

A BONNY BRIDE

—BY—
Florence Magrath.



CHAPTER XV.

Their honeymoon commences to wane as peacefully as it began, though a most unexpected piece of news reaches Susie before it is over. Mr. Gresham and Mrs. Jarrod have settled to pass the remainder of their lives together.

It is early in December when they turn their steps homeward. Their first settled residence is in Lord Luton's house in Cavendish square, which Susie finds in perfect working order, handsomely furnished, and with a full complement of servants.

Her curiosity learns something more of the lady who has preceded her upon Susie, and she searches the house eagerly for a portrait of her. There are family miniatures in the drawing-room, and among them Susie finds that of a dark-haired girl, which she imagines to be the representation of Lord Luton's first wife.

A few days after her arrival in Cavendish square, as she finishes consulting Miss Gennett, the housekeeper, on the important subject of dinner, she remarks, in a manner which she imagines to be perfectly indifferent:

"That is a portrait of Lady Luton, is it not?" waving her hand toward the miniature as she speaks.

"That, my lady!" replies the housekeeper. "Oh, no, my lady. That is a portrait of the lordship's aunt by the mother's side, taken when young. You won't find a picture of the first Lady Luton, my lady; not here nor at Luton-stowe, for his lordship did away with them all directly he lost her. You see, they was too sad a memory for his lordship, my lady, for he nearly went mad when he lost her. I used to hear him walking up and down his room at a night, and saying about her, my lady. And he went every thing as could remind him of her away. It was natural, too, wasn't it, my lady? For his lordship had one of the most feeling hearts I ever heard of, and he just worshipped the very ground her ladyship walked on."

She thinks she can understand now the reason of those dark silent hours in which her husband still indulges, and during which she has already learned not to disturb him. That he should regret his dead wife, and feel melancholy at the remembrance, is only natural. But if he "worshipped" her, why has he married again? Susie can plainly see that her husband does not worship her. He loves her, she believes, and is always affectionate and kind in his manner toward her, but she misses the ardor with which she imagines he regarded his first wife. Yet she puts the envious thought away from her bravely. She must be patient and loving, and her reward will come. And before she has been settled a week in her new home she has many diversions for her somewhat sad thoughts.

Mrs. George Lambert calls upon her, and brings in her train several of the half-farioristic, half-Bohemian class, with which Lord Luton has mixed of late years.

"Fancy this dear child never having been to London before, Phil!" she exclaims, after having questioned Susie as to her knowledge of town. "We must positively take her about and show her everything."

"Lady Luton at present cares to go everywhere that her lord and master goes," says Philip, holding his wife's hand. "But you needn't be afraid of her at any time. She's a thorough little Bohemian, and has never been anything else. I wouldn't have married her unless it had been so."

"Ah! they're the best sort after all, Phil," cries Mrs. Lambert, as she takes her leave.

Susie cannot help observing certain small liberties which Mrs. George permits herself to assume with Lord Luton (especially that of calling him by his Christian name), and she becomes unhappy in consequence. She loves her husband very dearly, and she cannot bear to think that another woman should be more intimate with him than herself. She has never presumed to address him as "Phil," and each time that Mrs. Lambert pronounces the syllable it jars upon her ear. Then they seem to have been to so many places together and to have known so many people, that she has never even heard of; and they both speak French fluently, and sometimes converse in that language, not a syllable of which she understands. So that the poor girl's innocent spirits begin to fail her, and she droops from day to day, and loses her color and her appetite, until Lord Luton perceives the difference, and asks her affectionately what is the matter, and all the answer she makes him is by bursting into a flood of tears.

CHAPTER XVI.

They are in the large drawing-room in Cavendish square at the time, which is the fag end of a winter's afternoon. Susie is seated at the grand piano, where she has been vainly endeavoring to overcome the difficulties of a new waltz; and at the sound of her sobs, Lord Luton leaves his position at the fire, and crosses to her side.

"What ails you, my darling?" he inquires. "Are you ill?"

"No," replies the girl, in a stifled voice. "What is it, then, that makes you cry?"

"Nothing," she answers.

"Then I should advise you to dry your eyes at once," says her husband, in his usual way.

shall not understand, until you take the trouble to inform me. Come, my child," he continues, in the half-paternal manner he usually assumes with her, "don't be silly. If you have any trouble, tell me. I thought it was an agreement we were to have no secrets from one another."

