It was not often that anything of importand of occurred at Searth About, a picturesque struggling village among the Cumberland hills, eight miles from the nearest railway-station and an equal distance from the nearest team. Year after year nothing more remarkable than a death or a birth. Larches, or a school-feast at the Rectory, was answering her aunt's inquiries about her mote district, and the sudden arrival from

shame for him to go wandering all over the carth, so as to be quite an alicn among his own people. But then the court was a great lonely, rambling place for a man scarcely more than thirty to inhabit, and with neither She is very kind and gentle; you will be sure mother, sister, nor wife; for the owner was to like her. Then there is Roland; he is still unmarried, though he was the last in twenty-five, a clever young fellow. He is always a wild dare all set; and Sir Ingelhard between them has come to grief at the time of the still unmarried, though he was the last in the direct line. Searth Abbot gossips shook very fond of hurting and fishing and all was like the rest. Hiram Heston, a regular their heads when asked why the court had sports."

no mistress, and told a dismal story.

Before the news of the Lord of the Manor's went through the inhabitants of Scarth household, in the person of a niece from 'somewhere abroad." Wonders would never cease, said the gossips. Miss Durnford was first cousin to the Sabines of the Larches, who were very great people indeed, and had been at Scarth Abbot since the time of James I. Consequently the new comer must be second cousin to the Sabines.

The vidagers however knew nothing about able to go without gloves." her except her name, and Miss Durnford either knew no more or would say no more ; for she was no friend to village gossip, and never stooped to feed it. The Doctor's contrived to discover that the young lady think 'foreign,' but I suppose it is the fash whose arrival was considered so important ion." was coming from Canada, where her uncle held a Government appointment, and that she was sent over to her aunt because she could not live in the cold climate of the Do-minion; but here even indefatigable Mrs. ampton came to a full step, and could get no

further.
All in the village knew, when, one evening in July, Miss Durnford's carriage drove away towards the station, which was at Moorston, that it had gone to fetch Miss Costello ; all turned out, when the carriage came back, to try to catch a glimpse of the foreigner. the landau was closed, and nothing was visible except a portmanteau on the

The carriage passed through the high iron gates, swept up the drive, and stopped before the deep arched doorway of an old red brick house with mullioned windows, and with turrets and buttresses jutting out where one would least expect to find any excrescence.

At the top of the broad low flight of steps leading to the door stood a tall, rather angularlecking woman of perhaps fifty five or sixty, dressed in a black satin robe of old fashioned make, and with a lace cap on her smooth gray hair. A pair of grave kindly brown hair. A pair of grave kindly brown eyes looked out from beneath thick and still black eyebrows, and the gazer's somewhat formal neanor could in no degree be associated with harshness or primness.
Out of the laudau, before the footman could

jump down to open the door, sprang a girl, ceful as a fawn and attired in a traveling dress of the last Parisian style, who bounded up the steps to meet the old lady outstretched and kissed her; then she turned to Ilma. hands.

"Dear auntie," said a sweet young voice, " how good of you to come to the door to re-

Good of me!" echoed Miss Durnford, putting her arms about the girl, was taller than herself. would you have me receive my sister's chil 1-2" kiasing the girl fondly as she spoke. Come in, my dear; you must be very tired and very hungry.'

"Neither the one nor the other," was the merry response. "Oh, this dear old house! I hope I shall not turn you topsy turvy, "Oh, this dear old house! We transatlantics are so free andeasy that I may do all sorts of dreadful things; of color, round, bright blue eyes

"Well, we'll see; but I dare say the Grange will be better for a revolution. Old maids—in the country especially—grow selfish and narrow-minded, living alone, and

you do upset the prim order of things a little, find him there. He went to fish."

"I will be better for me."
"I'm won't care for Gipsy's Weir, after You would never grow selfish, auntie," said Miss Costello, scanning her relative's face

with a steady but by no means impertment gaze. "I dare say I shall tease you; but I won't if I can help it." Miss Durnford laughed: it was not often

she had anything to laugh at, and the exercise was novel and pleasant.
"Come to your room," she said, "and I Durnford. will ring for Mary, the parlor-maid, to wait

I don't need her, auntie, thanks, I

don't trouble a maid much at home. "Oh" I long for a c

as Miss Durnford, after escending a short of that sort." flight of stairs, opened an oaken door—
what a darling old-world room! I did miss grave. the old things in Canada so, auntie-everything was new and staring.

you remember Europe so well?" ently." asked Miss Durnford, as the girl threw off her hat and jacket.
"Oh, yes, auntio! We have been out there

only five years. I was seven when we went forward with outstretched hands to meet the to Vienna; and we were there till uncle got young stranger. this appointment in Canada. Is not this place very cold in winter?"
"Yery cold indeed. We frequently have

current is so strong."
"Is it? But you can boat on it, I hope?" "Oh, yes! Are you ready? Let me have a good look at you, Ilma."

Ilma folded her white hands demurely and

etood before her aunt.

"Ilma," her uncle had written-her parents had died years before-" is like neither of her parents, save that she has the dark eyes of and her journey over. After a time Mrs. the West Country, her father's gift, but only Sabine handed over her niece to her cousins. You will not, when you see her, accuse me of undue pride in saving she is altogether out of the way in her beauty. American girls are often handsome; but I have not seen one to equal Ilma. You shall judge. For the rest, she is a regular tom boy: and she has not a notion of lovers and such nonsense. She prefers boating, tobogganing and tree-climbing; she is as wild as a mountain breeze, but you will find no evil in her."

