hot drinks as she thought might be use-

The man was too far gone, however, and the only consciousness he recovered and the only words he spoke, was the consciousness he woke to in Rachel's

presence, and the words he spoke to Rachel herself.

stamped upon her memory with inefface ble grief and horror, held her heart a

ble grief and norror, held her heart a it were, that it might give neither sign nor sound of its breaking. She heart those about her say he was dead—Tom "her boy," who had come to her, true this promise, and when

to his promise, and whose to his promise, and whose to dead weight, she was holding close to dead weight. She felt Miss Burran breast. She felt Miss Burran her say

mise, and whose head, now

Rachel, upon that cruel night, a nigh

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber. CHAPTER XXXIX.

The day of the reception dawned sun-bright and cloudless. Rachel awoke early with scarcely an abatement of the same fever of expectation and longing with which she had gone to bed, and that had kept sleep from her eyes for a long time. Her thoughts this morning were much more concerned with the coming of Tom, now so near it made her heart bound to think of it, than with the reception, joyful and eager as had been hitherto all her anticipations of that.

Perhaps one reason that Tom alone engrossed her thoughts was, that she had various dreams of him during the night. In one dream he had returned according to his promise, but looking so strange and changed she did not so strange and changed she in hot know him; in another he had returned, but only to go again; and in still a third, he had come to her, but with a wall rising in front of him at every step he took, till the wall hid him from sight and left her despairing on the other

She smiled as she remembered the various dreams, and she felt very glad and thankful that they were only

dreams.

Twenty-four hours more would bring the date that Tom bad assigned for hi return, and she found herself, while dressing, wondering what time of the day he would come, and how Miss Burram would receive him. Perhaps he would not let Miss Burram know just who he was at first, maybe not till after he had seen her, Rachel, and then, as she pictured to herself the way in she would fly to his arms regardless of Miss Burram's presence, burst into happy tears; they ran down her cheeks unrestrainedly and she paused in the act of putting on her dress in order to let them flow, and at the same time to draw from her bosom Tom's little keepsake.

My own dear Tom! only to-day and to-night, and maybe a part of to-mor-row, till you're here," she said aloud, patting the trinket and pressing it to her heart and then to her lips.

Sarah, coming according to her custom to call "Miss Rachel," and comin her usual tip-toe way, had arrived in time to overhear the tearful soliloquy. With her eyes almost start-ing from her head in amazement and curiosity, she knocked, but without waiting to have the knock answered she turned the knob, half fearing to find the door locked, but it was not, and she entered only to see Rachel engaged the door locked, but it in putting on her dress, and putting it on in such a manner that it entirely covered her face. Sarah hastened to her dress between her face and Sarah's eyes, until she knew her tears were pretty well dried. Then she said a nughing "good morning," and went bout the rest of her toilet in a way about the rest of her toilet in a way that baffled all the woman's burning curiosity, and left her nothing to say, mpart before she had overheard the so

Your dress, Miss, has come; and Miss Burram's; they're in big boxes— they were brought late last night, and Miss Burram had me open them the first thing this morning and lay 'em out in the parlor. They're just dazzlin', Miss, and everybody in Rentonville is that excited about this reception that there ain't nothin' else talked of; you Miss, nobody's goin' that isn't just somebody-they wouldn't be let to go for love nor money; and that's what makes the bodies that can't go so mad; they say that Herrick's a-gnashin' his teeth and a-foamin' at the mouth; and oh, Miss Rachel, the cart-loads of flowers that's goin' in to the club housethey've been goin' in almost since it was day-light - stacks of them, besides day-light — stacks of them, besides ferns, and palm trees as high as this room—it's just goin' to be a fairyland to-night, and Jeem, and Mrs. McEl-vain, not to speak of meself, Miss, are right glad that it's to be all so fine, be-

cause it's your first party, Miss."

"Her first party." The words, to "Her first party." The words, to-gether with Sarah's somewhat mixed description of the intended splendor, roused Rachel from her thoughts of Tom, and restored to her the joyful anticipations in which she had lived for weeks past.

