WEINESS CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. TRUE THE

e.

UNCLE MAX.

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CHAPTER XXX.-Continued. Yesterday, at this time, I was sitting in poor Robert Lambert's whitewashed attic, Yesterday, at this time, I was sitting in poor Robert Lambert's whitewashed attic, listening to the sparrows that were twittering under the eaves. When I had left the cot under the eaves. When I had left the cot-tage I had walked down country roads, meet-

tramps. Now the sunshine was playing on the rhomiration of the well-dressed crowds that railings. Carriages were passing and repassing. A four-in-hand drove past us, followed by a tandem. Beautiful young faces smiled out of the carriages. A few of them looked w(ary and careworn. Now and then under the smart bonnet one saw the pinched wonlered at the set senile smile on these old faces; they had fed on husks all their lives, and the food had failed to nourish them; their strength had failed over the battle of life, but they still rafused to leave the field of their former triumphs. Everywhore in these fashionable crowds one sees these pale meagre faces that belong to a past age. They wear gorgeous velvets, jewels, feathers, paint: like Jezebel, they would look out of the window curiously to the last. How one longs to take them gently out of the crowd, to wash their poor cheeks, and lead them to the arena to the young and the strong ; it is no place for you ; come home and rest, before the dark angel finds you in your tinsel and Would they listen to me, I wongew-gaws."

Sara's soft dimples came into play pre sently. A pretty blush rose to her face. iron-gray moustache had detached himself from the other riders, and was cantering to-wards the carriage that was now drawn up near the entrance: in another moment he had checked his horse with some difficulty.

"I have been looking out for you the last three-quarters of an hour," he said, address ing Sara. "I could not see the carriage any where.-Miss Garston, we have met before, but I think we hardly know each other,' looking at me with some degree of interest. Sara's cousin was no longer indifferent to him.

I answered him as civilly as I could, but I could see his attention wandered to his young fiancie, and he soon rode round to her side of the carriage. It was evident, as Lesbia said, that the colonel was honestly in love with Sara. She looked very young beside very winning in her sweet looks and words to the man who had known trouble and had laid a young wife and child to rest in an Indian grave.

Before the evening was over I felt I liked Colonel Ferguson immensely, and thought will be a happy one is more doubtful : she far more of Sara for being his choice; there must not be thwarted too much, and she was an air of frankness and bonhommie about must have room to expand. Jocelyn wants him that won one's heart; he was sensible and practical. In spite of his fondness for see that. I heard him rebuke her very gently that first evening for some extravagance she was planning. They were standing apart from the others on the balcony, but I was distinctly, in a grave voice.-

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, but I it would not be right in our position : surely

yon must see that." "No, Donald, I do not see it a bit," she answere 3, quickly.

it, and give it

"Very nice indeed, my dear."

"So I think ; but Sara says it is horrid : tage 1 had wathat a donkey-cart and two she has made mother promise to give me her ing nothing but a donkey-cart and two she has made mother promise to give me her tramps. beautiful piano there, and a bookcase, and all Now the summine was playing on the rho-dodendrons and on the green leaves of the trees in Hyde Park. A brass band had struck up in the distance. The riders were cantering up and down the Row, to the ad-struck up in the distance. The riders were and keep it tidy. And Gypsy is to have the sauntered under the trees or lingered by the old school-room for herself : so we are both pleased. It is nice for her to have a room of her own, where she can be alone."

"Your mother is very kind to you, Jill." "Awfully kind—I mean very kind : Gypsy does so dislike that expression. Do you know, I think you two are rather alike in wearened face of old age, --dowagers in big fur capes looking out with their dim hungry eyes on the follies of Vanity Fair. One once when I have left her long alone; offiv mother doss not know, and I don't mean to tell her, because she thinks people ought always to be obserful. It was so sad that "My dear Jill, how long are you going to keep me standing in the hall? Clayton will

find us here directly." "Yes, I know;" but Jill showed no inten-

tion of moving; the prospect of cold tea did not trouble her; "but I want to tell you to wash their poor cheeks, and teau their to not trouble her; "out I want to tell you some quiet home, where they may shut their tired eyes in peace! "What is the world to you?" one would say to them. "You have done all your tasks, well or bidly; leave the same that she shall take me to see picturegalleries. And father is going to buy a horse for me, because he says I ride so well that I may go with him, as a rule, instead of with a master : and----

"You shall tell me all that presently," I returned, "for I am too tired to stand on A | this mat any longer. Are you coming, Jill ? tall man with a bronzed bandsome face and or shall I go in without you ?" but of course I knew she would follow me. The room seemed full when we entered.