Merton Costello had not overrated his mece's attractions. Her beauty was not only unusual in degree, but of an unique type, showing the rare combination of a fair, though not very fair complexion, dark eyes and brows. and hair of a dusky gold-real golden hairclustering all over her broad white forehead. Dark Darrell and the curse." There was a world of passion and strong feeling slumbering in the large, brilliant eyes which were almost black—eyos that could laughing unable perhaps weep or laugh, look thoughtful or dance with pleasure of tantal zing. wildest fun; and how expressive were the sweet, tender lips closing lightly but firmly

over the white teeth ! girl to her and kissed her tenderly. There like an English girl either. was one in this place, sho thought, who "Don't I?" might find la belle Canadienne too lovely for

" Are they all rosy-cheeked?" asked Ilma. face and voice to a gravity becoming the mo-

"but they the property about here belongs to the Darreis of the Court—I'll show you that to-morreplied Miss Durnford, smiling; will look like poonies beside your pale cheek :

meal, "high tea," and for some time Ilma dark as their faces; not as to worldly mat ters, for they are the wealthiest house in the broke the monotony of existence in the re- journey over, from which it appeared that North, but I am speaking of their lives, their citizen of the 'inner lives' you call it in Germany, don't Miss Costello was a thorough foreign parts," of the Lord of the Manor, the world and knew well how to take care of her- you? master of the court, who owned nearly all self. The independence of this golden-haired the property for miles around threw the whole district into a fever of excitement, which was old fashioned country-bred Miss Durnford, very interesting!" very interesting!" increased by the fact that no one expected who, strangely enough, saw no danger in a him.

He visited the court at rare intervals, and the last time he came was about five years traveling from London to York alone. Then the last time he came was about five years traveling from London to York alone. Then the last time he came was about five years traveling from London to York alone. Then the last time he came was about five years traveling from London to York alone. Then the last time he came was about five years traveling from London to York alone. young girl's roving among the country The people at Scarth said it was a Ilma turned questioner, and asked about her

'Shall I like him?" asked Ilma. "He is generally liked. I must leave you return was a fortnight old, another shock to form your own opinion, my dear," said Miss Durnford, suddenly growing reserved.

"I hope I shall like them," observed Ilma, Darrells are—and he made love to Zarah. as they rose from the table.
"I hepe so too, dear. Now put on your

Zarah.

hat, and we will go to t e Larches; it is not three minutes' walk from here. Ilma hastened away for her hat, remarking as she returned that it was "so nice to b

Miss Durnford smiled "The people here," she said, "will stare you out of countenance. Your arrival has been quite au event, and your dress they will

"Yes," returned Ilma, opening her large brown eyes, "I always had my dresses from Paris. Do I look add?" Paris.

"Odd, my child. You look charming. I see you don't know much about country "No. I have never lived in the country.

think I should like it for a time."

Aunt and niece sallied forth, and cer ainly Miss Costello was stared at as she had been a visitant from another mbere · while remarks upon her appearance and attire were made with delightful frank ness in a dialect however which effectually concealed their purport from the Canadian But there was only a limited opportunity for an inspection of "the foreigner," for the gates of the Larches were soon reached, and they shut out village curiosity.

CHAPTER II.

The Larches was a fine old Elizabethan mansion, surrounded by ample grounds laid out in excellent taste, and a broad terrace occupied a considerable stretch of the frontage. As aliss Durnford and her niece ap proached this terrace, a female figure sud denly appeared upon it, and after gazing for a moment at the visitors, ran quickly down the steps and hurried up to them.

" How good of you to come and brin cousin so quickly, auntie Rachel!" cried fresh hearty voice, with a marked but not vulgar North-Country accent; and the young lady threw her arms round Miss Durnford scanning her from head to foot with round frank eyes that expressed undisguised

"I'm so glad to see you, cousin !"-clasping Ilma's white hand in an ample brown palm, "I am sure we shall get on beauti-I am Rose."

"And I am Ilme," said the Canadian, inspecting her cousin in turn, but with a gaze know, would not follow a mere tradition." mere keenly observant and not exactly ad "But how could that be, unless each s miring, though giving co indication of opin-

Rose Sabine was not handsome, but she might have fairly been called good looking. She had a clear complexion, with a good deal and I am a perfect catemount."

brown hair; but her figure was a little too robust for her height, and her arched brows brown hair : but her figure was a little too ro. Miss Durnford smiled indulgently into a bust for her height, and her arched brows rained heavily nearly every day throughout face lovely enough to win its owner pardon gave her a surprised look that Ilma thought September. A meteorologist who was staying nurtured girl of sixteen was likely to commit, and she said kindly:

Dut no one could have mistaken nere at the time wrote to the Times about it, rising, "you mock; but take care! Every-to the Grange.

Miss Sabine for anything but a lady, though and she said kindly:

Ilma's dreams that night were a jumble of equally manifest was it that she was a pro. that the Hestons were afraid the mill might are." But no one could have mistaken here at the time wrote to the Times about it. vincial.

room," proceeded Rose. "Roland will be we had a rapid thaw in November—the base ning the heart and ever so many thousands a home soon; or, if you like to go down to the ment of the mill was flooded, and the Hestons year of Dark Darrell, who is under a current "Mamma and Janie are in the drawing. with no one to think of but thomselves: if weir, Ilma-what a pretty name !- we may

Niagara," remarked Miss Durnford, smiling.
"I shall, auntie, if it is pretty," said Ilma.
"I shall, auntie, if it is pretty," said Ilma. 'Why do you call it Gipsy's Weir, Rose?" "Ah, thereby hangs a tale! I'll inform you all about it presently. Aunt Rachel has

evidently told you nothing about the Dark arrells and the curse."
I left that for you young folk," said Miss

"Have you a family here with a curse?"

exclaimed Ilma. "How delightful and oldworld! We have no such things in Canada.

