

THE MAD KING'S SUICIDE.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE TRAGIC EVENT.

HOW HIS PHYSICIAN SAVED HIS LIFE. OTTO I. PROCLAIMED KING—GRIDDEN OF THE PEOPLE AT THEIR MONARCH'S FATE.

MUNICH, June 14.—The watch worn by King Ludwig, and which was on his person when his body was recovered from the lake, had stopped at 6.45 o'clock last evening. Dr. Muller and Hubert, the King's attendants, had the bodies of King Ludwig and Dr. Gridden conveyed to Berg castle and placed on a bed. Although there was neither any perceptible respiration nor pulse movement in either body Dr. Muller and his assistants of the Bavarian corps, attempted to restore animation in both and only ceased their efforts at resuscitation at midnight, when life was pronounced extinct in both cases. King Ludwig's suicide has cast a deep gloom over Munich. Now it is seen plain that the people were deeply attached to the King, and evidences were everywhere manifest of popular sorrow caused by his tragic death. The police has issued the following bulletin:—

"The King quietly submitted to the advice of the medical commission and left for Berg castle. Yesterday evening His Majesty went out for a walk in the park in company with Dr. Gridden. Their prolonged absence caused alarm at the castle. The park and shores of Lake Starnberg were searched, and the bodies of the King and Dr. Gridden were found in the water. Both showed slight signs of animation. Efforts to restore life, however, were unsuccessful."

At 10 o'clock this morning the generals of the Bavarian army met and took the oath of allegiance to King Ludwig's brother Otto, who at once assumes the title of King under the title of Otto I. He is three years younger than Ludwig, was having been born April 14, 1848. Otto, however, will be simply nominal King, as he is mentally incapable in governing, and Prince Luitpold, his uncle, will remain regent. The generals of the army have taken the oath of allegiance to Prince Luitpold as regent.

The Bavarian troops took oaths similar to those sworn to by the generals. There are evidences that a violent struggle occurred in the lake between the King and Dr. Gridden, in the endeavor of the latter to rescue his patient. Many foot prints can be seen in the soil at the bottom of the lake near where the bodies were found and there are several bruises on Dr. Gridden's face, which were probably made by the King's finger nails. The marks consist of two large and two small scratches on the right side of the nose and forehead. The King, before plunging into the lake, divested himself of his two coats, which were found on the bank and led to the discovery of the two bodies. According to the constitution Prince Otto, although deposed, becomes King. Prince Luitpold remains regent and will administer the affairs of the Government. The church bells have been sending forth muffled peals throughout the day. Excited and sorrowing crowds of people thronged the streets, despite the heavy rain that has been falling. Thousands of citizens surrounded the palace awaiting the issue of proclamations in regard to the succession to the throne.

Herren Carlsheim, Faustle, and Von Hiedel, ministers of state, have gone to Berg castle to prepare official minutes regarding the circumstances in connection with the King's death and the discovery of his body. The corpse of the monarch will shortly be brought to Munich and laid in state in the old castle chapel. The churches of the city have been crowded all day. The town is draped in mourning. The troops were held within their barracks to-day.

King Ludwig promenade yesterday morning and quietly conversed with his attendant on a bench in Deer Park, near a point of the lake where a placard is posted forbidding persons to land. King Ludwig and Dr. Gridden dined together in the evening. The King was composed in demeanor. He ate rapidly, finishing the meal in half an hour. The attendants were ordered to remain at the castle. At 1 o'clock last night the two bodies were found in the lake five paces from the shore in five feet of water, near the bench upon which the two sat in the morning. Dr. Gridden must have been forced beneath the water during the struggle, as the King's footmarks were traced farther than the doctor's. The umbrellas of both and the King's coat and overcoat, which had evidently been torn from his body were lying on the bank. The dead King's finger nails exactly fit the scratches on Dr. Gridden's face. In a sworn deposition dated June 8th the four physicians who examined Ludwig unanimously declared that he was greatly deranged, his affection taking the form known to lunacy experts as paranoia, which is incurable, that further decay was certain, that the malady absolutely deprived the King of free will, and that it would prove fatal to his life.

