

"Clem," she said that evening to her cousin, feeling that she must confide in some one, "I saw Mr. Vanstone to-day, he is evidently awfully angry still about that—that affair, for he wouldn't speak to me. I think you might do something to put things straight, seeing that it was you who first put it into my head to accuse him."

Clement was eminently good natured, added to which his affections were turned in another direction than that of his cousin, so jealousy was out of the question.

"But I don't see what I can do. It is a ridiculous business anyway. What an awful muddle ghosts make when they take to meddling in material matters!" Then suddenly, "Ned is all right, Rosamond, for when I told him about the letter last spring, he laughed and said, 'Bless her heart, what a little goose!' Yes, I remember his saying it."

Rosamond colored, and was silent.

Next morning at breakfast, Clement remarked, "I saw Ned in the village last night, and I told him you were in a pretty state of mind about the way you had treated him."

"Oh, Clement!"

"That was all right, wasn't it? He wants an apology, he says."

"If he had waited yesterday, he would have had one, however, I will write him one. How exacting he is!" she added, irritably.

"No, it must be verbal, he says, and he wants you to meet him at the old white house at five o'clock this afternoon."

"What a very unnecessary and foolish proceeding!" said Rosamond, freezing. Then, after a moment's pause, "However, as I was in the wrong, I'll go."

That afternoon, on her way to the old house, Rosamond called in at the post office for her mail. It came in at different hours, for the stage driver who brought it, like everyone else at Calanousie, consulted only himself concerning times and seasons.

Horror upon horrors! Her mysterious correspondent, after six months' silence, was to the fore again. Her hand trembled so visibly and her face went so white when the letter was handed to her, that the clerk looked at her in surprise. She began to falter in her resolve to go to the house, surely it must be Ned Vanstone after all. If it were not—a nameless, superstitious dread crept over her. It was all so strange, so weird. She opened the note.

Miss FERRIER (it ran):—I thought that you were a person of reliability, I find I am mistaken. If you could not execute my commission, common honesty should have compelled you to return the enclosure by my messenger, who called for the photos and was told you had left. However, you are welcome to the money if it is of service to you. I will trouble you no further.

This was terrible. Dignified condensation from this ghostly writer was almost more than she could bear. Rosamond, used to retaliation all her life, felt at her wits' end.

"Why didn't I leave the photos for the messenger? What an idiot I have been all along," she cried. She could think of

nothing else when she reached the cottage. Quite forgetting to look for Ned Vanstone she went through the gate, and walked up and down over the long, dry grass, reading and re-reading every line in that short epistle, as if between the lines she might read the writer's name.

After awhile she became aware of the fact that the sunset light had faded into twilight and the grass was wet with dew. The lonely house loomed before her, out of a thick, white mist.

"Oh, why isn't he here?" she cried, and she made a run towards the gate. Suddenly she paused, paralyzed with fear, for standing by the seat, where Ned had once plucked the rose, stood the bent figure of a tall old man, in a long grey coat!

Rosamond gave a cry of alarm, then gathered up her strength and ran quaking past him, through the gate, out into the road, and full tilt against a young man who was walking briskly along.

"Oh, Mr. Vanstone," she cried, "why didn't you come before? I have been so frightened. I—I—there's a ghost in that garden."

Poor Rosamond! she behaved very unlike a heroine.

"A ghost!" echoed Ned's cheery voice. He picked up a stick and flourished it, "Come and point it out, I'm equal to half a dozen ghosts."

"No, no, come back."

"I was detained at the last moment, and could not get here before," went on Ned, then laughingly, "How about the apology?"

"Oh, yes, I am so sorry about it," said poor Rosamond, "but really the old man in that garden has frightened all the apology out of me. He was so—so unexpected." She was still trembling all over, unnerved with her fright; she tried to pull herself together. "It was all a dreadful mistake, Mr. Vanstone. I am going away to-morrow, I am so glad we part friends."

"Friends!" echoed Ned. His thoughts were too intent on another subject to spend much time on the object of her fears. It was nearly dark, perhaps it was that which made him so bold, coupled with the thought that she was leaving so soon, "Friends, is that all? Miss Ferrier, I don't know what you will think of me—you know so little of me—but you must forgive me for telling you how very unhappy that little quarrel has made me."

"And yet," said Rosamond, who was rapidly rallying, "Clement said you were laughing about it." She spoke rather reproachfully.

"Well, I could not well cry about it before Clement, though really that would have been more in accordance with my feelings. The fact is, Miss Ferrier (it may as well all come out), I liked and admired you so much that I thought perhaps as time went on—I was concoited enough to think that we might someday perhaps be something more than friends."

Rosamond was silent, evidently in deep thought.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" he said, "Well, I will not ask you to say much. Our friendship continues, may I

write, or if I am in your neighborhood, may I call?"

Rosamond looked up, and her thoughts found vent.

"I cannot imagine," she said, rather irrelevantly but with utmost simplicity, "what you could possibly see in me to admire, last spring. I seemed to be always hot, and always dusty, I was wearing out my old clothes, and when I was not carrying that camera about, I was up to the eyes in tanning and fixing solutions."

"That was it—that was it," said Ned rather excitedly. "You were so desperately honest and in earnest—you put on no style and made no pretention. You had your work to do, and you did it, so evidently never looking for admiration. If you had been a summer girl lounging in a hammock, all over frills, and making eyes at me, I should not have looked at you twice. But do answer, may I call?"

A happy idea struck Rosamond.

"I wish to be friends—yes. Find out who my mysterious correspondent is, and bring me word."

"I have already found that out. It was old Dr. McGregor who has been living all these years at the Scotch Bush, some twenty miles from here—the old man whom I once told you lived in the white house. Do you remember that day?"

"Yes," said Rosamond, softly. Then she added, "It must have been he in the garden to-night."

"Undoubtedly he was the ghost. But Rosamond, I may call all the same?"

"I am sure mother would be pleased to see you," said Rosamond demurely.

It was too dark for her to see the smile which flitted over her companion's lips, but he was evidently greatly encouraged.

The next morning, just before Rosamond's train started, Ned Vanstone appeared on the platform, valise in hand. In nowise abashed, he told her that he had ascertained the time of her starting, and having business in her direction, he took the opportunity of attending to it that day. When they reached Rosamond's destination he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Ferrier, who had come to meet her daughter at the station, and managed so well, that he was installed at the house as a friend of the family.

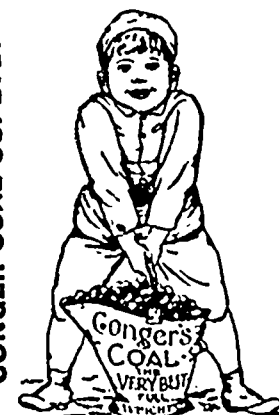
The next thing of any importance to be recorded of Rosamond was that she and her mother were making rather extensive purchases in the dress line, conspicuous amongst which were a white gown and some orange blossoms.

Old Dr. McGregor duly received the photographs. Nay, more than that, there one day visited the lonely old man in his log shanty in the depths of the Scotch Bush, a kindly, cheery young man, and a pretty, bright-eyed girl, who came in person to apologize. A brighter day dawned for old Dr. McGregor, for the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and cheered his declining years.

Most persons have a prejudice against anonymous letters, but there are three people who never breathe a word against them—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vanstone, and old Dr. McGregor. The latter was much interested when he heard that the result of his mysterious commission, had been a wedding. So strangely do shadow and sunlight intertwine in life!

THE END.

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