Aunt Philippa was at the tea-table; Sara was flitting about the room from one guest to another. Uncle Brian, who was standing on the hearth-rug, put out his hand to me."

"I am glad to see you back again, Uraula," looking at me with his cool, penetrating Uncle Brian was never demonstraglance. tive. "I think the work suits you, to judge by your looks. Take that chair by your aunt, child, and she will give you some tea." And accordingly I placed myself under Aunt Philippa's wing, while Jill and a boy-officer

with a budding moustache waited on me. The rest of the evening passed very pleasantly. I had a long conversation with Miss Gillespie in the inner drawing-room while Sara and Jill played duets : of course him, but there must have been something our subject was Jill. Miss Gillespie spoke most warmly of her excellent abilities and fine development of character. "She will be a very striking woman," she finished, when the last chords were played and a soft clapping of hands succeeded. "Whether she

space and sunshine." I thought these remarks very sensible Sara, he would keep her in order : one could they taught me that Miss Gillespie had grasped the true idea of Jill's character. There was nothing little about Jill: she never did things by halves: she either loved or hated. She was truthful to a fault. near the open window, and I heard him say There was a massive freedom and simplicity Rutherford this morning, and we have been about her that would guide her safely through the world's pitfalls. "Space and sunshine," must ask you to give up this idea, my darling; that was all Jill needed to bring her to maturity and fruition. Some girls may be trusted to educate themselves. Jill was one of these.

The next morning Sara took possession of

Jill, as we left the school-room and proceeded down-stairs arm in arm. "I never think of her as my governess; she is just a kind friend who helps me with my lessons and walks with me. We do have such cosey walks with me. We do have such cosey of up-stairs?" go up-stairs !"

'Sara nodded and smiled at us as she led | some, I have heard." the way to the upper regions. Pandors was forever opening her box in those days : she was never weary of fingering her silks and satins.

"Now she has gone, let us reat a little." Jill exclaimed, letting her arms fall to her side. "Are you not tired of it all, Ursie dear? I get so giddy that I keep rubbing my eyes. I never knew weddings meant all this fuss. Why cannot people do things more quietly ? If I ever get married I thall just put on my bonnet and walk to t'le nearest church with father. What is the use of all this nonsense? It is like decking the victim for the sacrifice, to see all these roses and green leaves. - Supposing we have a band of music to drown her groans while she is dressing," finished Jill, rebelliously, as and contemplafed her flower-basket with dissatisfied

eyes. Jill's speech recalled Mr. Hamilton's words most vividly : "Because two people elect to join hands for the journey of life, is there any adequate reason why all their idle acquaintances should accompany them with cymbals and prancings, and all sorts of fooleries, just at the most solemn moment of life?" and again, "''Till death us do part,'-can any one, man or woman, say those words lightly and not bring down a doom upon himself?

Could I ever forget how solemnly he had said this? After all, Mr. Ramilton was right, and I think Jill wrs righs too.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WEDDING-CHIMES.

When we had finished the flowers and brought in Aunt Philippa to see the effect, I left the others and went up to my room. had been busy since the early morning, and felt I had fairly earned a little rest.

The room that was still called mine had a side-window looking over the Park. Down below carriages were passing and repassing; a detachment of Hussars trotted past; people were pouring out from the Albert Hall,some afternoon concert was just over; the children were playing as usual on the grass; the soft evening shadows were creeping up between the trees; the sky was blue and cloudless. May was wearing her choicest smiles on the eve of Sara's wedding-day.

Martha, the school-room maid, had brought me a cup of tea; the rest of the family were orowded in Uncle Brian's study; the diningroom was already in the hands of Gunter's assistants ; the long drawing-room and inner drawing-room were sweet with roses and baskets of costly hot-house flowers; a bank of rhododendrons was under the hall window; the house was full of sunshine, flowers, and the ripple of laughter. I could hear the laughter through the closed door. Sara' musical tinkle rang out whenever the door opened. I had fallen into a sort of waking dream, when something white and golden passed between me and the sunlight; a light kiss was dropped on my drowsy eyelids, and

there was Lesbia smiling at me. She looked so cool and fair in her white gown, with a tiny bouquet of delicious tea-roses in her hand, her golden hair shining under her little lace bonnet. I thought she looked more than ever like Charlie's white lily, only now there was a touch of color on her face.

"Oh, Ursie dear, I am so pleased to see you !" she said, gently, laying the flowers on my lap. "Clayton told me that every one else was in Mr. Garston's study, so I begged to run up here. We only came up from so busy ever since. I was afraid you were asleep, for I knocked at the door without getting any answer ; but no, your eyes were wide open ; so you were only dreaming."

