### On Her Wedding Morn.

By Charlotte M. Braeme. Continued from let Page.

"You are right; but has it never occurred to you that you share the wrong in aiding and abetting her?"

"It may be so, Mrs. Neville. I can not say. I only know that while I am in Miss Vane's service I must obey her orders. Suppose I disobeyed her, and did what she has forbidden me to dobrought her into communication with the outer world—do you imagine it would influence her? She would change neither her resolutions nor her ways, but she would dismiss me, and find some one more obedient in my place. I love my "Certainly I did, Lewis."

barrassment.

"Never mind. You are regretting what you have said; but you need not do so—there is no cause. I shall never repeat it. I can see that your position is a delicate one. I am desirous of helping not injuring you."
"Thank you, Mrs. Neville," she said.
"You are, indeed, kind. I ought not to have said that. My mistress would not

"Then we will consider it unsaid, and, if I can really be of no use to you, I will not detain you."

So I went away, having learned noth-So I went away, having learned notning of the secret of the house. I had, indeed, gathered one fact. Miss Vane was young; she could not possibly be more than twenty-two or twenty-three if Jane Lewis had been her nurse.

Old. and tired of the world, I could the world world. I could the world world world world world world world. I could the world world

CHAPTER III. - "HAPPINESS! IS

I said something about my earnest wish to restore the eastern window of the church; at the same time I said that I did not wish to divert from the poor the money usually given in charity.

"I remember it perfectly well, Dr.

Neville, you can not help her."

"At least let me try," I said, persuasively.

"It is quite useless. You do not understand. You are very kind; but, if I were to kneel for an hour begging of Miss Vane to see you she would not. She would simply be very angry with me."

"Then let me help her, unknown to "You do take care of you."

"You do take care of me," said the same sweet voice.

"Miss Vane," continued the maid, after a short pause, "you told me that you wished to be made acquainted with all the cases of distress that should come to my knowledge."
"Certainly I did, Lewis."
"I know of one now—that of an elderly woman, whose living is derived from the produce of a small garden and from the sale of milk. Her cow has died, and she is asking for help toward buying another."
"Ye continued the maid, a wonde simplify times that it then me Thou the sale of milk. Her cow has died, and she is asking for help toward buying another." she would dismiss me, and find some one more obedient in my place. I love my mistress, Mrs. Neville," she continued, with a flush on her face, "and I have every reason to love her. I nursed her when she was a baby."

She stopped suddenly, as though frightened at what she had said. It occurred to me immediately that, if she spoke truly, Miss Vane must still be quite young. I felt-for the women's embarrassment.

"Never mind. You are regretting "Fitteen pounds," repeated the sweet voice—"that is not much. Is it ossible to my knowledge."

"Certainly I did, Lewis."

"I know of one now—that of an elderly woman, whose living is derived from the produce of a small garden and from the sale of milk. Her cow has died, and she is asking for help toward buying another."

"How much does a cow cost, Lewis!"

"How of one now—that of an elderly woman, whose living is derived from the produce of a small garden and from

that one's happiness or misery may depend on fifteen pounds?"
"Her's does, Miss Vane; it seems a trifle to you—it is everything to her. Shall I do anything toward assisting

"Certainly—give her the money."
"All of it?"
"Yes; but remember, it must be sent to her secretly, quite secretly—I do not wish any one to know what I waste."

"It is not wasted, Miss Vane—It makes people happy."

"Happy!" she repeated, and in the

CHAPTER III. — "HAPPINESS! IS

THERE SUCH A WORD?"

I did not go to the River House again—It seemed perfectly useless—and I heard no more for some time of Miss Vane. I concluded that she had recovered. Surely Mrs. Lewis would have told me if anything had gone wrong.

Just then strange circumstances happened in the parish of Daintree, Dr. Hawson called on me one morning, his manner more than usually exotted.

"My dear Mrs. Neville, such a strange thing has hoppened. You remember, perhape, that last Sunday, in my sermon,"

"I fear not. There is a funeral pall."

"You have only to take care that the woman does not know from whom it comes. I should never expect thanks of gratitude—rather a curse than otherwise. Who is always the first to prove track-berought of such a thing."

"Call out?" she said. "I never thought of such a thing."

"It would have been only natural to ask for help."

