REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIII .- CONTINUED .

The rest of the party entered by the other windows. The lamps were lit, and Lady Dangerfield's voice came shrilly summoning

the baronet to loo.
"We are four—Major Frankland, Miss O' Donnell, Captain O'Donnell, and myself We want you, Sir Arthur, to make up our table'.'

"Your ladyship will hold me excused. 1 have no wish for cards to-night.'

The iced stateliness of that tone no words

of mine can tell. Sir Arthur left his window, looking unutterably grim and awful, strode down the long room, flung himself into a chair, took up a photograph album and immerced himself instantly fathoms deep in art.

Lady Cecil Clive, seated at the piano in the dim distance, heard, saw, and smiled. My lady's stare of angry amaze, Sir Arthur's grimly, sulky face were irresistible. As she glanced across the drawing-room, she encountered another pair of laughing eyes, that met and answered her own. Very handsome, very bright, very bold, blue eyes they were, in the head of La Bean Chasseur. What rapport was there between these two? Without speaking a word, they understood each other thorough y.

Sir Arthur Tregenna might wrap himself up in his dignity as in a mantle, and sulk to his heart's content; Lady Cecil might hold herself aloof, and play dreamy, sweet sonatas and German waltzes, looking like a modern Saint Cecilia; the Earl of Ruysland might quiet conscience and a sound digestion give; Sir Peter might entomo himself in his study or make his nightly pilgrimage to Castleford -but the lee party were the merriest party imaginable.

Miss Herncattle appeared no more, of course; Lady Cecil played on and on-Sir Arthur gazed and gazed at his pictures, and never approached the piano. He had got hold of a picture—Joan of Arc before the judges, and his eyes never left it. The face his hat and bowed to Miss Herncastle. was strangely like that of Miss Herncastlethe expression of the great grave eyes, the compression of the sensitive mouth, the turn of the brow, the shape of the chin. And the the night when Sir Arthu. Tregenna went up to his room, he carried Joan of Arc with

and declined both. To walk on such a night stant they stood silent, face to face, he with was a luxury. He lit a Manilla, and went the brilliant, slanting moonbeams full on his over the moonlit road with his long cavalryman's stride. It was a perfect night, the sky small blue, the stars golden and glorious, the moon sailing up serene in their shipy midst. one long breath, the light came back to her Long shadows of tall trees lay black across the road, the hedge-rows in full blossom made nerved herself to meet and date the worst. the night air odorous, and, far or near, no living thing was to be seen.

up suddenly in his swinging pace, and looked spoke. away affeld. His sight was of eagle keenness. What dark moving figure was that youder, crossing a stile, and vanishing amid the tall gorse? It was a woman-more, it was familiar even at that distance.

In a moment his resolution was taken. What woman was this out for a midnight ramble? She must have come straight from near. Captain O'Donnell set his lips, flung away his cigar among the fern and grasses, moment was in full pursuit.
The figure that had vanished in the sha-

dows of the waving gorse, reappeared in the broad moonlit field. A woman-no doubt you safely home." about that now-a tall woman, walking swiftly, lightly, gracefully, as only young put the key in her pocket, drew the black women ever walk. That stately stature that poise of the head and shoulders, surely all were familiar. And a quarter past twelve, alone and in baste. Wast mystery was

"Some instinct told me six hours ago, when I recognized her first, that something was wrong; I am convinced of it now. Something is wrong. What brings her here? -of all people in the world, and in the character of a nursery governess. And where is she going at this unearthly hour of the

Still she went on-still the unseen pursuer followed on her track. She never looked back; straight, swift, as one who has some fixed end in view, she went on; and still steady and relentless, determined and stern Redmond O'Donnell followed in her track.

Her destination was Bracken Hollow. came upon him, seen for the first time, black and grim, buried among its gloomy treeslonely and deserted. No lights gleamed anywhere about it; its shutters were all closed—unutterably eerie and desolate in the white shimmer of the moon. But the nocturnal visitor opened the grim wooden gate with a key she carried, relocked it, and for the first time paused to look back. She saw no one -the trees, and the shades, and the distance hid the pursuer; only the silver sheen of the stars and moon, the boundless blue sky, the spreading green of earth, and the soft night wind whispering over all. She turned from the gate, hurried up the grass-grown path and vanished in the inky gluom of the porch.

