The Ghost of my Great Grandfather.

BY THEO. READE.

'These are the drawing rooms, Miss Clyde, and the music and reception rooms,' Miss Challoner says, as she leads the way through the lovely apartments of Challoner House, down in Surrey, where I am newly arrived to take my place as companion and secretary-in general to the hon. ladies of the place.

'This is the picture gallery,' continues Miss Challoner, with a grand, old fashioned air, that suits well with her silvery hair and stately mien, 'and this, she continues, pointing to a particular picture 'is the portrait of my grand father, General Sir Richard Hope What's the matter, child?' she cries turning towards me; 'you look pale and faint, is it too warm for you? Take

run on the lawn. 'No, thanks, Miss Challoner,' answer, as calmly as I can. 'I would rather-rather not; it is not too warm indeed I do not feel faint.' So with beating heart I stood gazing at the po trait of General Sir Richard Hope How the mention of that name brought back the sad story of my dead mother's life to me-her early runaway marriage with Everett Clyde, a poor artist, whose only claims were his handsome face and his love for her; the rage of her grandfather, whose ward she was and his cast ing heroffforever, and utterly refusing to see her when her obnoxious husband died and I was left, a baby burden, in her weak white hands. It was at eighteen that I learned the name of my grandfather-it was General Sir Richard

Hope. And here I found myself, a smallsized motherless girl of nineteen, with a recommendation from Madame de house of my ancestors, and staring at the portrait of my great grandfather.

'He was a very handsome man,' Miss Challoner said with a sigh, 'very handsome. That was painted when he was only thirty years of age.'

Very handsome truly! A ruddy, highbred face, with delicious blue, bewitching eyes, and a mouth that was red as a spice-pink, smiling in wilful curves under a little waxed black moustache, he looked tall, too, and straight as an arrow in his regimentals, with his general's chapeau in his hand, and his mighty swordhilt dangling at his side. Sir Richard looked a very valiant knight in his youth to be sure; but with all his beauty, I had not much cause to love his memory.

'You admire the General?' Miss Challoner asks of me, as I stand mutely before the picture. 'Ah, everybody does; that is just the way I remember him when he was ordered to India and took us all with him. Janette married there, so did my brother Algernon; but they are dead, and there is no one left but Agnes and I.'-the old lady goes on garrulously while I wander down the splendid length of the gallery.

'Janette left no children, and Algernon only one, a son; and there was Lydia, poor Lydia! I scarcely remember her; she ran away and married some one, I've forgotten the name even, and died shortly, she and her little one both.

'Lydia' was my mother; I was the little one. How I longed for sympathy and womanly love none can know, but I held my peace, remembering my mother's almost dying instructions, seek none of my relatives, and to beg my bread rather than owe it to their bounty.'

'Now, Miss Clyde, I believe I've shown you over all the lower part of the house. I want you to feel at home, perfectly so; now we'll go up stairs. These two are your rooms; I am glad you like them; this staircase leads down into my corridor and the apartments opposite yours are out of repair, locked up and never used; they used to be stately chambers in the days gone by, but they are completely dismantled now, one of them was the General's study,' Miss Challoner says, with a sigh. I'll leave you now, my dear; to morrow you ma begin your duties with Miss Agnes and me in the morning.'

My 'duties' prove extremely light. and the Misses Challoner two most worthy and lovely old ladies, who have very few letters, generally speaking, to be answered, and whose passion for be ing read aloud to is quite limited; the principal portion of my time is at m own disposal, and, truth to tell, I am rather sorry for it, for in this big, ram bling old house I scarce know what t do with myself.

I often wander all over the house, and spend hours in the library, poring over of the candle he held, he surveyed me my great-grandfather's books, and now and then coming across some volume with my mother's maiden name, Lydia Montressor, written on the fly-leaf in a girlish hand. By nine o'clock every evening Miss Challoner and Miss Agnes are sleeping the sleep of the just, and I sit on, crouching by the bright wood fire with some fascinating book, until eleven and twelve o'clock frequently.

It was on one of these occasions that gaze. becoming more than usually absorbed in what I was reading I did not start to go up stairs till after twelve, and as I came through the hall, I not only saw the candle light shining out from my own half open door, but also gleams of light through the cracks of the disused rooms opposite mine. I stood still for a moment, and then suddenly reflecting that you are! Beg pardon, are you mad?' Miss Challoner had very probably given the ghost inquires, sardonically. 'Do some of the numerous house servants permission to occupy the apartments, I thought no more of the matter and went to bed with a light and cheerful heart. Intensely interested in my new found volume, I did not retire the following night until quite late; and although I had not thought of it from that moment by-the-bye do you think I resemble my to this, I found myself instinctively portrait? looking for the gleams of light; there were none and again I went to my bed. I fell over, unable to bear the strain Perhaps I had been asleep but five upon my nerves an instant longer. I minutes, may be for two hours-that suppose I swooned, for I recollect dis-I shall probably never know, but what tinctly coming to and finding myself I do know is that I was awakened that lying in an utterly strange room on a night of the fifteenth of November by lounge that the brocade is hanging in a sharp snapping fall it seemed to me, moth-eaten tatters from; a dim light at my very hand; I sprang up and burns in one corner, and my great-grandsearched for the matches, but, as ill father kneeling beside me chafing my chance would have it, of course they hands and smoothing back my hair. were nowhere to be found; I listened Poor little girl! I was a brute, intently for a minute, again the noise there open your eyes, now swear you was repeated and simultaneously gleams | won't betray me. I know you won't. of light flashed through the cracks of I'm Dick; ah, you haven't heard of me

