

startling events that for long afterward were remembered in the country around and electrified for a time the whole community.

CHAPTER II

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"I 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 towards 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 flashing, as they sped along. No two could be more opposite, as far as looks went, than those two, yet both were handsome and about the same age.

Like all 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 eye-brows, 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 stoned for his swarthy complexion and stern brows.

His companion was a tall, elegant young man, with an