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Guelph Evening Mercury

OFFICE:.....MACDONNELL STREET

SATURDAY EV'NG, NOVEMBER 23

The Going of my Bride. By the brink of the river our parting was fond, But I whispered the words soft and low; For a band of bright angels were waiting beyond And my bride of a day was to go.

en I spoke in one kiss all the passion of yes for I knew that our parting was nigh; LI saw not the end—I was blinded by tears, and a light had gone out from the sky.

NORAH CUSHALEEN

HAUNTED CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE MYSTERIOUS DIS-APPEARANCE OF HARGREAVE AND MARY KENDAL.

APPEARANCE OF HARGREAVE AND MARY KENDAL.

The only information to be had regarding the disappearance of Mary Kendal was of the vaguest kind. One of the men, as he sat opposite the great door of the chapel, on the box of the carriage, saw a group of three—two men and a lady—emerge from the side door and vanish immediately among the trees. This was several minutes before Malvrin rushed wildly out, and of course still longer before the Squire discovered his daughter's absence. They had time, thesefore, to have reached the high-road, and might now have struck into one of the many paths which led towards the hills.

With frantic gesticulations the Squire commanded every one to go in search of the abductors, as he called them—the bewildered coachman and groom sprang from the carriage and dashed away into the wood.

'Mhere's Mike? said O'Brady, who had followed the Squire outside.

'Ay, to be sure, where's Mfke?' exclaimed the Squire, 'He's the one to ferret them out. 'Here, Mike, Mike.'

But no Mike responded. The fact was that as soon as Hargreave made his unexpected appearance in the chapel, he saw that the dodge about the ransom had exploded, and quickly took himself off with the two hundred pounds. This explains why he was not fortheoming when wanted.

'The scoundrel,' said the Squire grinding his teeth.

why he was not forthcoming when wanted.

'The scoundrel,' said the Squire grinding his teeth.

'He's very right,' muttered O'Brady to himself. 'This is a turn up and no mistake. Not a farthing of my mortgage will I ever recover now that the marriage with Mary Kendal is impossible. Bad as Blantire is, he's been worse than I thought him; and a fool, too, an utter idiot to go and get really married to the peasant girl. She is now the mistress of Blantire Castle, and her brat is its heir.—By the powers this is a collapse. I may as well walk away home, for it doesn't matter a straw to me who marries the Squire's daughter. The painter fellow may have her for anything I care. He's rather clever though.—he managed the surprise very well but all your beggardly adventurers are clever. Curse him, though, I owe him something for his is-solence to me. Gad, I'll advise the Squire to make a will and cut the girl off without a shilling, and that will take the money cleanly out from between the fellow's teeth. Instead of catching an heiress he'll find he's got a penniless wife to support.

Terry and Norah were as much sur-

Terry and Norah were as much surprised as the others at the absence of Mary and Hargreave but they at one concluded that Mary had been induced to fly with her lover, and now they would be on their way to the ruin. As soon, therefore, as the confusion in the chapel somewhat subsided, they departed, intending to proceed thither likewise. But when they gained the high road, Norah became utterly exhausted, and could scarcely totter forward. The fatigue, anxiety, and excitement she had undergone had given a shock to her nervous system, which utterly prostrated her, and but for Terry's strong supporting arm she would have fallen to the ground.

'Oh! let me rest awhile, Terry,' she murmured, as her trambling frame leant heavily against his bosom.

'Och, sure and I will, Norah,' darlin', responded Terry, seating her by the side of the road. 'It's just a bit o' weakness that has come over ye. And no wonder at all, at all, for haven't ye had enough to do this blessed night. But don't be afther botherin' yer head or yer heart either wid that thief o' a blackguard that had only to look on ye to be frightened out uv his sinses.'

'I do not think of him, Terry,' she answered. 'I love him no longer. The Malyrin Blantire toat now is. Ever since that awful night when he doomed me to die, my love for him has been crushed out of my heart. But he has acknow legged me for his wife—you heard him, Terry?'

'I did, indade, Norah, dear, but—he couldn't get over it. His bad conscience worldn't let him say no.

'And my boy is the heir of Blantire,' she murmured, with a mother's pardonable pride.

'Bedad and he is, and God spare him to inherit it. Faix, Norah, it's meself that thinks that the blood of the Cushaheen minked wid that o' the Blantires will make it swate and good.'

'Here they are! Barney,' shouted a voice behind they, and at the same more these them and at the same more these than and the same more these them.

leens mixed wid that o' the Blantires will make it swate and good.'

'Here they are! Barney,' shouted a voice behind them, and at the same moment the Squire's groom leap over the fence, and grasped Norah by the arm.

'Maybe, Miss Mary,' he said, ye'll be after coming back wid me to his honour the Squire.'

'Who d'ye call Miss Mary?' cried Terry starting up.

*Whod'ye call Miss Mary? cried terry starting up.

Och, don't brother,' cried the men.
Barney where are ye?'

'Here I am,' shouted Barney, as he, too, leapt over the fence.

'You are mistaken, said Norah, in a firm voice.' I am not the lady you seek.'

'Man alive, ye havn't got her,' roared the coachman, as he peered into Norah's face.

Bud luck to me! and I wassure of her, said the other not a little crestfallen. But

Norah alana? asked Terry, after they had departed.

In answer to this, Norah tried to rise, but the shaking of her limbs continued unabated, and it became evident that she could not reach the ruin that night.

'But what will become of little Malvrin? she plaintively asked. 'Oh, he will die of hunger.'

Isn't the ould man wid him? returned Terry, 'and isn't he the tender nurse? Sure the brave broth uv a boy won't miss rou much. Lane on me, asthore, and we'll try and get down to Dundarra to gether.'

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