Redmond O'Donnell emerged from the shadow of the trees, and approached the gruesome dwelling. He paused at the wooden gate, which barred his further advance, and gazed up at the black torbidding front. In his rambles over the neighborhood he had never come upon this out-of-the-way placeit lay in a spot so remote, so unfrequented, that few ever did come upon it by chance And those who knew it gave it a wide berth, for it bore the ghastly reputation of a haunted house.

He stood, his folded arms resting on the gate, tall sycamores and firs burying him in their deepest gloom, and watched and waited for-he hardly knew what. Certainly not for what he heard—a long, wailing cry that came suddenly and Lideously from the upper part

He started up. So blood-curdling, so unexpected was it, that for one moment his heart gave a great bound. It was followed by another, wild, agonized—then dead silence fell.

Physically and morally Redmond O'Donnell was brave to the core, and had given many and strong proofs of his bravery; but a chill, more like fear than anything he had ever experienced, fell upon him now. What bideous thing was this? Was murder being done in this spectral house? It looked a fit place for a murder-all darkness, all silence. all desciation. The unearthly cry was the same that once before had terrified Lady Cecil, but of that circumstance he knew nothing. What deed of evil was going on within these dark walls? Should be force an enrepeated? He paused and listened—five, ten, fifteen minutes. No, dead silence reigned. | ably before I came here?"

Only the flutter of the leaves, and the chirp of some bird in its nest, the soft rustle of the trees, the faint soughing of the wind-the

"voices" of the night—nothing more.
What ought he do? While he still stood there irresolute, lost in wonder and a sort of swe, the porch door opened, and the myste .52%ous lady he had followed appeared. A figure, the bent figure of a very of woman, came after. The first was spesing.

"No no, Hannah; Vou shall not come. Atraid! What nonsense! The time for me to fear anything earthly is past. Nothing living or dead will har me. I will reach Scarswood in less than three-quarters of an hour, get in as I got cut, in soite of all Sir Peter's chains and locks, and to-morrow be once more my lady's staid preceptress of youth. Hannab, Hennah, what a life it is! Go back; try to keep everything quiet; don't let these ghastly suriess he repeated if you can help it. How fortunate Bracken Hollow is thought to be baunted, and no one ever comes here by night or day !"

We had a narrow escape not long ago for all that. It was one of the bad days, and the lady and gentleman heard. I put them off. but it may happen again, and it will. It cam't go on forever."

"Nothing goes on forever; I don't want it to go on forever. My time is drawing near; little by little the light is breaking, and my day is coming. Until it does, keep quiet; use the drug if there's too much noise. will return as speedily as possible. Now, good-night."

She ran down the steps, walked with her firm, resolute, fearless tread, down the path, and, as before, lingered a second or two at the gato.

Th old woman had gone back to the house, and the tall, dark figure under the firs she did not see. She drew out her watch and looked at it by the light of the moon. "Half-past one!" she murmured. "I had still slumber in that peaceful way which a not thought it so late. It will be a quarter past two, then, before I reach Scarswood." " And a very late hour for Miss Herncastle

to be out alone!" Obeying an impulse he could not resist. the chasseur emerged from the tree-shadows and stood before her.

"With her permission I will see her safely back.

And then, with the bright light of the moon upon his face, Redmond O'Donnell removed

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE KING'S OAK.

SHE did not scream, she did not even start. There must have been brave blood in the governess' veins. She stood there stock It wanted just a quarter of twelve when still, and faced him; but in the moonlight Redmond O'Donnell left Scarswood Park, and that gray pallor came over the resolute face, took his way on foot to the town. He had and the great gray eyes dilated with somebeen offered a horse, he had been offered a bed, thing the look of a hunted stag. So for an indark, handsome, uncovered head, and his piercing blue eyes pitilessly fixed on her stony face. Then the spell broke; she drew eyes, the natural hue to her face, and she She was one of those exceptional women who possesses courage, that rises to battle back in Far or near! Redmond O'Donnell pulled the hour of danger. She opened the gate and

"Captain Redmond O'Donnell," she said slowly, "it is you. I breathe again. For one moment I absolutely took you for a ghost. My nerves are good, but you gave them a shock."

