The man bowed with the elaborate politeness of the colored hotel func-'He is in the clerk's office registering his name. I will tell him you wish to see him. Have a seat, miss."

She had only a mortent to wait. She spent it in trying to put her sudden It had flashed upon her like an inspiration that her opportunity to escape might come through this stranger with the odd ways and the gentle smile. He came in. He was saying to the

servant : "A ladee to see me ? T'ere must be some mistake," when she rose from her corner, and approached him. His eyes lighted at once. "Ah! it is my kind ladee who helped

me at t'e landing." he exclaimed. Irma held out the pocket-book. 'I came to bring you this," she said. I found it on the ground where you

I put my heart at your feet. Tis leetle book"—hugging it to him—"I would not lose it for t'ousands of dollars. Not for t'e monee it hold. Ah, no ; it haf a picture of my sweet Blanche-t'e she not be here long. She is lack a broke lily. Look here, ma'm'selle." took a little photograph card from the pocket-book and handed it to

t'e fire. I love t'e fire; it is full of cheer and good heart. I haf a leetle fire in my room all t'e round year." Irma sat down, and looked at the pictured face on the card. It was a singular face; that of a girl, almost a child. with her child's innocent weetness, but with an unchildish look of sadness and thoughtfulness in the large blue eyes and white brow. A half smile was on the lovely mouth, hiding the lines that suffering had made about it

"So one might fancy the angels met her at the gate.
look," Irma said, gazing steadfastly at "So you had your

girl," he answered, sighing softly, as he took the card, and returned it to its place in the book. "My child is veree sweet. It is sad to see her nevare walk any more alway in her roller-chair, and alway readee to smile for me. But pale-more pale everee day, and eyes tell me she need young companee. Our place is very lonelee—way off from railroad and town; few families, big sugare plantations-you know how it ees in t'e rich bayou countree, ma'm'-My child ees almost alone in t'e big house. T'ere is no one to keep her in heart. She loves music, and I go to t'e citee, not so much to sell my Elanche and to be companee for her. One ladee was recommend to me, and pay her landladee, and pay her passage up, and behold, when we come so far as here, she lief me, she vaneesh. She say not one word, not even 'Goodgentleman. I was tired of my bargain.' You ask me what for she treat me so? I do not know. Her heart fail her, I suppose; she can not took me for one rich old fool, and t'ought it would be good to marree me, and haf me dead soon, and lief her a lifted the cup to her lips. fine widow. She talk veree sweet to me last night on t'e deck. She ask me great many questions, and she find I haf noting; all is Blanche's, left to her by her rich auntee. Tohands, and shrugged his shoulders,

Will you take me in her place?" she asked abruptly. "I can teach music. I do not care for the loneliness of the place, I will be glad to go." He looked at her in surprise.

You?" he said. "But you are already engaged-in one nice familee, too, and t'ey are well pleaset weet you. Your eyes ask me how I know. A person told me-Judge Breyer-a fine man. He was in t'e hack wit me; he saw you so kind to me on t'e wharf. Did he not tell me true?"

"Yes, it is true," Irma answered. "I am employed in Colonel Fontency's family, and they seem well satisfied with me; but there are reasons why I wish to leave the place at once, pri-

He looked at her shrewdly. "For eenstance," he said, nodding his head, which, with its burden of wavy-grey hair, seemed too heavy for his slender neck. "For censtance, Colonel Fontenoy has a son."

'I see Judge Breyer has told you," e said. "Yes, Colonel Fontenoy has a son, who has asked me to marry His parents have other views for him.
They have been too kind to me for me
to repay them with ingratitude. Besides, I do not want to enter a family unless they can receive me with willingness. Young Fontenoy was almost engaged to a girl when I came—a girl in his own station of life—his mother's choice. If I were away he would go back to her, and his parents would rejoice. I wish to go, will you not not take me with you?"
"Come here," he said. "Come nearer to me."

