

A FATAL WEDDING.

By Lottie Braham.



CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"May I trespass upon your attention for a moment, sir?" Lord Elsdale said suddenly addressing the coroner with his usual urbane courtesy. "The secret to which my adopted daughter alludes is quite a family matter, of no interest to you or ourselves. My daughter feared that, if it were made public, it would cause me much annoyance; therefore she tried to induce Mr. Walter Bryant to keep silent. Lord Chereley will, I dare say, certify to the truth of my assertion."

"There is no need, my lord," Mr. Derrington answered courteously—"I willingly accept your explanation; still, if Miss Hatton has sufficiently recovered to answer them, there are a few other questions I must trouble her with."

"I am at your service, Mr. Derrington."

"That you were in the neighborhood of the spot where the body was found we have most positive proof," said one of the jurymen sternly. "Did you see any one there?"

"I saw nobody," she said quietly. "There was a moment's pause; then, seeing the incredulous expression on the faces around her, she started and rose to her feet."

"Do you not believe me?" she cried, in a tone of intense anguish. "It is true—I saw nobody; I went out—I can hardly tell why; I was restless, anxious, unhappy; the light and noise seemed to distress me. Earlier in the day Mr. Walter Bryant had told me that he would be there, and something—I hardly know what—made me—"

"Her voice failed for a moment, the slender, fur-clad figure wavered slightly, and Lord Chereley moved hurriedly toward her; but ere he could reach her she stood proud and erect again."

"I ran out—I was faint and feverish," she continued, in spiritless tones—"and, hardly knowing what I did, I went there. It was dark—I could scarcely see anything; and I knelt down—and then my hands reached—I spoke—I tried to lift him; but he was cold and dead."

"The stared straight before her with a wild, terrible gaze; it seemed as if it were all present to her again—the chill night, the shrubbery so feebly lighted by the stars shining in the wintry sky, her own misery, the cold upturned face with which her hands came in contact as she knelt, and the wild, awful fear which had held her chained there for some terrible moments."

The town was but just waking up. Yawning shop boys were taking down the shutters; sleepy-looking maids were sweeping the door steps; in a few of the windows the blinds were drawn up; here and there two or three persons stood gossiping, regardless of the cold, about the prevailing topic. It was half past seven by the town hall clock as the carriage pulled up at the arched entrance of the Royal Hotel.

In the hotel the signs of life were more numerous. The landlady bustled forward to greet her visitors; a chamber maid or two, busy in the hall, glanced curiously at the newcomers; a chambermaid, who had just returned from the kitchen, with her hand upon her apron, went slowly up the stairs, signing to Mark to follow them, and opened the door of a sitting room on the first story.

There was a cheerful fire burning in the grate, and James Francis, having assisted his father to remove his overcoat, led him to an armchair by the hearth.

"Did you say that Lord Elsdale was here?" Mr. Francis asked, as he sat down.

"Yes; he is resting, I hope. He has had a terrible blow."

Mark looked up quickly; the old lawyer's sightless eyes turned in eager anxiety to his son's face, almost as if he were trying to read what he had to say.

"What has happened?" he asked. "He wrote to me after Miss Hatton had told him of the mistake which had been made; but he wrote calmly, not as if anything had happened which had distressed him. But, whatever it be," he added, "what I have to say will be sufficient to remove all other trouble."

"I don't it," James Francis muttered gloomily; but his father was too elated and triumphant to heed.

"You remember, this gentleman, James?" he said, indicating Mark with a gesture of his hand.

"Certainly," young Francis answered, thinking of the spring day when Mark had come to the office in Lincoln's Inn, and wishing with all his heart that that visit had not been paid, or that such terrible consequences had not followed it.

"You are perhaps at a loss to explain his presence here?"