"But—but—Mrs. Lambert has secrets with you," sobs Susie. "She was whispering to you all yesterday evening on the sofa."

"Oh, that's where the shoe pinches, is it?" cries Luton gayly.

"Don't laugh at me, Philip. I cannot bear it. She calls you 'Phil,' and she talks to you in French, and it makes me feel so stupid."

"Come, this is more serious than I imagined," says Lord Luton. "It is true that you cannot talk to me in French, my darling; and, now I come to think of it, it is very rude of Mrs. George to use a language which you do not understand. But if a lady addresses a man in French, what can he do but answer her? And as for your other charge, Susie, of her calling me 'Phil,' why, she has done it for the last five years, and I could hardly object to it, now."

"I never call you 'Phil.' But it isn't because I am afraid of you," she whispers. "It is because I look up to you, and honor you so much."

"My own darling! I love you for saying so, and wish I were more worthy of your honor and respect. Oh, never doubt my love for you, Susie, whatever may occur. I have had a miserable life till now, and there are many black shadows in my past at which you don't even guess. But the possession of you is like a pure, bright stream of sunshine thrown straight across my path. If I am sometimes gloomy or reserved, be wise, and do not resent it. There are people—acts, wrongs—in my past life that haunt me until I am well-nigh driven to madness. But you will cure me, sweet one! Your child-like trust and affection will prove the antidote to my sorrow. And in the future—who knows—heaven may send me new ties, all breathing of you—that will reconcile me to the irremediable past."

He kisses her fondly several times, and then rising to his feet, places her in the arm-chair. His manner changes on the instant. One moment back he was earnest, energetic—almost defiant; now he is once more the courteous, insouciant Lord Luton.

"Rest there, Lady Luton," he says, playfully, "and repeat of all your sins. It is past five, and I must run down to the club for an hour before dinner. If you are very good, I will come back punctually and take you to the theater this evening. But, before all, remember that my last orders are that you are to consider yourself as I do, the most charming and lovable little woman that was ever sent down from heaven to make a miserable man happy."

He waves his hand as he speaks, and disappears through the folding doors, with a smile and a look upon his handsome face that lingers with Susie, after he has gone, and makes her supremely happy. The dusk has fallen and the large fire which flickers fitfully on the various articles of furniture, leaving the corners of the room in gloom, is all the light that she requires to dream by. Twice does she rise to pull the bell and order the evening lamps to be brought in, and twice does she sink back again upon the chair, unwilling so soon to break the sweet train of thought Lord Luton's words have inspired.

She sits there in the gloaming with her hands clasped, and her fair young face fixed earnestly upon the fire, lost in a happy reverie, for perhaps half an hour.

Then she remembers a letter from her father that requires an answer, and rising suddenly to her feet, advances to the bell to ring for lights. She has scarcely reached it when she starts violently. Another figure is standing on the hearth beside her. Susie thinks at first it is her new lady's-maid.

"What do you want?" she asks, eagerly.

"Why do you come upon me like this without any warning?"

But the figure on the hearth does not answer, and the fire flaring up at that moment casts a light upon it, which reveals the same woman who gained entrance to her rooms at Scarborough. Susie recognizes her at once, and her blood seems to freeze in her veins with horror. There she stands, in the white dress she wore before, clinging round her little figure like a flag, with her dark curly hair falling over her pale, weird face, and her black eyes fixed angrily on Susie, while her lips move, but without sound, and the same words are formed by their dumb action:

"He is mine."

Susie is paralyzed with terror. She does not know whether to fly or remain—whether to scream or to be silent; so she stands opposite the figure, staring at it, while her breath is drawn in short, sharp gasps of alarm.

"He is mine," repeats the silent lips, while the woman's brows are knitted with defiance.

"He is not!" cries Susie, desperation lending her temporary courage. "If you mean my husband, he is not yours; he is mine, and mine only, for evermore."

As the words escape from her the figure appears to advance with a still more menacing attitude upon her, and, with a shrill scream, Susie turns to fly, and falls before she can reach the door. The servant coming in a moment afterward with lamps, finds his mistress insensible upon the floor, and the apartment empty. He calls assistance, and the women take her to her room, but Lady Luton can give no account whatever of the illness that overtook her. She says she felt faint and was going to her room, and remembers nothing more.