She came and sat down on a hassock at his feet. He laid his long, delicately shaped hand on her head, and looked at her intently. "I t'ink you will be good to my lestle girli" he said pre-sently. "Tes, I will take you wit' me and be most glad. I hope you will not run away lack Ma'm'selle Frazier. I will wait here one day till you get readee. I had t'ought to go to-night. I haf been so leng time away from Blanche, and she look for me so. I know she sit and look out over t'e bayou for me everee day."
"Oh! do not stay here a day an hour

"Oh! do not stay here a day, an hour, on my account," Irma cried, eagerly. "I would like nothing better than to Wit'out saying adieu to your

"I do not want them to know. go away secretly."
makes t'at?" he asked, Irma could not tell him all. She would involve a betrayal of her secret

"I do not wish Mr. Bert Fontency to now where I am gone. It is likely know where I am gone. It is likely he would follow me, and I want him to put me out of his mind." 'You do not love him, then? Oh! pardon, I had no beesiness to ask," he added. hurriedly; but he had noticed her change of color. There are claims upon one's actions

higher than love," she answered. He nodded his head. 'We will go to-night," he said. will tell you how we s'all manage. I haf my carriage and horses here in t'e public stable, where I have lef t'em nine days ago on my way to t'e citee. will ordare t'e carriage—let me seet is now nearly six o'clock—two hours from now. . My road lie reeght by t'e Fontenoy place, and I will play on my flute, 'Hear me, Norma," as I pass, and Norma s'all hear and come. carriage s'all wait at t'e foot of t'e You will have some baggage?" Only this satchel, which I will carry

under my mantle.' "T'at is well. You will not need Up in t'e attic at my house t'ere are boxes on boxes of t'ings for ladees to wear. My Blanche haf one maiden aunt—veree good, but a leetle eccentreec. She haf a passion for clothes. She buy heaps of finery, and put it away. It is all t'ere, as when she died. You can cut and make w'at you plees, ma'm'selle. My Blanche weet orly w'ite w'ite all t'e time weear only w'ite-w'ite all t'e timelike her name.

"You are very kind," Irma said. do not know how to thank you. You will take me so-without any recom-

"I haf t'e best letter of recommending your face, ma'm'selle," he said, with his odd little bow and smile. "You take me so, too, at a venture. You do not even know my name. But I haf hear yours, and veree good name it ees-Mees Aimee Brazeale . Now I am Emile Prudhomme-at your ser-Remember, when you s'all hear t'e flute in t'e strain of 'Hear me, Norma,' you s'all come to t'e foot of At eight o'clock, ma'm'selle."

'I will be there. "And we weel go fast, fast lack young Lochinvar. To t'ink, at my time of life, I weel be running away wit' a young ladee. Ma'm'selle, do you need any monee?—any advance on your salaree?" he corrected, seeing her face flush.

"None. I have no debts. take no salary until I earn it," she answered. "I must go now; but you will find me punctual. I thank you You have done me a great

"T'e favor is all to me. I am glad from my heart to meet wit' you, my dear ladee," he answered, bowing over her hand. "Adieu—au revoir." Vane saw Irma leave the hotel, and walk away in the direction of Live Oaks. Hope had sprung in her breast

once more. Her step was light. "What abundant vitality there is in her!" thought Vane, as he watched the swiftly gliding figure, and followed "She has had trials it at a distance. enough in her young life to crush a dozen ordinary women; but her step shows the bouyancy of spirit that is not broken or bent. It is the elas-

ticity of genius. She is no ordinary woman, and it will be no ordinary triumph to have her belong to mebody and soul-as she shall." In half an hour, Irma was at Live Oaks. The sun had set, and the afterglow was fading. Maddie and Git-up "So you had your walk, and it has made your cheeks like the 'red, red rose,'" said Madcap. "Oh! I am happy, Miss Aimee. Your new magazine has has come, and so has John; and we'll have a good time in the library after

supper. You shall read aloud until you are tired, and then Mr. Harold shall play the guitar, and you and he shall sing together. Supper is nearly ready. Run up and smooth your hair, and let me escort you to the table." The evening meal, which would have been dinner in fashionable city circles, was supper here, as nearly everywhere else in the South. At Live Oaks, it was a most enjoyable repast. room, with its warm-tinted walls, and cheerful pictures, its bright table, with the intelligent, kindly faces around it, had never seemed so pleasant to Irma as on this evening, when she sat here for the last time. She had entered with Maddie. Dr. John gave her a hearty hand-shake, and Mrs. Fontenoy smiled affectionately upon her, while

