eyes, and a smile of deep and humble content upon the lips. Margara clasped

both hands to her heart and leaned against the wall for support. Was she fainting, that the room seemed to grow

dark and the figure dim and far-off be-

fore her eyes?
Some one touched her on the shoulder. It was Disdier.
"It must be now," he said, bowed and heart-broken. "They cannot wait

onger." And he passed out again.

Margara started and looked hastily

round the room. She and the white figure on the bed were alone within it.

strange, cold feeling of awe crept ver her, but the restless anxiety was

gone. She stepped calmly to the door and met the bearers.
"You may take her now," she said.

An hour later the tender chants of

the burial service were ascending from the parish church amid the odors of in-

cense and flowers. "Lux perpetua luceat ei," they sang, "et Requiem Acternam dona ei." It seemed to Mar-

gara that she could not weep for the

at the bridal altar was far away and

sent no message. They could not resign themselves to the sad task. Alone,

Margara seemed reconciled, she could

hardly say why herself, but a certain

exaltation of spirit upheld her, a con-

fidence in—she scarcely knew what. But a little later she knew, for when

the mourners were weeping in each other's arms and the white-robed band

of maidens were strewing flowers upon

the new-made grave, a rapid footstep

was heard, and Disdier thrust a long

slip of paper into Margara's expectant

THE END.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED

HEART.

The morning offering to the Sacred

with renewing many memories; it forces us to remember not only who He is

the midst of us, relying upon and need-

ing our help, and looking into each

man's heart, ever ready to encourage

The spirit of faith teaches us to value

things as God values them. To prevent

one mortal sin is a greater work than to

make a fortune. To induce a soul to make earnestly the morning offering

even once is to render a service to the Sacred Heart which it will always be

The devotion to the Sacred Heart,

secret yearnings of His heart for our

affection, but also to repair the ingrati-tude of those who deny Him the consola-

tion of their love. It is a devotion for all,

presenting Christ to our eyes as well as to our hearts in such a way that every

one can learn something of His Good-

ness, that no one can master the lesson

perfectly. It is for all time, since men

may change their knowledge and their

manners, but the nature of their hearts

passion of love, by attaching our hearts to the heart of Christ, as the source of

Against Avarice.

The rightful acquisition of wealth re-

quires that the means employed be right and just, and also that the mo-

tives inspiring the effort to attain wealth be right and just. The disre-

gard of either of these involves wrong.

And just here is the danger that must

temptation to forget, to neglect to ob-

serve these conditions, is so constant,

so subtle, and assails us in so many

vays. Hence it is that the Sacred

Scripture are full of warnings against avarice and cupidity, and of denuncia-

GOOD DIGESTION SHOULD WAIT ON APPE FITE.—To have the stomach well is to have the tervous system well. Very delicate are the ligestive organs. In some so sensitive are hey that atmospheric changes affect them

pure affection the love we

be constantly guarded

every other creeture.

far from dividing or dissolving Christ,

grateful for .- Father Dignam, S. J.

solation.

and reward.

neet Espiritu in heaven.

dead, but to the others it

'He has seen her and all is well.'

By Henrietta Dana Skinner. CHAPTER XXIX.

"Understand, my love, that I am already in great peace, but I know not how to enter para-dise without thee; prepare, then, and come at they quickest, that we may present ourselves together before the Lord!"—Chronicles of

The torches of pine knots flickered in the night wind and cast strange shadows over the paths and athwart the underbrush. The little party of men climbed ever higher up the mountain-side following the trail of the hunters and characted by the company of the stranger of the str coal-burners, separating from time to time where the path was doubtful, coming together again at intervals, encour-aging one another and signalling to each other by forest cries. Occasionally Adriano or Oreste would call out int Adriano or Oreste would call out into the darkness, hoping that the sound of their familiar voices might bring an answer from the wanderer. Adriano, little accustomed to mountain climbing, soon became exhausted. He fell behind the orthers and leaved wearling accinete tree. others and leaned wearily against a tree, his head swimming. He planted his his head swimming. He planted his torch in the ground and would have sunk dawn but Simone caught him and held a brandy flash to his lips. A draught of flery liquid and a few minutes' rest

fleey liquid and a few minutes rest quickly revived him.