She tripped with her wonted lightness to the parlor, and burst upon Miss Burram, at that moment trying the effect of her topaz ornaments on the shimmering surface of her gorgeous SS.
Ah. Rachel!" she said in her ac-

customed cold way, but with perhaps a shade of softening in her countenance as her eyes lingered for a moment on the sparkling face of her Charge. Then, as the girl stood in some indecision to the property of going immediately to the mass of filmly lace spread over one of the satin chairs, and which she of the satin chairs, and which she recognized as her party dress, Miss Burram went to it, taking as she walked the pearl ornaments from the case she

You can wear these to-night," she necklace and braceside by side upon the lace, and Rachel with an exclamation of delight bounded forward and said impulsively
"Thank you, Miss Burram; you are

very good But Miss Burram turned coldly away only telling Rachel to replace the pearls in their case and take them to her room. "This evening," she added, "two women will come from Madame La Guerre's (the *modiste*); one will assist you to dress; also, we shall have dinner in hour earlier."

Sarah below-stairs was telling the events of the morning to Mrs. McElvain and to Hardman, who had come in to his breakfast.

"I heard Miss Rachel with my own ears; I heard her say as plain as you two hear me now, 'My own dear Tom! only to-day and to-night, and maybe part of to-morrow till you're here,' and then I heard a sound as if she was kiss ing something, and I know she was cry ing; I could tell it by her face when I went in, for all that she tried to hide it from me—for she kept her dress that she was puttin' on, over her head, as if

the hooks had caught in her hair and she could'nt get 'em out, and I know she was holding the dress so I couldn't get 'em out either. Now what does that mean I'd like to know?" and she that mean I d like to know and an allowed looked in a very searching, questioning way at Hardman; but he didn't see her; he was eating his breakfast as if he hadn't heard her.

He hardly dared to raise his eyes lest

Sarah might read in his face the tumult of thoughts her information had raised in his mind-he knew so well what it

He remembered as faithfully as did Rachel what she so fondly and so conidently expected the morrow to bring—the date was imprinted upon his heart almost as deeply as upon her own, for should her fond expectation be realized, he knew not what change it might to her, and also to him. If it should remove her, it blow to his heart, for though for more than three years past he had not spoken to her, he had seen her sometimes, he heard about her often, and he knew she was somewhere near, and in his honest, affectionate soul there was a secret hope that in the future, should she continue to live with Miss Burram, some chance might put him entirely into Miss

achel's service. When he left the kitchen, which he did in the midst of Sarah's description of her mistress' dress, he was fiercely chiding himself for not being more eager for "Mr. Tom's" arrival for

Miss Rachel's sake.

The women from the French dressmaker in the city arrived early in the evening, and Sarah was bidden to conto Miss Rachel's room, and then to hold herself in readiness to attend as she might be required, both he mistress and her mistress' Charge, an order which Sarah was nothing loath to obey; such attendance might give her an opportunity to see both toilettes as they progressed.

weather had suddenly changed; the wind was rising and the surface of the water was unusually agitated; black, squall-like clouds hung low in the sky and a couple of summer yachts anchored in the bay were rocking violently; round the corners of the house the wind, as it went, had the house the and of subdued voices in distress, and among the tress it rose to howling echoes of the serf now roaring upon the beach. Hardman, coming into his sup-per and finding only Mrs. McElvain,— Sarah being still above-stairs, -said, there was going to be a great storm. 'I'm afeared a worse one than we gen erally have in these parts," he continued, to which Mrs. McElvain responded anxiously:

"I hope my poor boy is nowhere near to be caught in it; I'm expect-

ng him any day now."

Hardman looked up, wondering a little at the coincidence which should be bringing to Mrs. McElvain her boy expecting "Mr. Tom;" but he answered cheerily, seeing the woman's anxious look, "There is not much

danger of this storm catching him. Rachel was dressed at length; so fair a vision that she hardly recognized herself, and her first thought was a wild desire for Tom to see her thus.

she said to herself. Perhaps. Burram will let me dress like this again just to show him," and both the woman and Sarah having proceeded her to the parlor, she snatched a moment to throw parlor, she snatch the remaining pebble from the basket; but the wildness of the night as she put her head out of the window affrighted her; not a drop of rain, but the savage fury of the wind seeming to drive everything before it, and she vithdrew her head with a shiver.