'What good news did you hear this evening to make your eyes so bright? never saw them so brilliant." she

she praised her looks

Vane, who was taking his seat oppo site her, thought so too. But if her walk had improved her looks, it had not benefited her appetite. She drank her tea, and eat a little toast. noticed that her hand trembled as she 'Now come into the library; I have

cut the magazine leaves, and lighted Vane," Maddie said, as she stood, when supper was over, between John and He threw out his Irma, holding a hand of each.

"And who is to play chess with me, I'd like to know?" asked Mr. Fontenoy. "I had counted on you, Vane, or Miss Aimee to-night."

"I'll try a game with you, colonel though I'm a poor adversary compared to Aimee," said Vane, who found it good policy to keep in favor with his host. But he kept an eye upon Irma, and through the curtained door he saw her safely seated in the library with the magazine in her hand, before he took his place at the round table in the sitting-room opposite. Mr. Fontenoy be-gan to arrange the ivory chess-men on the board

Irma went to the window, and listened a moment before she began to read. She struggled against her nervousness, but her voice was husky and uncertain, and she paid little attention to stops. She looked up every little while at the clock, when the hour hand was near pointing at eight.

Maddie was usually a good listener, but she was very tired to-night. She had risen early and ridden home from Grobeck befor sunrise, and she had tramped across the pasture to find poor Betty, the cow. She laid her head on the table, because, as she affirmed, she could listen best "with one In ten minutes, she was Irma laughed when looked up and saw the closed eyes. "It is as well," she said; "for I am not fit to read aloud this evening. have a dull, hot feeling in my I will walk on the piazza a little while for the fresh air.'

She went out and stood at the upper and of the veranda, listening, while her fingers played with the white flower clusters of the tall oleander that overtopped the balustrade. At last, she heard the flute-signal, but at a distance. She went back into the room. "I believe I will say good-night," she said to John; and she gave him her

hand. Her fingers were cold, and "You are quite right to retire so early," he said. "You are nervous. Let me give you a few drops of bro-mide."

there were tears in her eyes when she bent over the sleeeping Maddie. She kissed the girl on her round cheek; she laid by her the white flower she had just gathered. "Good-night, sweet child," she whispered, and glided away.

She did not go to her room. She went softly through the hall, out on the plazza, and down the broad steps. She found her satchel where she had hidden it among the large leaved hydrangea plants that grew by the side of the steps.

On her way down the large leaved hydrangea plants that grew by the side of the steps.

On her way down the walk she glanced back and saw, through the

ack his hair, as though listening. Had he heard the flute-signal? Would he ect her flight? She hardly feared He thought her safe in the library,

If he should ask about her, Dr. John would tell him she had retired. They would not miss her until morninguntil after breakfast, probably. had locked her door, and put the key where it would not immediately be seen. She reached a turn in the road that would hide Live Oaks from her sight. She turned around for one last look at it. The lights gleamed through the stately trees. Her heart swelled with bitter emotion, and she stretched out

her arms in farewell.
"Dear abode," she whispered, "where I have known sorrow and known hap-piness, and love that I can never know again-good-bye forever!