Oreste and the foresters were by this time far ahead. Adriano had started forward again with Simone by his side, when he thought he heard a faint call mear by. He raised his torch and gave a shout. Yes, there was a figure, Teodoro's figure, standing in the path-way before him. With an exclamation of joy he sprang forward, but as the torch-light fall plainer upon his brother's face the cry turned to one of horror. It was Teodoro's face indeed, but of a ghastly, waxen paleness, the features drawn with suffering. Adriano threw the torch to Simone and caught his brother in his arms. He was icy cold, and his whole frame shook with convulsive shudderings. "The pain," he gasped, laying his hand on his chest—"the pain, here. I cannot breathe, speak." And the words were almost preached. lost as the teeth chattered uncontroll-

Adriano's heart sank in terror and dis-Adriano's heart sank in terror and dismay. What to do he knew not, but Simone, stepped forward promptly, stripped off his overcoat and jacket and spread them on the ground.

"Lay him down here, sir," he directed. It is a chill. He caught cold in the night air. They are probably pluerisy pains that he complains of." Adriano obeyed the valet's directions

Adriano obeyed the valet's directions, who went to work over the sick ma who went to work over the sick man without hesitation. He poured brandy down his throat—"Not the best thing if he has fever, sir, but it's all we have to warm him." Adriano and the valet stripped themselves to their shirts and wrapped the shaking figure as warmly as possible, kindling a fire of brushwood mear him and rubbing his stiff, cold limbs vigorusly with their warm hands, "Call to the others, sir," ordered Simone; "for as soon as he gets over the worst of the shaking we must carry him down to the inn. It has taken him pretty hard. Shouldn't wonder if he pretty hard. Shouldn't wonder have in for the perniciosa. Adriano shuddered at the last word—a form of Maremma fever almost invariably fatal. He stood up and roused his manly voice with all the effort of powerful lungs. How faint and small it sounded through the trees, borne back fainter still by the mountain echoes! Again he shouted, and again. At last another sound came back with the echo, the far-off answering cry of the mountaineers. and louder came the cries, and then the

little, his fiesh felt warmer and more pliable to the touch, and the livid hue of the face gave way to a more natural color. The foresters and Simone lifted him from the ground on an improvised litter, and Adriano walked beside them, holding

"Stamp out the fire," the foresters directed Oreste, "or we shall have the forest burning about us. Throw earth over the ashes, and then run on ahead and have a room prepared at the inn and a bed well warmed to receive

They bore him down the mountainside gently and in silence. Once or twice came a whisper from the sick man to complain of the agonizing pain, his to complain of the agonizing pain, his lips were set in suffering and the per-spiration stood in great drops on his forehead. Half an hour passed before they arrived at the inn door, where , pale and anxious, awaited them. With him stood the inn-keeper and the few servants who were there so early They undressed the sick in the season. They undressed the sick bed, and Simone took command of the sick-room in the absence of a physician, all instinctively submitting to his super-

for knowledge. are too hasty in our likes and dislikes, you and I. If the Count Teodoro gets well, if his life is saved at all, it will be

Oreste hung his head in shamed acknowledgment. He hovered round the sick-room door, obeying obsequiously every faintest suggestion of the valet's, and bringing of his own accord everything that might be useful to him. Bindo and Adriano watched by turns at Teodoro's side. Simone never left im. "Not till some one comes who

The night was a terrible one. Many must pass before a physician be brought, and though they did what they could they were working in comparative darkness. After the chill, a high fever had set in, the sick man grew restless, his eyes were wild. The fever gave him a certain strength, and at times he would try to spring from bed. "I must go!" he cried, when they tried to hold him down. He did wot recognize them. "I must go!" he eried, again and again, piteously. must go! I shall be too late!"

Bindo and Adriano exchanged agonczed glances. Like all strong men they his hand on the door,

were tender, and their hearts were torn

"She has called me, I must wailed the high-pitched, voice that they could hardly recognize as Teodoro's, and again with their hearts breaking within them, they forced him back into bed. Sometimes he yielded at once, only looking at them with such reproach in the blue eyes that they almost wept aloud. At such reproach in the that they almost wept other times he resisted they had to exert all their strength to hold him down. Once, towards morning, Once, towards morning, he watched his chance slyly to escape them, and had sprung to the window and climbed half-way out before they seized him. He turned round and

fought them like maniac.
"See, Teodoro!" cried Adriano, suddenly, pointing to the line of purple hills over which the golden dawn was breaking. "See, Teodoro, the dawn of Pentecost! Veni, Sancte Spiritus!

