

grey in its pallor as he replied, in a voice hollow with some agitation—

"I don't see her, miss; there's no young lady there!"

He hurried away, and Leonard remarked that he must be drunk not to see the girl whose dress he passed so closely as to brush it in going by, and who continued to walk up and down so unconcernedly; but he vanished into his own peculiar regions, and we thought no more of it. Presently I fell into a doze, lulled by the dashing sea and whistling wind, while my companion smoked on in silence. I was awakened suddenly by a voice close at my side:—

"We shall have a rough night of it!"

That was all, but the words seemed to make a singular impression on me. I opened my eyes, and saw two sailors standing within a few feet of me. One was the same to whom I had spoken, the other one of his companions. They were in conversation, and did not notice my wide-open eyes.

"We shall have a rough night of it," said the first; "she's here!"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the paddles, which the other seemed to understand, for a frightened expression came over his face.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"God forbid!" said the other solemnly. "It wasn't me."

"Who then?"

"That lassie yonder. She asked me if I knew her."

"Then we may look out for squalls. This is the third time since I came on the boat, and each time we've had a narrow squeak for our lives."

They passed on, and I heard no more, but I lay awake wondering what they meant. That I was the lassie alluded to I had no doubt, but what did they mean? I had seen no one except the pale girl in the dark clothes, and what could she have to do with storms and rough nights? The sailor's prediction was correct; we had a rough night of it. In another hour the wind was roaring and the sea boiling and foaming in a fashion to appal stouter hearts than mine. I was forced to seek the shelter of the cabin, but ere I did so I once more caught sight of the girl I had seen before. I clung to Leonard's side to watch her, and we had to steady ourselves by holding tight to a rope to stand at all; yet she never seemed to feel the wild power of the storm in the least. Right on she came from the fore part of the ship, as she had come before, with folded arms and placid face, walking as easily as on dry land. I watched her, fascinated: I could not help it; and then sank fainting at the feet of my betrothed; for I saw what he did not. As truly as my name was Lillias Gordon, I beheld that pale girl walk straight through, not over, the side of the ship into the boiling sea below! It was no fancy, though he tried hard to persuade me that it was so, and that she had only gone out of sight. I saw it as plain as ever I saw anything in my life, and he was fain to take me to the saloon and deliver me over to the stewardess. I shrank from telling that functionary what I had seen, and passed a night of horrible imaginings, listening to the storm which raged without, and picturing that pale face and slender form battling with the raging waters. We had a dreary passage, and the next night only found us at the mouth of the Thames. It was somewhat clearer weather, and we were all enjoying the prospect of relief from our floating prison. I was on deck for a breath of air, as were most of the passengers, when my brother suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, Lilly, isn't that the girl you saw walk overboard last night—there, walking about?"

"Yes," I replied in amazement, staring at the quiet, composed-looking figure which was pacing up and down among the people, seeming to see no one, taking notice of nothing, and apparently unseen by all. I don't know why I thought of the sailor's words about rough weather, or connected them with the quiet little figure I was watching, but they would rise in my mind, and I was hardly surprised when a fog fell so thick that we were weatherbound in the river all night, and did not reach home till next morning.

There is no need to chronicle here how the time flew by till our wedding-day, or how our wedding tour was spent and enjoyed; five weeks from the time I have been telling of I became Leonard Bentley's wife, and left England with him to spend what there was left of summer on the continent. When winter set in we were once more in London, "doing all the sights," as he laughingly said; and I, whose childhood had been passed in a remote Scotch town far away from theatres or any places of amusement, was specially delighted with the gorgeous pantomimes. One after another we saw, till Leonard used to declare he should never be able to see anything but red and blue fire all his life long. We had seen all the West-End theatres, and were one night at quite the other end of London, at a place where the entertainment was quite as gorgeous, lacking nothing to make it equal to the others, save the refinement which constitutes the great charm at the more aristocratic places of amusement. I don't remember what the opening was about, pretty as it seemed to me; of course there were the usual demons and mortals persecuted and otherwise, and the proper complement of gauzy fairies to dance and wave white arms for the delectation of the audience. I watched it all with interest, till one of the principal fairies came forward to dance alone. I knew her in an instant, and touched my husband's elbow.

"Look there, Leonard," I said; "don't you know her?"

"Who?"

"That girl there, the one we saw on board the Argyleshire."

"So it is, by Jove!" he exclaimed, "and very pretty she is; something different from what she looked then."

She was indeed radiant and handsome, with a piquant expression on her face, very different from what it had looked on that stormy night. "She was cold and miserable then," was Leonard's comment on my remark to that effect, and I thought no more about it. We saw her again in the transformation scene, the centre figure of a dazzling group, her long curls falling over her shoulders, and her fair face radiant in the glare of many-coloured fires. Still I could not suppress a strange shuddering feeling as I looked at her and thought of that night, and I told my husband jokingly that I should always think she was a ghost till I had seen her close to me.

