

A FATAL WEDDING.

By Lottie Braham.



CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

She stood motionless for a few moments, her face bowed, her hands pressed tightly to her bosom. When she spoke again her voice was comparatively calm. "Thank you for your patience," she said, in a low voice, as she put out her hand to him. "What will you do, Barbara? Shall I see this man for you? I have no influence with him," he added—"he dislikes me; but—"

"You could do no good," she interrupted. "I am grateful for the kind thought. I must have time to think. You are not staying here?" "Oh, no! I play to-night at Leeds." As he took her hands in his and held them for a moment in farewell, he said earnestly, "Barbara, there is one thing I must say to you. Do not let this man influence you. He is unscrupulous and not to be trusted; he promised me that he would keep your secret, which he discovered by a succession of accidents. He saw you once at Rose Cottage, and again at Stourton, on the day when I passed you by."

"You carried my roses—that was pleasure enough for me, dear," he said, smiling at her with dim eyes, while her own face flushed with shame at the thought of the flowers she had let fall beneath the wheels of her carriage. "He saw you that day, but could not remember where he had seen you; he saw you a few days later, when your sweet compassion brought you to my rooms; and he—as certain then of what he only guessed before. It was he who sent Miss Courtenay, who was but a tool in his hands, to the castle to see you, to make you promise to appear at the theater, where he would have an opportunity of seeing if the unexpected sight of me would make you betray yourself."

"How horrible!" "Horrible, indeed!" Mark rejoined. "He has used his knowledge most cruelly and knowingly. Do not let him gain more power over you; and, whatever you decide to do, my child, remember that I am ready to help you."

The tenderness of his voice, the clasp of his hands on hers, almost broke down the composure she had striven so hard to regain. Great tears rose in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

Then, as one in a dream, she passed out into the corridor of the hotel, leaving him alone in the dim room.

CHAPTER XVII.

"You are satisfied, Lady Darley?" "I am more than satisfied, Mr. Bryant," Lady Rose replied warmly. "Every one says it was an immense success."

The play was over; the brilliant audience who had thronged Lady Rose's bijou theater were crowding round their hostess, congratulating her and her friends on the unqualified success of the play. The performance had been a very creditable one, and the piece had been put upon the stage in a manner which left nothing to desire, so that Lady Rose tasted, or thought she tasted, the delights of a London actress who has made a successful debut; and Mr. Bryant shared in the congratulations.

then she raised herself slowly, reluctantly, and disengaged herself from his arms. "Shall we go into the ballroom now?" she asked. "I am longing for a waltz with you, Everard."

"Are you well enough, darling?" he asked. "Well? Of course I am quite well!" She threw off the fleecy white shawl and left it on the settee; then turned and took his arm.

"I am much obliged to the owner of the shawl," she said, with almost feverish gaiety. "Come, Everard—it is my favorite 'My Queen' waltz. It would be a shameful waste of opportunity to miss it."

"Come, then!" "No step suits mine so well as yours," she murmured, as they glided over the polished floor among the circling dancers, many of whom paused to watch them as they danced; and Barbara, even though her heart was breaking, danced as lightly and gracefully as ever.

As the music was dying away Everard drew her cleverly out of the circle of dancers; he saw that her eyes were half closed, her colorless lips parted; he noticed that she rested heavily against his arm.

"You are faint, love!" he said, anxiously, and though the faintness of death itself seemed coming over her, she roused herself to smile at him.

"Faint? Oh, no—a little exhausted! I shall not dance again yet. Take me back to the oak hall, Everard; I want a breath of fresher air."

Without any remonstrance he led her back to the quiet, dimly lighted hall, and she sank heavily into her old place on the settee.

"Now go back to the ballroom," she said, with a pretty, imperious gesture. "You will find me here if you don't betray my hiding place."

Half an hour later, when he returned to the oak hall, it was empty; the white shawl was no longer on the settee, and Barbara had disappeared.

"I hope the child has gone to bed," he murmured, as he turned, and made his way back to the ballroom, noting, as he passed through the conservatories which led thither, how dark the night was and how few stars were shining in the wintry sky.