This deposition was signed by Drs. Gridden, Hagen, Grashey and Hubrich. A proclamation has been issued "in the name of the King, the royal house and its people, who, through good and evil fortune, have remained faithful." The proclamation says:— "This house has sustained a severe stroke of destiny. By God's inscrutable decree King Louis has departed this life. By his decease, which has plunged Bavaria into grievous sorrow, the kingdom has passed, in pursuance of the constitution, to our well beloved nephew, Otto. As he by a long standing malady is prevented from governing himself, we, the nearest of kin, will administer the Government in behalf of Otto. We summon Bavarians willingly and dutifully to acknowledge Otto as the rightful sovereign and to tender to him and to us as regents inviolable loyalty and unswerving obedience. We command all officials to discharge their functions as heretofore until they receive more precise orders. The proclamation is signed "Luitpold," and is countersigned by Baron von Lutz, the president of the council, and by the rest of the cabinet members. An hour before his death Dr. Gridden sent the following telegram to Baron von Lutz: "Doctors Hagen and Hubrich have been summoned for Tuesday, at 9 a. m., to give an opinion respecting Prince Otto. They will probably be able to give their decision on Tuesday evening. Here all is going wonderfully well. A personal examination, I may add, has only confirmed my written opinion."

AN ORANGE MANIFESTO. BELFAST, June 16.—The Orange Grand Lodge of Ireland has issued a manifesto protesting against the betrayal of the loyal minority of Ireland at the bidding of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell in the interest of rebels, outrage mongers and other violators of the law.

LADY ETHEL.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT. (Mrs. Ross Church.)

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.) BRINGING THE BRIDE HOME.

The servant in attendance threw down the steps, and Colonel Bainbridge, who had been waiting for her, stepped forward. "What do you mean by being such a time coming over these moors?" he demanded sharply of the coachman, and without observing the presence of his father and cousin.

"The coachman touched his hat, and said it was impossible to have done the journey quicker. He was an old servant of the family, who had known Colonel Bainbridge ever since he was a child, and as he remarked afterwards in the servants' hall, it was the first time 'Master Thomas' had ever spoken angrily to him.

"Have you found the journey very tedious?" demanded Mr. Bainbridge, coming forward.

"Yes, indeed! Ah, father! how are you, and Maggie too? I did not see you before. I should think we must have been an hour and a half, at least, jolting over these horrid moors, and my wife has been nearly shaken to pieces. This place is altogether too much out of the way; I thought we should never arrive," and then, with the same air of complaint, he turned to the open carriage door.

"Come, Ethel, my dearest, we are really here at last."

A slight figure, much enveloped in velvets and furs, appeared upon the steps, and, having gained the ground, was passing rapidly through the lighted hall.

Her husband's voice detained her. "Ethel!—my father!" she stopped short, turned to regard Mr. Bainbridge in his quaintly old-fashioned costume with wide open eyes of surprise, and then with a faltered sobs, held out her hand.

"I beg your pardon, I did not see you; I was only thinking of the fire."

Her father-in-law was about to bid her welcome in his hearty manner, when his son again interrupted him.

"The first of course, my poor child, you must be nearly frozen; this way, Ethel," and without further delay he led her into the drawing-room, and seating her before the blazing hearth, attempted in his blundering fashion to relieve her of her wraps.

Meanwhile Mr. Bainbridge disappeared to hurry the movements of his wife and sister; and Maggie, unnoticed by either of the married couple, crept after them to offer her assistance.

"I wish you would leave me alone," she heard the bride say, as she entered the apartment. "I would rather go up to my own room at once. Where is Louise?"

"I will call her, dearest! O Maggie!" perceiving his cousin, "will you tell some one to send Lady Ethel's maid to her; and which room is it?"

The blue room, Cousin Thomas; the one to the right of Aunt Lizzie's; and Maggie departed to execute her commission.

"Who is that girl?" she heard the bride say, as she left her presence. The question stung her; it proved how little she could have thought or spoken of her during her married life.

On the upper landing she encountered Mrs. Bainbridge and Miss Lloyd.