"You think she's no canny, as your country folks say," he replied laughingly. "I'll warrant her flesh and blood now, whatever she was that night. However, you shall see her: I'll take you behind. When I dabbled in authorship I once had a farce accepted here, and I'll try if my name's an 'open sesame' still. It may be."

It was, and we went round—"behind" is the technical term—and for the first and last time in my life I was introduced to the world of mystery behind the scenes. I was presented to the pompous, portly manager, and stares in astonishment at the pink legs, and short petticoats of the tripping fairies, who seemed to my uninitiated eyes to be trembling on the verge of indecorum. Leonard told Mr. Rogers, the king of the busy community, of our encounter with one of his young ladies at sea, of the storm, and of my most extraordinary fancy. He laughed aloud at the idea.

"Miss Hazleton's no ghost," he said merrily. "She's flesh and blood, and pretty substantial too. Here she comes."

She passed us so closely that her dress brushed mine, and I had a full view of her. There could be no mistake; it was the same face, the same figure, the same long curling hair, but with a very different look. The set stony expression was gone, though under the stereotyped smile I fancied I could detect a sadness rarely seen on a young face. She was introduced to us, and I remarked that I had seen her before.

"I suppose on the stage?" she remarked. "We are known to a great many of whom we know nothing."

"Oh, no!" I replied, "on the stage; I took a journey with you some weeks ago from Scotland."

She drew her breath in a quick gasp, and it

was evidently with an effort that she answered me—

"I have never been in Scotland, and it is more than a year since I was out of London."

"But where you not on board the Argyleshire in—?"

She would not let me finish the sentence, but answered me at once in a tone which was almost a wail in its sadness.

"Oh, no, no! I never was on the sea!"

It struck me she might have some reason for wishing to deny the fact, and I said no more, and other matters soon drove the recollection of the pretty dancer out of my head. Several weeks elapsed, and we were finally settled in our London home, when one morning I received a letter which cleared up the mystery. It was rather above what I should have expected from a ballet-girl in style and diction, but I will give it as it came to me:—

"Royal Brunswick Theatre, Wednesday.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hope you will pardon my addressing you at all, but I cannot help feeling that you must have regarded me as very unscrupulous about truth. I am sure my manner when you spoke of having seen me before must have conveyed such an idea. But what you told me so agitated me that I hardly knew what I was saying. I told you the truth when I said I had never been on the sea or in Scotland. It was not me you saw, but—I hardly know how to express it—my sister, and yet not my sister—she is gone for ever—but a remembrance of her which has been seen on board the Argyleshire more than once. You will think this very strange, but I can only tell you what is true. I had a twin sister—how dear to me I could not tell in the compass of twenty letters—and three years ago she sailed for Scotland alone in that terrible ship. How she met her death I never clearly know; there was a terrible storm, and the Argyleshire reached Granton with the poor ballet-girl missing. Washed over-board was the story that came to me from all, and I have been alone in the world since then. The ship comes and goes, and my heart aches every time I hear the name. You are the second person who has told me I have been seen on board, and I should like, if you would not think me troublesome, to hear all about it. I told Mr. Rogers, and he said he thought I might take the liberty of writing to you. I am, Madam, yours respectfully,

"AMINA HAZLETON."

So the mystery was solved. I had seen or fancied a visitant from another sphere, and if I fancy, how came other people to imagine the same? I saw Miss Hazleton frequently from that time, and found her a very superior girl for her station in life. I had ample proof that her story was true, for Leonard took the trouble to make all inquiries about her antecedents. It was not her I saw, and her sister was dead, as every one knew. It has served me for a story to tell my children many a time and oft, and now I put it in print for the first time, and leave other people to draw what conclusions they like from this true story of what I saw on board the Argyleshire.

"THE RIGHT TO FLY."

M. NADAR is known to the world through his "Giant" balloon; but he is determined that his fame shall rest upon something far more wonderful than the "Giant." And certainly, if M. Nadar succeeds in reducing his theory of the "Right to Fly" to practice, he will prove himself one of the most famous men that ever lived. He himself entertains no doubt whatever of the successful application of his theory, although he is perfectly aware of what he is exposing himself to at the hands of a sceptical public. Let him speak for himself:—

"As to ourselves personally, we consider the question of human flight as solved from the mere fact of its having been posed.

"For whenever man, for the satisfaction of his wants, has sought to imitate Nature, he has equalled, and often surpassed his model.

"He did not possess the four swift legs of the horse, the stag, or the greyhound: yet with the