I long for a curse, or a hanshea. "The curse working in one way there can be no doubt," said Rose emphatically. "Stay a moment, Ilma: von can be considered."

Rose laughed merrily; then she looked very "You wouldn't care about the Darrell

curse, Ilma. I'll tell you all about it pres-She led the way through the open window into the drawing-room, and a pale sickly-looking lady rose from a fauteuil and came

"Welcome, dear," said Mrs. Sabine cordially, embracing and kissing the girl. "We will try to make you as happy as we can. the snow as early as October; and sometimes You have seen Rose. This is Janie;" and a the Coalmere—the river that you see from girl somewhat resembling Rose, but younger, this window—is frozen, but not often, as the paler and slighter, advanced and greeted her cousin kindly, though less demonstratively

than Rose had done. Tears filled Ilma's large brown eyes. How good they all were to treat her so lovingly, as of the Darrells since Sir Ingelhard; and there if they had known her for a long time! Her unt Sabine made her sit down by her, and I wouldn't marry a Darrell, grand as they are holding the little hand in her own, asked her about her uncle and her life in Canada

Sabine handed over her niece to her country.

"I must not usurp you," she remarked, "I'm coming to him." said nose, nousing smiling; "young folk like to be together. to Ilma. "The present Darrell's father, Sir Bertram, married a Howard, and they were son vachting, when their son smiling; "young folk like to be together.
Rose, it is only just getting dark; perhaps
Ilma would like to go with you to the weir, to
Sir Philip was a bady. Sir Bertram's father

Rose promised to tell me some legend about a family under a curse.'' "Wo don't think it alegend, observed
Janie; "but I am afraid you will think Cumberland people very superstitious."

The Sabine girls fetched their hats, and
The Sabine girls fetched their hats, and all had strong passions. This one has, and Janie : " but I am afraid you will think Cum-

the three young people went merrily to the Gipsy's Weir. ' Now de tell me. Rosc.'' said Ilma, as soon

s they reached the grounds, "about this Rose was ready enough.

"You foreigners are impatient" she began aughing, unable perhaps to resist the feminine "Foreigner!"
"Why, yes! Aren't you half Cornish to

er the white teeth! start with, and haven't you been brought up Miss Durnford half sighed as she drew the all your life abroad? And you don't speak

"Don't I?"
"I dare say you think we don't. Reland used to be so savage with us when he came "Do you know, dear," said Miss Durnford, back from Cambridge. He'll admire your as she led the way to the dining-room, "you way of talking, I know. How did you escape

no other people would think of carrying out of ten would have called Roland frank mentous history she was about to relate, hatred through generations. Job is as glad "you must know that, first of all, most of us he can be that Sir Philip is the last of the as he can be that Sir Philip is the last of the laugh. Ilms did not helieve he was.

Still they have always been good tensuts," aid Janis; "they pay their rent steadly and hurt no body. But they have never been favorites. The old tenants will hardly speak to them because they are against the Darrells, and partly for their gipsy blood. Job is dour'-looking man, I think."

"And Zeph looks eerie," added Rose. "Well Ilma, what next?" " Why, the curse said-" 'When the floods are out, take heed!' That seems a warning to the Darrells that "Yes," replied Ilma; and, looking rather

You mustn't be flippant, New World,

the Spanish invasion. Sir Ingelhard was re-

of retainers, when, as they neared the weir-

skould always bring dire anguish and death

on cut in the mill wall:

'Foulest stain on knighthood's face,
Deadly blight on noblest race,
Shame on him who brought to shame
fler who bore a charmed name,
shame on base ingratitude.
Shame on churl with knightly blood!
This the curse I call from Heav'n,
By the power to Zurah giv'n:

Ever Derall's love shall prove

Ever Darrell's love shall prove Woe and death to both who love.

"Tist, ve river, rapid flowing,
To this curse my hate bestowing:
Let the voice of Gipsy's Weir
Scream that curse in Darrell's ear,
Till the waters, rising, rising,

Bring the bounden sacrificing — Left for life for traitor's deed : When the floods are out, take heed !'

These last two lines were addressed to Sir

pefore any one could prevent her, plunged

"But," exclaimed Ilma, interrupting a nar-

ative which she had followed with keen in-

"That no one has ever been able to make

"But how could that be, unless each suc

"That is one of the strangest parts of the

They were passing through a little wood,

"I was thinking of Niagara," she said softly

The three girls sat down on a fallen tree-

"There is no doubt about this, Ilma, that

from Sir Ingelhard's time all the Darrells

have been unfortunate in love. Ingelhard's wife died quietly; but then he did not love

her-he hated her. It would take too long to

tell you, but, when you go through the pic-

will give you the history of all the love-affairs

was always 'woe and death to both who love.'

-not even the present one, who is the hand-

"And a dare-all, like the rest of them.

"They were bold to fall in love, if they

no mistake, as you say across the water.

wouldn't have him hate me for something : I

would almost rather he loved me!"
"Hate you! That is supposing you were

"I suppose not—a Darrell would not; and certainly Sir Philip would not."

