia, be it what it might-the fact remained; Sir Peter Dangerfield, at six-andthirty, was an old man. He was one of your fleshless, sallow people, who naturally age tast, and since his marriage the change for the worse had been twice as apparent as before. His pale, sunken eyes looked paler and dimmer than ever, he walked with a habitual stoop, he shut himself up with dry-as-dust books, and insects and fossils, and had little

> to say to anybody. The resident gentry of the neighborhood had instinctively shunned him since his accession to Scarswood. Strangers looked with a sort of contemptuous pity at the dried-up, shriveled, pitiful master of this grand domain, and he shrank away from those humiliating glances with morbid pride. The desire of his heart was his-Katherine Dangerfield was in her grave-he had had his revenge and his triumph-but never in the days of his most abject poverty had he been half so miserable

> as now Of Mrs. Vavasor he had never heard since that night upon which he had paid her her price, and they hadparted. In Paris or Baden, doubtless under some n-w nom-d-fantasia, she was enjoying herself after her own fashion upon the proceeds of her own plot-

> Of all the actors in that dark tragedy of Scarswood, only himself remained. Henry Otis shortly after removed to London with all his belongings, and with Gaston Dantree. "Katherine Dange field left him in my charge," the young assistant said. "In my charge he remains until heis able to take care of himself."

Whether or no that time had ever come, S'r Peter had never discovered. Mr. Otis had never returned to Castleford, and it was a subject he was chary of mentioning, or thinking of even. It came to him in dreams -bad, disturbing dreams, engendered partly by an evil conscience, partly by heavy English dinners. In his waking hours the aim of his life was to basish it. And lo! in one of the hours when he had most succeeded, a woman, a stranger, stood before him, likehorribly, unnaturally like-Katherine Dangerfield

"Living I will pursue you to the end of the earth. Dead, I will return, if the dead can !"

He had never forgotten those words-words only spoken in a girl's impotent passion, in her knowledge of the cowardly and superstitions nature she had to deal with. Words that were but a weak woman's meaningless threat, but which from the hour he had looked upon her dead face had returned to him with ghastly force

Would Miss Herncastle be at dinner? That was the one thought uppermost in his

"Impostor," said Lady Dangerfield. "Yes, valet or body-servant of any kind. Valets there was—dare say it is she! It's not Miss were expensive, thievish, and prying. None Valets Herncastle's fault, I suppose, that she must re- of the tribe should spy upon him, and help deyour his substance. My lady was enormously extravagant. Retrenchment must begin somewhere.

Rich with silver, sparkling with crystal, white with linen, gay with flowers, the round dinner-table looked a picture as he came in. Through the long French window, open to the lawn, the perfume of my lady's rose garden, glimmered up in the sky, a nightingale sang gas was lit in all the crystal globes and silver branches, and my lady, dressed in one of Worth's most ravishing masterpieces, though there were no gentlemen to admire but her uncle and husband, looked a fit goddess to preside at the feast. Lord Ruysland, bland urbane, suave, smooth, was faultlessly attired, and with a rose in his button-hole. Lady Cecil, in gold-brown silk the hue of her eyes, was also there; but not Miss Herncastle. He drew a long breath of relief.

"I must have known it," he muttered. "My lady isn't the one to dine with her nursery governess, company or no company. I shall see very little of her, that's evident, and I'm glad of it. What the devil does the woman mean by looking like—like—?"

He did not care to speak the name even to himself; but ignore them as we may, there are things that will not be forgotten. This was one. Miss Herncastle was not present at the dinner-table, but the phantom face of the dead man. In spirit Katherine Danger field was at his elbow, and be ate and drank like a man in a gloomy dream.

"You're not looking well, my dear Danger field," my Lord of Ruysland said. "You posface made her remove her hand hastily and litively are not. You lose flesh, you lose spirits, you lose appetite. It is evident that the air of Scarswood does not agree with you Take my advice, and go abroad."

His lordship was right. The air of Scarswood did not agree with Sir Peter Danger-

field and never would. "Go to Germany, and try the mineral waters. Change of scene and tonics are what you want. By all means, Dangerfield, go abroad and try the waters. Beastly stuff, I

admit, but of use, sir-of use." He needed waters certainly—the waters of Lethe-bad that fabled river existed in Germany. He was almost entirely silent at dinner-silent still "across the walnuts and the wine," but in the drawing room, after dinner, he suddenly found his tongue. His wife was practising some new music sent her by Major Frankland, whose one weakness it was to fancy himself a modern Mozart, and bore his friends to death with his own compositions.

Lord Ruysland had composed himself for a comfortable slumber in a sleepy, hollow-armchair, and Lady Cecil, pensive and pale, stood gazing out at the luminous starry dusk, listening to the nightingale's song, to the call of the deer in the park, to the soft summer murmur of the trees.