"O Aunt Lizzie! they are come!" she breathlessly ejaculated, "and she is so cold, and she wants her maid, and Cousin Thomas asked me to fetch her, and she is so beautiful,—with a wild desperate look in the direction of Aunt Letty,—her hair is quite golden color, and she has such a quantity of it, and—"

"Hush! hush, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Bainbridge; "Lady Ethel will over-hear you if you are not more cautious. You had better do as she desires, and join us afterwards. We are just going down to make her acquaintance."

But when Maggie, having ascertained that the German lady's maid really understood what was required of her, returned to the drawing-room, she found the three elders of the family standing upon the hearth rug by themselves, the bride and bridegroom having disappeared before they gained the apartment.

"Perhaps it is as well," Mrs. Bainbridge was good-naturedly saying, in order to cover the little disappointment which they all felt; "for Thomas told his father that the dear girl is dreadfully tired and upset by her journey; and doubtless she is anxious to change her dress and make herself tidy before being introduced to us all. It is rather a formidable thing entering a strange family; at least, I remember I thought it so, my dear," with a tap on her husband's shoulder, "when you first took me to call on your mother at Birmingham. I had plenty of gowns to my back, but I must needs have a new one made to see the old lady in; and it was a grey merino, piped with blue satin, a very handsome dress,—you haven't forgotten it, John?—and I was so nervous that I split a glass of wine right down the front breadth."

But here Mrs. Bainbridge's reminiscences were interrupted by the re-entrance of her son, with an expression which struck Maggie as being rather worried. But as he brought sight of his mother and aunt his face brightened; and he kissed them both most affectionately.

"Well, mother, and so here I am, you see, taken and done for, at last."

"I trust you may be very, very happy, my dear," murmured his mother, tremulously; "and your dear wife, where is she? We are so anxious to see her."

"She will be down directly. I am sorry she should have left the room before you entered; but she was nearly fainting from fatigue. I am afraid she is not very strong, mother," with a sudden overclouding of the countenance.

Nonchalant into the latest commonplace. And, indeed, a greater contrast than Lady Ethel presented to her husband's relations, in dress and style and manner, could scarcely be imagined, and was sufficient to freeze the warm imaginations of those who had been wont to welcome her as one of themselves. Attracted to the velvet dress in which she had travelled (for she had not relinquished the mantle which her father, with a morsel of white lace, had fastened round her slender waist), and neither bow nor ornament in the plain masses of her hair, the negligence of her costume alone separated her more from them, than if her charms had been hidden beneath a canopy of silk and jewels; whilst her stately and composed demeanor and air of frigid uninterested languor (so unlike the blushing timidity which Mrs. Bainbridge and Miss Lloyd had pictured to themselves), made the breath seem still wider; the very faintest of smiles passed over her face in reply to her new relations' good wishes and congratulations; and then Lady Ethel sank down into the chair which her husband placed for her, and shading her cheek from the fire with her dejected hand, left him to conduct the conversation unaided by herself, until the dinner was announced.

Every one felt it to be a relief when they were once fairly occupied round the table; but even then the bride remained uncommunicative as before, and her silence threw such a damper over the whole party, that Colonel Bainbridge was obliged to talk much louder and faster than usual in order to cover the unpleasant impression made by the conduct of his wife. He spoke of Paris and Brussels, and the German baths, at which they had been visiting away their time; every now and then appealing for a confirmation of his words to Lady Ethel, with the hope of drawing her into a general conversation, and receiving a monosyllabic reply for his pains; and then he alluded to the house in Cranshaw Street, which had been taken and furnished for them by the liberality of Mr. Bainbridge, but which would not be ready for their reception until the following May.

"You must come and see us then, mother," he concluded, warmly. "It is years since you have been in London, and you would enjoy the change."

"Oh, my dear Thomas!" exclaimed Mrs. Bainbridge, flattered nevertheless by the invitation, "you will have plenty to do and to think of on first setting up house together, without encumbering yourselves with the trouble of looking after an old woman like me."

"I should be sorry to think we should ever have too much business or pleasure to permit of our devoting a little time to you, mother; and so, as Lady Ethel, my dear, and as you are introduced to her by me, and as she takes an interest in her, and as she is a very old lady, and never goes out anywhere."