The more she reflects upon it, the more certain Susie becomes that she has seen the apparition of the late Lady Luton. Still, she feels that she would like to be certain; and when Mrs. George Lambert,

calling the next day, and hearing she is ill, insists fussily upon visiting her in her dressing-room, she determines, if possible, to obtain the desired information from her.

"I hope you are not given to this sort of thing, my dear child," says Mrs. Lambert patronizingly; "for I am afraid Phil would make but an indifferent sick nurse. He has no sympathy with weak and ailing people, and declares hysterics and faints to be only affectation. But then the first Lady Luton was so very strong, you see—wiry, I called her. She never knew what it was to be fatigued, and spoilt Phil in consequence for all less robust women."

"Mrs. Lambert," ejaculates Susie, rather suddenly, "why is there no portrait of her in this house?"

Mrs. George opens her big blue eyes to their widest extent.

"What a funny question, Lady Luton! Why, Phil did away with them, of course. You wouldn't have the place filled with mementoes of her, would you? Fancy the awkwardness of it with strangers, who might not know the truth."

"Oh, yes! I can understand that he would not wish it talked about before him. He feels it too much for that. But you were her friend, were you not, Mrs. Lambert?"

"Well, my dear, I was acquainted with her, certainly, and intimately at one time, I may say, but it was only through Phil that I knew her. He and George were college chums, you know; and when Lord Luton married, we naturally visited his wife."

"But haven't you a photograph, or any picture of her that you could show me?" "I had several photographs of her, taken at different times; but, of course, when the unfortunate event happened, I took them out of my albums and stowed them away somewhere. Phil is always looking over my collection of friends, and I didn't wish to stir up any disagreeable recollections in his breast, poor fellow."

The upshot of it is, that she reappears the following day. She sits for some time, chatting on indifferent subjects, while Susie is trying to summon up courage to ask her if she has brought the photographs with her, until, all at once, Mrs. George dives into her esthetic velvet satchel, and brings them out.

"By the way, I had nearly forgotten the photos; but here they are, and a nice work my maid had to find them, I can tell you. They had been pushed right to the back of one of the drawers in my davenport."

She throws a little packet on Susie's lap as she speaks, which she uncommences, with trembling fingers, to disclose.

"You must only just look at them, and let me take them back again," says Mrs. Lambert, "for I believe Phil would hate me if he thought I had brought them here."

The first one Susie glances at represents the face, the figure, the very dress of the woman who has twice visited her. The picture of Lord Luton's first wife is, in every respect, the picture of the mysterious stranger. It is true, then. She has stood face to face with the dead! The thought appalls her, and Susie turns sick and faint again.

"What is the matter, Lady Luton? You are not ill, surely. Those photographs can never upset you like this."

Susie turns to her eagerly; she feels she must make a confidante of some one, why not Mrs. Lambert, who has been on intimate terms with the dead woman, and she does so, telling her of the apparition she has seen.

"But what did she want?" asks Mrs. Lambert. "Did she only force her way in to insult you? I can fancy her being quite capable of it; or did she ask for money? I have heard she is in want, and are you sure she was sober?"

These questions puzzled Susie beyond all telling.

"Drink!" she echoes, wisely; "money! But what should a spirit want with drink or money?"

Mrs. George opens her blue eyes still wider.

"You speak of your husband's first wife as if she were dead. Do you really imagine she is dead?"

"Dead—dead!" repeats Susie, in a bewildered manner, "of course she is dead. How could Philip have married me unless she were dead? Besides, I have seen her; I tell you I have seen her!"

"My dear girl, what you have seen is either the living woman or an hallucination; Lady Luton (that was) is no more dead than you are. It would be a good job if she were, for perhaps then poor Phil might manage to forget her. But she died a thousand times worse than die; she disgraced him and herself."

"Not dead!" says Susie incredulously; "but how then can she have married me?"

"Why! he got a divorce from her, of course, you innocent! She ran away from him with a young officer, the Honorable Cecil Knatchbull, who deserted her before the decree absolute was passed; and no one knows, for certain, what has become of her. It was a terrible blow to poor Phil; more perhaps for his pride than his affections; for he couldn't possibly have loved a woman with such a temper. And so, you see, it must have been Magdalena herself whom you saw, Lady Luton. It cannot have been her ghost; for I know that she is still alive."

