

wish. You have lived in Cherwick, I believe?"

Yes; Doublet had been there long before.

"With whom did you live?" I inquired. He replied that his master was dead. Ah, yes, they were all gone long ago! The old man sighed, and his eyes were strangely mournful. Why was it they always seemed to look beyond and through me!

I arose impatiently. I was notional. "You have heard of Mrs Latane's family, then?" I said, while striking a match.

Yes—oh, yes! For the first time Doublet seemed to awaken. There had been a Miss Rose Latane once, he had heard. She was a famous belle, who died unmarried. Ah, well many belles have remained unmarried. Doublet paused, and I smoked. Then he remarked that there was a young lady at the next place whose name was also Rose. Yes—yes, Rose! She, too, was very beautiful. No doubt a descendant of the older Miss Latane's family.

I was surprised at the interest and observation shown by Doublet on this point, and smoked in silence, waiting for him to continue. Hesitatingly he did so, eyeing me all the while.

Only an hour before he had seen the young lady go through the wicket gate. She was doubtless even then returning in the lane. It was a beautiful morning—beautiful.

Again Doublet eyed me. I flung my cigar into the fire without a word and caught up my cap and rushed out into the frosty sunlight, with my heart throbbing once again, "Rose! Rose! Rose!"

I plunged through dry leaves, and, sure enough, met her passing through the little gate. As we went up the garden path together I saw old Doublet standing by the wall of the ruined wing, evidently watching us. But I did not care. I would not deny to a soul that which was patent to myself. I was desperately in love, and at first sight. For from the moment when I saw Rose Latane first at the wicket gate I realized without hesitancy that she was the one woman whom I wished to marry—nay, whom I intended to marry!

From that time on I was conscious that my infatuation was wholly perceived by old Doublet, and that in some unaccount-

able manner he had set himself to help me on with my suit. But no sign of what he divined did the old man give. I did not pause even to question myself, for in a fortnight after my arrival at Gray Hollows my fate lay straight before me, and Rose Latane alone had the solving of it.

On the night of November 30th I sat in the library drawing plans for the future renovation of Gray Hollows, and although I had not yet broached a word of my feeling to Rose, I found myself arranging rooms according to what I thought would be the state of her when I hoped to bring on the future mistress.

I felt unaccountably restless. The day had been cold and cheerless—an abrupt change from days preceding.

The wind swept around the old place, and rattled the windows and screamed up the chimneys, and made me unsettled and nervous. I had found no excuse to call upon my neighbour, which fact was no doubt the key-note of my mood. I strove vainly to divert myself by investigating the contents of an old diary which had been kept by my great-grandfather, and which was afterwards left me among my father's personal possessions. But I could settle to nothing, and was dissatisfied and brooding, like the weather.

I had to own, too, that I was growing tired of the ancient figure of Doublet. An unusual spirit seemed to have entered into the old man that day. He was uncomfortably in evidence whenever I desired solitude, and he appeared in the library hour after hour without excuse, and was almost officious in his effort to remain near me or to be of service. I appreciated the unaccountable devotion with which I had apparently inspired my old servant, but it palled upon me, and he persisted in fixing his eyes upon me with an eager sort of wishfulness which made me feel antipathetic. By night I had pretty well determined to get another and a youthfully robust valet, more in accordance with my own age and less harmonious with that of Gray Hollows.

I found myself incensably vexed with old Doublet. Perhaps we are all more or less vexed with that which we cannot understand. I looked for some fault for which I might upbraid him; but Doublet was provokingly correct—too correct.

During the evening I read for a while in

my great-grandfather's diary, picking out a date here and there, and deciphering with difficulty the fine, old-fashioned handwriting; but as last, when the clock struck eleven, I put the book away and threw myself upon the lounge in a corner, with my hand shading my eyes, and fell to dreaming about Rose.

Suddenly I was aware that Doublet stood before me. I had not heard him enter, and was about to make an irritated remark about his unnecessary quietness, when, to my surprise, he beckoned to me. Bewildered, I sprang up to see the figure of the old man disappearing out of the door. I hurriedly followed him through the hall and out of the house.

It was now a windless night, and moonlight, white and mysterious, lay over Gray Hollows. Straight ahead went old Doublet to his usual haunt—the ruined left wing—and I after him. Then I stopped short, utterly bewildered and amazed. I had been brought to a standstill, not by a scattered pile of stonework, but by the left wing of Gray Hollows, looming dark and undestroyed above me. Near by, with his mournful gaze upon me, was the figure of old Doublet.

I could not speak nor make a sound. Some dumbness of brain as well as of tongue was upon me. Mechanically I waited. The lightshone through the windows, and within I could see a ballroom, with figures moving to and fro in a stately dance. Jewels flashed and red lips smiled. Plumed heads bowed and brilliant brocades in groups of colour met and parted in the dance. Suddenly I started, and my brain throbbled. She was there before me! Rose! My Rose! Did I not know her eyes—her smile! Beneath the powdered coiffure and waving feathers Rose Latane passed before me in the dance. Surely I was dreaming! Surely I would awaken presently! I strove to rush forward to satisfy myself that I slept, to break the mystery or the dream; but, like an iron grasp, the inscrutable gaze of old Doublet was upon me. I could not move.

Two figures approached the Rose of the dance, and one of them resembled myself. Yes, in spite of the powdered hair and courtly dress, it was my own face. Where or when had I done the same? Where and when had I seen or heard of the other? Ah! The old story of the ball, on the night when Beverly Lane came into his

inheritance! The two cousins! With the rapidity of a dream, all which then transpired flashed upon my bewildered vision.

Rose turned and laid her hand upon the arm of the young man who resembled myself, and the other, with a malignant look of hatred, turned on his heel and left them;

In the shadow of night, with the figure of old Doublet beside me, I marked what then passed. It was with the lightning-like transition of thought. The guests left with no sound of hoof or wheel. One by one the lights were extinguished in Gray Hollows. Presently two figures descended the steps to the terrace, and thence down the path toward the hollows, and silently we followed them, old Doublet and I.

In a moonlit space below, the young men passed. There was a gleam of steel, and then one of them spoke. Was it the voice of my inner spirit? Surely I had heard it all before.

"Wait, Beverly Lane! This is of your own seeking. Were you worthy of her I should speak no word; but I shall strive to protect her. Once more I ask you by what means you gained possession of my inheritance—for I had our uncle's assurance that so it would be!"

"Dog! Liar! She is mine! Gray Hollows is mine!"

The words cut the air simultaneously with two swords. There was a flashing of steel; the first speaker made a swift lunge, and the second sprang back with the blood flowing from his hand. Then the other put up his sword.

"There! I do not wish to kill you, Beverly! I go, but Time shall yet testify!"

He plunged into the gray underbrush of the hollows and disappeared. There was the faint sound of horses' hoofs, and the other stood in the moonlight with his bleeding hand held high.

"Ah! You leave the field, my brave soldier! She is mine now, and you shall pay dear for this blood! Who shall Time employ? Who shall testify against me?"

"I—I shall!"

The figure of old Doublet was no longer beside me. He stood in the space, with the moonlight on his gray hair. The younger man started back with an oath.

"I shall, Master Beverly! I shall testify

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