

A GYPSY WEDDING.

Few things are more simple than a marriage ceremony among the gypsies, and a description of a wedding as recently witnessed by the writer will not, we believe, prove uninteresting. There were more than a score of tents at the encampment, where we were temporary guests, and at the opening of each a fire was burning, crackling and blazing away as early as six o'clock in the morning of the day which was to witness the marriage of one of the favorite young girls of the camp. An hour afterward and an old gypsy man, with silver hair and bronzed, wrinkled face, with but one eye, stepped on a little mound and began playing the viola, which had but two strings on it. The player's opening piece was the well-known tune, "Haste to the Wedding," to which the younger gypsies were soon dancing with great hilarity. While some of the older women were watching the dancers, others were engaged in culinary preparations. At the opening of one of the tents stood the swarthy-looking masculine gypsy chief, with his hands in his pockets, steadfastly gazing upon the dancers. At a given signal from the chief, the music and dancing ceased. Two rows of gypsies, row were formed, standing face to face, being between four and six feet apart. Half way down between these rows two gypsies held up a broomstick about eighteen inches above the ground. All being thus in readiness, the chief called out the name of the bridegroom, who was a very handsome gypsy man about 22 years of age. His hair and eyes were very dark, and the coloration of his face strongly indicated the race to which he belonged. He wore an olive-colored velvet coat, red waistcoat, and a glaring-colored handkerchief round his neck. In person, he was tall, muscular, and well made. In obedience to the chief's command he came from a tent at one side of the encampment, walked between the two rows of gypsies, stepped over the broomstick, turned round, and then stood with his arms akimbo waiting the arrival of his intended wife. The chief then called out the name of the bride, who came from a tent at the opposite side of the encampment. She was about nineteen years of age, rather short of stature, apparently of a healthy and hardy constitution, while the pearls in her eyes and long, dark, glossy hair seemed to identify her with the purest remnant of the gypsy race. She also walked between the two rows of gypsies, tripped very lightly over the broomstick, which she had no sooner done than the young gypsy man, in the most gentle and gallant manner imaginable, took her in his arms, and completed the ceremony by giving his new-made wife some of the loudest kisses we ever heard in our life. Then the music and dancing were resumed; the whole of the members of the encampment had suspended business; preparations for a good feast were going on; every face looked bright, and every heart seemed joyous. The men smoked, the women talked, the children shouted and frolicked, the old horses grazed by the side of the tanks, the donkeys nibbled their coarse food with a self-satisfied air, and looked as if conscious they were to have that day's respite from their weary toils; even the two or three dogs that were there wagged their tails, as if in anticipation of an extra feed of better and a larger quantity of ration than usual, even without the trouble of having to hunt before their dinner could be allowed them. -Brooklyn Magazine.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

AGE AMONG THE CHINESE.

The Chinese do not reckon their age from the day of birth, but from New Year's Day. It is on this account sometimes difficult to find out the true age of young children. Here is a tiny heaven-headed bundle of humanity, scarcely able to stand alone for a moment, and you are gravely assured that he is three years old! If you have left the sacred rules of propriety at home, you venture mildly and politely to cast just a faint shadow of doubt upon the statement; or if you do not discredit the parent's assertion, but are still unacquainted with the mode of reckoning, you probably conclude with the parent on the slight degree of progress he has made toward maturity. Should a child arrive in this world a few minutes to twelve on New Year's eve, the fond father will proudly assure you next morning that the new arrival is two years old, and never so much as think that what he says is untrue. Seeing that clocks are very scarce articles except along the coast, and that even where a clock is found time is a very elastic and variable quantity, one wonders how such matters are determined in certain cases. The Chinese do not conceal their age, nor do they ever try to represent themselves as younger than they are. There is a much stronger tendency to add to the stated number of their years than to diminish it. On being introduced to a new acquaintance, the first question is, "What is your age?" "I am thirty," and the second, "What is your honorable age?" You reply to the first as readily as to the other. Age is not much respected as it is considered a distinction to be advanced in years. There are eight or ten different names which correspond to "Mr.," according to the appearance of age, or real age, to which a man has attained, and the same for women. Besides, it is a matter of greater congratulation as years go by that one has been spared to add another year to the term of life. The length of the reign of the emperor, the term of official service, the engagements of servants, the period of residence in a locality—all are dated from the New Year. -Brooklyn Magazine.

