

And night after night, so surely as the waves beat against the rocky crag of Dunmorton does the tall pale lady come, always as the clock strikes twelve, no matter who the guests may be. Doors may be barred, every precaution taken, nothing can prevent her entrance.

It comes to pass that after a time gay visitors from London decline The McAllister's invitations, even the splendid shooting of the Glen does not compensate them for the shock to their nerves caused by The McAllister spectre, as they call it. Noël is left much alone, but he has Dunmorton, its broad lands and vast revenues. For these he bartered his honor, his integrity. By his own rule he should be happy, for all his early ambitions are fulfilled. But in truth he has very little happiness or real satisfaction in his prosperity, and there are few even of his poorest neighbors who would care to change places with the "haunted laird."

Far away across the sea, removed from the din and bustle of their busy London lives, for two months in every year, Marie and Eugène Lacroix make their home at Father Point. Although the famous prima donna has retired from public life, still, on the occasion of pilgrim-