Teodore's arms fell by his side and his troubled eyes sought the horizon. The sun had not yet risen, but tremu lous, golden rays shot up into the sky.

Adriano saw the effect of his words and began to sing softly:

'Veni, Sancte Spiritus, et emitte coelitus, lucis Veni lumen cordium, Consolator optime, in fitu solatium."

Teodore closed the puzzled, tired eyes. He resisted his brothers no longer, and they led him back to bed. The sun of Pentecost sprang up in splendor and shot his radiance over earth and sky. "O Lux beatissama," sang Adriano,

reple cordis intima, tuorum fidelium."

The sick man's lips moved. He was trying to sing; it was the lovers' parting song from "Romeo et Juliette":

Non, ce n'est pas le jour, C'est le doux rossignol qui chante ;

but his voice had gone, and only a cracked and husky whisper came forth. He opened his eyes again, but it was a strange room and he was bewildered. "Espiritu," he murmured, stretch-

ing out feeble, uncertain hands. "I am coming, dearest, but give me thy hand, for I cannot find the way

Then the strong men by the bedside fell on their knees and wept.

Teodoro looked at them, he spoke their names, but he did not seem to understand why they were there nor where he was. The effort at recollec-tion seemed to tire his brain; he sank into a sort of stupor which lasted

throughout the day.

Adriano stood by the window of the ick-room, to watch for the coming of the physician who had been telegraphed for from San Marcello. Directly opposite the inn, on an eminence, was the little, old, country church of San Leopoldo-a plain, rustic, stone structure, the tower of which had long remained untinished. The country people were now making an effort to complete it. They came to the Mass of Pentecost from their little huts on the mountainside for miles around, and each one, as he came, brought his contribution to the new tower in the shape of a stone. riano watched them winding up the high-road and the village paths in their holiday costume, prayer-book in hand, and each bearing his pious burden poised on his head—the little children bearing small stones, the women larger ones, the men sometimes bearing two or three. They walked erect and free,

They were running, and a few moments brought them to the side of the little group.

"Is he killed?" whispered Oreste, turning pale and trembling.

"Hush! It is a chill," said the foresters. "It is the perniciosa."

"It is the perniciosa."

"It is the perniciosa."

the last one had entered the building, and soon Adriano heard the strains of their sweet Italian hymns and canticles rising to his ears. There was no organ or instrument of music in the rustic children raised their voices together with fervent zeal in prayer and praise the last one had entered the building, and soon Adriano heard the strains of their sweet Italian hymns and canticles rising to his ears. There was no organ or instrument of music in the rustic children raised their voices together with fervent zeal in prayer and praise the last one had entered the building, and soon Adriano heard the strains of their sweet Italian hymns and canticles rising to his ears. There was no organ or instrument of music in the rustic place of the last one had entered the building, and soon Adriano heard the strains of their sweet Italian hymns and canticles rising to his ears. There was no organ or instrument of music in the rustic children raised their voices together with fervent zeal in prayer and praise the last one had entered the building, and soon Adriano heard the strains of their sweet Italian hymns and canticles rising to his ears. There was no organ price in the rustic price of the master will love the 'new one' better than he does me!"

"For shame, Oreste!" cried Consignation distributions of the master will love the 'new one' better than he does me!"

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"For shame, Oreste!" cried Consignation distributions of the master will love the 'new one' better than he does me!" borne across the sweet summer air, anborne across the sweet summer at, an ounced the consecration of the Host. Adriano knelt, and burying his face in his hands, remained some time absorbed in prayer. By the bedside, Simone, too, had heard the warning bell and

knelt to recite a Pater and Ave. At last another sound reached their ears, this time from the village road, the elcome sound of horses' hoofs and the erack of the driver's whip. Leaving Sin one in the sick-room, Adriano ran lightly down the stairs to the courtyard where the handsome landau drawn by four horses was just entering over the cobble-stones. He recognized at once the good physician from the Ponte Seraglio, and with him in the carriage were two women who proved to be the Commendatore's wife and Consiglio

Thank Heaven!" cried Adriano now we shall know what to do for He embraced his sister-in-law cordially, and did not forget to press Consiglio's hand and thank her for have ing spared Oreste to him in a trouble which had proved greater than they

knew.
"I could not have kept him back from your excellency if I would," she

nswered through her tears.