Miss Burram was in the parlor when she descended, "a most dazzling sight," as Sarah afterward described, all the more dazzling, perhaps, because of the contrast she presented to her Charge. Certainly, Miss Burram was a very picture of splendor—her gor-geous dress fairly scintillated between its own sheen and the magnificence of which ed to accord with her fine figure and her stately poise, while Rachel, slender and childish-looking in her white lace dress devoid of all ornament save the shining pearls clasped in several rows about the white throat gleaming on the shapely arms, looked like an ideal being.

Sarah had been bidden to take the strange woman to the kitchen for re-freshments, and hardly had she obeyed. ents, and hardly had she obeyed, when there was the sound of carriage driving up to the door, and a momen ater a ring at the upper bell. I never be burned nor drowned alive she said, as she hastened to answer it, and when she opened the door the exlamation rose again to her lips, only this time it was suppressed, for there stood before her the whole Gedding

"Take our eards to Miss Burram said Miss Gedding quickly, thrusting several squares of pasteboard nto Sarah's hand, and ushering herquite into the hall, while her prother seemed engaged in an endeavor to hustle his father and mother after

er. His father was saving in a very ex-

cited manner:
"Will, what is the meaning of this? I understood we were to be driven directly to the club house. This is not the club house."

"Father, for my sake," pleaded Rose, catching his arm and looking up o him with almost tears in her eyes I'll explain after—it's my doing. Miss Burram's house, and we going to take Miss Burram and her Charge to the reception." "Oh-o-o-h," gasped Mr. Gedding,

trying to smother his choler; but with her mother Rose found it more difficult. "That woman!" gasped the little lady. She had no time to say more, for the parlor door was thrown open and Miss Burram stood on the

threshold to receive them.

The sight of her seemed to make Mrs Gedding speechless, for which her daughter was very thankful, but Miss Burram herself rendered most unexeffectual assistance in the pected and awkward dilemma. She was smiling, extending her hand and looking so different from her wonted cold, grim, for-

bidding self, that it seemed as if a mask had fallen from her face. Her self-possession was perfect—her manners those of one who had mingled all her life in the very best society, and young Ged-ding found the task of introducing his parents delightfully easy so far as Miss parents delightfully easy so far as Burram herself was concerned, but most awkward and embarrassing with regard to his father and mother even the aid that Rose rendered in trying to make her mother respond and look a little less like an idiotic wooden image had any effect. Mrs. Gedd did not seem to be able to utter a wo Mrs. Gedding She sat down, it is true, on the chair Miss Burram graciously invited her to; but only upon the extreme edge of it. and at seeming imminent risk of tumbling forward on her nose. Mr. Gedding also seated himself, but with a look from his daughter to his son as if he were appealing to know what further ed of him.

Miss Burram did not seem to notice the awkward, constrained manners of her visitors; she turned from one to the other, smiling, gracious, but without abating anything of her courtly dignity, and acting as if this were the first time in all her life she had ever met any of the Gedding family.

Between Rose and Rachel was established immediately a bond of sympathetic union; Rachel showed in it eyes and the warmth of her tones, but despite that, poor Rose was filled with confusion by the awkward constraint of her parents. A facility of her parents-a feeling that was not in the least assuaged when she glanced at her brother and found a look upon his face which seemed to say, "I told you

Indeed, her father appeared to be at the point of exploding some remark every moment, and Rose in an agony crossed to his side and got her under her cloak ready to pinch him back to a sense of propriety, Miss Bur ram, however, was saying, so affably that Rachel could hardly believe it was

she who was speaking:
"I feel much indebted to you all for this evening's attention—from the invitation which young Mr. Gedding sent, to the kindly coming of you all to escort us." Her look lingering on Mr. Gedding, Sr., his frank, sturdy soul was stirred to vigorous protest:

"Bless my soul! ma'am; don't thank me; I had nothing to do with it—

o oh—I was brought here—o-o-o-o-without any knowledge on my part-o-o-o—bless my soul! Rose "bound ing from his chair and rubbing you have pinched me till I am black and blue.'