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send free of charge to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.

RATHER A LARGE PROGRAMME.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—The Morning Post Vienna dispatch asserts that Turkey has rejected the Russian overtures for joint action against England and Austria. The rejection offered was the reoccupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Turkey, Russia to proclaim a protectorate over and to occupy Bulgaria. Egypt to be occupied by a mixed French and Turkish garrison under the supreme command of a French General, and to be given back her local territory. France is also reported to be a Russian campaign against India. France is also reported to be a Russian campaign against India. France is also reported to be a Russian campaign against India.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Through the lovely November weather, however, uneasiness about her mother's health, and the sweet care of alleviating her acute sufferings, had almost absorbed the heart and mind of Rosa. We say almost, because there was, in her parting with Diego de Lebriza, very, very much that raised him still more in her esteem, so much did he manifest of delicate and unworldly devotion to both her mother and herself, and so genuine was his mother's having to tear himself away from her at that moment especially. And Rosa's innocent heart, in surrendering itself to the pure sentiment that filled it for one she had been so accustomed to think of with tenderness, was following only the bent of both duty and inclination. Indeed, she thought much of her absent lover, and his image became inseparable in her soul from that of her dear ones at Fairy Dell.

As the end of November brought the most alarming tidings from home, she ably seconded her grandfather in his efforts to keep all bad news from Mrs. D'Arcy, and even from Vivia and Maud. The exclusion of their names rested allowed them to shut out as they chose. So their dear sufferer heard not a word of the ordinances of secession, passed by the Southern States, or of the arming of formidable bodies of militia.

It had been the hope of Mr. D'Arcy and Dr. Shorecliffe that the balmy autumn and winter weather would abate the sufferings of Mrs. D'Arcy, and enable medical skill to arrest the spread of the cancer. It became evident, however, as the winter advanced, that nothing but an operation, and an operation performed before Christmas, could save the life of the patient. Her fortitude and unflinching submission to the judgment of her physicians in a moment longer than was necessary, or in delaying for a single day the cruel trial which they were to put her strength of soul and body. He nevertheless sought the Divine aid both for himself, while imparting this intelligence, and for his dear and most excellent sufferer, that she might be disposed to accept the inevitable with perfect serenity of soul.

He was assisted toward the performance of this most painful task by an accident—by a providential occurrence, rather—that one night rightly deemed to have been a true answer to his prayer. It was a heavenly morning about the middle of December, just an hour before noon. The windows on the southern side of Mrs. D'Arcy's large and beautiful room were thrown open to admit the sunlight, the golden beams of which came into the apartment softened by the haze which hung over city and country like a thick veil of yellow gas. On the opposite, or southwestern side, the lofty windows opened into the patio, allowing the eye to rest on myrtle, palm-tree, orange trees, and all the most beautiful flowers of Southern Spain, while the splashing of the central fountain, and the song of birds, and the mingled fragrance of a thousand plants were borne in on the morning air to the low couch on which our patient lay. Vivia and Maud were sitting on low stools near their mother, Maud holding between her own left hand that lay on the snowy bed, and Vivia reading, in a sweet, low voice, a chapter from "The Life of St. Teresa" (written by the Saint herself). Rosa, in a pure white dress, without a single ornament, and relieved only by a narrow blue ribbon round the waist, and a tiny band of blue sustaining the fill at the neck, was busy at a writing-table between two of the inner windows, inditing a letter to her brother Charles in Paris from her mother. The walls were inlaid with Spanish marble of a rich, rosy tint, softened by age. A cornice of rich old Andalusian oak, deeply carved, and relieved by gold and vermilion, ran all round the room; and from it depended heavy blue damask curtains at the windows. The ceiling was in sky-blue and silver, with a circular fresco in the center representing St. Ferdinand entering Seville as a conqueror. Opposite Mrs. D'Arcy's couch, and over the table at which Rosa was writing, hung a picture of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a composition so life-like and soul-stirring that one could look forever on the transformed beauty of the Mother of Sorrows, as she soared upward, followed and surrounded rather than borne by a cloud of angelic beings, her face lifted toward the coming glory of her Son, as if the yearning eyes sought the long-denied light of His countenance, and her hands stretched upward, like the wings of a soul transported by Divine love. The whole picture seemed to impart to the beholder a glimpse of the bright world above, and to awaken in the heart the desire of the eternal joy.

