

will in Bruce Everett's hands, and he cannot fail you." A remark that was true in every sense of the word.

Next day, just as he was preparing to lunch and gamble at the club, the summons that disgraced forever his name, was put into Cyrus Dorane's hands.

"We know it is all a mistake, Mr. Dorane," said the officer who brought it, apologetically, "but you can soon right it."

"To whom am I indebted to this?" Dorane asked, while his face became alive with rage and conscious guilt.

"Mr. Everett, acting attorney for the board of directors of the National, sir."

Home to the Waldorf went Mr. Dorane, and once there he became like a trapped tiger. Up and down he walked in frightful passion, for guilty though he was, he would not to himself acknowledge it.

"I will fight it out," he hissed, "and you, Bruce Everett, you sneaking cad, will suffer. Only for your tongue, if I did help myself to a little change from the National's funds, it would never have been discovered on me. I owe you many revenges, but the one I propose now for this doing of yours, will cover them all. Ha! Ha! You are black, but Cyrus Dorane is blacker. If you have friends, I have friends too." And despatching a message to the home of Hilton Carton, he begged that young man's presence at his apartments. The result was that Hilton promised to furnish the bail, for his friend's trial that was booked to begin within three days.

Chapter XXXI.

"Something beautiful is vanished
And will never come again.

Stoddard.

With the coming of May there had entered into Staunton House a new activity, and preparations were begun in the household towards the great coming event, this was now the discussed subject in every drawing room or boudoir in the city, the marriage of its lovely heiress to the brilliant lawyer Bruce Everett. Grand improvements were being made in the interior of the house, and a new wing was being fitted up for the young pair's exclusive use and occu-

pation when they would have returned from their extended bridal tour, a tour that was never to be realized on this earth. Even presents had begun to arrive from distant friends, and trunks of costly attire, besides the gorgeous wedding trousseau from Paris.

But to the bride elect they brought not the effusive joy her mother had expected such beauties at such a time would, and she received them all gratefully and delightedly, but not happily. She was having all she wanted, but not the man, and that was the undivided love of the man who had held her own devoted affection for years. That he loved her and was anxious, aye, eager for the day on which he could claim her, she did not doubt, but he did not love her as she craved he would and with the ardor she had once seen in the eager glance that had followed a slender form as it had passed the library door. When its golden-haired owner had been removed from her path, she had hoped to regain the estranged heart of her king. But, oh, fitful illusion! It was all a wretched mistake, and she knew that where Raymond Rosamond was, there was the heart of Bruce Everett, and it was honor, with a mere semblance of love, that was keeping him to his vows. Still, she would marry him, and would pray that the love would come after: Within the last few weeks his manner had grown gentler, more tender towards her, and her smallest wish seemed to be a command with him. Then there was a new and wonderful lamp burning on the altar of her life, the lamp of Faith. For, oh, reader! the mustard seed, that Rosamond Raymond had planted by her word, and example during the days she had abode in the home of Beatrice Staunton, had grown up and had borne good fruit. To-day, with the consent of her parents, and promised husband, the heiress to wealth and worldly honors, had been baptized and received into the Catholic Church. Now, as she thought how divinely favored she had been, and thanked her God for it, and prayed that later the same grace would be given to her parents and lover, she heard her mother's voice, and she was brought back to the world and worldly things again.

"Can you imagine anything more hor-