He left the women and conducted the hysician to Teodoro's room, telling

"A case of pleurisy, probably," said the doctor. "He will pull through all the doctor. "He will pull through all right with his sound lungs and vigor-ous constitution. He had doubtless greatly over-exerted and over-heated himself, and then, when night came onand the nights are piercingly cold in this altitude—he was not sufficiently protected and took a chill. It is easily explained, and he will soon be about gain. Only," he added, cautiously, I would keep the news of his bereavement from him till the crisis is well over or the shock might prove too much

"Bereavement!" echoed Adriano. "Have they heard, then? Is she gone?"
"There was a telegram last night

and letters were handed us early this morning just as we were driving out of the village. We had the Commenda-tore's own four horses and did not spare

"When was it?" whispered Adriano,

"Last evening, just at sunset, they the hour fixed for the nuptial Mass, and

now it would be a Requiem instead!
A second knock, and this time Margara "The eve of Pentecost! And she is "The eve of Pentecost! And she is spending her feast-day in heaven!" he murmured, with trembling lips. He let the pnysician pass on before him into the room, for he was half-blinded by the tears that rushed to his eyes. He leaned his forehead against the frame of the door. "Espiritu! Espiritu! Sweet child! Art thou gone from 182" He did not know till then rather in the light of joy and thanksrather in the light of joy and thanks-giving, with radiant brow and shining from us?" He did not know till then how strong the hope had been within him that she might live. "The earth will be sadder without thee, our love,

will be sadder without thee, our love, our peace, our joy! Oh, pray for us who are left!" Heaven will seem nearer now that thou art there!" Brushing away the tears, he entered the room. The doctor was bending over Teodoro, sounding his lungs and taking his temperature. He looked up and whispered to Adriano. "It is more serious than I feared. I shall not leave him till the crisis is over. It is fearhim till the crisis is over. It is fear-fully sudden and acute, but we must

hope for the best."

"The best!" repeated Adriano to himself, slowly. "What is the best?" and he walked to the window. Without was a flood of sunshine, a sky of brilliant, unclouded blue, the noble hills, the stately forest, the crisp mountain the stately forest, the crisp mountain air warmed by the summer sun and scented with the odor of the pines. There was the sound of sweet human voices from the devout throng within the humble walls praising God that this day the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, had descended upon the sons of men. God and heaven seemed very near. Adriano raised his face upwards and clasped his hands. "In life or in death, underneath us are the Everlasting Arms! O God, we are Thy serv-ants and the sons of Thy handmaids be it done unto us according to Thy Word!" and he turned from all beauty and brightness without to where, within, death and a strong young life lay struggling in mortal combat.

In the rustic church the people lingered to send up a petition before the altar of God. "Your prayers are the altar of God. asked for the speedy recovery or happy death of Teodoro dei Conti Daretti," the priest had said to them. The mountaineers looked at each other wonderingly. They knew him well, the tall, blonde youth with the beautiful voice who had climbed among their hills for many summers, and had often lingered at the doors of their huts to exchange a greeting with them. They had often heard his voice ringing through the forest. He sang their mountain-songs, preserved by oral tra-dition from generation to generation, he sang sweet hymns of the Madonna and saints, he sang of pure, tender love. "Ruba cuor, the ravisher of hearts," they had called him, in memory of one of their famous mountain singers.

And so they earnestly entreated the Lord for him who had so lately been among them in perfect health and

Bindo and Oreste, who had knelt side by side on the stone floor at the rude wooden benches, rose and left the building to return to their anxious watch. At the inn door they heard the news of the physician's arrival, and in another moment each was receiving the sweetest of earthly help and comfort,

with the swinging, graceful gait of the nations who bear their burdens on the head and not on the back. Each, as nations who bear their burdens on the head and not on the back. Each, as thinking of myself at such a moment, he reached the church door, deposited his stone at the foot of the tower and silently blessed himself. Before long the last one had entered the building, well, the master will love the 'new well, the master will love the 'new well, the master will love the 'new and a material 'God Torgite his 'Sol Torgi

such a place in his feelings as justice and The shadderings subsided little by the his fiesh felt warmer and more the his fiesh fe Nay, Oreste, I am ashamed of thee for a stupid, jealous fellow!"

And Oreste wiped his eyes

smiled once more, taking sweet comfort from his wife's reproaches.