The furniture, as in most Spanish houses of even the best class, was rather simple than rich; of the best materials, however, elegant in its simplicity and admirably suited to its surroundings. The floor was of rich azulejo, or dark blue and white tiles alternating with slabs of red and yellow flower in the middle of each, and connected by narrow lines of bright blue. A rich Persian carpet, in which red, yellow, and blue predominated, covered the space in front of Mrs. D'Arcy's couch, and others were spread in front of the Ottomans between the windows. On an inlaid ebony table at the foot of Mrs. D'Arcy's couch was a large Sevres vase filled with the rarest flowers which the Duchess's garden could supply, and which she selected every morning for her dear friend. High above the blended and delicate scented flowers of the Sierras, which Mrs. D'Arcy loved so dearly, shone two rare exotics from Madagascar, the *Angraecum Superbum* and the *Angraecum Sesquipedale*,—in themselves a marvel of floral magnificence, that won the admiration and praise of Mr. D'Arcy.

As Vivia read and read of the protracted and seemingly endless sufferings of the heroic Teresa de Avamada, she forgot her own pains in the contemplation of what a feeble, sickly, persecuted woman could achieve for the Divine glory and the elevation of our common humanity to a higher level and supernatural aims. And the eyes of the sick woman wandered to the figure of her oldest girl as she was busied quietly in her sisterly work, and then to the bright picture overhead, the Holy Mother entering into the light unapproachably. And she recalled, sweetly, line by line, the verses of a modern poet, which she had taught her children to repeat to her:

"Soul, in thy path, or Love, or Hope, That lets me see her standing up! Where the light of the Throne is bright? Under the left, unto the right, The cherubim, arrayed, conjoint, Float inward in a golden point. And from between the seraphim This glory issues for a hymn!"

Gradually and unconsciously Mrs. D'Arcy raised her voice, as she gazed like one entranced. Vivia stopped reading, and Rosa, laying down her pen, listened at first, then looked at her mother, and finally rose and approached the couch.

pression of love and rapture. "Thank our dear Lord, you are so much better to-day!" "Yes, darling, so much better!" was the answer, while the speaker's eyes still seemed to follow the glorified figure of the ascending Virgin Mother, as if the heavens were really opened to view.

"Oh, mamma," said Vivia, who had now taken her place by Rosa's side, "you will soon be able to go down with us to the Alcazar in the afternoon. The weather is just as lovely as the month of May at Fairy Dell, or as February in Charleston."

"Why did you stop reading, Vivia dear?" said the fond mother, as she now looked upon the three lovely faces fixed upon her own.

"I was thinking how near in glory St. Teresa must be to the Mother of Sorrows, whom she so nearly resembled in suffering while on earth."

At this moment Mr. D'Arcy entered the room, and was struck by the picture before him, of the gentle parent looking with loving eyes on her three daughters kneeling beside her, as beautiful as angels sent to minister to the comfort of the uncomplaining sufferer.

"You are looking very bright and happy, dear May," the old gentleman said, bending over and kissing his daughter-in-law's forehead. "What have these little wiches been doing to make you so radiant?"

"Nothing but looking at her, grandpapa," said Maud, as she laid her cheek beside her mother's.

"Yes, they, with you, dearest father, and our absent darlings, are altogether the sun of my life, and their looks of love warm and brighten my soul as a most blessed mother, dear May," Mr. D'Arcy said, seating himself on the other side of her couch and keeping her right hand in his own.

"So blessed, indeed," she answered, "that I do not see how I resemble that dear Mother of us all," she continued, raising her eyes to the picture on the wall.