The dancing went on gayly, the soft, dreamy waltz music rose and fell; the brightness died out of eyes which a few hours before had vied with diamonds of purest water, the color waned in fair, rounded cheeks; and outside in the quiet shrubbery, in the chill darkness, a dead fawn lay upturned to the sky, serene and still, with a faint smile lingering on its still lips; and but one man now shared Barbara's secret. She was no longer at Walter Bryant's mercy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was late on the morning after the theatricals when an under-gardener in Lady Rose's employ came upon the silent figure and upturned marble-like face in the shrubbery; and, startled and terrified, he rushed to make known his discovery. In the great dining room Lady Rose's large party of guests—those of them at least who had put in an appearance—were discussing their meal in a desultory fashion, and talking among themselves of the events of the previous night. Lady Rose, being the brightest and freshest there, was presiding over the silver urn and hospitably intent on her guests' wants.

Half an hour passed. The startled and wondering women, gathered in the drawing room, waited in expectation, in fear of they knew not what. Lady Rose, agitated and feverish, paced up and down the room, or sat beside Barbara, holding the girl's hand, as if the pressure gave her comfort. Barbara herself, prepared for the worst and nerved to bear it, was the calmest of all there; but, while the others spoke in low, frightened tones, she alone, beyond a soothing word or two to Lady Rose, said nothing.

Meanwhile Lord Cheveley and his friends had hurried to the shrubbery, and stood with averted looks gazing on the motionless form lying there, on the upturned dead face which had been so handsome in life, which was so handsome in death—Walter Bryant's face.

He had been dead many hours; said the doctor who had been hastily summoned from Arlington; death had been instantaneous and painless; the only wound was a small one by the side of the temple, where a small quantity of blood had coagulated. There was no trace of any struggle; the grass was untrampled, the dead man's attire was in perfect order. He wore his evening dress, and the flower—a sprig of stephanotis—in the buttonhole was there still, faded and dead. The eyes were half closed; a faint smile hovered about his lips.

So terrible an event necessarily led to the breaking up of the party; and before dusk the old house was almost deserted, save by a few of Lord Cheveley's bachelor friends, Captain Adams among the number.

Lady Rose was completely prostrated, she had fainted upon Barbara's shoulder, and had been carried to her own apartments, whither Barbara had followed her, herself pale as death, but quite composed and able to give Lady Rose the assistance she so greatly needed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Early in the afternoon snow began to fall, and then daylight faded. When Barbara left Lady Rose's room at four o'clock, the darkness without was as night, and for two hours the lamps had been burning in "my lady's corridor." For almost as long a time Lord Keith had been waiting there for his fiancée; and now, as she came slowly toward him, he rose from his chair and went forward with both hands outstretched. The girl put hers into them in silence.

"At last!" he exclaimed, in a glad tone of relief. "I thought I was not going to see you again. My darling—his voice expressing extreme concern and solicitude—"how if you look! This has been terrible for you. I wish I had taken you away. You look worn out."

He put his arm round her fondly, holding her close to him for a moment; then he led her toward one of the cushioned seats in the window. But she drew back. "Not there!" she said, trembling in every limb. "Not there, Everard!"

A look of surprise passed over his face. "As you will, my darling," he said, gently. "Shall we go down to the morning room? There is no one there. Barbara, how you tremble, my poor child!"

"Don't," she murmured, shrinking a little—"don't, Everard, or you will make me cry, and I dare not—"

The morning room, a large, low-ceiled room, hung in faded green brocade and with an old-world grave of its own, was bright with fire and candle light as Lord Keith put Barbara into a chair near the fire and rang for some tea.

"You are cold and weary, dear," he said. "We have neglected you, I fear." Barbara smiled faintly, but said nothing; and there was silence until the tea was brought in.

The slight refreshment revived her a little; she raised herself from the cushions and assumed a more upright attitude. When Lord Keith approached her with a second cup of tea, she thanked him, but the cup on a table by her side, and looked up at him with a faint smile.

"Everard," she said, trying with the great diamond ring on her finger. "Yes, my darling." The words died away on her lips; but he understood how she would have finished her sentence.

have some deadly enemy whom it will be difficult to discover. The gardeners are full of importance because one of their number made the awful discovery; the stablemen are dazed. As for old Webster, Bah, he seems to be out of his mind."

"Webster? My groom?" the girl said, with a sudden start. "Yes. You ought to have a younger man to go out with you, dear. The old fellow is crazed, and goes about muttering in the strangest manner, saying that he has seen a ghost and that the dead have come back."

"Webster is an old and valued servant," Barbara urged in his behalf. "My uncle has every confidence in him."

"I have not sufficient confidence in him to confide my most precious treasure to his care, darling."

"Does he say whom he saw?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," he replied reluctantly—"poor Newell Hatton. He was his favorite groom, you know, and most devoted to him."