"Yes," Captain O'Donnell dryly answered. "I think your nerves are good, Miss Herncastle. There are not many young ladies-Scarswood, there was no other habitation not many strong-minded governesses even -who would fancy the long, lonely walk between Scarswood and this place, between the vaulted like a boy over the hedge, and in a ghostly hours of twelve and two. You are going back? As I said before, with your permission, I will accompany you. Under existing circumstances it becomes my duty to see

> She smiled, came out, relocked the gate mantle she wore closely about her and walk-

ed on. " Your duty?" she repeated, still with that smile. "Duty is a word with a wide signification to some people for instance, no doubt you consider it your duty to follow me here to-night-to dog my steps, like the biteling assassin of an Italian novel-to (it is not a pleasant word, but the word I want) play the

He was walking by her side. He was lowering the pasture bars of a field as she spoke, to let her through.

"Spy?" he said. "Well, yes, I confess it looks like it. Still in justice to myself and my motives, let me say something more than simple curiosity has been at work to-night. In the usual course of events, though it might surprise Lady Dingerfield's governess taking a moonlight ramble after midnight, it certainly would not induce me to f llow her, and play the spy, as you term it, upon her actions. But another motive than curiosity prompted me to-night-to dog your foot-steps to wait for your reappearance, and to accompany you home."

"Ah something more! May I ask what it is that induces Captain O'Donnell to take so profound an interest in one so far beneath him as Ladv Dangerfield's governess?"

The grave defiauce of her tone and manner, the daring mockery of her glance, told him she was prepared to deny everything-to fight every inch of the ground.

"Well, Miss Herncastle," he said, "my first impression when I recognized you—for your carriage, your wak, vour bearing, are not to be mistaken anywhere--'

Miss Herncastle bowed sarcastically, as to

a compliment. "My first impression, I say, was that you were walking in your sleep. I knew a somnambulist in Algeria who would walk miles every night, if not locked up. But a little thought, and a few minutes' cautious pursuit of her eyes touched him, he hardly knew convinced me that you were not sleep walking, but exceedingly wide awake indeed."

Again Miss Herncastle bowed-again with that derisive, defiant smile on her face. Her whole look, manner, and tone were entirely unlike Miss Herncastle, who seemed more like an animated statue than a living woman in

my lady's spucious rooms. "And being convinced of that, Captain O' Donnell's first impulse—the impulse of all brave men and gallant gentlemen,- Miss Herncastle is out for a walk by herself, either on private business, or because of the beauty of the night, or because she cannot sleen She certainly deesn't want me, and is quite capable of taking care of herself. I will turn back at once and think no more about it." That was, I know, the first thought of Captain O'Donnell, the bravest chasseur in all the army of Africa. May I ask why he did

not act upon it?" "Simply for this reason-that Captain O'-Donuell recognized Miss Herncastle at six o'clock last evening, as she stood upon the lawn reading the 'Battle of Fontenov."

"Indeed!" Miss Herncastle responded, with supreme indifference; "recognized me, did trance and see? Would that dreadful cry be you? I am rather surprised at that. You encountered me in the streets of London prob-

.y come out right in the end."

"I congratulate Captain O'Donnell on his excellent memory. And my face puzzled you at first, did it? and you have come out all right in the end?"

"Carry your memory back to the night of the theatricals at Scarswood, the night of my first appearing there. I saw you play Cherlotte Corday, and in common with all present, your manner of enacting it electrified me. More. I knew immediately that I had seen you before, and in somewhat similar circumstances. I asked who you were, and was told Lady Dangerfield's nursery governess. That non lussed me-my recollections of you were

altogether unreconcilable with the character of children's preceptress. Then came last evening, and your very fine rendering of the Irish poem. And again I was puzzled. Your face was perfectly familiar—your attitude, your voice, your action—but where had I seen you? Do you remember Lady Cecil's exclamation?- Miss Herncastle, you are a born actress!' Like mist before the sun, the haze of my mind was swept away, and I knew you. I repeat it, Miss Herncastle-I knew yeu."

"You knew me?,' Miss Herncastle repeat ed, but her eyes were gleaming strangely now; "well, sir, you know nothing to my discredit, I hope?"

"Nothing to you discredit, if you have told Lady Dangerfield the truth. But baronets' wives rarely look for their children's instructresses in the person of -- a New York actress."

"Captain O'Donnell!" " Miss Herneastle!"

And then there was a pause, and for an instant how horribly thick, and fast Miss Herncastle's heart beat only Miss Herncastle ever knew.

"I don't understand you," she said, but in spite of all her great self command her voice sounded husky. "A New York actress. I never was in New York in my life. I am an Englishwoman, born and bred."