"Leave it to Him, who bore the cross before her, to create and complete that resemblance," he said, in a voice that seemed to quiver with emotion. "Rosa," he added, "you and your sisters can take a stroll in the patio, while I am treating with your mother of urgent business."

"We shall be quits near at hand, grandpapa," Rosa replied, as all three girls rose to quit the room. "I shall tell the servant that you must not be disturbed."

"I have done so myself," he answered. "You can look in within a quarter of an hour. And you, Vivia, gather me a tiny fragrant bouquet for your mother."

"Yes, grandpapa," said the delighted girl. And off they went into the paradise of tree and shrub and flower in the precious court.

"You have had no bad news from home, dear father?" Mrs. D'Arcy asked, as soon as the girls had disappeared through the open window.

"I have had none of any kind this morning," he replied.

"I asked you this," she went on to say, "because I had such a sweet and consoling dream about home last night."

"Dreams are sometimes sent to us by our good angels to reassure us all, or to anxieties or to prepare us for coming trials."

"I am sure mine came from the good angel," she said, "because it has filled my heart with sweet peace and great strength. Indeed, it seems to me that I could endure anything at present to be worthy of our dear Lord and His most blessed Mother. May I tell you my dream, dear father? Or will you not think me superstitious?"

"You shall tell me your dream, my dear child," he said, with his warmest smile. "And I shall not believe you superstitious."

"You know, dear father, that on the eighth of next September falls the twenty-fifth anniversary of our union with Louis."

"Yes, dearest, and I trust we shall celebrate it all together in Fairy Dell."

"Well, father dear," she continued, "I dreamed that morning had come, and that Louis and I stood again together before our sweet little altar, as on the blessed morning you first called me your daughter."

"A most blessed morning to me, Mary," he gave me the dearest and best daughter ever a parent had.

"Ah, I remember yet the tears I kissed off your cheek, and you told me afterwards they were tears of joy.—But, in my dream, I thought Louis wept and tried to keep his tears hidden from me, and I leaned on your arm while we were waiting for the priest to come forth and receive a renewal of our marriage vows. Then, methought, as the most delightful music began to swell the choir, I had never heard, that in front of the altar, and surrounded by a light most intense and bright, stood one whom I believed to be the blessed Mother, holding in her hand a crown of most exquisite flowers outstretched, but within a crown of most piercing thorns. Beckoning us both, Louis and me, to her feet, she pressed the wreath of pain that shot through head and frame, and seemed to consume the very substance of my soul! And then came over my whole being like a wave of bliss, so great, so inconceivable, that I took the crown from off my own head and placed it on that of Louis. Then she, with arms outstretched to bless and to beckon us to follow, floated upward, and faded from our sight. But when I looked around for Louis he was gone, and with a great pang in my side and in my heart I awoke."

"It is a most gracious warning sent to us, my dear Mary," said her father-in-law, who had listened with moistened eyes to this dream. "After all, the longest life of suffering and sorrow is but a brief instant as compared to the endless eternity of bliss that follows and crowns it. Our Blessed Mother endures that which she Adored One all the bitterness—that could be pressed in to one day—the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the bearing the cross, the dreadful agony of crucifixion—and then came the glory, the repose, the bliss without end or measure."

"I feel, dear father," the generous sufferer said, "as if all my life had been one long day-dream of purest happiness, so much has God given me in your love, in Louis, in my children, in all the members of our most united family. Surely I must have my share of suffering before I die, else how shall I be like Him, the Divine Father of my soul!"

"And are you prepared, dearest Mary?" Mr. D'Arcy said, with a voice full of the tenderest emotion, "to see your dream fulfilled; to be for a short hour with Christ on the Cross; to wear for a day His crown of piercing thorns?"

"With His assistance, I am," she replied, lifting her eyes heavenward. "And I know that my sweet Mother will be near me, though unseen, to be my comforter. But you have come to tell me something, dearest father?" she continued, looking into the face where she now read deep and unusual concern.

"I have, my child," he answered. "The doctors have declared an operation necessary, and only await your consent. Delay may now be fatal."