"I believe I was very tired, they have kept me running about all day. Take this low me. A great honor was to be voucheafed chair by the window, dear, and tell me all "Then will you be satisfied with my seeing me : I was to be treated to a private view of about yourself. Do yo know it is six months

"Mother says so: he is certainly goodlooking," she answered, simply; "and then he is so kind. I feel almost ashamed at troubling him so much with our business and commissions, but he never seems to mind any amount of trouble. I have never met any one so unselfish."

I turned away my head to hide a smile. Lesbia was quite serious. She was too much absorbed in the memory of Charlie to read the secret of Harcourt Manner's unarlfishness: the kindly attentions of the young man, his solicitude and sympathy, had not yet awakened a suspicion of the truth.

One day Lasbia's eyes would be opened. and she would be shocked and surprise to find, the hold that Charlie's friend had got over het heart.' Very likely'she would dir-miss him and lock herself up in her room and cry for hours; probably she would persist for some weeks in making herself and him exceedingly unhappy. But it would be all no use; the tie of sympathy would be too strong; he would have made himself too necessary to her. One day she would have to yield, and find her life's happiness in thus yielding. would be worthy to win the prize.

I could se it all before it happened, while Manners's unselfishness. Presently, hos-ever, she changed the subject, and began questioning me eagerly about my work; and just then Jill joined us, and placed herself on the floor at my feet, with the firm intention,

evidently, of listening to our remarks. The conversation drifted round to Gladwyn presently. I could see Lesbia was a little curious about these friends of mine that I had mentioned casually in my letters.

"I can't quite make out the relationship," she said, in a puzzled tone. "You are always talking about this Gladys. Is she really so beautiful and fascinating? And who is Miss Darrell?"

"You had better ask me," interrupted Jill, quite rudely, "for Ursula is so absurdly infatuated about the whole family ; she thinks them all quite perfect, with the exception of the double-faced lady, Miss Darrell; but they are very ordinary,-quite ordina-y people. I assure you."

"Now, Jill, we do not want any of your impertinence. Lesbia would rather hear my description of my friends."

"On the contrary, she would prefer the opinion of an unprejudiced person," persisted Jill, with a voluble eloquence that took away my breath. "Listen to me, Lesbia. This Mr. Hamilton that Ursula is always talking about"-how I longed to box Jill's pretty little ears ! she had lovely ears, pink and shell-like, hidden under black locks-" is an ugly, disagreeable-looking man." "Oh !" from Lesbia, in rather a disap-

pointed tone.

"He is quite old, -about five-and-thirty, they say, -and he has a long smooth-shaven face like a Jesuit. I don't recollect seeing a Jesuit, though; but he is very like one all the same. He has dark eyes that stare somehow and seem to put you down, and he has a way of laughing at you civilly that makes you wild; and Ursula believes in him, and is quite meek in his presence, just because he is a doctor and orders her about."

"My dear Lesbia, I hope you are taking Jill's measure with a grain of salt. Mr. Hamilton is not disagreeable, and he never orders me about."

Jill shook her head at me, and went of : "Then there is the double-faced lady-but never mind her : we both hate her." "You mean Miss Darrell, Mr. Hamilton's

cousin ?" "Yes, Witch Etta, as Lady Betty calls her. She is a dark-eyed, slim piece of elegance, uttorly dependent on her clothes for

we all went into the long drawing room, and Jill played soft snatches of Chopin, while Sara and Colonel Ferguson whispered to-

gether on the dark balcony. 1 Mrs. Fullerton and Leebia joined us later on, and then Colonel Ferguson took his leave. I thought Sara looked a little quiet and sutdued when she joined us ; her gay chatter ha i died away, her cyes wore a little plain-tive. When we had said good-aight, and Jill and I. were passing down the corridor hand in hand, we could hear voices from Aunt Philippa's room. Through the halfopened door .L. caught a glimpse of Sara : she was kneeling by her mother's chair, with her head-on Aunt Philippa's shoulder. Was she bidding a tearful regret to her old happy life? I wondered ; was she looking forward with natural shrinking and a lttls fear to the new responsibility that awaited ther on the more row ! It was the mother who was talking one could imagine how her heart would yearn over her child to-night, -what fond prayers would be uttered for the girl. Aunt Pailippa

would be uttered for the girl. Autor han pre had not been a congenial compinion to me in was a loving mother: worldliners had not had not been a congenial compinion to me in touched the ingrained warmth of her outure." I am glad to remember how brightly the sun shone on Sara's wedding day. There was not a cloud in the sky. When I woke, the birds were singing in Hyde Park, and Jill in her white wrapper was looking at me

with bright, excited eyes. "It is such a lovely morning !" she ex Charlie's white lily was no fair to be left to elaimed, rapturously. "Actually Sara is wither alone, and I knew Harcourt Manners asleep ! Fancy sleeping under such circumstances ! She and mother are going to have breakfast together in the school-room. Do esbia talked in her serious way of Mr. / be quick and dress, Ursula ; father is always so early, you know."