"Alive!" murmurs Susie to herself. "Alive!" I never thought of this. Oh, I would see a thousand ghosts rather than have heard it!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Susie's head is filled with the strange visit she has received, and the astounding revelation it has evolved from Mrs. George's lips. The other woman, also, seeing the effect the truth has upon Lady Luton, and being anxious to establish her indisputable right to be Philip's closest friend and confidante, takes good care to follow up the advantage she has gained. She harks back to the subject each time they meet, with some fresh instance of the late wife's treachery.

Susie has begun to dread the advent of this lady as if she were her bitterest enemy; for she never visits her without leaving a sting behind her to wound the girl's innocent heart. Although she is young, she has a proud and easily-wounded spirit, and the suggestions thrown out by Mrs. Lambert are agony to her. And, after she has heard them, she turns for the first time from her husband's carresses, when he draws her to his side one evening.

"Why! what is the matter?" he asks. "Leave me alone!" she exclaims, sharply. "Surely I may do as I like. You let your first wife have her own way enough."

As she utters the words, and looks up in her husband's face, she sees it completely change both in expression and in color. Lord Luton staggers backward, almost as if she had struck him a blow across the face, and turns deadly pale.

"Susie," he commences, and she thinks that even the tone of his voice in pronouncing her name is altered. "I made no bargain with you before our marriage with respect to discussing the late Lady Luton or her actions, because I believed that your own sense of delicacy, and your love for me, would prevent your doing so. But as it is not the case, I must tell her, once and forever, that I will not have her named between us. You did not know her, therefore you can be no fit judge of her actions or mine. That I loved you sufficiently to put you in her place should be enough for you. And I must request, nay, I do more than request—I command that this is the last time you allude to her in my presence. Do you understand me?"

Susie's transient burst of spirit is over. She has no more courage left to speak defiantly, but she manages to sob out:

"Yes! I understand. You loved me sufficiently to put me in her place, but you do not love me as well as you loved her, and you know it as well as I do."

She expects Lord Luton, perhaps, to throw himself on the sofa beside her, and assure her to the contrary, but he does no such things. His only answer is conveyed by his striding across the room, and slamming the door after him, as he quits her, to spend the evening at his club.

From this day Susie becomes very unhappy. Mrs. Lambert's constant suggestions, and her husband's refusal to answer the insinuation she cast at him, rankle in her mind, and make her believe that he has married her out of a species of pique against himself for being unable to forget the worthless woman who first bore his name. Her husband, who really loves her very sincerely, resumes all his former affectionate manner toward her, and takes her down the following week to Luton-stowe, which is a beautiful seat in Hertfordshire.

(To be continued.)

Just Too Late.

"We are now coming to the tunnel," said the cautious lover, "and according to the foolish tradition of others in love we must kiss each other. I mention it because I did not wish to surprise you."

"Nothing that you could do would surprise me," she said.

"Do you see anyone we know?"

"Not a soul."

"Nor anyone that knows us?"

"No, no."

"I suppose there isn't any sticking-plaster on your face?"

"No, Why?"

"It might betray us. I read of a young man like me, who kissed a girl like you when they were going through a tunnel."

"Well, what of it? How slow you are."

"The sticking-plaster was on her face when they went in; when they came out it was on his."

"How lovely. We are nearly through the tunnel."

"Then it must be now or never," said the cautious lover, and the passengers smiled audibly, for the train emerged into the broad daylight just as he saluted his girl with the long-deferred kiss. —Detroit Free Press.

A Child's Tribute to Longfellow.

A New-Yorker and his family while in London paid a visit to Westminster Abbey. The "poets' corner" attracted them, of course, and here they paused longest before the bust of Longfellow.

Nellie, the eldest daughter, carried a rose. As they turned away she laid it reverently near the gentle face. Her sister Mabel, a child of 8, was misled from the party a few minutes later. Looking backward, they saw her stand on tiptoe to place something within the marble folds of the drapery.

"What are you doing, Mabel?" the father asked, when she joined them.

"Nellie had a rose, and I hadn't anything," the child said, bravely, "so I bit off one of my curls and gave Mr. Longfellow that."

A Chief Justice's Son in Poverty.