"What God will," she said. "I am ready. This was my dream, was it not?"

"And shall I tell you what the doctors have said?"

tion and strength," he said.

"It does not, it does!" she replied. "If Louis could only be here, and my little Mary, and my darling boys."

"I shall send a telegram for Charles immediately," said Mr. D'Arcy.

"Thank you, dear father," she said. "And I must write a short letter to my own dear husband."

"Or I shall write it for you, dear one," he said, "if you will only dictate it to me. And now, my dear child, you must rest. This has been a severe trial to you. You must leave it to me to tell the girls."

"I leave everything to you, dear father," was the answer. "You have ever been to me, as well as to my darling husband, the living image of God's love and wisdom."

"Say not so, Mary," he said. "Ask only for me, that I be also tried by suffering, ere the end comes."

"I am then to say nothing of this to Rosa and the other children?" she asked.

"I think that would be best," he answered. "May I now tell them?"

"Yes," she said. "And, O my good God, do Thou continue to be my strength and my light!" she exclaimed, while Mr. D'Arcy went to beckon to Rosa and her sisters to return to the sick-room.

"How do you like my nosegay, grandpapa?" exclaimed Genevieve, running, delighted, up to Mr. D'Arcy, and presenting to him an exquisite bunch of white carnations, mixed with heliotrope, mignonette, and other delicately-scented flowers that her mother loved so well.

"Just what will please your mother, my dear," he said. "Now, you must all be as cheerful as possible till Dr. Shorecliffe comes for his noonday visit."

"We are just as merry as crickets," Maud said. "For I have not seen mamma look so bright for several weeks. Oh, grandpapa, would not this be glorious weather to take mamma into the country for an afternoon drive?"

"Not to-day, my little Maud," he said. "Your mother is still in need of rest. Rosa, the old gentleman said, bid the servant fetch my little portable writing-table from my room. You must write to me to write to Fairy Dell by the next mail."

"What is the matter, dear grandpapa?" Rosa asked, with a look of alarm and almost fright at her grandfather. "Has anything dreadful happened at home that you don't like to tell me?"

"Nothing has happened, my love," he said. "I have had no tidings from home that you don't know. Only there are some business matters about which both your mother and myself have to write home."

And as Rosa, half satisfied, turned away to do her grandfather's bidding, the old gentleman could not help uttering a silent prayer for this tender daughterly heart about to be tried by the most terrible of sorrows.

Rosa found Dr. Shorecliffe waiting for her grandfather in the latter's antichamber, and immediately sent the servant to call if her mother was ready for the doctor's visit, while she went herself for the writing-desk in the study. "Yes," Mrs. D'Arcy answered, "I should be glad to see Dr. Shorecliffe whenever you like, dear father. And so the physician was met by Mr. D'Arcy, who informed him of the happy dispositions of the patient. To her Dr. Shorecliffe expressed his deep satisfaction at seeing her so calm, so resigned, so hopeful. They would take every precaution, he said, to render the operation as short and as devoid of pain as possible. Modern science had discovered the means of securing both speed and safety, while relieving the sufferer from at least all unnecessary pain. The day and hour were thus settled, and Mrs. D'Arcy, who was not to lose a moment in writing to her husband.

Her father-in-law would not leave her bedside till she had fulfilled this task to her own satisfaction, offering now and then to relieve her by writing in her stead, and cheering her by his words of heartfelt praise and hopeful news. She insisted, however, in writing every word of this letter herself.

"My dearest Louis, my own cherished husband," she wrote, "this letter will bring you the first grief ever caused you by your little wife. The doctors have agreed that I must immediately submit to an operation. It is the only chance left them, they say, of saving my life. And that I must try to save for you, my own Louis,—for you and our darlings, and for our dear father, too, that we two may continue to be to him the same devoted and tender-loving children he says we have always been."

"Oh, my precious husband, why are you not with me in this hour? I have just lifted my heart to our crucified Lord, and begged Him to accept the bitterness of this separation from the dear companion of my life, chosen for me by His own fatherly care. Shall it be that I am never again to see you, my own dearer self? that I can never, in this life, look upon the face of my Gaston, my own noble, noble boy? or that my little Mary is never again to be laid on her mother's heart?"