"And he thinks he appeared to him last night?" "Yes. You will agree with me, my darling, that the beer in the servants' hall was potent. And, after he had conjured up poor Newell, he might easily imagine he had seen a white figure."

"You are cold and tired, darling," she said, looking at her anxiously, as she sank backward against the cushions. "I think if you feel equal to it, the sooner you leave here the better. Sinclair and the servants shall go with you. I wish I could accompany you, dear; but I do not like to leave Cheveley to-night. The detectives—forgive me, Barbara; I ought to have remembered that you were not equal to any further excitement or worry."

"The detectives are here?" "Yes, dear. It was necessary, of course. My darling, how pale you are! I only hope this horrible business will not make you ill."

"You need not fear," she responded slowly, as she rose from the armchair and stood for a moment by the fire, leaning against him, and looking up into his face with a long, sad look which had in it all the anguish of an eternal farewell. (To be continued.)

HINTS FOR THE NEW SENATOR.

An Old Senator Tells of His Newspaper Experience. A new member of the Senate was complaining to an old member of some of the difficulties he was encountering.

"For one thing," he said, "these newspaper fellows don't always get things straight. I don't mean to accuse them of carelessness or of misrepresentation, but now and then some remarkable stories are printed about me at home."

"You'll get used to that," replied the veteran. "That won't hurt. That's part of your apprenticeship. I've been all along there. Let me tell you of a little experience of mine. Soon after I first came here I picked up a paper from my State and saw it asserted in a letter from Washington that my colleague and myself had met and arranged a slate, and that all the patronage for the State would be distributed according to that arrangement."

"There was no warrant for the statement and I made inquiries for the correspondent. He came to see me and proved to be a bright and most agreeable young man. I asked him for his authority, and he pleasantly refused to give it, but said that he had every faith in his informant. To that I replied that all I would ask, then, would be the privilege of denying the story—of putting my statement against the other. He said that was only fair and that he would attend to the matter."



EARNING ONE'S OWN LIVING.

MOST of the educated women now obliged to earn their own living can look back upon a girlhood of freedom and pleasure, from which they were suddenly hurried, by stress of circumstances, into the field of labor, where the workers are always many and the prizes few, says the Philadelphia Times. Desperate often with the monotony of daily work, many young women take hasty refuge in that before-mentioned employment of wife, lacking the most useful qualification—Love. The majority suffer their heartbreak with a deathly stillness, simulating an interest in the work that they are far from feeling.

Against feminine employment of a kind there can be no prejudice, for there is much that women, and women only, can do successfully; but it is the incessant employment all day, and from week end to week end that tells so severely upon woman's health and brightness, oftentimes upon her womanliness, leaving her nothing but the nervous, ever-present dread of loss of employment and the certainty of an old age of poverty and loneliness. For not the least unhappy factor in this daily employment of women is that they have no time to make and cement the friendships that might comfort and support them in their old age.

Seeing how contracted still is the field of feminine labor and how many are urgently needing employment therein, one cannot speak too strongly in disapproval of women who engage in the competition for vacant positions prepared to take a smaller remuneration than the market value of the work they can do because distraction, and not money, is their object, and they know full well they can throw the employment aside as soon as it fatigues them and return with zest to the pleasures and comforts of home. These dainty dilettantes in the world of work are, in plain words, robbing their poorer sisters in a most culpable and unwomanly manner. For the competition, being already so great, no honorable woman should accept a position for which remuneration is given unless she is absolutely obliged to work to support herself or some members of her family.

Decorative Bit of Furniture. The possibilities of window decoration in the hands of an ingenious woman are simply endless, and the housekeeper who is so fortunate as to have a wide recessed window, may make a most artistic as well as useful nook of it. The services of a carpenter are, of course, necessary, but after he has fitted the boards in place, milady's own fair fingers may complete the decorations.

Have four boards, one inch thick, fitted into the recess and nailed securely in place. The top board must be on a level with the window sill, or better still, cover it; the fourth board is screwed to the floor, and the other two



WINDOW BOOK SHELVES.

placed equal distances apart. If desired, two commodious drawers may fill part of the two lower compartments, but this increases expense materially, without adding much to the beauty of the pretty book shelves. Screw a brass rod to the second shelf and fasten to it with rings some curtains in china silk or chintz, using the space so covered for old magazines, pamphlets, etc., while that above may be used for books, and the top shelf for bowls of flowers, ferneries or growing plants.

