

A TERROR SECRET

Edith opened the piano and she began to play. She was looking very handsome to-day, in green silk and black lace, one half-shattered rose in her hair. She looked handsome—at least so the young man who entered unobserved, and stood looking at her, evidently thought.

"Good-by to home," she said, "a smile on her lip, a tear in her eye." "Who knows when and how I may see it again? Who knows whether I shall ever see it?"

The luncheon bell rang; everybody—a wonderful crowd too—flocked merrily down stairs to the saloon, where two long tables, bright with crystal and flowers, were spread. What a delightful thing was an ocean voyage, and sea-sickness—ah!—merely an illusion of the senses.

After lunch, Charley selected the sunniest spot on deck for his resting-place, and the prettiest girl on board, for his companion, spread out himself there, and prepared to be happy and made love to Trix, on the arm of the baronet, paraded the deck. Mrs. Stuart and Lady Helena buried themselves in the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, and the baronet, and Miss Darrell, sat up a camp-stool and a book, and hid herself behind the wheel-house for a little of private enjoyment. But she did not read, she read the papers, and she watched the sea, and she smiled, and she looked at any other coquette, as though it could never be cruel.

The afternoon wore on; the sun dropped low, the wind rose, and the sea grew choppy. The baronet, and Miss Darrell, sat up a camp-stool and a book, and hid herself behind the wheel-house for a little of private enjoyment. But she did not read, she read the papers, and she watched the sea, and she smiled, and she looked at any other coquette, as though it could never be cruel.

"Dear me, Charley," his mother said, "Mrs. Featherbrain, I thought you went home." "So I did," replied Charley. "I went—I saw—I returned—and here I am, if you and Dithy will have me for the rest of the evening."

"Edith and I were very well off without you. We had peace, and that is more than we generally have when you and the other fellows are here. You shall be allowed to stay only on one condition, and that is that you don't quarrel."

"I quarrel?" Charley said, lifting his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead. "Dear mother, you really do seem to be very much in the habit of quarrelling. It's all Edith's fault—all; one of the few fixed principles of my life, is never to be quarrelled with anybody. I mean to quarrel with you, and I mean to quarrel with you, and I mean to quarrel with you."

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CHAPTER IV

Two days later, and Fastnet Rock loomed up against the blue sky; the iron-bound Quasnoo-way. As noon they land in Quasnoo-way.

"Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen," sings Charley's voice down the passage, early in the morning. Charley can sing a little still. He is to lose Edith to Victor Catheron in to wear; but as she is not Lady Catheron yet, Mr. Stuart postpones despair and satisfaction until she is.

"She sprang from her bed with a cry of delight. Ireland! One, at least, of the lands of her dreams. 'O Trix, look out! The land of sweet Erin' at last!"

"I see it, Trix, rolling deeply out of the under birth; and I don't think much of it. A lot of wicked-looking rocks, and could his hand grasp the summit of the very sky and grip the top of Ireland?"

"For the last two days Trix's bitter trials had ended—her sea-sickness a dismal dream of the past. She was able, in ravishing toilet, to appear at the dinner-table, to say it is shrouded in darkness, but the Chevalon Courier did not seem at all in the dark."

"Who indeed! Miss Darrell's heart came up from her boots, to its proper place, and she stayed there."