Lady Ethel's silence was ominous. "We don't depend upon neighbors in a place like this, you see," continued Maggie, who was anxious to defend the charms of her country home; "for there is always so much business connected with a large estate, that we have no time for paying and returning visits, and those friends who wish to see us come and stay here; indeed, if it were not for going to church, I don't think I should ever care to leave the grounds myself."

"Oh! only three miles off, at Mlndon; such a dear little place, all covered with ivy, and it is not much bigger than double this room."

"Three miles across these moors!" said Lady Ethel, with a shudder, as she involuntarily wheeled her chair nearer to the fire, and placed her feet upon the fender-stool.

She remained thus musing for awhile, and then, as though thought had suddenly become oppressive to her, sprang to her feet, exclaiming:— "I am really too tired to sit up any longer, and will go to my room at once. You must make my apologies to Mrs. Bainbridge; but as she is so good, and as she is so kind, and her husband, accompanied by his father and mother, entered the apartment."

"Colonel Bainbridge! he was just going upstairs; my head aches dreadfully."

He was by her side in a moment. "My darling! I am so sorry; is there nothing I can do or get for you?"

"Nothing, thanks! Mrs. Bainbridge will perhaps excuse my retiring so early."

"Of course, my dear; do just as you feel inclined," replied the old lady; "and I think myself that bed will be the best place for you. I will send you up a cup of strong coffee directly."

"Pray don't trouble yourself; I shall take nothing more. Good evening!" and with a bow that included the whole company, Lady Ethel was moving onward.

"Ethel! my dearest! I am coming with you," exclaimed Colonel Bainbridge, as he followed her.

"I beg you will do no such thing—I would so much rather be alone; and you must have plenty still to say to your family."

Her voice and manner were so cold that they would have deterred most men, but they had not the power to deter him.

"I have nothing of interest in this world now in which you are not concerned," he answered, fondly, as he drew her arm within his own, and led her up the broad staircase to her room.

Then a blank seemed to fall on the party they had left behind, for this was the first time they had been alone and together since their introduction to the bride, and each felt that it was not as it should be, whilst each was anxious to hide the fact from the others.

"Thomas seems perfectly devoted to her," sighed Mrs. Bainbridge, with the slightest tinge of maternal jealousy.

"There is no doubt about her being very handsome," remarked the old man.

"Oh no! she is lovely!" said Maggie, with enthusiasm.

"But isn't it just a little singular, you know," put in Miss Lloyd, "for a wife to address her husband by his surname? I confess I should have been better pleased to hear her call him Thomas."

"Oh! that will all come by and by," said Mrs. Bainbridge, with the superior intelligence of a married woman. "They have not been married many weeks, remember, and for my part I would rather see her too retiring than too forward—she certainly is a most beautiful girl," talking back upon the fact which was indisputably pleasant.

"Yes! and so aristocratic! She might be a princess from her appearance. How proud Thomas seems of her."

She looked so graceful, so elegant, so composed, so unlike any of the rosy, blooming, vivacious girls who passed as beauties in every part of the country; so totally unlike herself.

Maggie's heart gave one great jealous throb at the conviction, but her next remark was so less sympathetic for the feeling.

"You look so pale, I am sure the dinner was a worry to you. Perhaps you are feeling for your bed?"

"Thank you—I am very well, and I hope I will feel better to-morrow. I hope I shall meet some people arrive here too tired to enjoy themselves. It is a very pretty place by daylight. Are you fond of the country?"

"I can't say I am."

"Oh! you—Cousin Thomas! sorry for that!" said Maggie, quickly.

"Really can't tell you—Lizzie asked him, 'because he is to live at Cranshaw, you know, when you're—it becomes his.'"

"Lady Ethel's tone added so plainly the query 'whether I choose or do not choose?' that Maggie's courage suddenly evaporated, and she felt she had said more than she intended.

Then followed a long pause between them, which was at last broken by Lady Ethel inquiring in a peevish manner— "What do you do with yourselves all day here?"

"Oh! lots of things," was the hearty rejoinder; "there is always work, of course, about the house and grounds, and then there are all the farm people to be looked after, and we generally ride or drive out for a day. Aunt Lizzie does not like to go further than the garden, unless there is something to be done in the house; but Aunt Letty and I have each a little; 'Sheltie' and we go scrambling over the moors whenever we feel so inclined."