"Lady Cecil, is Miss Herncastle's hair brown or black?"

From her waking dream, a sharp piping voice at her elbow, asking this abrupt question, aroused her. She glanced round, glanced down, for she was the taller of the two, and saw the pinched, yellow face of little Sir Peter.

Now, Lady Cecil out of the greatness of a generous heart, had an infinite pity for all inferior, all persecuted, all long-suffering things. And she pitied Sir Peter greatly. His wife treated him with about half a quarter the respect and affection she felt for Bijon. and would have bewailed the death of the dog much the deeper of the two. He looked sickly and miserable; he had no friends, no companions; he was, in her eyes, a poor, little, imposed-upon, persecuted martyr. Some instinct told him she was his friend, and in his nice. She plays blind man's buff with us, trouble he came to her now She would not thought. I believe Sir Peter is a mono-and battledore. I hate poky people. So does laugh at him, she would not repeat what he maniac on the subject of ghosts." said, and he must confide in some one or die.

"My dear Sir Peter, how you startled me! I was thousands of miles away, I believe, when you spoke. What did you say? Miss Herncastle-what?"

"I asked you if Miss Herncastle had long. light brown hair?" A curious question surely. Lady Cecil's

soft, fawn-colored eyes opened a little. "For its length, I cannot answer. Who can tell who has long or short hair in these days of chignons and false tresses. Of the color I can't speak positively. It is blackiet black .'

"Black!" he gave a great gasp of relief. You are sure, Lady Cecil?" "Certain, Sir Peter. And her eyebrows and eyelashes are of the same dense darkness."

gray?' "Still harping on my daughter!" laughed La Reine Blanche. "Yes, Sir Peter, they are baunted man"-sane enough on all other gray-very dark-very large-very fire. You appear to take a most extraordinary interest in Rinevra's new governess, certainly. Resembles, doubtless, some one you have known ?"

"And her eyes, Lady Cecil-are they

"Resembles! that is not the word for it. tell you, Lady Cecil "-in a voice of deep suppressed intensity-"it is the same face, the same—the same. Older, graver, deeper, changed in some things—but the same. The face of Katherine Dangerfield!"

The name had not passed his lips for years. His eyes had a glitter, his whole face an excitement, his voice an intensity she had never heard before. She drew back from him a little, yet curious and interested too.

"Katherine Dangerfield. Yes, I have heard her story. It was in the papers years ago, and Ginevra told me of her at the time of her marriage. A very sad story-a very sad fate. She lost all-fortune, name, father, and her affianced busoand, on her wedding day. And a week after she died. It is the saddest story, I think I ever heard. What a dastard, what a cowardly dastard that man must have been. What became of him, Sir Peter ?"

"I don't know, I have never asked-I never cared. I was not to blame-no one has a right to blame me-I only took what was lawfully my own—she had no shadow of right to Scarswood. How could I tell she would die? Other women lose their fathers. their husbands, their fortunes, and live on. How did I know it would kill her? I say again," his voice rising shrill, and high, and angry, "no one has a right to blame me?"

"And no one blames you, Sir Peter. Why should they? Of course you could not forete'l she would die? The only one to blame was that wretch who deserted her. She was ready to give up everything for him-to take him, poor and obscure as he was, and love him, and give him all, and in the hour of her ruin he deserted her. Oh, it was a shame-a shame! And Ginevra's governess really resembles this poor dead young lady so

strongly?" "It is horrible, I tell you-horrible! I thought I saw a ghost when she rose up before me three hours ago. Lady Cecil, do you believe in ghosts?"

He asked the question abrubtly, and with perfect gravity. Lady Cecil laug ed. "Believe in ghosts! My dear Sir Peter who does believe in ghosts in the nineteenth mind as he made his own toilet. He kept no century? I fancy the ghosts of Banquo and

Hamlet's father are the only ghosts ever seen in England now. Like the fairies, they crossed to Germany centuries ago."

" Have you read Scott's Demonology and Mrs. Orowe's Night Side of Nature," Lady Cecil?

"And Mrs. Ratcliffe's raw-head-and-bloody. romances? Oh, yes, Sir Peter, I have gone through them all "And still you don't believe?"

"And still I don't believe. When I see a ghost bona fide and in—no, out of the flesh, I shall yield; not sooner But why do you ask? Surely, Sir Peter, you don't believe in anything so absurd?" ""Who can vouch for its absurdity!" Lady

Cecil, yes-I do believe that the spirits of the dead return." Lady Cecil looked at him, half-laughing,

half-dismayed, and gave a little femining

"Good gracious! how Cerman you grow This comes of living alone, with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books," as Tennyson says. Now, Sir Peter, I am skeptical. I want a proof. But I am open to conviction, Did you ever see a ghost ! That is what alchemists call a crucial test.' In the dead waste and middle of the night do spirits from the vasty deep come to make darkness hideous?