She drove back her tears, and ran quickly down the hill. At its foot, she saw the waiting carriage. As she drew near it, the door was thrown open, and an arm stretched out to help her in. "So Norma haf hear my prayer," the musical voice of the little creole gentleman. Laughing softly, ne assisted her to a seat opposite him, and carefully tucked the afghan about

"Now go, Alphonse," he said to the mulatto driver. "Go lack t'e deevil be after you. Now, Mees Aimee,

Lochinvar ees off.
"'T'ere be fleet steeds t'at follow.'" She laughed hysterically. The next instant she leaned her face against the oushioned window-frame of the carriage, and sobbed heart-brokenly. Her new friend made no attempt to console her; but presently, when they were out of hearing of Live Oaks, and the speed of the horses had slackened, he began to play upon his flute-soft airs that soothed with their gentle

He played on and on as the strong iron-grays bore them on through the balmy night-now in the shadow of unbroken woods, now in the light of the moon, as they passed broad cultivated fields and quiet homesteads. Irma's tears had ceased to flow. She leaned back on the soft cushions, and tried to school herself into accepting her destiny with cheerfulness. The music fell more and more sooth

ingly upon her; and, after awhile, M. omme ceased to play, and said, 'She ees asleep. Poor chile! She haf left her heart behin' her, most liklee. But she weel find a new heart-pretty scon. T'ese maidens always do.

CHAPTER XIII.

That night-ride across the strange country—Irma never forgot it. Through woods and grassy plains, past cultivated fields and brown farm-houses, wrapped in repose, and over bridges that spanned sluggish streams of dark water. The horses made good progress, though their gait was only an easy

M. Prudhomme leaned back in the carriage and hummed low a little French love song. Irma slept at length, pillowed on his cloak, which he had folded and put under her head. She started presently from a dream, with a half-uttered exclamation of terror.
She ad seemed to be wandering alone, wandering over hill and through valley, weary, but with glad feeling in her heart, "I am leaving it all behind—the old scenes, the old life. I am leaving them behind." Ever as she went the perspective seemed shut in gray mist. Suddenly the mist grew rosy and lumihand clasped hers, and his voice said in her ear

We will begin and are far behind With a sense of great peace and loy All at once she saw the mist darken. Then it parted, and there loomed before her the tall, dismal old house of her birth and sorrow-the house Black Bayou. Shuddering she clung to her love, but his arm felt like a skeleton's. She looked at him again. It was no longer Bertrand at her It was a yellow, wasted figure with a red scar across the throat. The small keen eyes were Solon Vanhorn's, and they shone malignantly as he

She started up with a smothered cry. Prudhomme was sitting bolt upright, looking at her, by the light of the carriage lamp. What had she the carriage lamp. What had she uttered aloud? It seemed to her she

"My sin-it has found me out!" There was a strange look in the eyes e—a look that trans-e face. He leaned of M. Prudhomme igured his whole face. prward and touched her hand with his slender, pale fingers.

"And you too have bad dreams?" he why, she hardly could have told. They expressed a subtle understanding-a sympathy with the sorrow that is born of sin. Could he suspect her secret? Was he other than the simple, odd, kindly soul he seemed? That look just now seemed to open another vista And his question? It was spoken in French, with a certain melanchoiy intonation, altomusical. gether different from his quaint broken English.

Presently he spoke again, and this time also in French.
"Look," he said, waving his hand outside the carriage window. have come to the largest town we have See its scattered lights. All is still but the river that mutters hoarsely under the bridge, and bears its black waters on—on like a doomed soul urged by Fate."

His dark, sallow face looked almost

tragic in the dim light. He drew the traveling cap over his eyes, and leaned back on his seat. Whether he slept or mused Irma could not tell. She looked out of the carriage window, and saw the moon go down, and presently the stars grew paler, and only the larger lights twinkled above. Then the sky grew opaline, and streaks of rose and mber veined the east. The morning broke over a prairie of

short grass and yellow-flowered weeds. A herd of mustang ponies was grazing at a little distance from the carriage They threw up their heads and gazed at the vehicle and the tired horses a moment, and then galloped off with

Cultivated fields began to appear and then a dark, old-looking building, surrounded by venerable pear-trees, "Here we shall rest and get some fresh horses," said M. Prudhomme and he explained that this place be-longed to him, and that it was to visit it and looked after the crops of his tenants that he had come in his carriage across the country instead of going all the way to the city by way of the river and in a steamboat.

