On Her Wedding Morn.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

seemed dead.

That same day, when we were talking,

been an age!"
"And you may live for another fifty

They seemed to make the old church rock with their merriment; they filled the air with a joyous clang. But I saw that the sound made my companion ill. She placed her hands over her ears, as though she would fain shut it out, while her lips grew white as death. Back we hastened through the woods until we were beyond the sound of the bells: and presently Miss Vane rested against the

presently Miss Vane rested against the little gate that led to the coppice—rested in silence, which neither of us cared to ably sad in the idea of flying from the

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

Continued from 1t l'uye.

There was not the faintest gleam of pleasure on her face, such as most girls show when the year.

There was not the faintest gleam of pleasure on her face, such as most girls show when they are complimented and "Do you think them beautiful" she saked, indifferently, such as the work of the saked in the first original to the work of the saked in the saked

far enough away."
"But it will completely spoil Neville's
Cross," I observed.
"Never mind," she said, "it is not maid. "Is that her husband in the other

Never mind," she said, "it is not worth troubling about."

"It seemed to me incredible that a life should slip from one's grasp in this fashion.

"Bus-does she not talk—talk to you—to any one?" I pursued.

"No, it is the rarest thing for my mistress to open her lips. I have known her pass whole days without speaking. She seems, indeed, to have a rooted dislike to the sound of a human voice; that is the cause of the accident. It was followed by a rapid thaw during which the sound of a human voice; that is the cause of the strange silence in the house. The only time when she seems to be interested is when you are with her, Mrs. Neville—she talks to you and listens to you."

What could have happened to blight her young life? The girl's whole soul seemed dead.

That same day, when we were talking.

That same day, when we were talking, something was said about age, and I asked Miss Vane abruptly how old she was. She was too much surprised for any hesitation, and answered at once:

"I am twenty-two of Mrs. Neville."

"Twenty-two!" I repeated. "Then, when you came here, you were not much more than eighteen?"

"No — eighteen years and a few months."

"Have the years seemed long. my dear?" I asked, gently.

"Grant was toward the end of May—the weather was brilliantly fine, and I went to the River House, hoping to induce Miss Vane to come out with me on the river. She consented, and the Leir never seemed more beautiful.

The sky was blue, the air fragrant with the breath of odorous flowers. As we passed swiftly along we saw the golden gleam of the laburnums, the purple of the lilacs, the white acadas dropped their leaves on the grass. the banks were studded with starry primroses, and from studded with starry primroses, and from over the meadows came the scent of the

hawthorn.
We stopped just opposite River House "Years, Miss Vane."

"I may—but I hope that I shall not," she rejoined.

"If you do, would you be content to such a day."

"I was provided there are not have spent the past."

"The share are not have spent the past." Looking at her, I was more than ever

spend them as you have spent the past ones?"

Looking at her, I was more than ever struck with her beauty. She had dipped one white hand into the water, and it gleamed there like a lily. The fresh, bracing wind had brought the bloom to think, lest I displease you. Miss Vane. If I have that misfortune, I ask you be forehand to forgive me. Eighteen is not generally considered a very wise age, is loveliness. The brow was white and founded, with dark, straight experious; and the doctor's face short time."

No change did take place: the patient did not open his eyes. He seemed perfectly unconscious; and the doctor's face with lark, straight experious; and the doctor's face with lark, straight experious; and the doctor's face with lark, straight experious; and the watched the short time."

think, here I dissponse you. More Vanish It I have that indiction. La sky complete the property of the property property of the property of the property property of the property of the property of the property property of the property of the property property property of the property property property property property of the property property property property of the property property property property property of the property pr

brought out, and then a lady—and it prived that they two were in the car-

There was, to me, something anotterably sad in the idea of flying from the sweet music of chiming bells, as my companion had done. What is torture memory must have been escher! And then I remembered the ghastly room at the River House, with the faded wedding garments.

"You have tirred yourself," I said.

"You have tirred yourself," I said.

She looked at me, all passion and feeling repressed, as it were, with an iron hand—the dark, proud beauty appeared more indifferent than ever.

"Mrs. Neville," she said, "I will go out with you whenever you wish, but neve whole house open," she now thout alluding to the subject again.