Ilma; "but, first, I want to ask a few ques-

ture gallery at the Court, the old houseke

at last, and then added quickly, " Please finish

It is said that the waters of the

heavier than in the year preceding?"

endlong into the weir and disappeared."

meau?

mere

or three days."

or an age."

trunk, and Rose continued:

somest of a handsome race."

believed in the curse." said Ilma.

not visit vengeance on a woman.'

tions about the past."
"I am all attention," said Rose.

Then, turning to the river - which, you must

rising of the river. How has that been worked out? "It never has been yet," answered Rose mysteriously. "I remember hearing grand-mamma say once that Amelia Darrell, a grand aunt of Sir Philip, you know, would few minutes. It stands just beside the weir not cross the river one year when the floods or gipsy blood, and they look it. The mill tant journey South; but nothing happened. The bridge she would have had to cross re-mains still. Generally the Darrelle hard barrelle. They're were out, though she had to take an impo. them has come to grief at the time of the floods. Sir Philip, when he was a boy, crossed a foot bridge just above the lock when he was told it was dangerous; the river rose in Septhat was how he got the grant of the mill. Heston had a daughter named Zarah, who Heston had a daughter named Zarah, who was said by the people to practise the black art; but that is said of the gipsies always.

The last time he was here one October was the Hestons are teamed to the process of the Abbot. It was asserted that Miss Durnford, "Next comes Rose," she continued; "she is the maiden lady who lived at the Grange, twenty-one or twenty two; and Jane is eigh was about to receive a new inmate in her teen. They will be nice companions for more black art in Sir Ingelhard than in poor woman, lived in a cottage near the river ber more than five years ago, he did a fear One of his tenants, He was very handsome—all the the water rose so high that she had to take to Darrells are—and he made love to Zarah.

Of course you may guess what came of it.

He deserted her. Her father discovered her man; but the current of the Coalmere disgrace, but he and her brother did not is always strong, and of course at the floodturn her out; all their rage was directed time it is like a mill-race; nevertheless he put against Sir Ingelhard. Zarah, however, could out. He was carried down nearly a mile, and

> saved the woman. came back from the south, where he had seen co.amanding troops gathered to meet excitement and clasping her hands. "Oh, Rose, a man who could do such a 'deed of derturning in triumph at the head of his band was a moonlight night-Zarah appeared for a crime not his could touch him. suddenly before him and pronounced a ter-

ible curse, on him and his descendants for cousin. his double sin. No Darrell thenceforth should be fortunate in his love; a Darrell's love ooth to its object and to the Darrell. Zarah's rose Why he is thirty one and still unmar- and all I see " curse was embodied in these lines, which are ried; and such a man as he is never need go in modernized language; but I'll show them to you cut in the mill wall: love or not. No one of course ventures to ask him any questions; but he is hardly ever at the Court, and when he is it is only for a week or two. He came back a few days ago shall ask Job from the Continent, and you will not hear day or two." anything talked about now but Sir Philipbut don't fall in love with him. I am in earest, Ilma."

"So you seem," said Ilma, laughing; "but know, Ilma, rises every year, either in the autumn or winter – Zarah added – you tempt me to try him. What fun! Do "On, just before you came up. He rode by were last here," said Ilma, laughing; "for you really think that he has made up his mind on a black horse—a rare beauty. It will be last evening Zeph Heston said you had ridden never to drag any hapless maiden into wo through giving him her heart? I declare I'll find out!

"Ilma you must not! You will have to meet him, you know; for we know him, and so does aunt Rachel, of course. He is a most fascinating man-been all over the worldand sc intellectual. I always feel half afraid you know what it says? Inglehard—that is, of course, to the House of Darrell; and, having uttered them, Zarah, of him: there seems a kind of recklessnes about him, as if he were trying to fly from himself; and he does such reckless things. He does not seem to value his life; yet he have braved the floods again and again. thing supernatural about him; and then the erest, if with some inward amusement, knowledge that he is under a curse gives one what can the four lines about Gipsy's Weir n eerie impression in itself."

people," returned skeptical Ilma. "We are his house. Go bad enough in Cornwall; but then I left evening, sir." out. They are generally thought to indicate hard that the waters of the Coalhave risen high every year that date. I know as a at they have risen bigher seek and should do for it." remarks." that the Darrells will become extinct. since that date. I know as a "He would do for it," remarked Janie fact that they have risen higher each year within the last forty years. Mamma, you man legends."

"Dear, me," said Ilma."I wish he would fall in love with you, Janie! Now cross yourself ceeding year the rainfall or snowfall was and mutter a charm. But Janie shook her head.

"Wish me anything but that, Ilma. Howwhole affair," returned Rose; "but three years ever, I am safe. I am not the kind of girl while Ilma walked by Roland's side and acked ago, for example, we had a very light autumn Darrell would fall in love with, though I him hosts of questions about the place and rainfall, and yet the river rose nearly two feet am sure he could make any woman love him the people. above the rise of the year before, when it if he tried."

f he tried."

"What an irresistible cavalier!"

"What an irresistible cavalier!"

"Ab, you New World skeptic," said Rose,

"Ab you New World skeptic," said Rose,

"About fifty seconds after it was touched the flame disappeared and did not again ap-

"Oh, this is lovely!" cried the girl, clapbe flooded; and last year, when, certainly, the snow came down from the hills terribly for ping her hands. "Fancy Tom-boy me winhad to take refuge in the upper rooms for two and half supernatural, and rides about on black horse-it must be black, to be in keep There's a lot in the Cumberland Stur," ing-and who plays battledoor and shuttlecock a number of years ago. I will show it you combat!"