under Brian was reading his paper as usual comfortable, and she is not as young as she when I entered the study. Miss Gillespie was, and things tire her." Of course Jill was pouring out coffice. Jill was fidgeting promised with tears in her eyes, and Sara about the room, until her father called her to order, and then she sat down to the table. I do not think any of us enjoyed our breakfast. Uncle Brian certainly looked dull; Jill was too excited to est; poor Miss Gillespie had tears in her eyes; she poured out tea and coffee with cold shaking hands. "Lilian Gillespie, from her devoted friend Maurice Compton," came into my head : no wonder the thought of marriage-bells and bridal finery made her sad. I am afraid I should have shut myself up in my own room, and refused to mingle with the crowd, under these circumstances. I quite understood the feeling of sympathy that made Jill stoop down and kiss the smooth brown hair as she passed the governess's chair: it was a sort of affectionate homage to misfortune patiently borne.

I went up to the school-room when breakfast was over. Aunt Philippa looked as though she had not slept: there was a jaled look about her eyes. Sara, on the contrary, looked fresh and smiling; she was just going to put herself in her maid's hands; but she tripped back in her pretty muslin dressinggown and rose colored ribbons to kiss me and ask me to look after Jill's tollet.

"Every one is so busy, and mother and Draper will be attenting to me. Do, please, night's visit extended itself to three weeks. Ursie dear, see that the puts on her bonnet straight, And of course I promised to do my best

As it happened, Jill was very tractable and obedient. I think her beautiful bridesmaid's dress rather impressed her. I saw a look of awe in her eyes as she regarded herself. and then she dropped a mocking courtesy to her own image.

"I am Jocelyn to-day, remember that, Ursu'a. I don't look a bit like Jill. Jocelyn Adelaide Garston, bridesmaid."

"You look charming, Jill-I mean Joce-

lyn." "Oh, how horrid it sounds from your lips, Ursie! I like my own funny little name best from you. Now come and let me finish you, And Jill, in spite of her fine dress, would persist in waiting on me. She was very voluble in her expression of admiration when I had finished, but I did not seem to recognize "Nurse Ursula" in the elegantly-dressed woman that I saw reflected in the pier glass, day. My acquaintence with Miss Gillespi "Fine feathers make fine birds," I said to grew to intimacy, and I think we mutual myself.

I think we all agree that Sara looked

and sisters shed tears; a sense of loss pervades the house; the bridal finery is he ped vades the nouse; the order intery is he ped up in the empty room; one little glove is in the table, another has fallen to the floor. All sorts of girlish, trinkets that have been forgotten lie unheeded in corners.

I know we all thought that evening would never end, and I quite understood why Jill hovered near her mother's obair, listening to her conversation with Mrs. Follerton. Every her conversation with Mrs. Follerton. Every now and then Aunt Philipper broke down and shed a few quiet tears. I heard her mention Ralph's mame once: "Poor boy thow proud he would have been of his sister!" Uccle Brian heard it, too, for I saw Lim wince at the sound of his son's name; but Jill stoked the sound of ins coll a band, duite naturally, her mother's hand, and said, duite naturally, "Most likely Ralph knows all about it munma; and of course he is glad that Sara is so happy.'

Our pretty light-nearted Sara I had no idea that I should miss her so much ! Indied, we all missed her: it seemed to re now that I had undervalued her. True, she my dark days; but even then I had wroiged her. Why should I have expected her to grops among the shadows with me, instead of following her into the sunshine? Sara could not act contrary to her nature. Sad things depressed her. She wanted to cause every one to be happy.

Her feelings were far desper than I had imagined them to be. I liked the way she spoke to Jill when she was bidding good by to us all.

"Jocelyn dear, promise me that you will be good to mother. She has no one but you now to study her little ways and make her comfortable, and she is not as young as she was, and things tire her." Of course Jill went away smiling and radiant Jill was already trying to r. deem her promise, as she hovered like a tall slim shadow behind her mother's chair in the twilight.