As time passed, the dark beauty of her face seemed to acquire a new expression, I saw lines of firm endurance, of patients gravity, deepening thereon, while the power of self-control and self-restraint, the dull, caseless brooding over wrong, the fierce rebellion that never found a voice, the sorrow that found we saw, the few passengers who

relief, the despair that in its illence asked only for death, increased day by day.

We could do no more. Slowly and sadly like the could do no more. Slowly and sadly a few that they were saved. We could do no more. Slowly and sadly to work the stream to the R ver House. Miss Vane looked very pale.

beauty of the purest masculine type—a noble head, with clusters of dark-brown none nead, with clusters of ark-brown hair—clusters that waved in a careless, graceful fashion—a broad, noble brow, a face oval-shaped and perfect in con-tour. a Looking at him, I fest an ardent wish that he might not die arise in my

"Brain concussion," replied Dr. Fletcher, briefly.

gpart, the dark eyes had a wild despairing look. Twice I saw her try to speak, but all sound died away in a gasping sigh; and then she came over to me, and her fingers clutched my arm as pr ved that they two were in the carriage alone.

"Are both dead?". I asked one of the doctors.

"No." he replied. "The gentleman seems severaly hurt; the lady is stunned. I fancy. If we could but got them removed somewhere, their lives might be saved."

"You would like to take them to the nearest house?" I said, quickly. "That is the River House; let them be driven there of once. Miss Vane will be quite willing."

sigh; and then she came over to me, and her fingers clutched my arm as and her fingers clutched my arm as though twee held in an iron grasp.

"Say that again!" she hissed.

"Lord Clive Wynton," I repeated. She raised her white face, and I heard her groan:—
"Merciful Heaven!"
She tupned from me to the window, and a laugh, as strange and unnatural as ever came from human lips, hursiform her.

mortal foe-my greatest enemy. There is no curse that I have not heaped on his head; for his sake I hate my kind, the whole haman race. Is he brought here that I may see my curse fulfil ed.

her face again it was so changed I hardly knew it, being softened into inexpressible loveliness.

"I should like to forgive him," she

maid. "Is that her husband in the other room?"

"I think so," was the reply; "they were traveling together when the accident occurred."

"Do you know the lady's name?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; I heard the doctor mention ir, but I'do not remember it."

It was not of much importance, I live in his presence now."

"I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him," she said. "It was very cruel, very selfish, very wicked, but, if he is going to die, I should like to forgive him, and then, when he is dead, I can think of him, as used to think—forget his sin and my suffering. I wish I could forgive him, and then, when he is dead, I can think of him, as in used to think—forget his sin and my suffering. I wish I could forgive him, and then, when he is dead, I can think of him, as in used to think—forget his sin and my suffering. I wish I could forgive him, and then, when he is dead, I can think of him, as in used to think—forget his sin and my suffering. I wish I could forgive him, and then, when he is dead, I can think of him, as in used to think—forget his sin and my suffering. I wish I could forgive him."

"Do, make the effort. Come and see him; no resentment, however just, can live in his presence now."

She shrunk back from me.
"I can not see him. He must not see
me—he must not know. Ah I forgot
You do not understand." She drew blok
with a sharp inflection of pain in her voice, so sharp, so keen, so bitter, that I realized for one half minute what she must be enduring.

She stood for a few moments repress

in counting the beats of his patient's pulse: Mrs. Lewis stood on the other side —even the old butler had been pressed into the service, and was engaged in the room. I went up to the bed. One of the handsomest men I had ever seen in my life was lying on it, pale, exhausted, with closed eyes and parted lips.

"Is there danger?" I asked the doctor "Yes," was his brief reply.

Danger! Was the shadow of death everywhere? I stood in silence, never remembering to have seen anything like the face and head before me. It was beauty of the purest masculine type—a beauty of the purest masculine type—a to noble head, with clusters of dark-brown therwise.''
"But he is sure to know if he learns

> Miss Vane," I said.
>
> The saddest smile that ever played on a human face came over hers.
> "He will not know the name," she explained; "I was not Miss Vane when ceived that my mysterious tenant had assumed a false name.

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