Ilma."

"But, granted the phenomenon," said ing Ilma's arm. "I would rather see you in your coffin than lady of the Court; it can't be a mere legend that such a man as Darrell working out of the curse?"

"Oh, you skeptic! How should I know? the mill and the weir, and meet Roland." "Poor Rose!" said Ilma. "After all, I don't know that Sir Phidp isn't wise. It must be a dreadful nuisance to fall in love. Is Sir

Philip very wicked?' They were passing through a nine wood, and, as all stood still, they heard distinctly the roar of falling water. Ilma listened for a moment or two, with parted lips, and eyes into which an earnest far away look had "I don't know. They say he was no saint at Oxford or anywhere else; but I don't know. never heard of his doing anything wicked here.

"Then he's not a second Sir Ingelhard?" "Oh, no, no! He is a true Darrell, a highsouled gentleman; in any matter of honor would trust him to the uttermost.' your story here, Rose. If we go on we shall meet Roland, and I shall not have the finish

"Then he is not Mephistopheles. That is a comfort," said Ilma; and then she paused suddenly, with a delighted "Ah, that is beau

They had emerged from the wood, and beautiful panorama lay before them. At two hundred yards from where they stood flowed the broad rapid stream of the Coalmere, and, foaming and raging, the waters of Gipsy's Weir tumbled into the river from a height of at least twelve feet. On the opposite bank, with a background of wooded hills, rose the

venerable and picturesque old Mill, and the great wheel could be seen turning round, worked by the rushing waters. Beyond, the landscape stretched awayin "rolling country" to the foot of a lofty range of hills. Rose was the first to speak; for Ilma, im-pressed by the wild beauty of the scene, to hich the narrative she nad just heard lent a vivid interest, stood in rapt silence.

" Do "Look, Ilma," said Miss Sabine. you see that man in a gray coat and knickeroockers fishing below the weir? That is Ilma turned with a half sigh.

"Come," said Rose, "shall we run down to him?" And all three set off down the slope, Janie calling out as they approached the angler : from Canada!"

CHAPTER III.

"Shall I like Roland?" had been Ilma's in his face, without the aid of his somewhat of the Rhine. blunt speech :

"Then how was it Sir Ingelhard, who was not too good for anything, did not turn "Well, cousin Ilma, you are a beauty: it's the Hestons out of the Mill after Zarah's a double pleasure to see you." in a very dangero curs?" He was comely of fair complexion, a good frequently yields." "Well, perhaps even he thought he had deal tanned, and he had bright but rather

because of his blunt manner and hearty

"he has a bed temper, teo. I don't think I shall like you, Roland."

Roland however made himself very agree-He led the way down to the weir, and showed Ilma the spot whence Zarah Heston had cast herself, but, when the Canadian went and stood fearlessly on the dizzy plat form, above the roaring flood, the young man would have pulled her back.

"I am never giddy," she said smiling. "I have stood over many a fall hundreds of feet

higher than this. I suppose you called it they may meet with death or disaster at the Gipsy's Weir because Zarah named it so?" "Yes; before that it was merely Scarth Philip," answered Ilma. "My name is Ilma Abbot Weir. The lock was built in 1790. by he grandfather of Sir Philip Darrell. Old Reuben Duff, the lock keeper, is a local char acter. I don't think you would understand one word in ten of his."

"I shall have a talk with him to-morrow," said Ilma, still looking down on the weir; and as she stood there, her slender figure thrown out against the background of the hills, the soft evening breeze stirring the golden ourls. he looked like a fairy, or the presiding naiad

of the Coalmere.

Roland gazed on her admiringly for a few moments before he replied to her last Don't you think so?"

" Perhaps Duff won't understand you "Why? Do you say I talk like a foreigner? Rose and Janie said so."
"They were right; you do. But come down

Ilma, please; you make giddy."
"Do I? I beg your pardon." She stepped down at once; and, as she did so, a door in the Mill opened and a girl came

out, and began crossing a lock-bridge.
"Here is Zepn Heston," said Roland "Now, Ilma, let us see if you understand her."
There was nothing particularly striking not endure her shame. Still she lived on— now he managed to escape or to reach the about the girl who now approached the mad, some traditions say—till Sir Ingelhard cottage I know not; but he did manage, and cousins. She moved with a certain easy grace inherent in her tribe. the characteria "How glorious!" cried Ilma, flushing with tics of which three hundred years of a station "Oh, ary life had not obliterated. Zeph Heston of der had a swarthy gipsy face and bead black ring do' must bear a charmed life! No curse eyes, and a fair share of good looks; but she was not handsome, though a red handker Rose looked admiringly at her enthusiastic chie on her head, in lieu for a hat or bonnet

gave her a picturesque aspect. "He believes in the curse," she said, gravely "Good evening," she said, curtseying to the gentleman and ladies in turn, and glanfully worked out with his life. I should feel eing very keenly at Ilma. "Been showing far easier if he left this place before the river the foreign young lady the wier and the mill,

Ilma made out the drift of this speech begging for a wife. He ought to marry, for though the words were delivered with a broad the sake of the old house, whether he falls in Cumberland accent. Roland replied to it. "This young lady is Miss Costello. our cousin, Zeph"—another curtsey from Zeph— "and she thinks the place very beautiful. We cousin, Zeph"shall ask Job to show her over the mill in She's welcome-most welcome!" said

" Did Zeph, scanning Ilma furtively again. ye see the lord ride past, Mr. Roland?"
"No. Where and when?"

best for the lord not to stop here long." "Why, Zeph?" asked Rose eagerly. "Father says there'll be heavy rains next month. He always knows.

