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# BEHIND

## I I TOI

the E din to which the Plain of Ship-

-A ROMANCE-

CHAPTER I.

ar, with its confusion of tongues and Babylonian workmen, were as noth-The plague raged in the city of London. The destroying angel had Moving serenly through this discorgone forth, and kindled with its fiery breath the awful pestilence, until all dant sea of his fellow-creatures came a young man booted and spurred, London became one mighty lazarwhose rich doublet of cherry colored house. Thousands were swept away daily; grass grew in the streets, and | velvet, edged and spangled with gold and jaunty hat set slightly on orthe living were scarce able to bury the dead. Business of all kinds was side of his head, with its long black plume and diamond clasp, proclaimat an end, except that of the coffinmakers and drivers of the pest-carts. | ed him to be somebody. A profusion Whole streets were shut up, and al- of snowy shirt frill rushed impetuousmost every other house in the city ly out of his doublet; a black velvet cloak, lined with amber satin, fell bore the fatal red cross, and the ominous inscription: "Lord, have mercy picturesquely from his shoulders; a on us." Few people, save the sword with a jeweled hilt clanked on watchmen, armed with halberds, the pavement as he walked. One keeping guard over the stricken hand was covered with a gauntlet of houses, appeared in the streets; and canary colored kid, perfumed to a degree that would shame any belle of those who ventured there shrank from each other and passed rapidly to-day, the other, which rested lighton with averted faces. Many even ly on his sword hilt, flashed with a splendid opal splendidly set. ile fell dead on the sidewalks, and lay was a handsome fellow, too, with with their ghastly, discolored faces fair waving hair (for he had the upturned to the mocking sunlight, good taste to discard the ugly wigs until the dead-cart came rattling then in vogue), dark, bright, handalong, and the drivers hoisted the some eyes, a chick blonde mustache, body with their pitchforks on the a tall and remarkably graceful figure top of their dreadful load. Few and an expression of countenance other vehicles besides these dead-carts wherein easy good nature and fiery appeared in the city now; and they impetuosity had a hard struggle for plied their trade busily, day and mastery. That he was a courtier of night; and the cry of the drivers rank was apparent from his rich atechoed dismally through the deserted tire and rather aristocratic bearing, streets: "Bring out your dead ! and a crowd of hangers-on followed Bring out your dead!" All who nim as he went, Budly dentinding could do so had long ago fled from spur money. A group of trimbrelthe devoted city, and London lay girls, singing shrilly the songs of the under the burning heat of the June day, called boldly to him as he passsunshine, stricken for its sins by the ed; and one of them, more free and hand of God. The pest-houses were easy than the rest, danced up to him, full, so were the plague-pits, where striking her timbrel and shouting the dead were buried in cartfuls, and rather than singing the chorus of the no one knew who rose up in health in the morning but that they might then popular ditty: be lying back and dead in a few "What care I for pest or plague? hours. The very churches were for-We can die but once, God wot, saken: their pastors fled or lying in

Kiss me, darling-stay with me; the plague-pits; and it was even re-Love me-lovc me, leave me not!" solved to convert the great cathedral of St. Paul into a vast plague hosp. .l. Cries and lamentations echobright blue eyes on that dashing ed from one end of the city to the other and Death and Charles reigned over London together. "Very sorry, Nell," he said, in & Yet in the midst of all this, many nonchalant tone, "but I'm afraid I scenes of wild orgies and debauchery must. How long have you been here, still went on within its gates-as, in our own day, when the cholera may I ask?"

ravaged Paris, the inhabitants of

that facetious city made it a carni-

val, so now, in London, there were

many who, feeling that they had but

a few days to live at the most, re-

solved to defy death and indulge in

and if in the midst of the frantic

shrieked with laughter, hurled the

cut-purses paraded the streets at

deserted houses, and bore off with im-

punity whatever they pleased. High-

waymen infested Hounslow Heath,

and all the roads leading from the

Walk was crowded. There were

court gallants in ruffles and plumes

hallad-singers chanting the not over-

delicate ditties of the Earl of Roch-

ester: usurers exchanging gold for

bonds worth three times what they

gave for them; quack doctors reading

in dolorous tones the bills of mortal-

ity of the proceeding day, and sell-

ing plague-waters and anti-pestilen-

tial abominations, whose merit they

boldly extolled; ladies, too, richly

dressed, and many of them masked

and booksellers who always made St.