"One of the most pathetic instances of fortune's mutations is that of the Marshall family of Virginia," said a resident of Manassas, Va. "Chief Justice Marshall was admittedly one of the greatest men America ever had within its borders. He was possessed of a princely domain, consisting of several counties in Northern Virginia. This magnificent property was left to his son, who still lives in Warren County at a very advanced age. Owing to his generous nature, the son was ruined by security debts and unfortunate investments, and tract by tract his land was sold. The slaves were all freed and the fortune was gone. The old man lives with a son, and all are poor."

How to Mend a Silk Waist.

A dressmaker lays down three rules for mending a silk waist: Use ravelings when you can. Sew from the under side. Do not turn over edges, but darn flat and trust to careful pressing. If a bone begins to show through, do not mend, but cut off the bone an inch. If the silk wears off around the books and eyes, move them along ever so little. Make a virtue of worn-out seams by applying black feather stitching; and remember that a silk waist is good as long as the upper part of the sleeves remain. Plastron, choker, lace, cuffs and careful mending make a new waist for you.

A California Crop that Pays.

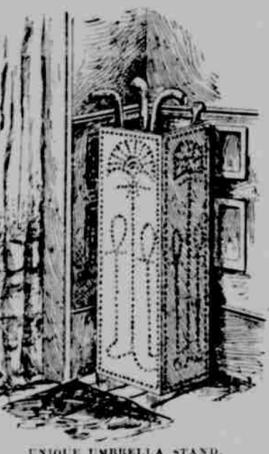
There is an enormous crop of sugar beets in San Benito County, Cal., this year. The average yield is twelve tons an acre, which will net \$3.50 a ton. As an instance of the profit in this crop, a story is told of seven brothers, Danes, who rented a farm of 270 acres, paying for it \$7 an acre as the rent. They have raised not less than eighteen, and probably twenty, tons to the acre. Three of the Danes have done nearly all the work, the others being engaged in another beet-raising enterprise near Watsonville. It is said that on the first farm the three will make \$6,000 this year above all expenses.

Kitty—Harry won't take no for an answer, Kate—How do you know? Kitty—Because I sha'n't give it to him.—Odds and Ends.

WOMAN'S REALM.

AN UMBRELLA STAND.

FROM barrels, boxes and odd bits of wood, the aid of hammer, nails and glue and the transforming assistance of paint, gilt and varnish, many a home convenience may be developed by amateurs. A design for an umbrella stand, illustrated and described in the Ladies' Home Journal, for instance, is made of ordinary wood and covered with burlap or bagging, finished at the edges with screws or slim steel wire nails. Over the entire outside of the box stretch burlap or bagging, such as furniture is wrapped and packed in. Fasten the material in place with flat-headed carpet tacks or liquid glue. After the glue is dry the burlap may be treated to several coats of paint of some desirable color. After the first coat is



UNIQUE UMBRELLA STAND.

applied the box should stand for a few days, so that the paint may thoroughly dry before the second coat is applied.

When the last coat of paint has dried hard the corners of the box may be decorated by driving ornamental nails or tacks at even distances apart around each of the four sides. Any design can be worked out in the following manner: On a large smooth piece of paper draw an oblong, to represent one side of the box, 10 inches wide and 30 inches long. On this draw the design with a soft lead pencil and make four tissue-paper tracings of it. Fasten one tracing on each side of the box at a time and begin to drive the nails on the line fairly close together, but not so that the heads will touch each other. Drive the nails in half way, and when all the lines of the design have been followed tear away the tissue paper and hammer the nails in flush. Large headed iron carpet tacks can be used for this purpose, but they should first be treated to a coat of thin, black paint.

When the outside of the box is finished it will be necessary to give the inside a coat or two of some dark-colored paint or asphaltum varnish to protect it from moisture. A zinc tray that will fit inside the stand, to catch the drippings from wet umbrellas, can be made by any tinsmith.

The Winter Complexion.

When the woman who has delighted lived out of doors all summer in rural scenes finds herself returned to brick walls and city conventionalities, she is somewhat abashed at the condition of her skin. Freckles and sunburn are rather effective than otherwise under the garden hat or mountain cap, but with the natty tailor-made gown of early autumn and generally smart effects of city toilettes, one wishes somehow these skin blemishes had been left in the country along with the lost tennis balls, broken oars and other midsummer rubbish.