If he would only take his eyes off her face, she thought her defiant spirit would rise again. But those powerful blue eyes, keen as a knife, bright as steel, seemed to pierce her very soul, and read all its falsehood there.

"I regret Miss Herncastle takes the trouble to make unnecessary statements," he said coldly. "An Englishwoman born and bred. I believe that. But as surely as we both stand here, I saw you six months ago on a New York stage-one of the most popular actresses of that city."

She was silent-her lips set hard-that hunted look in her large eyes. "The play was 'Hamlet,'" pursued the piti-less voice of the chasseur; "and the great trans-Atlantic actor, Edwin Booth, played the doleful Prince of Denmark. I had never seen 'Hamlet,' and I went the first night of my arrival in New York. The Ophelia of the play was a tall, black-browed, majestic woman, who acted superbly, and who looked as if sne could take care of herself; but then all American women have that look. At least she was very far from one's idea of poor loveick, song-singing, weak-minded Ophelia; and I really think she took the character better than any actress I ever saw; but then my experience has been limited. Miss Herncastle, I don't remember the name of that actress on the bills, but I certainly have the honor of walking by her side to-night. No," -he lifted his hand hastily, "I beg you will not trouble yourself to deny this. What good will it do? You can't convince me though you denied it until daylight. I know I speak

She turned to him with sudden impulsesudden passion in her face. Ab! that is where women fail-where men have the advantage of us. The strongest-minded of us will let ourselves be swayed by impulse, and all the yows and resolves of our life swept away in the passion of a moment. She turned to him with a swift, impassioned gesture of both hands, theatrical perhaps, but real.

"Why should I lie to you! You are a man of honor, a soldier, and a gentleman-you will not betray me. I will tell the truth, Captain O'Donnell. I am the New York actress-I am the Ophelia you beheld six months ago."

"I knew it," he answered with composure. "I saw you many nights in succession. It was impossible for me to be mistaken. And as clever and popular actresses do not as a rule quit the stage, and the brilliant wellpaid, well-dressed, highly strung existence of , popular leading lady, and merge their bright [individuality into that of a poorly paid, overtasked drudge of a nursery governess, you will pardon me, I think, for allowing my suspicions to rise, for following your foststeps tonight. I said to myself, this actress, whom a crowded Broadway houst applanded to the echo, night after night, has some motive-a smister one, in all likelihood-in quitting her profession and coming to this house in the role of governess. For, of course, a governess she will not long remain. Lady Dangerfield is in utter ignorance of her antecedents -believes whatever story Miss Herncastle chooses to tell her-takes her recomendations, forged beyond doubt, for authentic documents, and is being duped every day. I

speak plainly, you see, Miss Herncastle." "You do, indeed," Miss Herncastle auswered bitterly. "You state your case with all the pitiless grimness and truth of the stern old judge on the bench, summing up the facts that are to condemn for life the wiserable culprit in the dock. And after all,' she flung up her hand, her eyes flashing, what business is it of yours? Are you my lady's keeper? Has your own tate been ordered so smoothly that you should hunt down to ruin a poor wretch with whom life has gone

Something in her tone moved him-something in that passionate, savage, hunted look whv.

"No, God knows," he said sadly, "my own life has been no pathway of roses. I am the last man on earth to set up in judgment upon my struggling fellow mortal, and accuse him. I have no wish to hunt you down, as you call it. This night's work, this night's discovery. and your avowal, shall be as though they had never been. Whether I do right or wrong in concealing the truth is much too subtle a question for me-I only know I will conceal

"She held out her hand suddenly, with a second swift impulse. "For that much at least I thank you. Why I have left the stage, why I have come here, you have answered to your own satisfaction. Some sinister motive must be at the bottom, of course. And yet, Captain O'Donnell—and yet—can you imagine no better, no higher, no more worthy motive? The one may be brilliant, the other duil; one well paid, well dressed, well-applauded; the other a pittance-quaker garh, and the obedience of a servant; but yet the dull life is the safe one—the other full of untold dangers and temptations."

Captain O'Donnell smiled. "I grant it. Full of untold dangers and temptation to foolish girls and frivolous matrons-not to such women as you. In any

streets of a ver of encountered you in the streets of a ver of encou busines and in no way concerns me. Un- Castleford police kept their eye on this peaceless," he paused-" unless, Miss Herncastle ful suburban retreat and the delightful Monhe said, slowly.

"Yes, Captain O'Donnell-unless-" "Unless I flud trouble of any kind coming three people into the belief that you are a ghost.