"Not at all," was the quiet answer. "I am only sorry that—"

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"His lordship begs that Mr. Francis will take the rest he—"

"What is it, Mrs. Fairfax?" the old lawyer asked, guessing with quick intuition what was passing before his sightless eyes. "Has anything started you?"

er, wondering at his son's gravity and the lack of excitement he had shown in his reception of the startling news that he had imparted.

"Against— Confound it all, father, you will have to know it sooner or later—and so will he," he added ruefully, as he glanced over at Mark, who, with the old housekeeper's hands in his, was waiting until she had recovered from her agitation.

"What is it, James? They have not accused the earl, I suppose?" he inquired, with a slight smile.

"They might just as well. They have accused Barbara Hatton!"

CHAPTER XXIII. With a shocked exclamation of surprise the old man sank backward, staring at his son with wide, sightless eyes, which even in their blindness the young man could not meet. He knew only too well what a cruel blow this would be to the old lawyer, who was jealous for the honor of the family whom he had served so long and so faithfully; he knew that his father would have preferred any personal sorrow to this disgrace which had fallen upon a name that he honored and loved.

"It is impossible!" he muttered, after a painful pause—"Impossible. What proof can they have? The jury must have been mad, James; is she under arrest?"

"Yes, replied the young man.

"Where?" asked his father, in a tone of surprise.

"Here. That is why the earl and we are here."

But his son's thoughts were not so much for the old man as for the young one, who was so little prepared for the terrible blow about to fall upon him. Long before, on that bright spring morning, he had guessed that Mark Robson—, to give him his true name, Newell Hatton—felt for the girl who had been so long under his care, and he realized that the thought of her guilt would be an unendurable agony to the man whose mistake—a natural one certainly—had been the cause of so much suffering. How could he bear it? James Francis wondered; and his sorrowful eyes met Lord Hatton's as he approached him with outstretched hand.

"This must be a surprise to you, Mr. James," he said, smiling. "I had some difficulty in inducing your good father to believe in me at all; but, when I did succeed in proving my identity, he was generous in according me forgiveness for what I now see was worse than folly. Heaven knows that I am ashamed of myself for a course of conduct which was most reprehensible." Then he added, after a pause, "Let me thank you for your kindness to my father. This has been a shock to him, I fear."

"I mean of course the mistake which has been explained to him. His letter to your father spoke so kindly and tenderly of his dear adopted daughter that I cannot but feel that the mistake has not been altogether a disastrous one. But you look anxious. Do you fear for him the shock of my return?"

"Joy never kills, my lord."

"And it will be joy to him?"

"Who could doubt that?" James Francis responded, looking at him in some surprise; whereupon the other smiled and pushed back his hair from his forehead with a gesture familiar to the young lawyer.

"I am glad you think so," said Newell Hatton gently. "I hardly dare to hope so yet. We parted very strangely, and it is so many years ago. Is he well?"

DOINGS OF WOMEN

DON'T GOSSIP.

IT is not pleasant to mention one's mistakes of a serious nature. What ever men may say to their wives at home, it is not often that a man will mention his wife's faults and failings away from home. It is quite different with most wives, however. When they get together they chatter as freely as children, and talk of their husband's faults (real or imagined), and those who hear it often tell it to others in an exaggerated form. After a while the husband finds that he is being talked about in the neighborhood as if he were worse than a brute. If he is a sensitive man and occupying a social position where a good name is everything, he will trace these stories to his wife. After that he may continue to provide well and treat her kindly, but that tender, soothing affection which has always been such a comfort to the wife will be shocked out of place in spite of himself. If you value your husband's first love and your own happiness, speak well of him at all times. Give people to understand that in your estimation he is but little lower than the angels. There is no mistake on earth so bad as for husband and wife to trifle with each other.

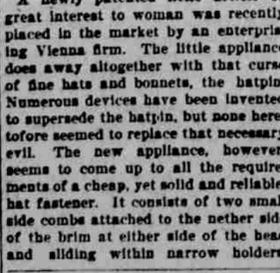
Danced Thirty-six Miles. Mrs. Veronica Revollinski, a Polish bride, of Helmetta, N. J., danced thirty-six miles at her wedding, and at the end of the dancing in the morning was able to prepare her husband's breakfast.