His unexpected movement disclosed her long, gloved arm being hastily withdrawn into the folds of her wrap, while her whole face was crimson from shame and confusion. Will laughe he couldn't help it—the situation, Will laughedof Rose's own making, was so ludic-rous, and Miss Burram, seeming to understand, laughed also,

Sarah, evesdropping in the adjoining oom, heard the laugh, and wondered ore than she had done on the other occasions when she had heard her misress laugh—this laugh was so utterly unlike the others. And I said, continuing to laugh: And Miss Burram

"Still, Mr. Gedding, do not let it be a bar to your friendliness that you have been brought here without your knowledge or consent; and now on, as if to forestall his reply, "in what manner are we to proceed to this entertainment—which of you will do me the honor to accompany Rachel and me in my carriage?

Young Gedding hastened to answer:
"We did rot think of using your carriage, Miss Burram, as we provided with two; my father and sister in one, and my mother and I in the other, and-'

"You thought two carriages would be enough for us all," interrupted Miss Burram with a repetition of the laugh she had given before. "Thoughtless she had given before. "Thoughtless young man! you forgot to take into account our party costumes - Rachel's and mine, not to speak of those of your and sister Mrs. Gedding and Rose, whose dresses were entirely hidden by long wraps. "If you will permit me, as I am possibly the oldest of this company,"—with a quizzical look at the elder Gedding, who could only stare in wonder at her ridiculous assumption of age, knowing himself to be sixty years old, whereas Miss Burram looked to be scarcely fifty—"to make a suggestion, perhaps Mr. Gedding will do me the great honor to accompany me in my carriage, letting you, Mr. Gedding," turning to the young man, "accompany your mother of yours, and the young ladies can follow in the other.'

Rachel could hardly believe what she had heard, that she was going to be entirely alone with Rose, even though it should not be more than the few minites required to drive to the club house while Rose, who at another time would have been delighted with such a proposition, was now only sick with appre-hension of the dreadful blunders her father might make when shut up alone with Miss Burram. As for Will, if he only could have given vent to a faint whistle, or to some exclamation as an his feelings, he would have outlet been relieved—he was so divided between a desire to laugh again outright. things were turning out in such a ludicrously unexpected manner, and the sympathy he felt for his sister, reading her apprehensions in her face. however, seemed to have either the the tact to make any amendcourage or ment to Miss Burram's suggestion, and it was fully carried out. Into her carriage she went, handed thither Gedding, Sr., who seemed to think the proper deportment for him, under such puzzling and undesirable circumstances, as to hold himself very stiff and erect. making at the same time a firm resolu tion to give only the most absolute reolies to any and all remarks Miss Burram might choose to make. Hardman, then he beheld the two going alone into the carriage, gave a little whistle under his breath-for once he agreed with Sarah that Miss Burram's ways

were past understanding, With his mother, Will had a very ur pleasant ten minutes; that little lady had found her tongue, and with it tear that distressed her son.

"Had I known," she said, "I never would have gone to that woman's house, and if Rose or you cared for your mother you never would have asked to go, after the way she treated me—and now you the way she treated me—and now you actually let her take your father and my husband away from me to be her es-cort—it is too bad of you, Will, too bad, and I shan't have anything to do with her to-night; I don't want to be near To all her.' ply: he only leaned back in the car-riage and wished Miss Burram and the

reception a thousand miles away.

Rose, when she found herself alone carriage with Rachel, shook off somewhat her apprehensions about tather, and began at once to make the most of her opportunity in forming this long desired acquaintance; there was such magnetism about her and evident simplicity and sincerity about her and such everything she said that Rachel was more than ever drawn to her; it hardly seemed as though there were five year difference in their ages, and by the time they arrived at the club house their friendship seemed to be much more than the growth of a few moments.

CHAPTER XL.

At the door of the club house imme diately after the three carriages de-posited their occupants, they were met by the Fairfax party. Mr. Fairfax, to whom everything pertaining to Miss Burram had been explained by Notner also by his niece, and who was a man of much more adaptability, tact, and polish than Mr. Gedding, was quite prepared to acknowledge his introduc-tion to that lady with as much high-bred ease as that remarkable woman herself displayed. Mr. Fairfax in turn presented her to Notner, upon whom she flashed a smile that showed both rows of her exquisite teeth. Notner bowed low, at the same time saying something about receiving at length a long desired pleasure. Then the ladies were co ducted by an attendant to be divested of their wraps and Will snatched a

ment to whisper to his father. "How did I get on with her?" repeated Mr. Gedding to response to the whisper, and too irritated to lower his voice, "I didn't get on with her—I listened to her that was all—bless my send! I had to listened to her that was all—bless my soul! I had to listen to her-I couldn't do anything else-and anybody that takes Miss Burram for a silent woman

is a fool for his pains; that's all."