Paul's a favorite haunt, and even to

this day patronize its precincts, and

flourish in the regions of Paternoster

Row and Ave Maria Lane: court pag-

pandemonium broken loose.

"A full hour by St. Paul's; and where has Sir Norman Kingsley been, may I ask? I thought you were

dead of the plague.' "Not exactly. Have you seen ah! there he is. The very man I

the revelry while they yet existed. want." With which Sir Norman Kingsley, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die." was their motto; extended palm, and pushed on through the crowd up Paul's Walk. dance or debauched revel one of A tall, dark figure was leaning moodthem dropped dead, the others only ily with folded arms, looking fixedly at the ground, and taking ne notice livid body out to the street, and the of the busy scene around him until demoniac mirth grew twice as fast Sir Norman laid his ungloved and and furious as before. Robbers and jeweled hand lightly on his shoulder. "Good morning, Ormiston. I had noon-day, entered boldly closed and an idea I would find you here, and -but what's the matter with you, man? Have you got the plague? or has your mysterious inamorata jilted you? or what other annoyance has city, levying a toll on all who passed happened to make you look as woe and plundering fearlessly the flying citizens. In fact, far-famed London begone or old King Lear, send adrift town, in the year of grace 1665, by his tender daughters to take care would have given one a good idea of of himself?"

The individual addressed lifted his head, disclosing a dark and rather It was drawing to the close of an handsome face, settled now into a almost tropical June day that the crowd who had thronged the preslightly raised his hat when he saw cincts of St. Paul's since early mornwho his questioner was. ing began to disperse. The sun, that

"Ah, it's you, Bir Norman! I had had throbbed the livelong day like i given up all notion of your coming, great heart of fire in a sea of brase and was about to quit this confoundwas suking from sight in clouds & crimson purple and gold, yet Pant'

ad - at has detained you?" "I was on duty at Whitehall. Are we not in time to keep our appoint-

"Oh, certainly. La Masque is at home to visitors at all hours, day and night. I believe in my soul she doesn't know what sleep means."

"And you are still as much in love with her as ever, I dare swear. have no doubt, now, it was of her you were thinking when I came up. Nothing else could ever have made you look so dismally woobegone as you did, when Providence sent me to Then he opened his lips to ask, in a

your relief." "I was thinking of her." said the young man moodily, and with darkening brown I author at

es in rich liveries, pert and flippant. Sir Norman favored him with a serving-men out of place, and pick- half-amused half-contemptuous, stare unlucky dog as I am." all clashed and lastled torother sent bustones stall to nurchase some ci- ful black art of hers?"

make a second of the second of

garettes; lit one, and after smoking for a few minutes, pleasantly remarked, as if the fact had just struck

"Ormiston, you're a fool!" "I know it," said Ormiston, sen-

tentiously. "The idea," said Sir Norman, knocking the ashes daintily off the end of his cigarette with the tip of his little finger; "the idea of falling in love with a woman whose face you have nover seen! I can understand a man's going to any absurd extreme when he falls in love in proper Christian fashion, with a proper Christian face; but to go stark, staring mad, as you have done, my dear fellow, about a black loo mask, why -I consider that a little too much of a good thing! Come, let us go."

Nodding easily to his numerous acquaintances as he went, Sir Norman Kingsley sauntered leisurely down Paul's Walk, and out through the great door of the cathedral, followed by his melancholy friend. Pausing for a moment to gaze at the gorgeous sunset with a look of languid admiration, Sir Norman passed his arm through that of his friend, and they walked on at rather a rapid pace in the direction of Old London Bridge. There were few people abroad, except the watchmen walking slowly up and down before the plague-stricken houses; but in every street they passed through they noticed huge piles of wood and coal heaped down the centre. Smoking zealously they had walked on for a season in silence, when Ormiston ceased puffing for a moment to inquire.