There was little change in the sick man's condition through the weary afternoon, but towards evening another chill, of fearful violence, seized his frame, succeeded by renewed fever and delirium, and the rest of the night was passed much as the preceding one had been. They had the comfort of the physician's presence and advice, but therwise the strain was even more errible than before. And so the mornterrible than before. ng of his wedding-day dawned!

In the city by the sea, Espiritu lay dressed in her bridal robes. On the sunny hair that clustered over white brow they laid the wreath flowers of the Holy Ghost. The filmy veil was drawn about her, and the hands clasped a silver crucifix and a rosary of mother-of-pearl. The air was rosary of mother-of-pearl. heavy with the odor of flowers, the waxen candles standing in tall stands about the bed burned brightly, and the sunshine of the Monday of Pentecost stole into the room through half-drawn blinds. The maidens assembled in the next room to escort the body of the dead bride to the parish church were dressed in white, according to the Spanish custom at the burial of a young virgin, and the cloth thrown over the bier was of white, embroidered in scar-let. In their hands the young girls carried lighted tapers and baskets of fresh flowers. "In Paradisum dedu-

fresh flowers. "In Paradisum dedu-cant te Angeli," they sang.

Alone by the bedside of the dead knelt Lady Ainsworth. One anxiety filled her heart—Teodoro ought to, see, Espiritu once thus in her bridal dress. A telegram the night be-fore had said that he was found, but was, they feared, too ill to come. But Margara hoped and waited. She knew But that the loyal, affectionate heart would brave every difficulty, every suffering, nay, death itself, to meet his bride on their wedding-morn — his bride, his ideal, so tenderly cherished from child-Some one knocked softly at the hood. door-the moment had come to remove " A few mo ments more," pleaded Margara, and returned to her kneeling vigil. It was IN AN OLD CASTLE.

A Mysterious Ghost, a Picture and Happy Denouement.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Every evening since I had come, old hawmus asked: "And did Your Honor

Shawmus asked: "And did Your Hono."
sleep well last night?"
And every evening I had invariably
answered him: "Excellently, Shawmus,
as becomes a man who has ridden far and produced an excellent appetite and nd had it honestly satisfied."

But this night I answered him no

such thing.

Looking round I caught the glint of has watering eye, which I had thought at my first coming to be sinister, but I ter traced to its source as the eager curiosity of a lonely and friendly old

This night I answered: "No, Shawas, for I heard the ghost."
"Lord save Your Honor," he trembling so that he nearly let fall the flagon of cut glass on its silver coaster which held my port wine. "I have been at Killtmanus Abbey, man and boy, for

a matter of sixty years, and no ghost have I heard or seen."
"What!" said I, "not heard a liquid lap, lap, of a silk train as if it fell from

lap, lap, of a silk train as it it is like in one stair to the other, and the dainty tapping of high-heeled shoes?"

No such thing, Your Honor," he said obstinately. "There is no ghost said obstinately. "There is no ghost at Killmanus Abbey. Your Honor but dreamed it; or it was the bats and owls in the upper floor swooping by on their wings; or maybe the seaguils, for the dead, but to the others it seemed a cruelty, an impossibility to lay the young bride in her lonely grave in the cemetery by the sea, while he who should this day have stood beside her furrows are white with them and the hunger drives them indoors. Sure Your Honor doesn't believe in ghosts?
"I am a Highlander," said I

said I, "and none of your unbelieving Sassenachs. The Camerons have the second sight, and I have heard my mother, Elspeth Cameron, say—"
I broke off with a laugh. Was I going

to exchange superstitions with the old man? Then I would talk till midnight. "I saw the lady, Shawmus," I went, "for I rose from my bed and threw my plaid around me, and followed her till she disappeared somewhere down

back staircase."
I would have been no ghost of the Aylmers, then," he said with a curious conviction, "for no lady of the Aylmers would demean herself by going to the kitchen, dead or alive.'

hand.
"A telegram," he whispered, in low, troubled tones. "It is from Daretti." She took it from him, and the tears Tho pride of the old fellow amused that blinded her as she tried to deci-pher the few words from Adriano to herand pleased me.
"It occurs to me now," I went on, elf were tears of mingled awe and con-

'that by the fashion of her garments she would have been a living woman about the time you came first to Killmanus. Her dress belonged to fifty or sixty years ago. I have seen a picture of the Princess Clementina attired in just such a gown. It was yellow satin, looped and embroidered with pearls."

den swish, swish of silks in the great hall below me, and drew back into the shadow of the curtain that overhung the door. The ghost of the lady was ascending. I should look upon her loose at hand. Perhaps when I had seen her face in the quiet compound of she would have been a living woman "Our beloved Teodoro has gone to embroidered with pearls.'