The curtains across the casement should match those of the bookshelves, and the woodwork of the whole should be the same, either ivory white or stained oak, stained to match the other fittings of the room. Odd bits of china or silver look well on the lower shelves.

Care of the Hair. Cut a third of an inch off your hair when the moon is new, and do the same the next month when the moon is full. Every night give it a good brushing, being careful not to scratch the scalp. Use the brush while dressing the hair when possible in place of the comb. Wash hair every six weeks, using warm water and any mild toilet soap; rinse first with warm water with a little borax, and then use clear, cold water. Dry thoroughly. If the hair falls out and is very dry, rub a little oil on the scalp.

When to Punish Children. Don't punish your little ones before others. It stirs up all the temper there is in their little bodies. Not only that, but if they are old enough to realize much, it lessens their respect for you, and their own self-respect receives a bad blow. I say wait until you are all alone with the child, and if after a

kind and loving talk you feel that it must be punished, do it. I have seen children so ashamed at being reproved or punished before people that it has made my heart ache for them. Perhaps this would be what some would like, and think it better for them to be so ashamed. I do not. Besides, if a child does wrong things before our guest, or their own companions, it hurts us very much, but if we punish a child before them will the latter not be very much disturbed? And it will hurt them by making them feel uncomfortable and out of place. So it makes it bad all around.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Keeps the Placket Closed. No skirt is complete at the present moment without the back has some device to keep the placket perfectly closed. This is necessitated by its perfect fitting sheath shape. Many and



SKIRT FASTENING DEVICE.

varied are the forms these arrangements have taken, the most useful being a row of tiny buttons on both sides, laced or looped across. Our illustration shows the general effect of these various devices, and a new idea that recommends itself, because, while being very ornamental, it is utilitarian as well. It can be easily adjusted to any skirt. They come in sets of a half-dozen pairs and are easily sewed on.

Marrageable Daughters. Fathers and mothers need not be husband hunters, but they should be genial, hospitable hosts to such young women and men as they deem fit companions for their daughters. It is their duty to enter heartily and cheerfully into the lives of their girls at this stage of their career as well as any other. Many a young woman has been deprived of social life because of the indifference or open inhospitality of her parents to her friends. The father who selfishly seeks his own comfort and enjoyment, burying himself in a book or paper when his daughter's friends are in his parlor, creating an atmosphere of restraint and unsociability, is, perhaps, dooming his girls to a lonely, unhappy life. The mother who is scant of courtesy and friendliness to these guests is doing her daughters a greater and more lasting wrong than neglect of some of their personal wants in their earlier years would have entailed.

Nor does their duty end in a willingness to receive and entertain in a cordial way the young people congenial to their girls; if it be that there are not young men and women in their neighborhood with whom their daughters can associate, it is their bounden duty to remove thence to a community furnishing the necessary conditions for an adequate social life. They may move for much less impulse than they seldom move for these impulses.

Scented Stationery. A woman's stationery should speak of herself, and should be as much identified with her personality as possible. A sachet of violet powder, or orris, placed in your letter box, gives a subtle odor to the paper, which some women love to affect, but it is far better and safer to avoid all perfumes in your stationery, as sometimes one is tempted to throw down a note or letter in disgust when detecting the slightest perfume about it. Under no consideration should a man ever use perfume in his stationery. Scents of all kinds should be shunned by men, either in their paper or about their persons.—San Francisco Chronicle.

About Introductions. Superfluous introductions were, once—and not so long ago, either—an almost universal nuisance in this country. The woman who persists in the face of "making people acquainted" in the twinkling of an eye, under any and all circumstances, is still to be found, but she is happily becoming more and more rare. The confirmed introducer is a bore, and should be ruthlessly discouraged; but, until mental telepathy shall have become a more widespread accomplishment than it is now, the old-fashioned introduction ought not to be permitted to lapse into utter disuse.

Domestic to Get a Fortune. Susannah Humble, a St. Louis domestic, will receive a fortune of \$240,000, left by her grandfather in Scotland. The search for the missing heiress has extended over twelve months. The fortune was left to Susannah and her sister, Mary, who came from Scotland six years ago, with their parents, and set in Quincey, Ill. SLE. Susannah going to St. Louis four years ago. She says the first thing she will do with her money will be to buy a nice home for her parents.



SUSANNAH HUMBLE. Susannah going to St. Louis four years ago. She says the first thing she will do with her money will be to buy a nice home for her parents.