"And cannot you reach any place without crossing these dreadful moors?" demanded Lady Ethel with a look of genuine distress, beneath which Maggie's face fell.

"I don't think you will mind them so much after a little," she answered, timidly. "There are some beautiful walks amongst them, and if you can manage to climb the hills; and, if you like riding, my pony will take you anywhere; only, of course, it is not so pleasant now as it will be in summer time."

"Who are your nearest neighbors?" was the next question.

The Duke of Ramsay has a shooting-box about three miles from Cranshaw, but he only comes during the season, and the Marquis of Booth keeps Heron Hall on the other side for the same purpose. The only real neighbors we have, though, who live here all the year round, are the Appletons of Horse-ap Cleugh, and Mrs. Elliott of Burnside, but she is a very old lady, and never goes out anywhere."

Lady Ethel's silence was ominous. "We don't depend upon neighbors in a place like this, you see," continued Maggie, who was anxious to defend the charms of her country home; "for there is always so much business connected with a large estate, that we have no time for paying and returning visits, and those friends who wish to see us come and stay here; indeed, if it were not for going to church, I don't think I should ever care to leave the grounds myself."

"Oh! only three miles off, at Mlndon; such a dear little place, all covered with ivy, and it is not much bigger than double this room."

"Three miles across these moors!" said Lady Ethel, with a shudder, as she involuntarily wheeled her chair nearer to the fire, and placed her feet upon the fender-stool.

She remained thus musing for awhile, and then, as though thought had suddenly become oppressive to her, sprang to her feet, exclaiming:— "I am really too tired to sit up any longer, and will go to my room at once. You must make my apologies to Mrs. Bainbridge; but as she is so good, and as she is so kind, and her husband, accompanied by his father and mother, entered the apartment."

"Colonel Bainbridge! he was just going upstairs; my head aches dreadfully."

He was by her side in a moment. "My darling! I am so sorry; is there nothing I can do or get for you?"

"Nothing, thanks! Mrs. Bainbridge will perhaps excuse my retiring so early."

"Of course, my dear; do just as you feel inclined," replied the old lady; "and I think myself that bed will be the best place for you. I will send you up a cup of strong coffee directly."

"Pray don't trouble yourself; I shall take nothing more. Good evening!" and with a bow that included the whole company, Lady Ethel was moving onward.

"Ethel! my dearest! I am coming with you," exclaimed Colonel Bainbridge, as he followed her.

"I beg you will do no such thing—I would so much rather be alone; and you must have plenty still to say to your family."

Her voice and manner were so cold that they would have deterred most men, but they had not the power to deter him.

but as she placed her foot upon the staircase she encountered Colonel Bainbridge. Again she shuddered, but it might have been her fancy; this his face looked troubled; but as he caught her eye he smiled.

"Oh! my dear, you seem so for the 'Land of Nod'."

"No no! I was just going to bed. I could do anything for Lady Ethel."

"That's my kind little cousin! Yes! I wish you would, perhaps your company might do her good. And then he added, in a lower and more confidential voice, "She's not quite the thing to be done. Maggie has been upset by travelling, and she's had a good deal of a lot of strangers. Her head is better now, but you must cheer her up, and make her feel at home."

"I will try," said the girl, softly; and with that she passed her cousin, and walking more slowly up the remainder of the staircase, knocked gently at Lady Ethel's door.

CHAPTER XIX. GOOD NIGHT.

At first there was no answer; but after a second appeal Maggie thought she heard the words, "Come in," and turning the handle, entered the bed chamber. What was her amazement at the scene she witnessed there! She had been prepared to find the bride thoughtful, and even dejected, at the strangeness by which she was surrounded; but she little expected to see Lady Ethel sitting by the table, with her head cast down upon her outstretched arms, and sobbing with all her might— a perfect rain of tears, as though she had been in the control over herself. For a moment Maggie stood still and watched her silently, for she was frightened at the sight of so much emotion, and hardly knowing what excuse to make for her own presence there, would gladly have crept away again without having been perceived. But the slight movement she made attracted the notice of Lady Ethel Bainbridge, who, raising her head proudly, and with the tears still glittering on her eyelashes, demanded what it was she required of her.