"Come and ait down, Jocelyn, my dear." observed Aunt Philippa at last, in her motherly voice. When I looked again, Jill's black locks were bobbing on her mother's lap, and the three seemed all talking together.

There was very little rest for any one during the next few days. Sars's marriage had brought sundry relations from their country homes up to town, and there was open bouse kept for all. Jill went sightopen pouse kept for an. off went sight-seeing with the young people. Aunt Philippa drove some of the elder ladies to the Academy, to the Grosvernor Gallery, to the Park, and other places.

Every day there were luncheon-parties. tes-parties, dinner-parties; the long drawingroom seemed full every evening. Jill pat on one or other of her pretty new gowns, and played her pieces industriously; there was no stealing away in corners now. There were round games for the young people; now and then they went to the theatre or opera : no wonder Jill was too tired and en cited to open her lesson-books. My for;-Aunt Philippa could not spare me; she said I was much too useful to her and Uncle Brian. I wrote to Mrs. Barton and also to Lady Betty, and I begged the latter to inform her brother that I could not leave my relations just yet.

Lady Betty wrote task at once. She had given my message, she said, but Giles had not seemed half pleased with it. She thought he was going away somewhere, she did not know where; but he had told her to say that there were no fresh cases, and that Robert Lambort was going on all right, and that as I seemed enjoying myself so much it was a pity not to take a longer holiday while I was about it, and he sent his kind regards; and that was all. 1 suppose I ought to have been satisfied, but it struck me that there was a flavor of satoasm about Mr. Hamilton's merrage.

But he was right ; I was enjoying mysell, Lesbia was still in town, and I saw her every day. My acquaintance with Miss Gillespi enjoyed cach other's society. Aunt Pailippa seemed to turn to me naturally for help and comfort, and her constant " Ursula, my de will you do this for me ?" gave me a real feel ing of pleasure; and then there was Jill to pet and praise at every odd moment. One day we were all called upon to a imire Sara's new signature, "Sara Fergus,", written in bold, girlish characters. "Dogle is looking over my shoulder as I write it, dear mamma," Sara wrote, in a long post-script. "Are husbands always to impetti-nent? Donald pretends that it is part of his duty to see that I dot my i's and cross my t's : he will talk such nonsense. There, he has gone off laughing, ani I may end comfortably by telling you that he spoils me dreatfully and is so good to me, and that l am happier than I deserve to be, and your very loving child, Sara,"

I knew when they came back into the room that he had got his way. Sara was smiling as happily as usual : her disappointment had She was neither self-willed nor selfish. She wanted to be happy herself and make other people happy; she would be easily guided. When we left the Park Colonel Ferguson

rode off to his club, and we drove home rather quickly. There were some visitors waiting for Sara in the drawing-room, so I went up to my old room to take off my bonnet. Martha would unpack my boxes, Aunt Philippa told me, as she gave me another kiss in the hall.

I had not been there for five minutes when I heard flying footsteps down the passage, and the next moment Jill's strong arms had

as usual ;" but she left me no breath for seem real, somehow ?" more.

this morning at the idea of seeing you in your old room and knowing you will be here than other girls." And something like a tear whole fortnight. I declare, after all, Sara stole to her pretty eyes. is very nice to get married."

No, Jill was not changed ; she was as real somehow she looked nicer. "You must be quick," she continued, "for

father has come in, and Clayton has taken in Jill looked proud and eager as she led me down the passage.

The school-room was still the same dull but it certainly looked more cheeriul this evening.

The window was opened. There was a window-box full of gay flowers. A great bowl of my favorite wall-flowers was on the table, and another vase, with trails of laburnum and lilac, was on Jill's little table. The fresh air and sunshine and the sweet the dingy room. There was new cretonne on the old sofa, a handsome cloth on the centre-

table, and a new easy-chair. Miss Gillespie was sitting by the window,

She looked at her pupil with affection! were not misunderstood by her.

handr.

stairs. Good-by for the present, Gypsy." Miss Gillespie smiled again when she saw

my astonishment at Jill's famillarity. "Jocelyn thinks my name too long, and has abbreviated it to Gypsy. Mrs. Garston liked it.'

epithets, and sat in eloquent silence, long before Sara had finished her display. It was not gone very deep. Her future husband like the picture of Pandora opening her box, would have very little trouble with her. to see the pretty creature opening the big, carved wardrobe to show me the layers of delicate embroidered raiment, muslin and laces and jewels, curious trinkets and wonderful gifts worthy of the Arabian Nights. There were two rooms full of treasures that had been laid at her feet, and no doubt, like

