

On Her Wedding Morn.

By Charlotte M. Praome.

Continued from 1st page.

A proud, contemptuous look was the heiress's only response.

"Where are you going, Hullah? Tell me!" cried the heiress.

"All I can say to you is farewell!" And then with steady step Miss Ashton passed over the threshold of her house, leaving her hope, her love, her happiness behind her.

She walked straight through the woods to Silverwell, and thence to the train for London. Dull, blank, terrible, unuttered her and made her its own—dull, blank, terrible, unuttered her and made her its own—

"I am going home to my wedding-morn! I was to have been married to-day."

By the time she reached London her brain had grown clearer, and she could think better. She drove to one of her lawyers, Messrs. Bramall & Co. The oldest member of the firm was full of years.

"Miss Ashton," he stammered, "I thought you thought—what do you mean by that?"

"I was to have been married this morning," she returned, "but the marriage has been broken off."

"I am going away," she said, "and I do not wish to see you again."

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chance had it! She looked me to the top of my bent. She was years older than I was, but she consulted me about everything.

"I was so easily duped—it maddens me even now to remember it. I was a boy, liking father, and enjoying the society of my mother."

"Then she began to affect a deep and passionate love for me. She duped me so cleverly, she was always telling me, indirectly, how much she had given up for my sake, and one evening she was bitingly, softened almost to gushy pliancy at the sight of her tears, I implored her to tell me why she shed those tears."

"On the evening that I saw her weeping so bitterly I was deeply touched."

"I had to have people say that I was a fool, but I was not a fool."

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK. FEBRUARY 10, 1898. On Her Wedding Morn. By Charlotte M. Praome. Continued from 1st page.

chance had it! She looked me to the top of my bent. She was years older than I was, but she consulted me about everything. On one pretence or another she kept me constantly by her side. My mother said I was fortunate in winning a liking for which half the men in Paris were striving.

On the evening that I saw her weeping so bitterly I was deeply touched. When she talked about parting, all the old scenes came back to me. She was weeping, and I was weeping, and we were weeping together.

Humor in Parliament. An incident which provoked laughter in the House of Commons.