"What are all these for? This is a strange time, I should imagine, for bonfires."

"They're not bonfires," said Norman: "at least they are not innot fuller of that masked Witch of a few old Flemish paintings on the Endor than common sense (for I be- walls; a large round table in the cenlieve she is nothing better than witch), you could not have helped knowing. The Lord Mayor of London has been inspired suddenly with a notion that if several thousand fires are kindled at once in the street. it will purify the air and check the pestilence; so, when St. Paul's toils the hour of midnight, all these piles are to be fired. It will be a glorious illumination, no doubt; but as to its stopping the progress of the plague,

I am afraid that it is altogether too good to be true." "Why should you doubt it? The

plague cannot last forever." "No. - But Lilly, the astrologer, who predicted its coming, also foretold that it would last for many months yet; and since one prophesy has come true, I see no reason why the other should not." "Except the simple one that there

would be nobody left alive to take it. All London will be lying in the plague-pits by that time."

"A pleasant prospect; but a true one, I have no doubt. And as I have no ambition to be hurled headlong into one of those horrible holes. shall leave town altogether in a few days. And, Ormiston, I would strongly recommend you to follow my example." "Not I," said Ormiston, in a tone

Masque stays, so will I." "And perhaps die of the plague in "So be it. I don't fear the plague

of gloomy resolution. "While La

half so much as I do the thought of losing her." Again Sir Norman stared. "Oh, I see! It's a hopeless case.

Faith, I begin to feel curious to see this enchantress, who has managed effectually to turn your brain. When did you see her last?" "Yesterday," said Ormiston, with

a deep sigh. "And if she were made of granite she could not be harder to me than she is." "So she doesn't care about you,

"Not she. She has a little Blenheim lapdog that she loves a thousand times more than she ever will

"Then what an idiot you are to The darling in question turned his keep haunting her like her shadow! the upper end of the apartment, over Why don't you be a man, and tear | which a grinning skeleton on wires street singer with a cool glance of out from your heart such a goddess?" "Ah! that's easily said; but if you were in my place, you'd act exactly as I dos'

"I don't believe it. It's not in me to go mad about anything with a masked face and a marble heart. If I loved any woman which, thank Fortune! at the present time I do not - and she had the bad taste not to return it, I should take my hat and make her a bow, and go directly and make love to somebody else made of flesh dropped a gold piece into the girl's and blood instead of cast iron! You know the old song, Ormiston:

"If she be not fair to me, What care I how fair she be."

"Kingsley, you know nothing about it!" said Ormiston, impatiently. "So stop talking nonsense. If you are cold-blooded, I am not, and - I love

Sir Norman slightly shrugged his shoulders, and flung his smoked-out weed into a heap of firewood. "Are we near her house?" he ask-

ed. "Yonder is the bridge." "And yonder is the house," replied Ormiston, pointing to a large, ancient building - ancient even for those times - with three stories, each projecting over the other. "See! while the houses on either side are look of gloomy discontent. He marked as pest-stricken, hers alone bears no cross. So it is! those who cling to life are stricken with death; and those who, like me, are desper-

ate, even death shuns." "Why, my dear Ormiston, you surely are not so far gone as that? Upon my honor, I had no idea you were in such a bad way."

"I am nothing but a miserable wretch, and I wish to heaven I was in yonder dead-cart, with the rest of them-and she too, if she never intends to love me! Ormiston spoke with such fierce earnestness that there was no doubt-

ing his sincerity; and Sir Norman became profoundly shocked-so much so, that he did not speak again until they were almost at the door.