Pandors, Sara had the rainbow-tinted hope lying amid the bridal gifts. "This is Donald's present," she said, smiling, showing me a diamond spray. "I am to wear it on Thursday : it is the loveliest present of all, -though mother has given me

that beautiful pearl necklace." "Wait a moment, Sars," I said, detaining taken me by the shoulders and turned me her as she closed the morocco case: " tell me, round. do you not feel like a princess in fairy-land, "Now, Jill, I don't mean to be strangled with all this glitter round you? Does it all

"Donald is real, anyhow," she returned. "Oh, my dear, precious old bear, this is with a charming blush. "Nothing would be get through." On the contrary, I jump up too good to be true! I nearly oried with joy real without him. Oh, Ursula, it is nice to and dress myself as quickly as I can, for I

"Now you must see your own dress," she continued, brushing off the tiny tear-drop, and big and demonstrative as usual, but with a laugh at her own sentimentality. "What do you think of that? Is that not charming taste ?"

"It is far too good for me," I returned, the tea. We must go down directly; but I seriously. "How could Uncle Brian buy want you to see Miss Gillespie first." And that for me? It is beautiful; it is perfect. and just my taste." And then I could say no more, for Sara had placed her hands across

my lips to silonce me. back room that Aunt Philippa thought to "Then you must wear it, dear. Father conducive to her young daughter's studies, and mother wanted to give you something nice, because you were so good to Jocelyn, and I knew you had a fancy for a velvet gown. Is not that yellowish lace charming, Ursula ? and the bonnet harmonizes so well ! Your bouquet is to be cream-colored, too, with just a tea-rose or so. You will look

quite pretty in it, Ursula dear. Do you know Donald liked the look of you so vester scent of the flowers had quite transformed day? he said you looked so strong and sensible; he called you an interesting woman." I hastened to change the subject, for it re-

called certain words that I validy tried to, forget. It was a relief when visitors were reading. She had an interesting face and announced and Sara left me to go down to rather sad gray eyes, but her manner was de-cidedly prepossessing. soon afterwards with a bevy of friends, and I Evidently Jill's abruptness and awkwardness escaped to my own room until luncheon-time; I grew a little weary of the bustle by and

"I want you two to like each other, Jill by, and yot I was pleased and intersted too; had said, without a presence of introduction; the excitement was infectious: one smill to and we had both laughed and extended our see so many happy faces ; and then there way ands. *'I seem to know you already, Miss Gar, the service. [Jill shut up her. books with a ston," she said, in a pleasant voice. "Jocelyn bang; her plane remained closed. She and talks about you so much that you cannot be a stranger to me. — Do you know your father has come in, dear?' turning to Jill. "Yos, and I must take my cousin down stairs. Good by for the present. Gunay!"

study; no room was held sacred. A cargo of flowers arrived presently : the hall and drawing-room were to be transformed into bowers. It must rain roses as well as sunshine on the young princess. was terribly shooked at first, but I told her Sara's bright face appeared every now and that it did not matter in the least; in fact, I then among the workers; a little court cur-

rounded her; sometimes Colonel Ferguson's "She is such a dear old thing !" burst out | bronzed face looked over her shoulders,

I had exbausted my vocabulary of admiring pithets, and sat in eloquent silence, long be-pre Sara had finished her display. It was given you those pretty roses, Lesbia?" But talking, and her talk is exciting because or Sara had finished her display. It was given you those pretty roses, Lesbia?" But there is always something behind her words, the roses I meant were certainly not on my

lap. She answered literally and seriously, in her usual way: "Yes, they ar? from Rutherford ; I out them myself, in spite of Patrick's grumbling. Mother is very well, Urala : I am sure the country agrees with her. We have been there since March, and these two months have been the happiest to me since dear Charlie died."

"You need not tell me that," I returned, with a satisfied look at the sweet face. "Bealth has returned to you; you are no longer languid and weary; your eyes are bright, your voice has a stronger tone in it. "Is it wrong ?" she answered, quickly. "I do not forget, I shall never forget, but the pain seems soothed somehow. When I wake up in the ped where I slept as a child. I hear the birds singing, and I do not say to myself, 'Here is another long weary day to

be so happy! I always have been happier love to be out among the dews; everything than other girls," And something like a tear is so sweet and still in the early morning; there is such freshness in the air.'