Notner, having overheard, laughed

quietly.

Lights and flowers were all that Rachel seemed to see at first. divested of their wraps and joined by their escorts, the ladies were us to the main hall where an orchestral band was rendering exquisite music. It was indeed like fairyland to Rachel, and she could only hold her breath, and listen, and look—not look, as many in the select assembly were doing—at the costumes if those about her hardly aware of what Rose's about her-she was further than that it was white-and at the flowers that were everywhere. Even the groups of lights were arranged to blossoms, and the ferns and he palms were, as Sarah had said, as high as the ceiling. The band itself to be hidden by palms and flowers, and when there was a pau the music and they all went to walk on the promenade built over the water, there was the same flowery aspect, under the same blaze of light. On account of the storm, the slides of heavy translucent glass were closed tightly so that the enclosure was secure f wind and wave. But the storm was was secure from creasing, and increasing so violently that the water beat furiously against the lower edge of the frames in which the great panes of glass were set.

Rachel ; ave no thought to the storm; she was it too much of a fairyland with-in to think about the elements without, and she vas so ravishingly happy with everything about her ministering to her senses as never before in the course her whole life, that she was afraid i was all a dream. Indeed, Miss Burram was well calculated to make her think a dream-this stately, queen-like woman, than whom there was none more queen-like in the whole assembly, recoiving the introductions which in every instance Notner performed—with entle elegance of breeding, and a graciousness of manner so different from all Rachel's experiences of her that it all Rachel's experiences of her that re-really seemed as though some strange substitute had taken her place. Of course, she was the cynosure of all eyes, both she and Rachel, and despite the protests hitherto, of many of the families of the members of the Club at issuing an invitation to Miss Burram, now that she had the patronage of the distinguished Notner and the greatly respected Fairfax, not to speak of the Gedding family, they were eager enough for in

troductions. Even Mrs. Gedding's placidity returned, possibly owing to the fact Miss Burram was in such demand by other people she had not much oppor-tunity for bestowing any notice on Mr.

Gedding.

There was dancing in a hall set apart for that amusement, but as Rachel did not dance, both Miss Gedding and Miss Fairfax decided they did not want to and both declared they much preferred remaining on the delightful promenade, whence they could also hear Gradually, they with thdrawn a little from the the music. Gradually Rachel had withdrawn a group that surrounded Miss Burram, and Rachel was laughing and talking with a happy-hearted simplicity and abandon which was at once charming and in-fectious—other young people joined them, and the mirth grew, and everybody forgot how swiftly the hours were passing, and how the storm was increasing without. Suddenly their attention was drawn to the storm—Miss Gedding looking down at her satin-shod feet, be held a tiny stream of water making its way across the floor and increasing as

Look, girls !" she cried, but before they well comprehended, there was crash behind them. A whole side crash behind them. A whole side of glass had been rent by the tempest, nd wind and water poured in together. Shricking, they fled, met on the way by fathers and brothers, who, hardly less

ing, and where there were the most alarming reports of the damage the storm was doing. Many were for de-parting at once, anxious about the safety of their property, or curious to observe the havoe, and there seemed to be confusion and consternation everywhere fusion and consternation everywhere.
Perhaps the calmest persons were Notner and Miss Burram; he had hurried
her off the promenade the moment the
crash sounded, and had guided her to the frightened-looking group amid which Rachel stood.

"There is no cause for alarm here." he said quietly, " we are quite secureit is only the promenade that has been

It has been quite carried away," said Mr. Fairfax, returning to the group which he had left for a moment, to ascertain the amount of the damage,
"and the water is dashing on the south veranda with a force that will take that They heard it and they heard the

rain rattling like bullets against the windows, while the gusts of wind shook the club house till it rocked like a cradle. "The stable sheds have been blown

down," reported some one coming in from without, "and so many trees have en felled by the wind that they say it will be impossible to drive through the That statement had the effect of

scattering many who otherwise might have lingered, even Mr. Fairfax and the elder Mr. Gedding deeming it ad-

visable to go at once.