Things that Injure the Voice. Regular habits keep the whole physical make-up in good order, and have of necessity a great influence on the voice. Much use of the voice immediately after eating, sleeping or bathing is to be avoided; in fact, at any time when the flow of blood is greatly accelerated or any special set of muscles are actively at work is not wise. The very frequent use of smelling salts is not beneficial. Lemons, to clear the voice before reading or singing, should be replaced by the beaten white of an egg sweetened a little. Plenty of rest, food and air should keep our throats in order. Slight sore throat is helped by a little sulphur blown down. But the throat is too delicate for much home doctoring. Go to a physician who knows all about it if any unusual cold settles there.—Woman's Home Companion.

Girls, Get a "Job." Some writer has recently put forth the idea that women who enter the business world have a fine opportunity to marry. This observer goes on to say that in a business office a woman sees a man at his sincerest, learns a great deal about his faults and foibles, his moods and susceptibilities, and all that sort of thing, and asserts that if a woman marries a man after knowing him in this way, and does not know how to deal with him and what to expect from him, she must be very stupid. Continuing the subject the argument is brought up that, so far as can be recalled, no divorces have been sought by men who have married their typewriters. Added to all this is the fact that a woman in business has a great chance for meeting men.

In Place of the Hat Pin. A newly patented little article of great interest to woman was recently placed in the market by an enterprising Vienna firm. The little appliance goes away altogether with that curse of fine hats and bonnets, the hatpin. Numerous devices have been invented to supersede the hatpin, but none heretofore seemed to replace that necessary evil. The new appliance, however, seems to come up to all the requirements of a cheap, yet solid and reliable, fastener. It consists of two small side combs attached to the nether side of the brim at either side of the head and sliding within narrow holders.



When the combs are pushed upward the hat will sit as firmly as if held by two pins. The cost of these combs is trifling, and since they are almost invisible when in use they have become very popular in a very short time.

How Our Women Change. "I have never been able to understand how women manage to conform so surprisingly to the fashions in styles," said an observant clubwoman. "For example, if plump, fluffy blondes are popular, they immediately blossom everywhere, and the willowy brunette is seldom seen. What becomes of her, I wonder, and how does the blonde be-

come plump and fluffy merely to suit popular caprice? At present they tell me that the tall, stately damsel of the Gibson model is again in vogue, and I certainly do see an extraordinary number of young women of that class—lithe, dark, haughty young women, with swan necks. It's surely very mysterious. I can't spring any theory to fit it." "Oh, it's not so awfully mysterious," laughed a lady who knows a skillful dressmaker can come near doing what she pleases with her clients. She can make them stout or thin, high-chested or long-waisted, willowy or substantial, and by a careful selection of fabrics can easily add or subtract twenty pounds to one's weight. Everybody knows this in a general way, but few realize how closely a real artist can make the average woman approximate to a favorite type. The Gibson girl isn't very difficult to imitate—a few strong vertical lines in the trimming of her gown will make any woman look tall who is not absolutely dumpy, and hair dressed low on each side of the face completes the effect. Why, it's really no trick at all."

Successful Dyeing. Take four ounces of blue vitriol to one pound of logwood; dissolve the vitriol in a little lukewarm water; put six gallons of water in an iron vessel, add the vitriol and the goods to be dyed—just as many goods as the water will cover. Cotton and wool will color the same. Punch down at the sides and let boil moderately three-quarters of an hour, then remove, drain and wash in a solution of water and soap. Warm, the home-made lye soap is the best. Now use the same quantity of clear water, as before, add the logwood, stir well and let boil. Place the goods in slowly and boil same length of time. Wash as before, being particular to rinse well. Hang in the sun to dry. Always choose a clear day for dyeing, as the sun helps to brighten the color and give the goods a new look.