"You laugh, Lady Cecil," he said, hoarsely In the vulgar superstition no ghost in shroud ever came to my bedside, but there are other ways of being haunted. There are dreams-horrible, awful dreams, that come night after night, the same thing over and over, and from which you start up with the cold sweat on your brow and the damp of death in your hair-visions that come to you in your sleep from the infernal regions. I believe, more ghastly than any waking vision. Over and over, and ever the same-what do you call that, Lady Cecil?"

" Hot suppers, Sir Peter, and heavy dinners. Any skilful physician will exorcise your dreaming apparitions."

"And a few miles from here there is a house, Bracken Hollow it is called, which no one, not the bravest in the parish, is willing to pass after nightfall. A house in which a murder once was done, where unearthly sights are seen at unearthly hours, and unearthly sounds heard. What do you say to

that? "That it's a very common story, indeed. Why even at papa's place, down in Hants, Clive Court, popular rumor says there is a ghost. An Earl of Ruysland, who committed suicide two bundred years ago, stalks about yet in the twilight, gray and grim. That is the legend, but no living mortal has ever seen him. If he walks, as they say, he takes good care to keep out of sight. There are haunted houses in every county in England. No fine old family would be complete without its family ghost."

"You don't believe what you say, hady Cecil. I tell you I have heard the sounds at Bracken Hollow myself."

"Indeed!' but still Lady Cecil smiled skeptically; "a real bona fide haunted house! What a charming neighborhood. Now the ene ungratified ambition of my lite is to see a disembodied spirit—to hear it, if it is inclined to make a noise. Before 1 am a week older I shall pay—what was it?— Bracken Hollow—a visit. Bracken Hollow! it has a ghostly and mysterious sound. Has the ghost full possession of the premises, or is Bracken Hollow shared by some less

ethereal tenant?" "An old woman lives there. She was Ka-

ther ne Dangerfield's nurse-Old Hannah." "Then I so all pay Old Hannah a visit, and investigate. I shall positively Sir Peter. Excuse me. Ginevra is calling-I suppose she wants me to help her with that tiresome sonata.

She walked away, leaving Sir Peter gloomily by the window alone. "I have heard of monomaniacs—same on

all things save one-mad on that," she Perhaps Lady Cecil was right. He hadn't even told her all his madness. How evening after evening, rain or shine, summer or winter, through sleet or storm. a "spirit in his feet " led him whether or no to Katherine

Dangerfield's grave. He had no wish to go. out he went—he could not stay away. had grown such a habit that it seemed to him now if he did not pay that twilight visit she would assuredly visit him before morning dawned. He made his daily pilgrimage to this Mecca, and the people of the town had grown tired talking and wondering over it. He took everything from her when she was alive," they said, "and now that she's dead he plays the hypocrite, and visits her grave every evening. I wonder he isn't afraid she'll rise up and confront him."

Perhaps he was-it had been the mania of his life. Surely Katherine had kept her yow. He was, if there ever was in this world, "a things-on this, much thinking had made He retired early that night—he was less

alone shut up by himself than in the drawing-

room with his wife and her relatives. All

night long candles burned in his bedroom, and one of the men servants slept in an open closet adjoining. Never without light and never alone. He had grown sleepless, too-and it was generally the small hours before slumber came to him. He arose late next day, break-

fasted by himself, and did not join the family until luncheon time. Miss Herncastle was not at that meal either it seemed she was to take all hers with the children in the nursery. He had his wife's

hanteur and intolerance to thank for something at least. He returned to his study, spent three hours impaling his beetles and cockchafers, then arose, put on his hat and turned to leave the

Little Pansy ran up against him in the ball. " Papa Peter," she said, " do you know who is come?'

" No. " Sir Arthur Tregenna. Such a-oh such a great big man, with yellow whiskers and a solemn face—as solemn as Miss Herncastle's. We don't like Miss Herncastle—Pearl and me -she won't play with us, and can't dress dolls. We like Aunt Cecil-we do. She was playing Hunt and Squirrel' with us when Sir Arthur came up in the fly from the station. He's in the drawing-room now with mamma and Uncle Raoul, and is going to stay ever so long. I wish he had stayed away. Aunt Cecil won't play 'Hunt the Squirrel' now any more. She ushed when he caught her. I hate great

ig men." "Ah!yes—at nine—you'll probably change your opinion at nineteen," muttered "papa

Peter" cynically, passing out. Except as they swelled diurnal bills of household expenses, my lady's visitors were very little concerned to my lady's husband. He went on his way now, his hat pulled over his eyes; his small stooping figure bent, his spectacles fixed on the ground-moody, solitary, unhappy—to pay his daily visit to that

The last light of the July sun came slanting over the downs, through the trees, and lay in ridges of glory upon the graves. It was all strangely hushed here; the town wir'