"But you do not live upon the river?" Irma asked quickly. "You said your home was very secluded." "The vulture's nest is not more seculded," he answered in French, half smiling, but looking at her with that new meaning and sympathy in his eyes, which she did not like. It was as though he guessed she had some more secret wish to bury herself in solitude than she had confessed to him.

They were in front of the old house with its large, shady yard. Under the trees and on the steps and upon the low plazza were children, chickens, geese and dogs, to say nothing of a patriarchal old goat that stood gazing solemnly at the new arrivals. To this miscellaneous collection of live stock breakfast was being dealt out by a pretty, quick eyed, brown-skinned little matron in a loose blue calico gown. She poured a mass of creamy clabber and broken bread into a wooden

window of the bright sitting-room, Vane seated before the chess-board. As she ooked, he lifted his head and shook a favorite dog at his elbow. Then the little woman threw bread to the chickens and cackling geese. She was feed-ing a choice morsel to the bearded patriarch, when she spied the carriage. She ran to the gate and opened it,

"It is Monsieur Prudhomme come back so soon, and he has a charmante young ladee wit' him. Entrez, mad-emoiselle and monsieur. You s'all haf a cup of cafe noir and some fresh leetle poullet eggs in two, t'ree minutes. You

must be hungry as cats."

She led the way into the dining-room, which was the kitchen also, it seemed.

A little maid with a head of tousled curls, was turning pancakes on a griddle before a cracking fire of china-tree limbs-the wood most in use on the prairies, where the china-tree, being

of rapid growth, is planted for fuel.

"Sit down and eat one of Zeline's cake. See, I drop t' pretty poullet eggs in t' boilin' kettle. Jaques will come from his field in very few minutes. He has had no breekfas," prattled the little madam, flying around in her loose blue cotton frock, merry in her loose blue cotton frook, merry

After breakfast. Irma walked about under the trees and found some late pears, sweet and shriveled, on the low-spreading boughs. She had stopped hind a ruined grape-trellis and was watching a hive of bees when she saw the slender, swarthy Jacques coming from the field. He entered by the back way, where M. Prudhomme was lying on a lounge on the veranda, with his traveling cap pulled over his eyes. He welcomed his guest, and the two exchanged some commonplace remarks; then the tenant asked: "How did you and Vanhorn make it? Did you get the money for the cotton

The other's white teeth gleamed as he pulled his tawny mustache "Van got ahead of you then,"he said. When he came here two weeks ago he told me-"Never mind what he told you. Don't mention his name to me," Prudhomme

I shipped to your merchant?"

interrupted, finishing his sentence with a French oath. Irma knew they must be speaking of Solon Vanhorn's brother—the man who vas hunting her down. The half-eaten ear fell from her fingers. Must she hear that name wherever she should She felt as might the flying deer, half fancying himself safe, catches a note of the pursuing pack

borne upon the wind. After two hours' rest in the cottage on the prairie's edge, they started again with fresh horses. The claycolored mustangs were small, but strong and active. They did not break their rapid trot all day. The way lay, as before, through stretches of virgin woods, past fields and dilapidated farmhouses, and down into damp, deliber, shaded hollows, threaded by sluggish

listlessly watched the changing landscape. She took no note of the direction in which they were going. Her ideas of distances and directions were very vague, as was her practical knowledge of the geography even of her own State. She believed she was being borne into the security of some interior solitude at a distance from the old home that she hated for its miserassociations and from the new home that could no longer be a shelter for her. She was going away from the but forbidden love of Bert Fontenoy. There was bitterness in the last thought, but she had nerved herself to bear it. There seemed no longer any hope for her except to drag out her days in the safest hiding-place she could find, and still wear the mask of

the dead Aimee.