"It would have seemed easier to me to lie still and die," she replied, and a sudden hot finsh came over the pale face.

"Those are terribly to underdy."

"Those are terribly one who is the parties of such a thing."

"Those are terribly to think of. But there are boats often passing; why did you not call out?"

"Call out?" she said. "I never thought of such a thing."

"It would have been only natural to ask for help."

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"It would have seemed easier to me to ask for help."

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"It would have seemed easier to me to ask for help."

"It would have seemed easier to me to ask for help."

"It would have seemed easier to me to ask fo

about me-one that grows thicker, and

Gottimus from let l'age.

of Huss Green—all those cu whose verdict social success depended had gravely pronounced its to he amost serious matter, adding gravely that "dear Mrs. Neville" had not shown he reusual tact in admitting a mysterious lady into their exclusive neighborhood. As there was reclusive neighborhood. As there was the mystery surrounding hee? These problems continued to be discussed until time showed the lady? Why did she choose to live in that piculiar way? What was the mystery surrounding hee? These problems continued to be discussed until time showed the utker futility of doing so. All increased the sevent of the standard ones as to prove that whatever else might be deficient at the River House, there was planty of money there. From the tradesamen who executed these orders, it was greaned that beside Jans Lewis, cort woman surranged was provided and all society. The servants are money to be deficient at the River House, there was a plantly of money there. From the tradesamen who executed these orders, it was greaned that beside Jans Lewis, cort woman surranged was provided and society and the proportion of the conviolence of the conviction that there was nothing could be gained—they knew nothing, except that their mistress was an invalid and declined all society. The servants was inclined to think it a case of metal and cholla—she had known a few such. Mistafford from spinal complaint, and was unable to leave her room. Mrs. Converse was inclined to think it a case of metal or the strength of the proposed of the conviction of the convertible of the conviction of the convertible of th

the seed aroos in the neighborhood and seed of the seed aroos in the best finds the conforty about my dramage tension that the conforty about the conforty about

"Was I almost dead?" she asked, in a strange whisper.

"Not quite," I replied, hardly knowing what to answer.

"Lay me down, turn my face to the river, and let me die," she said; and then fuller consciousness returned to her. "Who ape you?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Neville, of Neville's Cross, and you are my tenant."

She lay quite still for a few minutes, and then she said to herself;—

"It can not be helped."

"Miss Vane?" I interrupted, "we will speak of you—never mind me. Have you hurt yourself?"

Jou hurt yourself?"

I saw that all at once she had awoke to full knowledge of where she was and what had happened.

'Yes, I have injured my arm. I was sitting on one of those stones, and did not notice that those above me were loose. I moved carelessly, and one of them fell on my arm. I managed to creep to the river-side, thinking that the pold water would ease the pain."

'Will you let me see it?" I asked.

She looked half timidly into my face.

'I need not trouble you," she said, shyly. "If you would go to the River House and tell my maid, Jane Lewis, that would be the greatest kindness you could do for me."

'My dear young lady, I am sorry to refuse you, but I can not do any such thing; I can not leave you here in this state. Do not be afraid of me; I am Mrs. Neville. You have been my tenent for three years now, and you know how I have respected your desire for severey.

me."

"Then let me help her, unknown to her, in some fashion or other."

"You can not. You do not understand, Mrs. Neville. You are very good and kind, but help is out of the question."

I laid my hand on the woman's arm. "Jane Lewis," I said, solemnly, "I do not know whether your mistress is old or young, but I do know that it is wrong of her to shut herself out of the pale of all human sympathy and kindness."

"So do I," was the unexpected rejoinder; "but as a servant, it is not my place either to criticise or disobey my mistress."

"You do take care of me," said the sweet of me," said the same sweet voice.

It was certainly Miss Vane speaking, but all attempts at describing her voice would be vain. It was low and soft, and there was something clear and vibrating, yet hopeless in it. It produced a strange impression on me, making me think of many things sweet and sad.

"You sat on the lawn until past midnight not long ago, Miss Vane—that was low and you know how I have respected your desire for secrecy. Ask yourself if it is my wish to intrude on you will take cold and be in danger again."

"You are right; but has it never oc-" strangers again."

Her face flushed, and she looked wistfully at me.
"You do not know," she said, slowly.