"What then?" asked Roland. " Father says the floods will be out to the hills this year," said Zeph oracularly; "and fast this morning, and they talked about you "It" was apparently the Darrell curse in

Scarth Abbot.
"Well, but," said Roland, "the Darrells always escapes dangers, as if there were some. how Sir Philip himself escaped when he saved widow Hunt."

> another look-not over-friendly-at With

went on her way.

"What an oddity!" said Ilma, gazing after her. "I can follow her pretty well. What a pity we missed seeing Dark Darrell on his black steed! I knew it would be black, Rose.'
Rose and Janie discussed the black borse which Sir Philip had not had the last time he came to Scarth Abbot, all the way home, while Ilma walked by Roland's side and asked

mills and Spanish-looking cavaliers on black

horses; and she awoke early, with the sun shining into her room. The girl sprang up, dressed quickly, and are there?" watch; it was barely six o'clock.

the weir before breakfast." She did not put on her hat, but ran out archeaded, effecting her exit by her bed-room window. A creeper grew without, and by means of this the agile young girl rapidly reached the garden; she then hurried away towards the river. She had the dewy morning all to herself, and scattered the iamond drops like spray as she moved through the grass, laughing to see how wet were her shoes and the bottom of her

blue-and-white serge morning-dress. The mill-wheel had just begun to work, but no one was about; and Ilma stood for fully Roland had told her the fatal spot was called nets more powerful than she dreamed of in —looking down upon the weir; then, step-her innocence. He would have been less than ping back to the bank, she wandered along man who could have resisted them, even towards the bridge which Mistress Anneris Darrell had refused to cross. The ground rell knew that some one must have told his rose in this direction, and, looking ahead, Ilma could see that the river, which wound very much, flowed between banks fully twenty in her sweet childlike way, to make him eet high, not more than a quarter of a mile

from where she now was.

She paused presently close to the bridge, and, going up to the extreme verge of the bridle as they moved forward, bank, looked down at the rapid current, "I hope you cannot," re flowing at this spot with terrible velocity to wards the weir. Absorbed in listening to the roar of the weir, which seemed to drown all other sounds, the girl might have remained thus for an hour, had not a most unexpected sound made her glance quickly towards the bridge, whence had come a clear, penetrating

bridge, whence had come a clear, penetrature, "Holloa!" in a man's voice.

A man mounted on a splendid black horse was crossing the bridge, and, as Ilma turned her face, he waved his hand for her with an imperative gesture, intimating to her to draw hack. She obeyed instantly, retiring several hack. She obeyed instantly, retiring several feet, with less of any fear in her heart of a isn't talking to him as if she ha known him possible peril against which the rider had all her life—and she such a beauty, too! warned her than of a feeling of keen ampsement and pleasure on beholding one who could be none other than the famous Dark Darrell, the accursed. Yes; there was the dark handsome face; and, as she drew back. the rider raised his hat and bowed, ope, Jame calling out as they approached as if to apologise for having called to her, or to thank her for condescending to have her life saved. She stood still, watching the horseman, and little thinking what an exquisite picture she herself made with her

youthful beauty.

While yet a hundred paces from where secutinising gaze—she was not a bit afraid to look a young man in the face—to see what she ought to think of the tall, broad shoulded, fair-haired cousin who, dropping his lime thinking that the girl went forward to meet the proached bery the girl went forward to meet the hand, her face and again the she ought to think of the tall, broad should be proached bery the girl went forward to meet the hand, her face and again the she will be the she had out her hand, her face and again the she will be the she wi man," observed lima; "a gentleman could question. She looked now with her quiet Ilma stood, Sir Philip Darrell drew bridle, "I am awful curious about him," said dered, fair-haired cousin who, dropping his him, thinking that this last of the Darrells tion amply seconding her cordial words, and learnt abroad, bent against the red flag.

"I am awful curious about him," said dered, fair-haired cousin who, dropping his him, thinking that this last of the Darrells tion amply seconding her cordial words, and against the red flag.

"I am awful curious about him," said fishing tackle, advanced to greet her. What needed only shining armour or velvet and he, in courtly fashion, learnt abroad, bent against the red flag. he thought of her was to be read pretty plainly lace to be a hero of some wild poetic romance

as she led the way to the daming-room, "you way to failing, I know. How and you escape look so fragile and delicate that the people there will say you are a fairy and have not tangible existence; and I don't know what you will think of their rosy cheeks and robust you will think of their rosy cheeks and robust agrees."

All right. Well," said Rose, composing of the day you escape look as fairy and have such a lot of foreign palaver! I wonder the been will not lessen the five years in Canada. Now the curse, please you will think of their rosy cheeks and robust agrees."

All right. Well," said Rose, composing where the ears prevented and. And the you escape to indicate sullenness—possibly, under strong to indicate sullenness—possibly, under strong to indicate that the people the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity, onto that Ilma, who shade. "If have such a lot of foreign palaver! I wonder eaves of Yale College will not lessen the been washed ever the weir.

Well, "said Rose, composing gipsies have so much of that kind of thing; them instinctively, and, though nine people where there is danger."

This sction on the part of deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention, fercoity to the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the provention of the deep gray that seems black in the prov

"I should know you were a stranger by both your looks and speech," said Sir Philip, smiling; and Ilma felt that so sweet a smile could redeem any curse, even were the face it ford," motest touch of Cumberland about you."