beheld-my great-grandfather, just as if they knew I was here; they think I'm his portrait down stairs in the gallery in India.' depicted him, the same ruddy face with I begin to think that I am dead or the bewitching blue eyes, only instead becoming mad, one of the two, for I

gilded sword hilt, a pistol was in his my ancestor. hand. I took all this in one terrified glance that froze my very blood in my duel with Fred Warde; they told me on me with a grip of iron.

'If you scream,' my great grandfather says in the lowest possible whisper. '1 will shoot you dead, do you hear?' I am shivering with terror, and cer tainly cannot reply with a hand held

tightly over my lips. 'You're one of the maids, I suppose, my great grandfather ejuaculates still in whisper. 'Remember I've seen you and as sure as you mention having seen me to a living soul I'll shoot you feel the hands withdrawn from my

Don't stir, 'recollect that I am dead!' That I died in India six months ago!" mouth and wrists. I lie there almost senseless, for I know not how long time, only when I open my eyes at last the sunshine is streaming into the window at the end of the hall, and I am as cold as a block of marble. In vain I try to reason with myself

that I have had the nightmare, that I have been dreaming, and walking in my sleep. I cannot shake off the impression that I have seen the ghost of my grandfather face to face, and indeed the physical effects of thus making his acquaintance at midnight some twenty years after his demise, are too palpable Blanc's, where I had graduated, in the to be passed lightly over. By degrees of course this feeling wears off but sti the vision was an unexplainable one and I know not why I have never men tioned it to any one. I said I was not superstitious; but I fear nevertheless. that parting injunction of my handsome great grand father's really kept me silent. I think of it constantly, and grow each day more and more perplex-

'Miss Chaloner,' I say one morning as we are refilling the flower vases in the picture gallery, 'whereabouts did Sir Richard Hope die?"

'In India.' I certainly start, bu Miss Challoner's head is bent close over a pot of Parma violets. 'Yes, in India. Let me see, twenty-three years and six months ago-I remember the anniversary so well because we were in London last May, and the Times made honorable mention of him in a long list of officers who had perished in India.'

'In India, six months ago!' The ghost was accurate, indeed I could not have imagined things about which I knew absolutely nothing, but I tried my best to banish it all from my mind, especially as from that night forward I had never heard or seen aught to alarm me, for now three weeks past.' By the end of that time Challoner

House was full of guests, and I had not much time to think of ghosts or greatgrandfathers either. Kind Miss Challoner made the days pass very pleasantly for her orphan dame de campagnie, and with all her hauteur scarce ever made me feel my dependence. The days sped swiftly, and the evenings were filled with music, conversation and theatricals. It was after one of these festive occasions that, late at night, I lay in my arms in a swoon. Essie, sought my room, and on reaching the don't you think you might like me a passage way, again I beheld those mysterious gleams of light coming from un- thousand a year, and when the dear old apartments. I stood still for a moment, my heart throbbing wildly, I thought I heard voices, as though one were outside and one within conversing through the window; but gaining my own door where the candles and the firelight foolish fancies, bolted myself in, and

ere long was in the arms of Morpheus. Again, that crackling, crushing sound awoke me! Only to night I was able to distinguish that it was as though some great rusty bolt were being drawn by forceful hand; again I sprang up, determined this time to rouse the household f power of feminine lungs could do it. drew the bolt, flung open the door, and

there before me in a flood of warm light. stood my great grandfather. 'For God's sake don't scream!' h said, coming a pace nearer to me: but of this abjuration there was no need, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Another pace nearer came the ghost of my great grandfather, and by the light from head to foot and I have no doubt a very terror-stricken spectacle I presented to his ghostly eyes—a small shaking girl with staring eyes and tangled masses of yellow hair hanging to the

Who are you? he asked in a spiritual whisper. 'I-I am Essie Clyde,' I answered under my breath, shrinking before his

hem of her gown.

'Clyde!' my great-grandfather murmurs to himself. 'Any relation to Algy Clyde, of the Guards.'

'No,' I answer, as I feel my heart turning over within me. 'I am your great-grandchild, Lydia Montressor's

'My great-grandchild! The devil you know who I am

'Yes, I do; you are Sir Richard Hope. My great-grandfather starts, and turned his blue delicious eyes in I think a most sinister fashion.