Miss Herncastle laughed—not a very natural-sounding laugh.
"Poor little Sir Peter! Is it my fault,

Captain O'Donnell, that I resemble some woaware that Sir Arthur Tregenna is engaged has been engaged for years—to Lady Cecil Clive?"

"Ah" Miss Herncastle said, scornfully, now we tread on delicate ground. Sir Ar thur Tregenna is engaged to Lady Cecil Clive, and Sir Arthur Tregenna has shown the despised nursery governess the simple courtesy of a gentleman to a gentlewoman. For, in spite of the New York acting and English teaching, I am that, sir! He has kindly talked a little to Miss Herncastle, and the earl's daughter deigns to be jealous, with all her beauty, and birth, and breeding, of poor, lowly, plain me. And you, Captain O'Donnell-you of all men-tell me of it," "And why not I, Miss Herncastle?"

"Because," she burst out, fiercely, passionately, "Lady Cecil Clive may be engaged to reckless sort of way. "She loves you, the soldier of fortune, the free companion, and will give Sir Arthur her hand at the altar, while her heart is in your keeping ! And this is the dainty, the spotlers, the proud Lady Cecil. What you are or have been to her in the past, you know best; but-I wonder if Sir Arthur does? He is a faithful friend and All in white-true ghostly garments-noise-O'Donnell, my judge, my censor, that from your hands and hers he deserves better than that?"

She had struck home. The tide of the battle had turned-victory sat perched on her banner now. His face flushed deep red, under the golden bronze of an African sun, then grew very white. Miss Herncastle, womanlike, pursued her advantage mercilessly.

"You see the mote in your brother's eye, but how about the beam in your own? Most men like to think the heart of the woman they marry has held no former lodger. They ten they are duped, if they do not know it, what does it matter? My Lady Cecil is pure and spotless as mountain snow, is she not? And she sells herself—it is my turn to use plain words now, sir-sells herself for Sir Arthur's thirty thousand a year. She is the soul of truth and a living lie to him every day of her life. She will become his wife, and her her and you. Bah! Captain O'Donnell, is unearthly was anywhere to be seen. there one true woman or man in all the world wide? I don't say Sir Arthur has any right to complain—' e is only treated as the larger half of his sex are treated; but don't you call him to order if he chances to speak a few kindly words to me. We are at the park; may I go in? I am tired to death, walking and talking. Has more got to be said, or shall we cry quits, and say good-night?" "How will you get in?" he asked. "The

doors and windows seem bolted for the night." "Doubly bolted, doubly barred," Miss Herncastle complied with a contemptuous laugh, "to keep out burglass and ghosts. the two bugbears of Sir Peter's life. Nevertheless I will get in. Good-night Captain O'Donnell." She held out her hand. "I and carry him into the house." would rather you had not followed me, but They bore the stark and ble you thought you were doing your duty, and I do not blame you. Shall we cry quits, or shall it be war to the knife?"

He touched the ungloved hand she extend ed and dropped it coldly. "It shall be what Miss Herncastle pleases. Only I should advise her to discontinue those nocturnal rambles. She may get followed again, and by some one less discreet even than myself, and the very strange cries that issue from that mysterious dwelling be foundout '

She caught her breath : she had quite forgotten Bracken Hollow.

You board-I heard three very unearthly cries, Miss Herncastle. I shall inquire to morrow who lives in that bouse.

Do. You will hear it is an old woman, a very old, harmless woman, but a little, in her dotage. These moonlight nights affect her, when rheumatism twinges come on she cries as you have heard her."

He smiled as he listened. "You don't believe me?" she exclaimed.

You think I am telling a second lie." "My dear Miss Hernoastle," the chasseur replied, "we never apply that forcible and impolite word to a lady. And now, as you seem tired, in case poachers and game-keep ers should see us, I think we had better part

You are quite sure yot can get in?" "Quite sure. Good-night Captain O'Don-

nell. He lifted his hat and turned at once. Miss Herncastle stood where he had left her, following the tall, gallant figure that crossed the moonlight field so swiftly, with a strange expression in her eves and on her lips. Not anger, certainly not hatred, whatever it might be. She stood there untill he was out of sight, until the last ground of rapid footsteps on the distant high broad died away. Then she turned, entered the great elm avenue, and disappeared.