The face of the country seemed to firm to grow wilder and more lonely looking. Swamps and streams were more frequent. The bayous were most of them unbridged, but the mustangs forded them gallantly, the water often rippling over their backs.

was near sunset when the taciturn black driver suddenly broke out into a song that sounded like an Irish Lugubrious as was the tune the burden of the song seemed to be that he could see the smoke of his home

"Alphonse scents the corn-cake and coffee of his cabin," said M. Prud-"We will soon see the old

"The Grenadier?" Irma questioned. "That is the name of the place to which I am bearing my captive princess," he answered in his low, musical "Why it is called the Grenadier I will show you presently. They were traversing rich "bottom On one hand were broad cot-

ton fields, white with opened bolls. On the other were grounds inclosed by a thick, unpruned hedge of osage orange. A few fruit trees and Cape myrtle in scant blossom were interspersed with the wild growth of sycamore, pecan and ash trees, tangled up with vines of the bamboo and wild grape. Another hedge divided this hybrid growth from the orchard proper-acres of straggling fig, pear and apple trees in various stages of growth and decay. A collection of negro cabins could be seen on the other side of the orchard, and presently, as the ponies trotted on as spiritedly as though just harnessed, M. Prud-

"The Grenadier-behold him!" Two houses came in sight—one con-derably in the rear of the other. The one in front was an ordinary square wooden building, unpainted and gloomylooking. The other was a strange, uncanny structure. It rose from a mass of dark cedars. It was old and half dilapidated. In shape it was like a square tower—narrow and tall, and set high above the ground upon pillars mulfiled in ivy. Afterward Irma knew that it was built of cypress—indestructible almost as iron—but moss and mold had so covered and blackened he was that the original material before the guessed. More than half the molecular than the fancied to resemble arms. The sharp pointed to cover boxed something like a soldier's seemet. Standing against the darkening purple sky the tower bore resemquare tower-narrow and tall, and set ing purple sky the tower bore resemnes to a signatic military upright

been built by an ancestor, who was arraid of overflows, and that it was abandoned as a residence long ago; that it was inhabited by rats and bats, and by a huge rattlesnake, which had been heard and occasionally seen in vanishing slimpses.

"He has rattles as long as my hand," said M. Prudhomme, holding up that slim, long member, "and his battle tocsin strikes terror to those who have neard it." to her that she had seen this place this strange tower before. It mus have been in a dream. She sat looking in a puzzled way at the Grenadier while the carriage approached the house. Her

car caught the hoarse murmur of running water. She turned her head, and saw the gleam of a dark current, but she asked no questions, for they were already in front of the house, and the carriage had stopped.

M. Prudhomme alighted, and held out his hand to her. He opened the heavy gate, and they entered upon a walk, so arched with old gray cedarirees that it looked dim and cavernous. Half way up the walk Irma stopped and looked for a moment at a sunset-lighted picture at the far end of the abadewy vista.

A flight of steps led up to the porch
of the house a parrow porch

a background for a white apparition—Blanche in her roller chair. All white—a tiny colorless face looking out from flaxen hair—like moonlight; snowy drapery enveloping her like a cloud, and in confrast, the dark figure of her attendant standing behind her. The group, lighted up by the rose-light of the after-glow, and seen at the end of that dark perspective, was strange and eerie-looking M. Prudhomme turned a glowing

look upon Irma, and then walked He ran up the steps like quickly on. a boy, and caught the white vision in his arms. "You have been gone so long and I have been so lonesome," she murmured, stroking his cheek with her wan little

"But I have brought you something pay for it. I have brought somebody to teach you and keep you com-"I don't like to be taught," she

"Will she talk and sing to

"Yes my darling."
"Is she pretty?" with her head still on her father's shoulder, and pretending she did not see Irma, though she looked at her covertly from the corners of her

'Lift your head and see Miss Brazeale for yourself, ma petite. The girl raised her head, and fixed her wide, blue, dreamy eyes upon Irma, surveying her as though she had been a statue or some other impersonal "She is dark," she announced at last.

A shade of disappointment came into her father's face "Ah!" he said, "I got you a fair one, but-she ran away. Blanche still contemplated Irma

"She is dark and bright, like the beautiful night. I like her. look! Is she not as lovely as that drowned girl you cry about?"
"Dusky!"