"Nor is there about you," returned Ilms signed due bridle to her; and she would have frankly. "I should think you were for envied Robert the charge of him if the society eign though, if I did not know who you of the lord of the soil had not been a strong-

"You have the advantage of me," said Sir Philip, bowing, and smiling again. "The gossips were quick, if you came only last night, to tell you how to know Philip Darrell

when you saw him."

"My cousin Sabine told me about you. Sir to live with my aunt, Miss Durnford. You know them all?" "I have that honor and pleasure, and I

am delighted to have the further honor of extending the acquaintance," said Darrell. holding out a slight hand as white as Ilma's own; and Ilma gave him her little hand with a bright laugh.
"What fun!" she exclaimed. "I liketo

be unconventional. It's ever so much nicer to be introduced to some one by having a warning shout than by a formal introduction. Don't you think so.

"I should if I were the warned and you were the warner, Miss Costello; but it was not with any very envisible feelings that I saw the atmosphere had been disturbed and had presented to our gaze five wonderful water presented to our gaze five wonderful water and volume. After weeking the

"But I should not like to see you whirling down to the weir," said Ilma. "As it hapens, there is no harm done. Oh, you dear

old fellow !' The last words were not addressed to Sir Philip, but to his horse, which had walked forward sedately to join his master. Ilma caressed the noble animal with all a girl's lavish fondness, laving her soft check against the horse's smooth neck, stroking and patting him, and talking to him as if he were a

Sir Philip watched the beautiful group of girl and horse with feelings which he could not probably have analyzed. Ilma's conduct would have been splendid acting in a finished coquette: but she was no more a coquette than himself.

"He is a noble creature," said Sir Philip, presently, " though his own master praises nim. He is half an Arab, and has be companion in many a wandering. Faithful Hassau !" he added, laying his delicate white hand tenderly on the animal's forehead; and the large soft eyes of the Arab flashed back full intelligence into his loved

master's face.
"I've seen lots of beautiful horses," re marked Ilma, " but never such a beauty as yours. How long have you had him? " Four years. I bought him in Alexan-

by on a black horse, and my cousins were quite interested." " You will find that you cannot cross a road in this place without every one knowing it, and knowing why, or making a reason. All

all last evening. My coming here was a tre-mendous event. Bah—country places are stupid, dismally stupid !' "They must be;" and Ilma looked a little dismayed. "I have never lived long in the

country. "I know that. No one would ever take "You are superstitious, you North Country has "We are his house. Good evening, my ladies; good "I know that," seidlima, nodding. "They

South country is foreign to Cumberland; Ilma, and a covert glance at Reland, Zeph and you don't speak like a home bred Engwent on her way. eign languages than your own-that is the "That is how you speak," said Ilma. "]

call me 'foreigner' here."

am no judge in my own case; but you speak your words grisply as Italians do, and the inflections of your voice are not English."

Darrell laughed. This Transatlantic girl's frankness was bewitching; he would not have been at all surprised if she had told him that

then clasped her hands in dismay.

"Oh, Sir Philip, I must hurry home to pear."

brookfost! I am late already "You will let me escort you?"
"And take you out of your way? Not for worlds! There are no bears in these woods

opened her bed-room door. Not a soul was "Except Cumberland bears," said Darrell stirring in the house. Ilma looked at her with some bitterness; "butthey are harmless enough, poor clodhoppers! But escort I know "Jolly!" she thought. "I shall run down is a fiction. Will you grant me the pleasure of your company as long as possible? "Oh, yes, gladly! It is no favor, you know.

Why don't you come in to breakfast with us Auntie is a friend of yours, you said."

There was a flash in Darrell's eye and a quiver of his delicate lips which told of pride and passion. Then he answered, smiling:

"How good of you to make the suggestion!
I think I will act upon it."
"Please do." said Ilma earnestly, thinking

though he "read between the lines:" for Dar young companion all about the curse, and doubted not that she, flouting it, only wanted.

happy. "Can I say 'No' to such a supplicant?" he said, passing his arm through his herse's

"I hope you cannot," returned Ilma.
"Yes? Oh, how nice that will be—that is, f you would really like to come, Sir Philip."
"I should like to come above all things." Ilma was quite satisfied, and moved a by her tall cavalier's side till they came to the Grange, where Molly, the cook, looking out of the kitchen window, was not a little aston-

Well away; she may be dreeing her wierd, and not know it! Just think if the lord and not know it! Just think should take a fancy to her, poor dear!" Jennie, who was young, shook her head portentously, but remarked that "they furriners, were mostly mad.

CHAPTER IV.

" Sir Philip Darrell," exclaimed Miss Durnford, quickly descending the steps of the terrace at the back of the house—for Jennie had fled precipitately to inform her of the

and kissed that hand. "How kind of you," he said, "to be so

Robert to take Sir Philip's horse to the stable.
You have a superb horse, Sir Philip." "He's a jewel in every way, Miss Lurn-ord," replied Darrell; and Pms be ged

illumined less strikingly handsome than that to be allowed to lead Hassan to the stable of the Lord of Manor. "There is not the re-"Old Darling !" she said, as Sir Philip re-

er attraction. She ran back to the breakiastroom, and went

up to her aunt with a half-penitent, half-mis · Please forgive me for being late, auntie

I did not know how the time was going; and shouldn't have been here at all maybe but or Sir Philip."

"My dear child, what do you mean,"

Darrell explained, and Miss Durnford looked as horrified as if Ilma had actually tumbled nto the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. ELMOS FIRE.