It was the next night after this something very strange and very startling occurred to Sir

Peter Dangerfield. Beside his sunset pilgrimage to that remete Castleford Churchyard, the Scarswood baronet made other pilgrimages to Castleford, by no means so harmless. In an out-of-the-way street of the town there stood a tall, white house, set in a garden of the highway, and looking the very picture of peace and pros-

A gentleman named Dubourg, of foreign extraction, and his wife, resided there. M. Dubourg was a most agreeable gentleman, Madame Dubourg the most charming, most vivacious, and, when artistically made up for the evening, the prettiest of little women. Perhaps it was owing to the charm of those agreeable people's society that so many officers of the Castleford barracks, and so many of the dashing young country squires, frequented it. Or, perhaps-but this was a secret-perhaps it was owing to the unlimited loo and lanequenet, the ecarte and chickenhazard von might indulge in between nightfall and sunrise. For lights burned behind those closed venetians the short summer and the long winter nights throu; h, and men sat silent and with pale faces until the rosy lances of sunrise pierced the blinds, and the fall of the cards and the rattle of dice were sieur and Madame Dubourg, but as yet no

raid had been made. A passion for gambling had ever been of it. You are doing mischief already—do latent in the Dangerfield blood. In the days you know it? You have frightened two or of his poverty it had developed itself in his continual buying of lotte.y tickets; in the days of his prosperity, at the gambling table. Insect hunting might be his hobby—chickenhazard was his passion. Of the sums he lost and won there Lady Dangerfield knew nothing; her apartments were in the other wing man he has known, dead and in her grave?" of Scarswood. "Of the unearthly hours of his "Perhaps not; I have not quite made up return home no one knew but the head groom my mind how that is yet. Second clause who sat up for him and took his horse, and —" he gave her a piercing look; "are you was well paid for his silence and his service. As a rule, Sir Peter's losses and gains were pretty equal; he was an adept at chickenhazard, and no more skilled gamester frequented the place.

On the night then following Miss Herncastle's adventure, Sir Peter 10de gayly homeward at a much earlier hour than usual, the richer by six hundred pounds. He was in high good spirits-tor him; the night was lovely-bright as day and twice as beautiful. In his elation all his constitutional dread of ghosts, of " black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," vanished, and he was actually trying to whistle a shrill little tune as he scrambled along. The clocks of Castleford. plainly heard in the stillness, were striking twelve as the baronet entered his own domain and rode up the avenue.

What was that? fifty wealthy barronets, but—she loves you! His horse had shied so suddenly as nearly Ah! you feel that!" She laughed in a wild to throw him off. They were near a huge His horse had shied so suddenly as nearly oak, called the King's Oak, from the legend that the young Pretender had once taken refuge there from his pursuers. Its great branches cast shadows for yards around. And slowly out of those gloomy shadows-s figure came-a white figure, with streaming hair, and face upturned to the starry sky. gallant gentleman. Don't you think Captain less, slow, it glided out and stood full in his

pathway. The bright, cold light of the moon shone full upon it, and be saw-the dead face of

Katherine Dangerfield! Katherine Dangerfield! Not a doubt of it. Who should know the face better than he? as he used to see her long ago in her white dress and flowing hair. Katherine Dangerfield, with a face of stone upturned to the midnight sky.

He sat frozen for a moment-frozen with a horror too intense for wordsor cry. Then the startled horse shied again, and a shrick rang like to think so, and if in nine cases out of out in the midnight stillness, those who heard might never forget. The horse plunged madly forward, and there was the sound of a heavy fall.

The groom, half asleep at his post, rushed out; two or three dogs barked loudly in their kennels. The groom rushed forward and seized the horse, quivering with affright. He was riderless. At a little distance lay Sir heart will go after you to Algiers. Yours Peter, face downward, on the dewy grass, like she is-and will be-and Sir Arthur trusts a dead man. And nothing else earthly or

CHAPTER XV

"AS IN A GLASS DARKLY."

THE groom echoed his master's cry as he stopped and lifted him up. He was senseless; he had struck his forehead on a stone, and was bleeding freely. It was an awfully ghastly face upon which the moonlight shone.

The double alarm had been heard. In five minutes another of the grooms, sleeping over the stable, came running to the spot.

"T' maister hurt," groom number one explained; "been flung off his horse. Gi' us a hand here, my lad, and help us lift him cop They bore the stark and bleeding form be-

tween them, found his night-key in his pocket, opened the door and carried him up to his own room. One or two of the servants appeared—the alarm was spreading through the bousebold.