"Nor do I want to know. I want to help you—nothing more. Let me look at your arm."
"So you are Mrs. Neville," she said, wonderingly, and with somewhat of the simplicity of a child. "I have tried sometimes to think what you were like. Is that the sunshine on your hair, or is it the natural color?" Though she talked lightly, I saw that her lip was white and quivering with "It is the natural color," I replied.
"Yet you wear a widow's cap," she
continued. 'You have a buried love?" "Yes, I have a buried love but when I

"Yes, I have a buried love but when I think of the dark grave I think also of the blue sky smiling over it."

"How can people think death the greatest pain?" she said, musingly. "I fancy no one could be quite lonely who had a grave to weep over."

"These are morbid fancies for one so young as you are. Now, Miss Vane, let me see your arm."

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"How did you learn my name?" she D G. SMITH, CHATHAM "You forget that you are my tenant. How many documents have I seen signed by Huldah Vane? Now for your arm?"

"I can not move it," she said, and her lips grew so white that I feared she was going to faint again.

I went to the other side—she was lying on her arm—and tried to raise her gently. I found that the limb was not only terribly bruised, but that it was also broken.

"My dear Miss Vane, your arm is broken. I am afraid you will have a great deal to suffer. How long have you been lying here?"

The No thumbe: land County Counc will meet at the Council Chamber, Newsa tle, or Tuesday the 18th day of January inst, at 12 o'clos noon for the despatch of business, Date. the 3rd day of January 1898. real hot useus such matters with you, Miss Vane. I will send the money as you wish, quite privately, to-night or to-morrow."

"You have only to take care that the woman does not know from whom it woman does not know from whom it."

anything rather than be pitled."
"My poor child, when you are as old as I am you will know how sweet the about me—one that grows thicker, and depen, and darker as time goes on. Now go away. Lewis. I shall be home long before the sun sets."

The woman turned away obediently, and the graceful head drooped against the tree, while once more the white hands fell-listle sly on the black dress.

"Under the provential when you will know how sweet the pity of those who love us is."

"Did you like people to pity you when your husband died—to say, "Ahl poor thing, it is very shocking—very terrible!" and shake their heads about

"Yes; I think that it soothed me,"
"Ah!" she said, calmly, "then you
have not a brave soul."
I laughed aloud; I could not help it. "I know some one who has a very proud soul; but we will talk about that another day Your arm is badly bruised and broken; what is best to be done". "If you would help me a little I could walk home."

walk home."
"No; you do not know the toture it would give you. I saw some men at work in the fields close by; I will send one of them for my carriage—we are not very far from Neville's Cross—and then we can drive you home by the high She did not object. I left her sitting She did not object. I left her sitting there, so white, so still, so proud and defiant, that she look more like a marble statue than a living, breathing woman. A man who declared himself to be a swift runner I chose for my errand. I sat by Miss Vane's side until he returned, but we said little. From the fixed, set expression of her face I felt sure that the pain was just as much as she could bear. with an air of exhaustion on to the soft-

cushioned seat.

I asked.

"No—not more than I can bear," she replied.

"I believe you are too proud to complain," I said, and again a hot flush suffused her pallid face.

Never once did the proud spirit yield; no murmur crossed her lips, although the motion of the carriage must have caused her intense anguish. Now and then I noticed a dazed expression in hereyes, and knew it was caused by the pain she endured.

Jane Lewis stood in the porch when the carriage drove up. She made me a

"Does your arm pain you very much?"

the carriage drove up. She made me a distant courtesy, as though we were the greatest strangers; but I saw something like relief in her eyes as they met mine. 

"I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Ne-ville," she said, "for your kindness." "That is a polite form of dismissal, Miss Vane, but I shall not accept it. I

Miss Vane, but I shall not accept it. I have no wish to inconvenience you; but I most certainly intend to take care of you. When your arm is well, I will go away and forget you—I will do anything you like; but I refuse, absolutely and decidedly, to leave you now."

She looked confused and embarrassed.

"Try to forget, my dear, that I am a stranger," I went on; "think of me as one anxious to help you. Believe me, I will respect your privacy. Let me—I ask it as a favor—help you just now, when you stand so desperately in need of help."

She grew agitated; her lips trembled. Most women would have indulged in an outburst of tears: she waited until the outburst of tears: she waited until the last trace of emotion had disappeared, "As you are so kind, I can not of course but be grateful to you."

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