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Capital Three Million Pounds, Sterling.....£3,000,000

Table with 2 columns: Description of insurance and Amount. Fire premiums in 1881 amounted to £444,596 13 7. Being an increase of 30,663 17 11 upon the revenue of 1869. Life premiums in 1881 157,000 0 0. Interest 101,000 0 0.

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Thrown on the World.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRADEN. CHAPTER LXXIV. 'HOW WILL IT END?' Continued.

That same evening Silvia received a note from Lady Clotilde; it said simply: "My DEAR SILVIA,—I am going to-morrow to my mother, Lady Voyce, at Amphil Park, where every arrangement will be made for your future; and you may rely upon it that it will not be long before your proper position, and that of your little son, is secured to you."

Silvia's tears fell warm over the signature of 'Clotilde Voyce.' "It is so cruel to her," she murmured, "and yet she will have it so. I would bear it for her; but she will not let me; she, to herself, to cruelly good. How will it end? I see no way out of it, but death; yet I dare not think who should die."

Some time afterward that thought returned, to her as a prophecy. Already the destroying angel had taken his aim, and the shadow of death hung over one of the three whose interests in life were so fatally interwoven.

That night Lady Clotilde stood in her room alone. She had made all arrangements for her journey on the morrow; she had beaten back, with a strong hand and iron will, all the love and sorrow, the anguish and despair that would have surged over her soul as angry waves beat over a shore.

"I shall have time for sorrow afterward," she said to herself, "when the third gray level of my life sets in, and I begin to realize that it must be passed without Basil."

Her maid looked up in astonishment, when she received the orders to pack for her mistress.

"To leave London before the season was ended—what could it mean? But from the white calm face of Lady Clotilde she learned nothing.

"Never mind my jewels," she said gently, "I will select what I want to take with me."

When the glittering, costly contents of the cases were laid before her, she took from them all the jewels that she had brought with her from home; but the magnificent heirlooms of the Dynecourt, the diamonds and rubies, richest spoils of an Eastern land, she left untouched; the costly and superb presents that Lord Dynecourt had made to her were all laid aside.

"I was not his wife," she thought, with a swelling heart; "I had no right to them."

The longing to tinge herself on the ground and weep out her bitter anguish and passionate tears was fierce enough to cause her even physical pain, but she restrained it.

"There will be time enough to weep," she thought, "when I have left him, and the wrench is made."

The boxes were packed and arranged, were carried away, the jewel cases relocked. The maid had gone to her room, and Lady Clotilde stood more utterly alone than any words had power to tell—alone, with the wreck and ruin of her life around her.

Then the tempest of grief that she could no longer control swept over her. Did ever Heaven look down on such bitter tears? Did ever such wild, bitter anguish rend any desolate heart?

The happy days of her happy love came back to her—the happy months of her married life, before any cloud ever dimmed the glory of her sky.

It was such a fate—such a bitter, cruel, unmerited fate. Perhaps God took pity on her as she lay there, and decreed for her happiness such as this life could bring never more.

CHAPTER LXXIII. DIVORCED BY HEAVEN.

There was some little surprise expressed in the household at Dyncourt House that my lord and my lady should go away so suddenly, leaving town when the season was most brilliant; and the engagements most numerous; but even that surprise died away when it became known that their destination was Amphil Park. My lord was taking his valet with him, but Lady Clotilde had said distinctly she was not going to take her maid.

She had been very dearly loved, this proud, gentle, high-born lady, who never addressed an inferior save in the most courteous terms, who had taken the kindest interest in all her dependents, whose hands were ever open to relieve the distressed and succor the unfortunate. There was not a member of her household who had not some generous action, some kindly sympathy, some trait of benevolence to record of her. There was not one whom she

had not assisted either in word or deed, and on this, the last time they ever saw her, they looked anxiously at her, wondering what had dimmed the brightness of her face, and why she was so calm, so cold, and so unlike herself.

The carriage was ordered for half-past eleven; the train left Euston Square at noon, and reached Amphil about three. Lady Clotilde had quitted her room. On the night before she had looked her last round the home where the happiest hours of her life had been spent. She had looked around with proud, calm, silent eyes, taking her quiet farewell of every room, of every place that had been endeared to her by memories of the man she loved; and no one knew or understood the tempest of agony that shook both her heart and soul.

Not willingly would she renew that agony; not willingly would she look round the home that was no longer hers—the home where in after years her story would be told, and her name held up to universal pity. When her heart softened, when her eyes filled with burning tears, she said to herself:

"Let me always remember that I never had any place here; I have never been Lord Dynecourt's wife, and the reflection was sufficient: it brought both pride and courage to her aid. Lord Dynecourt, who was perhaps the most unhappy, not having the consolation of right-doing to sustain him, who was miserable beyond all words of mine to describe, had sent to request an interview with her, but she had declined.

"It would be quite useless," she wrote; "my reputation is unchangeable, and an interview would only pain us both. I have no reproach to make. I pray you to forbear all useless words."

So, with a sigh of resignation, to what he evidently considered a very unkind fate, my lord forbore. And the first time he saw Lady Clotilde on the day of her departure from his house was as she stood in the hall, ready dressed for travelling. Few words passed between them; there was just a courteous morning greeting to save appearances. No one knew the sorrow, the anguish, the despair that was rending that gentle heart. Then Lady Clotilde took her seat, and the carriage drove on; she had left Lord Dynecourt's house forever.

A prayer for mercy passed her lips as she looked her last on the well-loved, familiar spot; that prayer had already been heard and granted.

Any newspaper in England can tell the rest of the story in plain and forcible language; the great Amphil Collision, as it is called, is not yet forgotten, for a more terrible accident never occurred. All England shivered as it was read. So many killed, so many wounded, so many crippled for life, so much sorrow and desolation, all arising from the simplest cause—an overworked, underpaid servant, who mistook his signals, and allowed two express trains to meet and come into violent collision, when the one should have been detained until the other had gone past. People read and shrugged their shoulders, wondering indignantly when this state of things would cease, and people who paid for safety find it. Then, after a long, dreary inquiry which ended in nothing, compensations were paid, claims allowed, one or two officials blamed, one imprisoned, and then the great Amphil Collision became a thing of the past. It was marked in the almanacs, and quoted always when the security of railway travelling was in question.

It was a terrible accident; and, strange to say, the first-class carriages had suffered most severely. The collision had taken place on an embankment, and three of the carriages had been driven over the brink, and had fallen into the fields below. Among them was one where Lord Dynecourt and Lady Clotilde had sat alone. The morning was so fair and bright that all thoughts of death or accident seemed out of place; in fact, no such idea had entered any one's mind. The sun shone, and the beautiful country lay laughing in its light. The leaves were all green on the hedges, and wild roses mixed with honeysuckle made them one mass of fragrant bloom. The birds were singing; the flowers sent forth their sweet breath; the world lay warm, bright, and fragrant under the blue sky.

Lord Dynecourt had said nothing. One look at the white face, and the anguish that lay so deep in those beautiful eyes showed him words were all in vain. Only, as the beautiful morning, the sunny, smiling landscape, and the fragrant air touched his keen lode of the pleasant and the lovely, he turned to her, saying:

To be continued.

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