Irma started, her heart gave a vio lent throb. She turned and looked at Blanche's attendant. Yes, it was Dusky-the Dusky of Black Bayou. little dark face was colorless as stone, and her black eyes were staring As their looks met she started forward a step; a cry broke from her, half joy, half terror. Irma made a swift, warning gesture, and at once the quick-witted girl compre-hended and checked her demonstra-

"What is the matter? what ails you, Dusky?" asked Blanche and her father in the same breath. "Oh! that old wasp. He run his sting in my shoulder-blade; it's like

a red-hot needle in folkse's flesh," cried, and she rubbed her shoulder vigorously. M. Prudhomme looked at her with "Come here, and let me see the hurt."

he said. "May be he haf lef' hees sting "You think I'm goin' to let mans be lookin' down my back?" retorted Dusky He smiled and shrugged his shoul-

"It'll be well as soon as I can make cross on the chimney back," said usky. "You all better go in to sup-Dusky. It's ready. Seizing the back of the roller chair she turned it round and pushed it through the hall door. M. Prudhomme

offered his arm to Irma and they The dining-room was large and lofty. Its windows looked out on the west and there was hardly any need of lighting the wax candles on the table, for the pale red after-glow filled the room, and gave a too realistic look to the large old painting of a lion hunt The fierce triumph in the eyes Irma. of the wounded beast, and the terror native, crushed and writhing under the lion's paw, were horribly fascinating. was lifted and put by her father into a seat by him, where she barely tasted the delicate contents of

various little china dishes ranged around her plate. Irma could hardly make a pretense of eating. "You drink this," whispered Dusky at length, putting by her plate a glass of amber-colored wine, oily with age. It strengthened her nerves and helped her to go through

her after-task of playing and singing The sitting-room was large and It had dark old-fashioned The piano in a richly carved case, nearly black with time, had still a When the little princess in the roller

chair had all the music she wanted she raised her sprite-like, transparent little hand and said: 'That is enough: now read to me Go into the library, mon pere, and bring 'Marmion.' I want to hear the battle-piece where Marmion is killed,

"Never mind the book. I can recall the piece, I think," Irma said. She leaned her arm on the flower stand, and repeated the lines. Her voice was made to embody the heroic and dramatic feeling. It thrilled the child, who had never heard anything like it before. She sat like one entranced, till her father asked: "Do you like it, Blanche?"

Her eyes flashed. 'I will dream to-night as I have before, that I am a man, saddling my war-horse, buckling on my sword, and rushing into battle. And I will wake to find I am nothing but a girl-no, nothing but a miserable cripple—a lame sparrow that can not even hop. She covered her face with her hands; all her light, fleecy curls quivered with the storm that shook her. came to her side, and laid his hand on her head. She shook it off. Recite some more for me, Miss Bra-

Irma complied, though she was inexpressibly weary, and her heart throbbed with apprehension. She longed to be alone with Dusky. She recited "Tam O'Shanter." was the first time Blanche had cv the heard it. She laughed a little, rippling, baby laugh. Then she said, with a shudder:

Oh, the witches in that old church! Miss Brazeale, let me tell you the sec-ret of this old place. The tower is Miss Brazeale, let me tell you the secret of this old place. The tower is haunted. Yes, it is," with a defiant look at her father.

A frown darkened his face.

"That is one of Dusky's canards; I will turn her off if she tells you such things," he said.

Blanche shook her head.

"I heard it," she murmured, mysteriously. "It screamed one night; and I saw it—the dreadful face at the window!"

"Blanche, it is past your bed-time. Dusky will take you to your room."

"I will go if Miss Brazeale will play me to sleep. I will leave my door open, and listen to her. I will not kiss you good-night, though. You look ugly at me. Take me away, Dusky."

She waved her hand with a little malicious smile to her father, kissed it gracefully to Irma, and said:

"Remember to play very softly, like spring rain dropping on the young leaves."

Irma began to play a German "Dream Waltz." M. Prudhomme sat and looked at her steadily for awhile, then he rose, bowed in silence, and left the room. Irma played on, until the door opened wider, and Dusky appeared. "She is asleep," she announced, in a She came up to Irma and knelt down

them with kisses.
"They are warm," she said. "You To be Continued?

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