The Mystic Flame that Burned and Shocked a Young Midshipman, The following account of an electrical phenomenon which was witnessed on the British ship John o' Gaunt appeared in the

San Francisco Bulletin on January 13, over

the excitement consequent on watching the waterspout was over, I retired, and had just made myself ready for the night when the chief officer came to call me on to the poop. On my arrival there I perceived a bright globe of light at the royal mizzen mast, of a clear yellow tint, burning steadily, and unaffected either by the motion of the ship or by the wind, the globe being about the size of a large tumbler. I recognized it as the magic fire of St. Elmo. I observed it carefully for some time, and was wishing that I could climb the mast and make a nearer view of this magic flame, when one of our midshipmen came forward and volunteered to ascend. then, was my chance of an experiment through a makinz coquette; but she was no more a coquette total the mountain breeze. She felt and acted like a child, and had no more idea of winning Darrell's good opinion than had the horse of my fellowmen. Having distinctly intrustrated in the control of my fellowmen. ed the young man to take diligent notice of

everything, however trifling it might appear to him, and knowing he could be relied on for data, he began his ascent. On his arrival at the point where the flame appeared he was heard to cry out, 'Oh! it is hot,' and all was silence. After waiting a few seconds he was hailed by the captain and myself, telling him to come down, but no answer could we get. Another midshipman was sent. short time both were safely on deck and our "On arrival on deck the young man appeared dazed and complained of having burned his thumb, and I at once took him to my lighted cabin to ascertain the amount of in-jury. On examination I found the pupils of

very painful and the whole of the arm dis-tinctly numb. The pulse (taken on the affected side) was 115, temperature 193 degrees, 15 The patient stated on his arrival at the seat of the electric phenomenon the flame assumed a distinctly bluish color the flame to the wick of a candle. On touch ing it with his left hand (his right meanwhile holding on to the mast/, he received a distinct cardiac disturbance took place and spasmodic respiration, combined with entire loss of power, with numbness of hand and arm, also temporary deafness, shown by his not having heard us call to him from the deck-the night being a good one for transmission of

him a stiff glass of rum and allowing him to

"My young operator in this most interesting experiment is a clear headed young man aged 20, son of a general in the British army, and

A FABLE.

The Wolf and the Hare One day as a Hare was pursuing her way rough the forest she was overtaken by a Wolf, who had no sooner came in sight than

"I thought it was a public highway,"humbly replied the Hare.
"Suppose it is? You are nothing but a Hare, while I am a Wolf. It is your business

my way. How it looks to see a big. strong Wolf following a weak and cowardly Har

to follow on behind me, if you want to go

"Please do." said Ilma carnestly, thinking of the terrible story Rose had told her of this man who was so desolate, in spite of his not care to travel that way at all, except to humiliate his weaker neighbor. As he passed humiliate his weaker neighbor. shoulder and observed:

traveling in company. It is only an act of condescension that I allow you to travel this The Hare fell back a few feet further, feel-

up he was rolling over the ground with his fore feet fast in a trap.
"Help! help!" shouted the Wolf.

big, atrong Wolf!"
"I shall be held here till the hunter comes to knock me on the head!" moaned the

pany ! Ta-ta, Mr. Wolf ! MORAL : There is never a safe time to put on airs.

-Trinquet and eight other leading Communists in the last carge of the amnestied reached Paris a few days since. M. Clemenceau and a party of the Extreme Left were prepared to welcome them at one neighboring estraunt, while a Socialist committee had made arrangements at another. They all oreferred the latter, M. Clemenceau having given unpardonable offense by absenting

himself from Blanqui's funeral, apparently to

avoid committing himself in favor of or

- Un to the beginning of this month the Rev. Dr. Todd's church, in the city of New "Pray forgive me," he said, as the two met, glad to see me. Five years have not changed Haven, professed in its Manual to believe in for shouting to you; but you were standing you, Miss Durnford; I wish I could believe "the condemnation of the wicked to everlastin a very dangerous place. The earth there they had wrought as little change in me. ing punishment." It has now discarded this frequently yields." "Well, perhaps even he thought he had deal tanned, and he had bright but rather done enough wrong; or, more likely, his eleventicus fears prevented him. And no Darrell has ever dreamed of dispossessing the the fearth of the fe

"I knew you had not had him when you bis eyes very much dilated and unaffected by light, the thumb of the left hand drawn and minutes. the village will be discussing you over break and was apparently attached to mast in much the same wa

> sound. "The numbness of the arm passed off in about an hour, but the thumb continued painful till next morning, when he seemed all right again, and returned to his duty. After the experiment I ordered him to his bunk, giving

been at all surprised if she had fold him that a capital subject to work out the case. He his coat became him, or that she admired his rings. He bowed, and thanked her for the the state of the experiment in perfect the interpretation, and it was a compliments becomed.

"About fifty seconds after it was touched

e called out :
"By what right do you walk in this path?"

"Very well," answered the Hare, who dared not dispute for fear of being still worse

" Don't keep so near me. If we meet any-body I don't care to have them think we are

nath at all." ing that any dispute would result to the advantage of the Wolf. They had not proceed ed far when the Wolf suddenly uttered a howl of surprise and pain, and as the Hare came

" But I am nothing but a Hare," replied the other. " How it would look to see a weak and cowardly Here rushing to the assistance of

"If you had permitted me to go on my way

"I'd be glad to, small and weak as I am, but if anybody should come along Idon't care

The man you kick to day, may drive a grocer's delivery wagon to morrow. - Detreit Free Press.