"By all means," said Notner instant-ly, "before the storm becomes more severe. I shall take care of Miss Bur-

ram and Miss Minturn.' Rachel was as white as her dress with an inward terror she could not control, but she said nothing. Notner proposed they should get their wraps immediately and he would take them home. While they obeyed, he sent to ascertain the whereabouts of Miss Burram's carriage; his messenger returned drenched in a state of great excitement. Miss Burram's carriage was nowhere to be seen, nor any carriage in fact-no horse being able to stand in such a gale, and a vessel was going to pieces on Miss Burram's beach—he couldn't tell anything more, for he hadn't waited to hear. But that information, such as it hear. was, made Notner eager to get scene of the wrecked vessel; he thought perhaps it was just as well to say nothg about it to Miss Burram when she but he made what haste he uld, with propriety, to get her and er Charge without.

He explained that the carriage could

ot be found, and Miss Burram surmised not be found, and allies burrain standard that Hardman, in his care for the horses, in the beginning of the storm had taken them back to their own stable, the latter being so near, but why he himself was not at hand, puzzled r somewhat—he was always so dutiful. However, the horses could have been of service were they at the club house door, for at every few steps great branches of trees rudely broken, strewed ne way, and in more than one instance great tree itself lay directly across he road.

was difficult to stand against the wind, and but for the support of Notner, Miss Burram holding one arm and Rachel clinging to the other, neither could have withstood the furious blasts. They could scarely hear themselves speak, because of the combined noises of surf and wind, and Notner had to abandon all attempt to hold open the umbrella which he had found in the club house. The rain was pouring in torrents; Miss Burram suggested the short cut through her grounds, and that brought them in a very few moments to the carriage house. There seemed to be a commotion within; numerous lights were showing and they heard the sound of excited voices. We shall go in here, Mr. Notner,"

said Miss Burram. the house, and the rain may abate while we wait."

Notner opened the door and together the three went withiu. On some sort of bed in the center of the room was stretched the form of a man, his matted hair still dripping from the sea; his shaven and smooth as a face—clean boy's—ghastly white, and his lips pinched and blue; his eyes were closed and he lay as still as though he were his side were Hardman dead. By and several other men, and Sarah, who held some hot restorative, a part of which under Hardman's direction, she had been forcing between the blue lips.

Without a word Miss Burram drew near, followed by Rachel and Notner Rachel with a shiver that seemed to bring the blood from her face and leave it as white as that of the prostrate Some fascination appeared to draw her closer, till, with an tary motion, she had placed herself in front of Miss Burram, in front of Sarah, close, close to the face of the silent figure : no one spoke, no one seemed to have the power to act—it was as if some invisible force held them all motionless, silent, till the same invisible power should have restored the dying soul to momentary consciousness. He opened his eyes and lifted himself up. dashing the coverlet from him and making motions with his hands as if he were

still fighting the waves.
"Rachel, Rachel!" Not that he knew her, for his eyes looked rather at Sarah, and his cry was that of delirious longing for some absent one, but his voice—that voice so fondly and so well remembered—supplied the last link in the recognition which she, in a seeming voice of horror, was striving and yet fearing to make. She could no longer doubt nor defer it, and with a cry of heart-breaking despair, she fell on her knees by his side and threw her arms around his neck. "Tom, Tom!" around his neck.

Full consciousness returned to him conscious. hen; strength, in the very moment of his departure, to say, while he strove to v her to him:
I have kept my promise, Rachel."

A sudden rustling made him turn his eyes; they rested on Miss Burram in her shimmering dress with her shining jewels—she having unconsciously slipped the fastening of her cloak, aliewels-she lowing it to fall entirely off. Her eyes were as lustrous as the jewels, her face sufferer to Hardman's quarters, she restartled, hurried them into the main hall whither everybody was now crowd-

ing man's head dropped, pillowed on Rachel's arm, his eyes kept staring with the awful stare of death on the figure at the foot of the bed.

CHAPTER XLI.