"Best tell my lady," some one said; "and, Davis , hadn't thee better go to Castleford for Both suggestions were acted on; my lady

was summoned, very much startled and very peevish at being disturbed in her "beauty sleep.

"And what could she do?" she fretfully asked. "Of what use was it summoning

All was confusion, servants standing nonplussed, my lady's only emotion, as she stood in her flowing white wrapper gazing with much disfavor at the bleeding face and motionless figure, one of anger at being routed out. The groom had gone for the surgeon; pending the surgeon's arrival, nothing seemed likely to be done. In the midst of the "confusion worse confounded" appeared upon the scene Miss Herncastle, also in a wrapper, alarmed by the noise, and carrying a night-lamp in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Herncastle!" my lady exclaimed, "perhaps you may know what to do. I am sure I don't, and it was most inconsiderate awakening me in this manner, when my nights are so broken, and with my shattered nerves and all. And then the sight of blood always makes me sick. Perhaps you can do something for Sir Peter; he has had a fall off his horse, and seems to be stunned. I don't believe he is killed. I wish you would see, and it it's not dangerous I'll go back to bed." My lady shivered in the chill night air; the great rooms and long corridors of Scarswood were draughty. "I would stay with pleasure, of course, if there was any real danger, or it Sir Peter were dying or that kind of thing, but I know he is not.

"I dare say you would," more than one of the servants present thought, as they listened to this wifely speech, and smiled furtively. "If Sir Peter were dying, my lady, you would stay with pleasure."

Miss Herncastle's calm, pale pace, looking more marble-like than ever in the fitful lamplight, bent over the rigid little baronet. She felt his pulse, she wiped away the blood with a wet sponge and discovered the trifling nature of the cut, and turned to my lady.

"Sir Peter is in a fainting fit, I think, my lady; probably, too, stunned by the shock of his fall. The wound is nothing, a mere scratch. There is not the slightest danger, I am sure, and not the slightest necessity for your remaining here. In your delicate state of health you may get your death of cold.' My lady had never been sick two hours in her whole life. "Permit me to urge you to retire, Lady Dangerfield. I will romain and do all that is necessary."

"Very well, Miss Herncastle, I believe I shock; my nervous system feels completely thing in the morning.'

And then my lady, with a wretched expression of countenance, wended her way back to lord of Scarswood. She dismissed all the gaping servants, with one or two exceptions | the ears of Captain O'Donnell. the only sound to stir the silence. Immense | -the housekeeper and a man-and set to

work with the air of one who understood her business. She bathed his face and temples with ice-water ; she slapped his palms; she applied sal-volatile and burnt feathers to his nostrils; and presently there was a flutter of the colorless eyelashes, a tremor all over the body, and Sir Peter's small, nearsighted, pale blue eyes opened and fixed on Miss Hernens. tle.

" My dear Sir Peter, how do you feel now? the soit, sweet tones of that most soit, sweet voice asked. "Bester, I sincerely trust !"

He had not known her at first; he blinked and stared helplessly in the lamplight; but at the second look, the sound of her voice, an awful expression of horror swept over his countenance; he gave another wild cry of affright, half-started up, and fell back senseless once again.

It was really a tragic scene. All the exertions of the governess failed to restore him this second time. The moments dragged on; the housekeeper (not Mrs. Harrison of Sir John's reign, en passant; she had left upon her master's death) and the butler sat dumb and awe-stricken. Miss Herncastle never wearied in well-doing, applied her restoratives incessantly, until at last, as all the clocks in Scarswood were chiming the half hour after three, the groom and the surgeon came.

The surgeon was a young man, a new practitioner, and considered very skilful. He brought Sir Peter round for the second time, presently, and once more the baronce's eyes opened to the light of the lamps, and the moon streaming in through the bars of the venetians.

He stared around, bewildered, his face still keeping its expression of horror, his eyes fixed on the faces of the physician, the housekeeper, and the butler. Then be spoke in an awe-stricken whisper : "Where is she?"

"Who?" It was the surgeon who asked. Whom do you mean, my dear Sir Peter?-Lady Dangerfield?"

I mean Katherine Dangerfield." The young doctor had heard that story stranger though he was-had heard of Sir Peter's delusive and ghostly belief, and shook his head.