"O Lady Ethel," faltered the girl, "I am so sorry. I thought I heard you say 'come in.'"

"It is of no consequence," returned the other. "Have you a message for me?"

Her pride was wounded that this country girl should have seen her in the hour of weakness; but as it was the case, she was proud to let her know that she cared nothing about it. And so she would not even raise her hand to brush away the tears from her streaming eyes, but sat there, with wet cheeks and humid glances, looking twice as beautiful as she had done before.

"Aunt Lizzie told me to ask if you have everything you want," said Maggie.

"Everything, I believe, except my maid, and I suppose she will come if I ring; or if she does not, some one else will. Pray don't trouble yourself on my account."

"But it is no trouble, Lady Ethel, and I will send my maid to you. You may not like to see strangers."

"Thanks!" returned Lady Ethel, curtly; and then there was nothing for Maggie to do but to go. But yet she could not go. A feeling of some kind had taken her, and she could hardly define what it was; but something which seemed to say that she must try to do what she could to comfort Colonel Bainbridge's bride.

That Lady Ethel—the wife of her Cousin Thomas—the object of so much love and devotion on his part, could be unhappy, was incomprehensible, and had Maggie stopped to analyze the probable reason, would have seemed absurd; and yet her immediate conviction was that it was so.

Why, or wherefore, were puzzling questions reserved for the future, the present was alone before her; and in the present was a fellow-creature in distress, another woman suffering—and a wild notion struck Maggie's heart— suffering somehow much in the same way as she had done, and was doing still herself. With that, every throb of envy and jealousy, which had been torturing her throughout the evening, died out of the girl's heart, and in their stead reigned a great womanly compassion and sense of pity.

And as that feeling gained predominance, Maggie lost her timidity, and going up to where Lady Ethel still retained her seat, she knelt down by the table, and with a sweet manner, half shy and half determined, said, gently—

"Don't cry, dear!—pray don't cry. It would make him—it would make us all unhappy to think you were so."

Lady Ethel bent her sad eyes upon the speaker with surprise. It was not often she had heard a woman's voice appealing to her in tones of affection; not often that she had met so innocent and pure a glance upraised to her own, or encountered a stranger bold enough to plead with her as with a sister. She was generally excessively haughty and stern with any one who attempted to take a liberty with her; but there was something in Maggie's brown eyes—Lady Ethel did not recognize it at that moment, but it was the mysterious light of sympathy—which attracted towards any girl before; and instead of rebuking the familiarity of her appeal, she placed her hand before her own eyes, and commenced to weep afresh.

Yes! She had reason for her tears; for the glamour and excitement of her unhallowed marriage were wearing off, and leaving her (as any sensible person could have warned her that she would be left) stranded on a shore barren both of sympathy and affection.

That her husband loved and gloried and trusted in her, that he poured upon her hourly proofs of his passionate attachment, and thought no portion of his life worth living that was passed out of her presence, was only an aggravation of the punishment she had brought upon herself, as no woman will need to be informed, for the existence of all that it holds dear is far preferable to that which is compelled to suffer caresses obnoxious to it.

All through that evening, during which Maggie had been silently putting up little prayers to heaven to help her to subdue the evil feelings of jealousy for the happy condition of her cousin's bride, with which her heart seemed filled to bursting, Lady Ethel had passed a hundred times through the last interview she had held with her poor father, and heard the answer that he had made to her insolent remark that she was not likely to look long enough upon the ground to learn to love a man like Colonel Bainbridge.

"Ethel; that pride of yours will some day be brought to heel, and when it is, your life's happiness may not be overwhelmed at the same time."

Wandering among German spas and Parisian society, with a handsome husband devoted to every wish, Lady Ethel had nursed her romantic sorrow for the treacherous desertion of the Marquis de Lucarras, without realizing the whole of the bargain she had made with Colonel Bainbridge, for the satisfaction of her outraged womanhood. But to-day, when he had brought her home to his own people, whom he expected her to call her people—and, aware of their deficiencies, had striven so hard to conceal everything that was not just as she had been used to see it—his had been an awakening which she had never quite believed in,

although she had talked so loudly on the subject.