"She has predicted the future for you-what did she foretell?" "Nothing good; no fear of there being anything in store for such an

"In the east, I believe. She has been there and all over the world, and now she visits England for the

first time." "She has chosen a sprightly season for her visit. Is he not afraid of the plague, I wonder?" "No; she fears nothing," said Or-

miston, as he knocked loudly at the door. "I begin to believe she is made of adamant instead of what other women are made of." "Which is a rib, I believe," observed Sir Norman, thoughtfully. that accounts, I dare say, for their being of such a crooked and cantan-

kerous nature. They're a wonderful race, Women are; and for what inscrutable reason it has pleased Providence to create them-The opening of the door brought to a sudden end this little touch of moralizing, and a wrinkled old porter

thrust out a very withered and unlovely face. "La Masque at home?" inquired Ormiston, stepping in, without cere-

The old man nodded and pointed upstairs, and with a "This way, Kingsley," Ormiston sprang lightly up, three steps at a time, followed in the same style by Sir Norman. "You seem pretty well acquainted with the latitude and longitude of this place," observed that young gentleman, as they passed into a room at the head of the stairs.

"I ought to be; I've been here often enough," said Ormiston. "This is the common waiting room for all who wish to consult La Masque. That old bag of bones who let us in has gone to announce us."

Sir Norman took a seat and glanced curiously round the room. It was a common place apartment enough, with a floor of polished black oak, tended for that; and if your head was | slippery as ice and shining like glass; ter of the floor, on which lay a pair of old musical instruments called virginals. Two large, curtainless windows, with minute diamond-shaped panes, set in leaden casements, admitted the golden and crimson light. "For the reception-room of a sor-

ceress," remarked Sir Norman, with an air of disappointed criticism, "there is nothing very wonderful about all this. How it is she spaes fortunes, anyway? As Lilly does, by maps and charts; or as these old eastern mufti do it, by magic mirrors and all such fooleries?"

"Neither," said Ormiston; 'her style is more like that of the Indian almechs, who show you your destiny in a well. She has a sort of magic lake in her room, and-but you will see it all for yourself presently." "I have always heard," said Sir

Norman, in the same meditative way "that truth lies at the bottom of a well, and I am glad some one has turned up at last who is able to fish it out. Ah! here comes our ancient Mercury to show us to the presence of your goddess."

The door opened, and the "old bag of bones," as Ormiston irreverently styled his lady-love's ancient domestic, made a sign for them to follow him. Leading the way down along a corridor, he flung open a pair of shining folding doors at the end, and ushered them into the majestic presence of the sorceress and her magic room. Both gentleman doffed their plumed hats. Ormiston stepped forward at once; but Sir Norman discreetly paused in the doorway to contemplate the scene of action. As he slowly did so, a look of deep displesaure settled on his features, on

finding it not half so awful as he had

In some ways it was very like the room they had left, being low, large and square, and having floors, walls and ceilings paneled with glossy black oak. But it had no windows -1 large bronze lamp, suspended from the center of the ceiling, shed a flickering, ghostly light. There were no paintings-so grim carvings of skulls, skeletons and serpents, pleasantly wreathed the roomneither were there seats nor tables nothing but a huge ebony caldron at with a scythe in one hand of bone, and an hour-glass in the other, kept watch and ward. Opposite this cheerful-looking guardian, was a tall figure in black, standing motionless, as if it, too, was carved in ebony. It was a female figure, very tall and slight, but as beautifully symmetrical as a Venus Celestis. Her dress was of black velvet, that swept the polished floor, spangled all over with stars of gold and rich rubies. A profusion of shining black hair in waves and curls fell almost to her feet; but her face, from forehead to chin, was completely hidden by a black velvet mask. In one hand, exquisitely small and white, she held a gold casket, blazing (like her dress) with rubies, and with the other she toyed with a tame viper, that had twined itself round her waist. This was doubtless La Masque, and, becoming conscious of that fact, Sir Norman made her a low and courtly bow. She returned it by a slight bend of the head, and turning toward his companion, spoke:

"You here again, Mr. Ormiston! To what am I indebted for the honor

of two visits in two days?" Her voice, Sir Norman thought, was the sweetest he had ever heard, musical as a chime of silver bells, soft as the tones of an acolian harp through which the west wind plays. "Madam, I am aware my visits are undesired," said Ormiston, with a flushing cheek and slightly tremulous voice; "but I have merely come with my friend, Sir Norman Kingsley, who wishes to know what the future has

in store for him." Thus invoked, Sir Norman Kingsley stepped forward with another low bow to the masked lady. "Yes, madam, I have long heard that those fair fingers can withdraw

the curtain of the future, and I have come to see what Dame Destiny is going to do for me." "Sir Norman Kingsley is welcome"

said the sweet voice, "and shall see what he desires. There is but one condition; for if he speaks, the scene he beholds will vanish. Come for-Sir Norman compressed his lips as

clossly as if they were forever hermetically sealed, and came forward accordingly. Leaning over the edge of the ebony caldron, he found that it contained nothing but water, for ly. "I don't know that I'm in love you please. pockets with a keen eye to business: for a moment, then stopped at a living he labored under a vague and, un- with it; but if eyer I see a living he

pleasant idea that, like the witches' caldron in "Macbeth," it might be filled with serpents' blood and children's brains. La Masque opened her golden casket and took from it a portion of red powder; with which it was filled. Casting it into the caldron, she murmured an invocation in Sanscrit or Coptic, or some other unknown tongue, and slowly there arose a dense cloud of dark red smoke, that nearly filled the room. Had Sir Norman ever read the story of Aladdin, he would probably have thought of it then; but the young courtier did not greatly affect literature of any kind, and thought of nothing now but of seeing something when the smoke cleared away. It was rather long in doing so, and when it did, he saw nothing at first but his own handsome, half-serious, half-incredulous face; but gradually a picture, distinct and clear, formed itself at the bottom, and Sir Norman gazed with bewildered eyes. He saw a large room filled with a sparkling crowd, many of them ladies, splendidly arrayed and sparkling in jewels, and foremost among them stood one whose beauty surpassed anything he had ever before dreamed of. She wore the robes of a queen, purple and ermine-diamonds blazed on the beautiful neck, arms and fingers, and a tiara of the same brilliants crownad her ragal head. In one hand she

held a scepter; what seemed to be a throne was behind her, but something which surprised Sir Norman most of all was to find himself standing beside her, the cynosure of all eyes. While he yet gazed in mingled astonishment and incredulity, the scene faded away and another took its place. This time a dungeon-cell, damp and dismal; walls and floor and ceiling covered with green and hideous slime. A small lamp stood on the floor, and by its sickly, watery gleam, he saw himself again standing, pale and dejected, near the wall. But he was not alone; the same glittering vision in purple and diamonds stood before him, and suddenly he drew his sword and plunged it up to the hilt in her heart! The beautiful vision fell like a stone at his feet, and the sword was drawn out reeking with her life blood. This was a little too much for the real Sir Norman, and with an expression of indignant consternation he sprang upright. Instantly it all faded away, and the reflection of his own excited face looked up at him from the caldron.

""I told you not to speak," said La Masque, quietly; "but you must look on still another scene." Again she threw a portion of the

contents of the casket into the caldron, and "spake aloud the words of power." Another cloud of smoke arose and filled the room, and when it cleared away Sir Norman beheld a third and less startling sight. The scene and place he could not discover, but it seemed to him like night in a' storm. Two men were lying on the ground and bound fast together, it appeared to him. As he looked it faded away, and once more his own face seemed to mock him in the clear

"No," said Sir Norman, promptly; "it was Ormiston and myself." "Right! and one of them was 'Dead!" exclaimed Sir Norman,

with a perceptible start. 'Which "If you cannot tell that, neither

can I. If there is anything further you wish to see, I am quite willing to show it to you." "I'm obliged to you," said Sir

Norman, stepping back; "but no more at' present, thank you. Do you mean to say, madam, that I'm some day to murder a lady, especially one so beautiful as she I just "I have said nothing-all you've

seen will come to pass, and whether your destiny be for good or evil, I have nothing to do with it, except, said the sweet voice, earnestly, "that if La Masque could strew Sir Norman Kingsley's pathway with roses, she would most assuredly do

"Madam, you are too kind," said the young gentleman, laying his hand on his heart, while Ormiston scowled darkly-"more especially as I have the misfortune to be a perfect stranger to you."