Sometimes the simple washing of the face every night for a few nights with pure castile soap and tepid water will be all that is needed, but if the freckles still hold, a lotion published by the Medical Record, and pronounced harmless, will remove them. The formula for this is: Four ounces lactic acid, two ounces glycerine, one ounce rose water. After using the lotion apply a pure cold cream to allay any burning sensation. Vaseline on the face or hands is not recommended by complexion specialists, as it has a tendency after a while to yellow the skin. It is, however, an excellent thing to touch the lips with on going out windy, autumn days. It prevents the hardening and cracking to which tender-skinned people are subject at the first harsh breeze. Touch only the lips and try not to moisten them afterward.—American Cultivator.

Successful Entertaining.

The woman who apologizes for the little she has must always be a failure when she entertains. Yet her non-success is no greater than that of her sister who is so overwhelmed by her grandeur as never to be able to equal her conditions. There are hostesses in great houses who seem to be no more a part of their surroundings than frightened mice who sit in corners.

The secret, in fact, of success in entertaining is as subtle and elusive as the secret of charm. Yet few things in life, unless it be the way to bring up children, tempt the world into laying down so many laws on the subject, or into framing so many precepts. The secret, however, must always be elusive, because it lies in the power of personality—the personality of host or hostess; and by personality I mean the expression which each individual nature has consciously framed for itself. And in this expression lie tact and taste, generous impulses, kindly feelings, love

of others, subordination of self, readiness to give and willingness to receive, power of adaptability, desire for harmony. And these tests of success hold good whether the entertaining involves lavish display, in which the unaccustomed are apt to be bewildered, or includes only hospitality extended to those who would otherwise be without shelter.—Harper's Bazar.

Rules for Cheap Hospitality.

Do not monopolize any good thing.

Do not intrude into your host's affairs.

Go direct when the call or visit is ended.

Do not make a hobby of personal infirmities.

Do not overdo the matter of entertainment.

Do not forget bathing facilities for the guest.

"Make yourself at home," but not too much so.

In ministering to the guest do not neglect the family.

Do not make unnecessary work for others, even servants.

Do not gossip; there are better things in life to think about.

Let no member of the family intrude in the guest chamber.

Conform to the custom of the house, especially as to meals.

Be courteous, but not to the extent of surrendering principles.

When several guests are present, give a share of attention to all.

Introduce games or diversion, but only such as are agreeable.

Better simple food with pleasure than luxuries with annoyance and worry.

Have a comfortable room in readiness, adapted to the needs and tastes of the guests.

A guest need not accept every proposed entertainment; he should be considerate of himself and his host.

Learn the likes and dislikes of those who are to be entertained, but not through the medium of an imperative catechism.—Rural Home.

Cousin of Mrs. Cleveland.

"Amelia's Palace" is the cynosure of all travelers' eyes in the latter-day Zion. Everyone who spends an hour in Salt Lake City visits the handsome, three-story structure dignified by that title. The woman whose memory the building will perpetuate is a well living, Amelia Folsom Young, the sixteenth

Brigham Young's Favorite Wife.

and favorite wife of Brigham Young, is still handsome and remarkably well preserved. So well has she managed the liberal estate left by her famous husband that it has increased many times in value and she is one of the wealthiest of her sex in the Far West. She has exceptionally refined tastes and is fond of travel, having made several extensive European tours. Mrs. Young is a devout Mormon. She resides, not in the palace, but in a spacious home a few blocks west of the historic building. She is a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Odds and Ends of Jewels.

The newest spoon this year is one that stirs the chafin cup. It has a handle eighteen inches long and promises not to get lost, no matter how deep the pitcher may be.

A golf score with pencil costs \$3.75, and the newest oxidized silver belt buckle costs anywhere from \$3 to \$8. This buckle ornaments all colors in belt ribbon.

Belts, garters and purses have received the most of the designers' attention, apparently—and so far as spoons are concerned there is now a particular spoon to serve every edible mentioned in the menu.

A chain purse is the most foolish little purse in the world, but women love just such foolish things. This year they are set in amethysts, and the guard chain, which goes around the neck, is fastened at the belt with a guard pin.

Where the Best Beets Grow.

The best beet root from which pipes are made comes from the borders of France and Italy. In the mountainous districts of those countries, roots are dug out which have grown