And it had overwhelmed her. The child of folly and fashion, ruined by her own pride and self-indulgence, had had her eyes fully opened at last to the fate she had deliberately carried out for herself, and she shrank from it as from a serpent. She had no friends to turn to in her distress, for she had cut herself off from her own associates to enter a family which she could never be congenial to her; so it is no wonder if the gratuitous sympathy of this little ignorant, unfashionable stranger seemed for the moment as something too sweet to be rejected.

But only for a moment. Lady Ethel had accidentally lost command of herself, but she had no intention of adding to it the loss of self-respect. And so she hastily dashed away her newly-risen tears, and answering Maggie's affectionate address with a deceptive laugh, said, lightly—

"Unhappy!—what nonsense! Pray don't take such an absurd idea into your head. I am only a little nervous by the fatigue of my journey, and shall be all right to-morrow."

Still Maggie lingered by the table. Her feminine tact told her that Lady Ethel's nonchalance was only assumed, and she longed to leave her more composed.

"I daresty the castle would look rather gloomy, seen for the first time at night," she said, thoughtfully. "It is large, you see, and difficult to light well, and my uncle has an old-fashioned dislike to introducing gas."

"Oh! it is not that, I can assure you."

"I know it is not; but it all adds to it; and coming to the country, to which you have never been accustomed, and amongst a lot of strangers, of course would make you feel a little lonely."

"Lonely, child! what should you know about being lonely?"

"I feel so sometimes myself," replied Maggie, simply, "even though I live amongst my best friends. We all have thoughts occasionally in which no one else can share—no one on earth, that is to say."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"And then the only way to get comfort is to take them straight to Him."

"What did you say?"

"To take them to our Saviour," said Maggie, in a low voice, though she grew very red the while, for she had perceived from Lady Ethel's foregoing question that the freemasonry which exists between all those who hold a common interest in a common good was wanting here.

"Oh! yes—of course," replied the bride, indifferently; and then she added—"If you are really going to be so kind as to summon Louise for me, I wish you would do it at once; for I think the time must be getting on."

"May I come back too?" inquired Maggie, wistfully. There was something in this beautiful, defiantly unhappy bride which interested her deeply.

"No; you had better not. First impressions go a long way, and I am not mistress of myself to-night. Let me go to rest now, and I shall see you again in the morning."

"Good night, then, dear Lady Ethel!" and Maggie's eyes glistened whilst she held out a timid hand.

The best of Lady Ethel's nature came to the surface. She was a woman, after all it is said and done, and she had a heart, however she might upon occasions refuse to listen to its dictates. At the present moment she noted just as it prompted her to do, and, as she noted rose, rose also, and kissed her on the face.

"Good-night! I think that I shall like you; but don't judge of me as you have seen me now. We will begin afresh to-morrow."

CHAPTER XX. ACROSS THE MOORS.

Maggie Henderson was down very early on the following morning. She had not slept well, for the interview she had held with Lady Ethel had left a deep impression on her mind, and robbed her of her rest. She felt drawn in an inexplicable manner towards this spoilt child of fashion, the beloved object of her Cousin Thomas's affections; and it drew towards her seemed like desecrating her own cause, like going over to the enemy against her own bruised little heart. Night had been fighting against Grace all night long, and a selfish sorrow had nearly gained the victory over charity. Maggie could not help wishing either that Lady Ethel appeared less interesting in her eyes, or that she was not the person of all others she desired to be least interested in; and she was angry with herself for having given vent to the feeling which had come spontaneously to her. Lady Ethel's hysterical emotion was, doubtless, as she had affirmed, due to the fatigue she had undergone, and ought to have been treated like the unreasonable folly of a child. It was impossible, that so lately a married, and possessing everything in this world calculated to make a woman happy, she could have any cause for giving way to sorrow.

Maggie concluded that she had been far too quick and ready with her sympathy; had wasted it, in fact, and the thought galled her and prevented her from sleeping.

So, as soon as the world was fairly awake, she rose and dressed herself, and very softly down stairs, with the intention of getting out in the fresh air, and walking off the effects of her vigil before she passed under the scrutinizing gaze of Aunt Letty.

It was a clear, cold morning, in the commencement of April; but Maggie cared little for the cold.