"There is no such person here, my dear Sir Peter! Your mind is still-" Sir Peter ruised himself up on his elbow

with a sort of scorn, "I tell you I saw her-saw her twice

Don't talk to me of my mind, you fool i I saw her! She came-oh, Reaven !- she came and stood before me out there under the trees. all in white, her hair flowing, and dead eyes turned up to the stars! I saw her! I saw her! and I live to tell it! And five minutes ago I opened my eyes and saw her again, her dead eyes, her stern face looking over the bed!"

The young doctor recoiled. Had Sir Peter gone entirely mad?

Mrs Butler the housekeeper, came forward, -a genteel creature, and the widow of a cur-

" My dear Sir Peter, you alarm yourself unnecessarily. I assure you "-Mrs. Butler revelled in words of three syllables-" it was the governess, Miss Herncastle, whom you beheld a few minutes ago when consciousness returned. My dear Miss Herncastle, pray come forward and corroborate my assurance." Miss Herncastle, hovering aloof in the

moonlight and the shadows, came slowly forward, speaking as she came. "I am sorry to have startled Sir Peter by my unfortunate resemblance to his dead relative. Mrs. Butler is right; it was I you saw

a few moments ago, Sir Peter." He sat up in bed gazing upon her, the wild look of horror dying slowly out of his wizzen, little, pinched face, and an abject look of tear

coming in its place. Her eyes were fixed upon him, steadily strongly, intensely. What mesmeric power was there in those calm gray eyes to subdue him to her will?

"Lie down, Sir Peter," she said very gently, and let me give you some medicine. Will you not order him a sedative, a composing draught, Mr. Weymore? I am sure he needs it. I will administer it, and will watch, with

Mrs. Butler, until morning." The young doctor obeyed, He prepared the sedative, and Miss Herncastle administered it. Sir Peter took it from her hand, speilbound it seemed, unable to refuse, unable to take his fascinated eyes of her face. Then he lay back; she arranged his pillows, smoothed the coverlet, made him comfortable, as only a detr handed woman can. All the time his eyes never left her face-all the time he never uttered a word. The spell of some mesmeric force was upon him, and rendered him obc-

dient to her will. Mr. Weymore, the Castleford surgeon, took his departure.

"Nothing ailed Sir Peter but shattered nerves; he wanted rest, repose, tonics, cheerful society, entire change of sir. He suw," he said, "he left him in excellent hands," with a clance of admiration at the calm, serene young lady. "He would go now, and call early the ensuing forencen. Good-night, Miss Herncastle." And Mr. Weymore, with s second admiring glance at that June-like form and grave, thoughtful face, took his hat

and his departure. The sedative had its effect-Sir Peter fell asleep, Mrs. Butler rodded in her easy chair, Miss Herncastle drew the curtains, raised the blind, seated herself by the window, and with her chin on her hand, looked out. It was past four; the waning moon was dropping pale out of sight in the west, the eastern sky was flushing and brightening already with the beauty and splendor of a new-born summer day. The tall trees stood motionless, the waving grass and cowslips were glistening with dew, long silver lances of light pierced the mysterious green depths of waving fern. It was beautiful-beautiful. Of what did Miss Hernestle think as she sat there with sombre, face and duskily brooding eyes?

After days darkly told. Sir Peter fell into a deep, refreshing, natural sleep as the morning wore on. Some time after sunrise Lady Geoil entered, hearing for the first time of what had occurred, and offered in her kindly, gentle way to take Miss Herncastle's place. Very haggard in the rosy brightness of the July sunrise Miss Herncastle looked, her eyes heavy, her cheeks

pale. "Go to your room at once," Lady Cecil said. "You look quite worn out. Pray, de not attempt teaching to-day. After you have slept and breakfasted go for a long walk.

You need it, I am sure. She murmured her thanks and went. And Lady Cecil with the upper housemaid for companion, took her vacated post. My lady still slumbered-ber wretched nerves always re-

quired her to lie abed until eleven o'clock. The news spread, as such news is pretty sure to do. By noon that day all Castleford must. I fear I shall be ill as it is after the knew that Sir Peter, riding home at midnight (pretty hour for a magistrate and a baronet to unstrung. If there should be any danger I be gadding), had beheld Katherine Dangerbeg you will send me word the very first field's ghost under the trees of Scarswood, had field's ghost under the trees of Scarswood, had fallen from his horse in a fit, had struck his temple on a stone, and now lay at Death's door, if he had not already entered that bed, and Miss Herncastle had charge of the gloomy portal. The news spread-it was the talk of the towa, and among others came to

"Saw a ghost," the chasseur thought, knit-