For sixty years no storm had wrought such havoc in the bay of New Utterton, as the storm in which Tom had returned to Rachel. Several yachts had gone to pieces, their fragments, as well as the household contents of their cabins, strewing the beach in all direct tions; small boats caught in the teeth surf, and their occupants drowned before aid could reach them. Every boat-house belonging to the Onotomah Club had been demolished, the whole pr ade had been swept away and the beach itself in front of the club house had bee so torn up that it looked as if huge ex-eavations had been going on. The beach in front of Miss Burram's house had equally suffered. Her own and Rachel's boat had been utterly broken alike with the boat-house and the flight of steps that led from it; but on her beach, and up almost to the steps of her house, we've the fragments of the wrecked vessel from which Tom had een taken; if there had been other board they had not been seen; he alone had been visible in the beginning of the storm when the lightning flashed, cling-ing to a mast—discovered by Hardman, who, at the commencement of the terpest, had deemed it best to take t es to the shelter of their own stable and who then, while waiting the hour at which he was to go for his mistress, patrolled the beach.

The vessel seemed to be clipperbuilt, three-masted, but shorn of all sail and in a sadly dismantled condition.

The wind drove her furiously on till she was caught in the hellows of the surf not far from the shore, and Hardman shouted for help. Two of the Club's stable men responded, but what to do was a problem. No boat, no swimmer. could live in such a sea, and on and on came the vessel, plunging at intervals so far forward, that it seemed as if it must bury the lone figure beneath the waves; but each time it rose again, the op of the mast to which he clung bare clearing the water, and still he held s grip. As well as could be seen in intermittent flashes of lightning, he did not seem to be lashed to the and they shouted to him to hold on, but ssible for him to hear. men were now on the beach, each excited and vociferous as to what could be

A rope," shouted Hardman; "he s bound to fall, if he does not jump; ith a rope we can make a line to rescue

The rope was brought; Hardman in sisted on being tied first and leading the line. Just then another flash showed the man endeavoring to divest himself of his clothes preparatory to making a jump. With a mighty shout, which seemed to reach him, for he paused they told him not to do so.

Every plunge was bringing the vessel ependently of the lightning, from the numerous lanterns now gleaming upon the beach, and if the mast would hold till the vessel got near enough to shore, a jump would then bring the man withach of Hardman, who was no in the surf neck-deep, at the head of a line of men each similarly fastened to Nearer came the vessel, the clinging figure giving indications that he was aware somewhat of the attempts of his would be rescuers, for he had stopped all operations and he seemed trying to look in their direction. A couple of more plunges at the rate

at which the vessel was now driving for the beach, and it would be near enough for the lone survivor to jump; every man along the line of the rope braced himself, and held himself in readiness to shout in unison and so loudly that it must sound about the frightful din of the elements, the word which should send the man, clinging so far aloft, into the seething depths the furious grinding of the waves was shivering the vessel to pieces, and a flash of lightning, unusually prolonged showed to the horrified spectators the mast swinging clear of the deck, and falling outward with its clinging figure. They called to him to jump, and he must have heard them, for he obeyed, and guided by the sound of their voices, he must have jumped in their direction, for a few moments after, they saw him, when another flash of lightning illumined the scene, hardly a man's length from them, battling with the waves. He was evi-dently a good swimmer, but the weight of his clothes kept him back. The line of rescuers shouted to him, every man of them now so excited and desperate that the very helplessness of the situation almost drove them into a frenzy-fortunately, the flashes of lightning continued to be frequent, so they could note his progress. With desperate efnote his progress. With desperate effort he came onward till he was almost within reach of the ready arms waiting to seize him, then a huge wave threw him back and he had to begin the struggle again. Three times he was thus thrown; then it was evident his strength was spent. The men holding the rope shouted to him not to give up, and he made another effort, but it was o feeble that an outgoing wave caught him and whirled him with it as if he had been a chip; then he was grasped by an incoming one—a very giant, appalling the spectators. On the very of that he was resistlessly surface borne till it swept him actually over the heads of the foremost of his wouldbe rescuers to a point on the beach be-yond where the last man stood who held the rope; there it left him totally un-