"Your Honor got close to the ghost?"
the old fellow asked with a leer which I thought carried some apprehension.
"So close that I have easily over-Heart of Jesus, short as it is, says Father Dignam, S. J., cannot be made taken her," said I. "But 'tis no business of mine, though the fortune of war has made me the unwelcome guest of whose side we have chosen in the battle of life, but that He is there, living in the house, to spy on a lady, living or

dead. "I wish madam could hear Your Honor," said Shawmus. "She would-n't grudge you the shelter of her house Honor,

We, who murmur and repine and She would grudge it now?" chafe and fret all day long if anything goes against us, call ourselves disciples of the Sacred Heart; and yet we have " Not to Your Honor any more than not so much as the will to bear the cross, much less to love it.

the people in the valley grudge the shelter of their rooftrees to Your Honor's Highlanders. There were terrible tales before you came. The women were for hiding themselves in

the vaults of th' ould abbey."
"Alas," said I, "if others had come
in our place they would have had too

ch cause."
Would Your Honor know the ghost again if you were to see it?" asked Shawmus with the sly look which covered the fear of a timid and meek old

man.

"The garments," I returned. "I study Him in all His fullness. It keeps before us the humanity of Christ, by its most attractive and unmistakable symbol; it impresses us with some sense of the light properties of His love; it is the interpretation of His love; it the infinite perfection of His love; it

silver candlesticks.

I rose and followed him. At the invites and compels us not only to love One Who condescends to let us know the unlocked a door. The place struck chill, and the candle was but a glowworm lamp amid all that darkness

I followed him down the long, stately oom. The moon came from behind cloud and mildly illumined it. Pic tures were ranged alone the walls. There were cabinets between the long windows full of china and glass, and silver. It was well the Highlanders had come here and not the Hessians. The house had great treasures, although they never change. It has a remedy for every human evil, and it supplies every human need. It alone can "set in order the charity in us," the ruling it was falling to ruin.

Half way down the gallery Shawmus paused and lifted the light in his shaky hand. It illumined a picture.
"It is Madam Bridget," he said,

"the mother of Sir Hugh. It was painted when she was newly wed and I but newly come to Killmanus." all good, and insubordinating to this "It is the lady !" I cried, " or it is

her gown."

There was no mistaking the thick yellow silk, so closely threaded with seed-pearls, which well became that lady, ripe as a peach for all her youth. Never had I seen anything so glowing. Her cheek was the bloom of the peach where-the sun had kissed it, but her face was browner and warmer than any peach. Her hair was brown with a glow in it, almost a hint of red. Her brown eyes looked on me as though she yet lived. Indeed, as I stood there gazing in the crown candle light, the eyes seemed alive. I stared an instant. tions of those who make haste to be rich, without consideration for others. Then a sigh broke from me to think EXTERNALLY OR INTEREALLY, IT IS GOOD,
—When applied externally by brisk rubbing,
Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil opens the pores and
penetrates the tissue as few liniments do touch
ing the seat of the irouble and immediately
affording relief. Administered internally it
will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the
bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try
it and be convinced.

She died young?" I asked, as we

left the gallery.
"Scarcely older than Your Honor saw her in the picture." I was glad of it. I could not have thought of her old and

Now, night after night I lay awake listening for the lap, lap, of the lady's silks on the staircase, and the night I did not hear it was a lost night for The old house amid its woods, with the ruined abbey and its centuries of graves close by, and the wild and troubled time it was, and the mists of the winter, doubtless bred fancies: for here was I, Ronald Cameron, fast falling in me.

love with a dead woman or her ghost. I kept out of doors as long as it was possible each day, but while I visited my men and rode from picket to picket —for it was a time of war—the old house or something within it yet drew me back.