Buttermilk Yeast. Take one pint of fresh buttermilk and put in a stew pan to boil. When it boils stir in enough white cornmeal to make like thick gruel. Let it boil up well, then remove from the fire and let cool. When lukewarm stir into this one cup of good yeast; set in a warm place to rise. In two hours it should be nice and light. Then thicken with cornmeal and make into cakes. Do not put salt, sugar, flour or hops in this yeast. Make bread the same as with hop yeast. In making new yeast use a cup of this yeast for starting.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

One Dozen Facts. Nothing fries crisp that is wet. Eggings and breadings should be done fifteen minutes, and flouring immediately before frying. A frying basket should not be allowed to touch the bottom of a kettle. A hot, clear fire is indispensable to success in broiling. A gridiron or wire broiler should be cleaned thoroughly every time it is used. A broiler should be heated hot and rubbed with suet, or other fat, before the meat is put on it. All broiled meats should be served as soon as they are cooked. The same broiler must not be used for meats and fish. To make light, flaky pie crust, all the ingredients must be very cold as well as properly compounded. More fat is required to make flaky piecrust of bread flour (spring wheat) than of pastry flour (winter wheat). Too great heat causes a meringue to rise and then fall, making it leathery and thin. Rub the top of cake with a little dry flour, and the icing will adhere more readily.

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To Sweeten Pork. Where salt pork or bacon must be depended upon for a meat supply, it is worth knowing that to parboil the slices in water in which turnips have been or are boiling gives to the meat a flavor much liked, and a browning quality very pleasing to the eye. Always have the pan hot before laying the slices on to fry. They require watching, as the meat burns quickly after thus parboiling. Soaking in buttermilk for two or three hours is another way of sweetening pork or bacon which is to be fried.

To Polish Floors. Here is an excellent floor polish, the recipe for which comes from Japan: To one pint of linseed oil add a pint of strong cold tea, two ounces of spirits of salts and the whites of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and pour into a large bottle. Shake the bottle well before applying the polish. Pour half a teaspoonful on a mop or pad of old soft silk and rub the wood with it, following up the grain. Polish with an old silk handkerchief. The result will compensate for the tedious and careful labor necessary.

The Invalid's Pillow. A small, lumpy pillow which can be rolled into any shape is a great comfort on top of a larger pillow or bolster, and may be made to fit closely to the aching point. A frequent careful punching from the sides leaves them fluffy and soft again, and this beating of the pillows may be done quite effectively in a quiet manner. A noisy stirring action is sometimes more trying to a weak person than the hard pillows.—Woman's Home Companion.

Whisky and Snakebite. Another popular delusion is shattered. Prof. Leonard Stejneger, a United States Government expert, says that whisky, instead of being an antidote for snakebites, according to the general belief, is really an aggravation of the trouble, as it accelerates the circulation of the blood and hurries the poison through the veins and arteries with greater rapidity than it would otherwise have.—New York Tribune.

To Remove Mildew. To remove these unsightly patches from linen, stir a quarter pound of chloride of lime in a gallon of cold water. Let this settle for an hour, then pour off the liquid without disturbing the sediment, and soak the mildewed articles in this for two hours. Lastly, wash in the usual manner, and hang the clothes out to dry.

Boiling Unnecessary. If white clothes are well soaked in very warm water containing plenty of soap and a little kerosene, they need not be boiled. With a slight rubbing and a little borax added to the rinsing water, they will be white and nice.

King's Daughters. The King's Daughters have built at Atlanta University a model home for the instruction of women in domestic science. Nearly \$7,000 has been received for the erection of this building, chiefly from circles of King's Daughters in many parts of the country and from personal friends of the late Mrs. Maria B. Furber, wife of Rev. Dr. Daniel L. Furber, of Newton, Ga., Mass.

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