'Well, my dear great-grandchild, you are a very pretty little relation and-

'Yes, yes,' I manage to say, and then

my door. Recklessly I flew to the bolt, I'm in disgrace, those two dear old slid it back, pulled open the door, and saints would weep themselves to death

of his military garments he wore a richly am powerless, I lie there like a log of covered dressing gown, and instead of a wood, gazing into the comely face of

'I am Dick Challoner, in hiding for a veins, and then I was conscious of utter- the field that I'd killed him, so I gave ing one little miserable scream that was out I'd gone to India, and I came down smothered before it could possibly have here to the old place to hide till the afreached any one's ears in the house- fair blew over. Deuced contemptible smothered by my great-grandfather, thing for a fellow to do, but I never who, promptly clapped one hand over could fancy serving myself up alive my mouth, while with the other he held for tigers. Not a soul knows I'm here. I get up every night and prowl and get something to eat, but I never could learn a syllable about Fred; now, my little girl, you might find out for me. The ghost looks wistfully at me, and all at once I begin to laugh, and then to cry and bury my face out of sight.

'Don't! oh, for mercy sake! Why. Essie, you're my grandchild, don't you know? At any rate, we're cousins or

'Fred Warde's falive and perfectly well,' I cry, 'and let me go, take me away, I'm afraid of you!"

'Alive! Thank God! Let you go, little coz; well, if I must, kiss me first, a very remarkable way of making your acquaintance, but I don't think I could have devised a more delightful one. To-morrow when I walk up to Challoner House, I shall expect you there to meet me.' My ancestor leads me courteously to the door, lights me to my room, and kisses his hand to me, while his blue eyes laugh in most engaging

The next morning I kept very decidedly out of the way. What have I done? Betrayed my identity in a moment of frenzy? Lain on the lounge in the deserted rooms at midnight while ome young guardsman chafed my hands and knelt along side of me, and kissed me! Never - never again can I meet him face to face, never. I will leave Challoner House under any pretext, no matter how futile, this very day. Where shall I go? Ah! I don't know; back to Madamele Blanc's I suppose. I am pursuing the foregoing most salutary train of thought in the

cold, cheerless garden, whither I have fled to avoid the malicious blue orbs of Dick Challoner. 'Ah, good morning, Essie. Why, little coz, what's the matter? Oh, no, you can't run away from me. I've made it all straight with my aunts, and they're both at this moment hard at work killing the fatted calf. Essie you don't look a bit glad' he says a little ruefully. 'To be sure, though, you never saw me before, and can't be supposed to take a very violent interest in me; it seems to me though, as if I'd

been looking for you all my life and just 'I am your aunt's companion, Capt. Chally er,' I cry through slow falling tears Sir Richard turned my mother out of doors, and I'am only here by chance. Miss Challoner and Miss Agnes don't know who I am or anything about

'It's time they did then,' he says, pulling my hands down from my face. Why, Essie, you treated me with a great deal more consideration when you thought I was that wicked old Sir. Richard than you do now. Say, little girl,' he says impetuously, putting his arms about me in fond fashion. 'I'm just desperately in love with you! was taken captive last night while you little bit after a while? I have got five der the door sills of the locked up souls yonder go off, we'll have Challoner-House and fifty thousand more. And Essie, I'm not-not very bad looking, I suppose, as fellows go.'

I laugh through my tears at his whimsical voice. 'Essie, you will take me, won't you?' greeted me cheerily, I put aside my My great grand-father's bewitching blue eyes are pleading passionately with my

'I'll tell you in six months,' I answer, when I know you, and when you know

'I know now,' he says quickly, 'that you are the prettiest little girl in Great Britain; but I suppose you're not so sure about me,' with a little dubious air that

looks for contradiction. 'Not altogether, but-' 'But what?' he cries eagerly. 'I think I'll like you pretty well.'

His warm lips press closely down upon 'Essie, are you glad I am not your great-grandfather, and a ghost?

'Partially,' I answer. 'You're an aggravating little woman. Just wait until you are Mrs. Richard Hope Challoner.

And he did. With exemplary patience the ghost of great-grandfather waited precisely six months, and then the owner of the bewitching blue eyes became also sole proprietor of Essie Hope Challoner.

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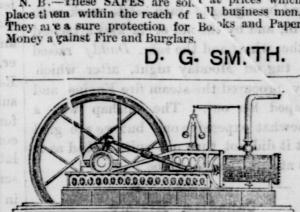
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Chatham, Sept, 7th.

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Messrs. Halls Safe and Lock Co., Louisville, Ky. Gentlemen, -The large number 13 Double Door Fire Proof Safe purchased from you in March, 1872, was in the disastrous fire, corner Eighth and Main streets, on the night of the 16th inst., when over a half million dollars of property was burned, and

stood nobly one of the most severe tests possible falling into the cellar with the walls of the build ing, and several hundred barrels of whiskey stored in the upper stories poured their contents into the whiskey for over forty hours. The bricks and stone hottest fire ever known in Louisville. The safe was buried several feet under the bricks and ashes or two days, and after being dug out of the ruins was opened, and we are proud to say the books and papers were found uninjured, not even discolored or scorched. Several gold watches and some val uable jewellery were found untarnished. We wish you to deliver, to-day, a duplicate of the safe to our new store, No. 9 Main street, and we will send you a check for the money. We want no other safe but a Halls. Yours truly,

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