I would not think of it; yet when I came home at nightfall with the snow heavy on my plaid I was as glad as any husband coming to the kiss of a fond wife; albeit there waited for me none but the old servant, and the lonely meal in the gaunt library, so ancient and faded, and full of precious things beautiful and tarnished. I knew noth-ing of the family but what the house told me or what I gathered from the garrulity of the old servant; but I knew that it was very proud and very poor. I also knew it was suspected of disloyalty, and that the madam and her daughter were in France, and the son more than suspected of complicity in the troubles, for which heaven knows l blame him not, nor would the King's majesty have blamed him if he had known what things were done in his name in this unhappy land.

Night after night, as I sat in the

library and read or wrote, my sword on the table by me, my pistols at hand— for those were wild times—the face of Madam Bridget would come between me and the page. I fought against the possession of it. and time after time I re fused to be dragged, as my heart would have dragged me, to the picture gallery to gaze upon her face, since there was something unholy, and to be feared, I thought, in this sudden passion for

the dead.

But presently there came a proof

that the ghost lived.

One night, after I had tossed for hours, I yielded to the desire that beset me for a sight of the picture, feeling that, once I had seen it, I might per-haps sleep. I therefore rose and dressed myself, and went downstairs. It was full moon, and I knew just the when it would shine on the face of the picture, so that I needed no light.

I had gazed my fill, and was about to return to my chamber. Alas! looking on the pictured face had not assuaged my desire to behold the living woman. My heart cried out within me as I turned away because she was dead. And then I remembered old ballads my mother used to sing of unhappy knights who trysted with dead ladies in im penetrable forests, and lost their souls thereby. Yet one thing I am sure of that she was no lost soul, the gay and tender lady of the picture.

As I left the gallery I heard a sud-

den swish, swish of silks in the great hall below me, and drew back into the seen her face in the quiet composure of death I should cease to be haunted by

the face of the living woman.

Up she came, swish, swish, with her silks all rustling softly, and a light came with her. A second more and her face showed above the upper step. She carried a silver branch of three wax candles, and their light was full on her face. It was pale, paler than the face of the portrait, yet the minute I saw it I knew it was the face of no ghost, but of a warm, living woman.

Hardly had my blood begun to rush tumultuously through my veins at the knowledge than it was frozen again. Had I made an unconscious movement: "Hush!" said the lady, in the softest of whispers, and then draw back a little. Then I saw she was not alone. An

extremely handsome youth was with her, following close behind.

'Did you hear anything, Harry?' she asked in a whisper.
"Nothing, sweetheart," he replied.

'The old house was always a place for strange noises at night.' His face came into the light of the

candles. He wore his hair unpowdered, and it fell over the collar of a soldier's cloak. Under the cloak I saw a glitter of uniform: He had fine blue eyes and features of a classical delicacy and dig-nity, finely set off by his night-black hair. He looked pale and harassed, and I thought he held a hand to his side.

So much I recalled afterward, and wondered how I had carried so clear at impression from the black passion of rage and jealousy which swept over me at the sight of her lover.

As they stood there, she hesitating,

he slipped an arm about her neck. My hand went to my sword. I would have killed him without a scruple. Then her words saved him. "Your wound--" she began.

So he was wounded and unarmed. I turned away, setting my teeth, in the darkness. When I looked again they darkness. When I looke had passed up the stairs.

Now even then in the extremity of my jealousy, I did the lady no wrong. So it was a lie old Shamus had told me, and the family yet hid in the wilderness of the great house, which I had never thought to explore. So much consideration had I shown them, though I believed it empty. Doubtless they had thought the coming of the soldiery menaced them with unspeak-able things, as it had done elsewhere; and so they burrowed away from one poor Highland gentleman, who would not have hurt a hair of their heads. And the lady's lover-a rebel, doubtless-came to see her by nightfall.

I tossed on my bed sleepless till norning. I, who had not known a morning. I, who sleepless night till I came to Killmanus Abbey, found my bed that night place of torture. Indeed, my loo and the sorry breakfast I made roused the commisseration of old Shawmus, who appeared at my horse's head, as mounted with a flagon of spiced wine.

"Your Honor looks this mornsaid. ing as though you had seen a ghost." I took the wine: and it warmed me.

As I rode over the frosty ground I resolved within myself to leave which had worked so evilly upon me-there was another house of some con-sideration in the glen which would receive me, and I should be among loyalists. I had chosen Killmanus Abbey pecause the house should be safe-for When I told old Sha be quit to r lief in the your place.
I had no The fire we plenished i ocket. I firelight.

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