"And these early walks are good for vor." "Ob. I never leave the grounds. I just saunter about with Flo and Kover. When breakfast is ready I have a bouquet to lay beside mother's plate. Dear, good mother do you know she cannot say enough in praise of Rutherford, now she sees the breakfasts I eat: I think she would be reconciled to any place if she saw me enjoy my food : at the Albert Hall Mansions I never felt hungry ; I

was always too tired to eat." "I knew Mrs. Fullerton would never repent her sacrifice." "No, indeed; mother and 1 have never

been so cosey in our lives. She sits in the veranda' and laughs over my quarrels with Patrick : he is quite as cross-grained as ever, dear old fellow, but there is nothing that he will not do for me. We are making a rose-garden now. Do you remember that sunny corner by the terrace and sundial ?-dear Charlie always wanted me to have a rose-garden there. We have trellis-work arches and a little arbor. Patrick and Hawkins are doing the work, but I fancy they cannot get on without me."

She stopped with a little laugh at her own odnosit; and then went on :

"And I am so busy in other ways, Ursula. Every Monday I go to the mothers' meeting with Mrs. Trevor, and I have some of the old women at the almshouses besides, -I.am so fond, of those old women, -and I have just begun atternoons for tennis; people like these, and they come from such a distance. Mr. Manners declares the Rutherford Thursdays will soon be known all over the country

"Bravo, Lesbia I you are taking your position nobly, my dear; this is just what Charlie wanted to see you .-- a brave sweet woman who would not let sorrow and disappointment spoil her own and other people's lives. Then, as she blashed with pleasure at my words, I said, carelessly, "Do you often see Mr. Manuers?"

"Oh, yes," she returned, without hesitation,-", on my Thursdays, and at church, and at the vicarage : we are always meeting somewhere. He was Charlie's friend, you know. and he is so nice and sympathizing,

zomething mildly suggestive of volcances, or something equally pleasant and enlivening. If she smiles, for instance, one seems to think one must find out the meaning of that."

"Who has taught you all this, Jill ?" asked Lesbia, bewildered by this sarcasm. "My mother-wit," returned Jill, utterly unabashed. "Well, then there is Gladys. Ah, now we are coming to the saidest part. Once upon a time there was a beautiful maiden, really a lovely creature, --- oh, I grant you that, Ursula,-but she fell under the power of some wicked magician, male or female, _some folks say Witch Etta, _who obanged her into a snow-maiden or an icemaiden. If she were only alive, this G alys

would be most lovely and bewitching ; but, you see, she is only a poor snow-maiden, very white and cold. If she gives you her hand, it quite freezes you ; her kiss turns you to ice too; her smile is congealing. Urania tries to thaw her sometimes, but it does no good. She is only Gladys, the snow-maiden."

I was too angry with Jill to say a word.

Lesbia looked more mystified than ever. "If she be so cold and sad, how can Ursula be so fond of her?" she demanded, in her practical way. But Jill took no notice, but rattled on :

"Little brown Betsy-I beg her pardonhuman. Gladys is only half alive. Lady the wedding-march resounded through the cross, and has lovely dimples when she vestry leaning on her husband's arm. smiles. She is not pretty, but she is quaint, and interesting, and childlike. I am very fond of Lady Betty," finished Jill, with a benevolent nod.

I proceeded to annotate Jill's mischievous was an intellectual, earnest-minded man who had known much trouble, Jill made a wry face, but did not dare to contradict me.

She is a little too sad and quiet for Jill's tatte," I continued, "and she is also somewhat reserved in manner, but when she likes

a person thoroughly she is charming." I went on a little longer in this strain, until had thoroughly vindicated my favorite from

Jill's aspersion. "You are very fond of her, Ursula : your eyes soften as you talk of her. I should like to see this wonderful Gladys." "You must see her one day," I rejoined

and then the gong sounded, and Lesbia jumped up in a fright, because she said she would keep her mother waiting, and Jill hur-

ried off to her room to dress. We had what Jill called a pionic dinner in Uncle Brian's study. Every one enjoyed it. but Clayton, who seemed rather put out by the disorganized state of the house, and who was always getting helplessly wedged in be-tween the escritoire and the table. We would have much rather waited on ourselves, and we wished Mrs. Martin had forgone the usual number of courses. When it was over

beauty; she dresses perfectly, and makes herself out a good-looking woman, but she is lovely. Lesbis, who joined us in the drawing-room, contemplated her with tears in her

eyes. "You look like a picture, Sara," she whispered,-" like a fairy queen, -in all that whiteness." Sara dimpled and blushed. Of course she knew how pretty she was, and how people liked to look at her; but I am sure she was thinking of Donald, as her eyes rested on her bridal louquet. Dearly as she loved all this finery and consequence, there was a soft, thoughtful expression in her eyes that was quite new to them, and that I loved to see,

We went to church presently, and Lesbia and I, standing side by side, heard the beautiful, awful service. "T'll death us do Oh, what words to say to any man ! part." Surely false lips would grow paralyzed over them 1

A most curious thing happened just then, I had raised my eyes, when they suddenly encountered Mr. Hamilton's. A sort of shock crossed me. Why was he here? How had he come? How strange i how very strange! The next moment he had disap peared from my view : probably he had with drawn behind a pillar that he might not attract my notice. I could almost have be-lieved that it was an illusion and fancied resemblance, only I had never seen a face like Mr. Hamilton's.