"Oh, my baby girl, how I yearn for one kiss from your lips! But, dearest Louis, this is to be both my cross and my crown. So, I must try to repress my grief."

"I shall leave with dear father a few notes for you regarding my last wishes, in case the worst should happen. However, I shall hope for the best, and I trust in Him to whom alone we have both ever looked for good and the deliverance from all evil. I shall hope for it for your sake, O dear heart, so true to God and to me, as I know well."

CHAPTER XVII.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"Wherefore cause sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man, Lither, and let me strive me clean, and die."

Mr. D'Arcy had, in truth, telegraphed to Paris, bidding his grandson Charles to lose not one moment in hurrying to Seville. In a previous letter he had informed the boy of the serious nature of Mrs. D'Arcy's illness, telling him to hold himself in readiness to join his mother and sisters. Charles was in close conversation with Diego de Lebriza when the telegram from his grandfather was handed to him, and, as may be guessed, Diego was endeavoring to make Charles his ally in the suit that his heart was set upon. The Spaniard, in spite of his stately presence and winning manners, could not at first overcome in the mind of the young American gentleman the strong prejudice, almost amounting to aversion, which former professions of skepticism had begettered together with the not unreasonable suspicion that his sister's affianced husband might share the moral laxity too often found united to the intellectual libertinism of the French schools.

Diego, however, since his return to Paris, had risen not a little in the estimation of Charles D'Arcy. He had studiously avoided the company of many of his old associates; the importance of the political mission which he had accepted absorbed, he said, all his time, and thus dispensed him in a very great measure from receiving or returning innumerable visits.

To Charles he frankly declared that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of his own desires, almost amounting to aversion, which former professions of skepticism had begettered together with the not unreasonable suspicion that his sister's affianced husband might share the moral laxity too often found united to the intellectual libertinism of the French schools.

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on, and in the other fields of diplomatic labor, must be the knightly offering that he proposed to lay at the feet of the woman he loved.

The two young men were discouraging on the state of Mexican affairs when the message from Seville fell on the heart of Charles like a death-knell. Diego was for accompanying his friend. But on that very afternoon he was to be present at a most important conference to be held in the Tuilleries, between the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Spanish Ambassador, and the Mexican Deputation. So he was compelled to limit himself to adding Charles in getting ready for his departure, and to writing to Mr. D'Arcy's sister of heartfelt sympathy. He also confided to Charles respectful messages of devotion and concern for Rosa.

Charles arrived in Seville late on the eve of the day appointed for the operation. Indeed, the chief surgeon of the Royal Hospital of Madrid joined his train at that capital, and was introduced on its arrival in Seville to both Mr. D'Arcy and his grandson, by Dr. Shorecliffe, who was anxiously expecting his confrere.

Mr. D'Arcy was also expecting her son. It was now two years since he had seen him. He had grown as tall as Gaston, and resembled his mother in features and expression as much as Gaston resembled his father and grandfather. The good Duchess wished to meet near her friend every hour that remained before the event which they all dreaded, and the two were conversing most pleasantly at the moment Mr. D'Arcy and his grandson entered the house.

Rosa and her sister were thus free to receive their brother first. It was a most joyous meeting on the part of the girls, for they did know what the unexpected visit boded. Charles, who had been instructed by his grandfather, put on a joyousness he was far from feeling. The pleasant voices in the reception-room, and the sound of the younger girls' merry laughter, had reached Mrs. D'Arcy's ear, and the fond motherly heart made a great effort to be calm, and even joyous, when her joy stood before her.

She was not reading, but seated in a low chair admirably adapted to the climate, and to the comfort of a sick person. She rose with an irresistible impulse as Charles entered, in an instant she was in his arms and covered with kisses.

"Oh, my own precious little mother!" he would gasp out in the ecstasy of his filial love. "Oh, how I have yearned for you, just for one kiss, one look at you, one word from those lips! I am come for good, mother darling. I'll let the law go for a few months anyhow, and I'll just have my fill of living with you and getting you. Just sit down, dear little mother, and let me be here at your feet."