As speedily as the suddenly submerged men could recover themselves, they answered the call of the man at whose feet the wave had deposited its burden, and at Hardman's suggestion

he was taken to the carriage-house Of course Sarah had been upon the beach flitting hither and thither in a state of horrified excitement, but of her turned to the house and prepared such her breast. She felt Miss Burrat touch her arm and she heard her say "Come, Rachel!" She heard Mr. Not ner say also softly, "Come, my poo little gir!" She heard even Hardma-say in a husky voice, "Poor Mis Rachel!" She heard them all with a strang She heard them all with a strang distinctness, but she did not seem to it able to heed them, and it was cruel it ask her to heed them; to ask her theed anything in the world when Tot way lying dead before her—Tom, for whom alone she had seemed to live due to the five years of their some the five years of their some the stranger. ing the five years of their separation and in a strange, dream-like way, ever incident connected with him was con to her mind, even to the last pe had thrown from the baske No, she had no power to move—no tea even to shed—she could only be sti and think—think of the days, and day and days, that would never bring h now-think of her breaking heart th now—think of her breaking heart the nothing could comfort. How could shear it? How could she exist, with never a hope of seeing him more? At the voices, again asking her to least the coices, again asking her to least the coices. him, sounded this time from a distance as if those who had spoken were goi from her—going, and leaving her alo with him, and closer her arms wou about his neck, and lower her fa dropped to his, as if in this moment her supreme anguish he must give so answering sign. But some one came side, some one who unwound is, and lifted her to her feet; could not tell who it was, for there a strange blur before her eyes, and t resistance she tried to make count for nothing against the strong of gentle clasp in which she was held a also urged forward, she wondered vague way whither, for everything l

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

TO BE CONTINUED.

merciful unconse

so changed she could not seem to

member anything but that Tom,

Tom, was dead, and then she felt

self falling, falling in spite of her

port-falling into the cruel sea that

killed "her boy," and after that

knew no more—merciful un ness had given her a respite.

"Well, Mary, I'm not satisfied," to his wife, as he was walking to his wife, as he was walking to his wife, as he was walking home Sunday evening from the Episco Church, where they had been toget "I don't see how there can be faiths and two Churches, when Apostle tells us there is but 'one fa one hope and one baptism,' and our Lord Himself said He had four His Church on a rock, and 'the g of hell should not prevail against i

"But, Ralph," replied Mary ge "don't you recollect Mr. Andrews ing us that though all this was true, we might be quite content cause we were a branch of this one

"That's all very fine talking, dear," answered her husband, "t it be a branch, why are we not all to go to the parent tree? Wh ctured us all in the pit last week for going to see that sion of the Blessed Sacrament i Peter's Catholic Church, and sa was being 'unfaithful to our own church and all the rest of it."

"But Mr. Lewis told me the day, Ralph, that when he was trav d with his master, Mr. rews said he might go to the Ca

Church as much as ever he please so he did." 'Yes," replied Ralph, "he was ing me all about it the other day he and I agreed there was no se all in Mr. Andrews saying that making the truth just a matter of raphy! Why, if it's wrong is States, it ought to be just as wr France or Italy. Don't you see

"Well, yes, I couldn't make it answered Mary; "but, then, Wills tried to explain it to me b ing that here the Episcopal Chur the rightful Catholic Church, an was a deadly sin to leave it; be on the continent of Europe the Catholic was the rightful chur cept where the Greek or old U

churches prevail."
"But if that is true," of Ralph, "we are all in heresy and because the Episcopal church daughter of the Established Ch England, which became Pro when Parker was advanced to t of Canterbury, he being the fir lish prelate who was ordained we Protestant ceremony of our I Common Prayer. Everybody what to the old church and wouldn't Protestant was put to death. G the old church again, I say, and

itation of it! Mary walked on, looking rat and grave. She felt, it is true in the same way as her husba she was of a timid, shrinking and she dreaded very much the taking any step which would them from their old friends, the clergyman whom they lov probably injure their business So unconsciously, perhaps, she tried to shut her eyes to the tried to shut her eyes to the true put the subject from her. Ting, however, she seemed to not to be left in peace; for, or ing home they found an old friends. had come from the country to had sand this man was hin husband; and this man was faithful Catholic family. He h a great interest in the young and had shown them substant ness in many ways; so that h was hailed with pleasure by and and wife.