The momentary glimpse had distracted me, and I heard the remainder of the service Lady Betty is the best of all : she is really rather absently; then the pealing notes of Beity laughs and talks and pouts; she church; we all stood waiting until Sara had wrinkles up like an old woman when she is signed her name, and had come out of the

I was under Major Egerton's care. The crowd round the door was so great that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could pilot me to the carriage. Lesbia was follow. ing us with another officer, whose name I did remarks with much severity. I left Mr. not know. As we took our seats I distinctly Hamilton alone, with the exception of a brief saw Mr. Hamilton cross the road. He was sentence; I assured Lesbia that he was not walking quietly down Hyde Park. As we ugly, but only pecular-looking, and that he passed he turned and took off his hat. 1 thought it was a strange thing that he should be in the neighborhood on Sara's wedding-day, and that he should have deigned to play "As for his slater Gladys," I went on, the part of a spectator after his severe stric-"she is simply a most beautiful girl, whose health has failed a little from a great shock;" ness in Edinburgh was finished, and he had here Jill and Lesbia both looked curlous; but an idle day or two on his hands. I half ex-I showed no intention of enlightening them. pected him to call the next day, for I had pected him to call the next day, for I had given him my address; but he did not come, and I heard from Mr. Tudor afterwards that he had gone on to Folkestone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FIERY ORDEAL. It is a hackneyed truism, and, like other axioms, profoundly true, that wedding festivitles are invariably followed by a sense of

blank dulness. It is like the early morning after a ball, when the last guests have left the house : the lights flicker in the dawn, the empty rooms want sweeping and furnishing to be fit for habitation. Yawns, weariness, satisty, drive the jaded entertainers to their resting-places. Every one knows how tawdry the ball-dress looks in the clear morning light. The diamonds cease to flash, the flowers are withered, the game is played out.

Something of this languor and vacuum is felt when the bride and bridegroom have members Moves in the bullrushes with an un driven away amid the typical shower of rice. The smiles seem quenched, somehow; mother

"Poor darling! she always did make her own sunshine," murmured Aunt Philippe, fondly.

Now, that afternoon who should call upon us but Mr. Tudor? Jill was out, as usus, riding with two of her cousins and Uncle Brian; they had gone off to Kew or Richmond for the afternoon ; but Aunt Philippa, who had been dozing in her easy chair by the window, welcomed the young man very kindly, and made him promise to stay to dir ner.

Mr. Tudor tried not to look too much pleased as he accepted the invitation. A sort of blush crossed his honest face as he turad to me : he had two or three messages to deliver, he said. Mr. Cunliffe had given him one, and Mrs. Barton, and Lady Betty. She, Lady Betty, wanted me to know that Miss Durrell was going to Brighton for a week or ten days, and that she hoped I should come home before then.

I heard, too, that Mr. Hamilton had good to Folkestone, and that he had tried to in duce Uncle Max to go with him. "But it it no use telling him he wants a change, finished Mr. Tudor, with a sigh ; "he is bent on wearing himself out for other people."

Mr. Tudor and I chatted on for the remainder of the alternoon. I had taken him out on the balcony : there were an awning and some chairs, and we could sit there in comparative privacy looking down on the passers-by. Aunt Philippa was nodding again: we could hear her regular breathing behind us : poor woman I she was worn ou with bustle and gayety. I was thankful that a grand hortfoultural fete kept all the autu and cousins away, with the exception of the two who were riding with Jill.

Olayton brought us out some tea presently and we found plenty of topics for conversa tion. a. so also aa ⊂ ni «

All at once I atopped, in the middle of

conversation: "Mr. Tndor, have my eyes deceived me or was that Leah ?"

was that Leah ?" 'I do not know whom you mean !" he returned, rather stu-pidly, staring in another direction. There was a cavaloade coming up the road, --a tall slim girl, on a chestnut mare, riding on i front with a young man, another girl and at elderly man with a gray moustache following them, a groom bringing up the rear.

(To be Continued.)

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altogether unjustifiable envy.