"But you have not said one word to our dearest friend and benefactor, the Duchess of Medina," said his mother, when they recollected themselves a little.

"A thousand pardons, Senora!" said Charles, rising, and advancing to where the noble lady stood, near Mr. D'Arcy.

"I enjoyed too keenly the spectacle of your mutual bliss," said the Duchess, holding out her hand in conformity with American custom. "I was asking myself who was the happier, mother or son," she continued, as Charles bent low and kissed her proffered hand.

"The son is, I think, Senora," he answered. "For I have the dearest of mothers," he replied, with a proud, fond look at the face all radiant with tenderness.

"And I think I should be the happiest of all mothers in Christendom," the Duchess said, earnestly, "if God had spared me such a son as you. Yes, dear friend," she said to Mrs. D'Arcy, "do you not know that here as a skill job, Mr. D'Arcy and myself have one or two little matters to settle, and you can summon me to your side at any moment." And she swept out of the room.

The three girls now surrounded their mother and brother. Mrs. D'Arcy, who had kept up bravely while the Duchess was present, now yielded to the bitter sweet tears that were welling up in her half anxious, half hopeful heart. Charles had drawn a low stool to her side, and she, with her right arm round his neck, pressed him fondly to her, passing her hand through the clustering curls, and allowing her tears to fall silently. This was almost too much for him, and he had to make the mighty effort to repress his own feelings.

"Mamma, mamma, you are going to improve rapidly now that Charles has come," said Maud. "Mamma, do you know the people here will think you and Charles are sister and brother, when you get back your color again, and dress as the Duchess does?"

"Mrs. D'Arcy smiled through her tears. "You do not believe me, mamma," continued the irrepressible Maud; and off she ran for a good-sized mirror that lay on the dressing-table. "Now, Charles," said she, "do you come and put your head close to mamma's, and let her see both your faces together in the glass."

Charles obeyed his pet sister's command, and the amused mother beheld her own pale, etherealized features reflected side by side with the embrowned, manly face of her boy. In truth, she could not help being struck by Maud's correct judgment. Although her cheek had lost much of its roundness, and of late all of its color, the superb beauty of her spring and summer was still there. She might indeed be taken for an elder sister of the handsome youth of nineteen.

"See how I might fit as a younger sister," exclaimed Rosa, as she suddenly appeared at the third in the reflected picture; and in the lovely young face that laughed and sparkled near her own, Mrs. D'Arcy saw her second self, the child who had been to her companion and friend from childhood. Shall you wonder, fair reader, that Mrs. D'Arcy again indulged in a few moments more of delicious caresses?

When this outburst of joy had somewhat subsided, Mrs. D'Arcy began to question her son on his occupations in Paris. "You often see the Count de Lebriza?" she asked, with a look around at Rosa, who now sank all crimson behind her mother's chair.

"He is with me nearly every day," said Charles. "Indeed, nothing but the most important business could prevent him from being my travelling companion from Paris to Seville. He wrote a letter to grandfather, and begged me to assure my little mother of his most grateful and respectful devotion."

"And he did not send one word to Rosette?" asked Vivia.

"He charged me to offer Miss Genevieve D'Arcy his profound respect," said her brother.

"I'm much flattered by his remembrance," said the enfant terrible; "but you have not answered my question."

"How do you like Senor de Lebriza?" asked Mrs. D'Arcy.

"I must say, dear mother," he replied, "that my late acquaintance with him has raised him very much in my esteem." Rosa could not help lifting her head and looking her brother straight in the face, with eyes that spoke both pleasure and gratitude. "He seems to me to be quite a different man from the Diego de Lebriza whom I knew on my first arrival in Paris. But I must not weary you, dearest mother," he said. "It is getting late, and you may have to retire early."

"Dear mother," she said, "I have some hours yet before retiring, and it is a long time since I have had my baby-boy with me. I'll send you to Rose by-and-by. I know you want to have a long chat with her, and she will