"Not so, Sir Norman, I have known you this many a day; and before long we shall be better acquainted. Permit me to wish you good

At this gentle hint both gentlemen bowed themselves out, and soon found themselves in the street, with very different expressions of countenance. Sir Norman looked considerably pleased and decidedly puzzled, and Mr. Ormiston looked savagely and uncompromisingly jealous. The animated skeleton who had admitted them closed the door after them; and the two friends stood in the twilight on London Bridge.

### CHAPTER II.

"Well, said Ormiston, drawing a long breath, "what do you think of

"Think? Don't ask me yet," gaid Sir Norman, looking rather bewildered. 'I'm in such a state of mystifcation that I don'N rightly know whether I'm standing on my head or feet. For one thing, I have come to the conclusion that your masked lady-love must be enchantingly beau-

"Have I not told you that a thousand times, O thou of little faith ? But why have you come to such a conclusion?" "Because no woman with such a

figure, such a voice and such hands could be otherwise." "I knew you would own it some day. Do you wonder now that

"Oh, as to loving her," said Sir Norman, coolly, "that's quite another thing. I could no more love her for her hands, voice and shape than I could a figure in wood or waxbut I admire her vastly, and think her extremely clever. I will never forget that face in the caldron. It was the most exquisitely beautiful I ever saw."

"In love with the shadow of face! Why, you are a thousandfold more absurd than I."

"No," said Sir Norman thoughtful-

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ace like it. I comming shall be, now did La Masque do it. I wonder?" "You had better ask her." said Ormiston, bitterly. "She seems to you at first sight. She would strew your path with roses, forsooth! Nothing earthly. I believe. would make her say anything half so tender to me."

Sir Norman laughed and stroked his moustache complacently. "All a matter of taste, my dear fellow; and these women are noted for their perfection in this line. begin to admire La Masque more and more, and I think you had bettergive up the chase, and let me taka your place. I don't believe you have the ghost of a chance, Ormiston." "I don't believe it myself," said Ormiston, with a desperate face: 'but until the plague carries me of I cannot give her up, and the sooner that happens the better. Ha! what is this?"

It was a piercing shriek-no unusual sound; and as he spoke the the door of an adjoining house was flung open, a woman rushed wildly out, fled down an adjoining street and disappeared. "What's all this about?" demanded "That's a question I can't take

upon myself to answer." said Sir Norman; and the only way to selve the mystery is to go and see." "It may be the plague," said Ormiston, hesitating. "Yet the house is not marked. There is a watchman. I will ask him." The man with the halberd in his hand was walking up and down be-

fore an adjoining house, bearing the ominous red woss and pitcous scription: 'Lord have mercy upon "I don't know, sir," was his answer to Ormiston. "If anyone there has the plague they must have taken

it lately; for I heard this morning that there was to be a wedding there to-night." 'I never heard of anyone screaming in that fashion about a wedding, said Ormiston, doubtfully. "Do you

know who lives there?" "No, sir. I only came here myself yesterday, but two or three times today I have seen a very beautiful young lady looking out of the win-

Ormiston thanked the man, and went back to report to his friend. "A beautiful young lady!" said Sir, Mormon, with energy. "Then I mean to go directly up and see about it, and you can follow or not, just as

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unconsciously. They may have a sust ing sensation, small, twisting street sharp cutting pains at times, slight organs, emissions, and all the symptom MENT absorbs the stricture It can never return. No pain, no ma method. The sexual organs are strength ened. The nerves are invigorated and the bliss of manhood returns. Thousands of young and midd

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