

NO COLORING MATTER
NO ADULTERATION
ABSOLUTELY PURE

"SALADA"

CEYLON REEN TEA

Has the same character as Japan, but is infinitely more delicious.

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

TRIAL FOR LIFE

And so in my thoughts I separate them still. Well, he went away again, and I saw him no more for two years, for the next vacation he spent with some friends. In the meantime my young sister grew up as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed into womanhood. She had a small and graceful form, delicate features, complexion of the purest white and black eyes, and an ever-varying, most enchanting smile. I was twenty-five, and my sister eighteen, when the young squire came to the castle to pay us a last visit, previous to departing for his tour on the Continent. I had never seen him so handsome and fascinating as he was then. Still I never thought of him except as the young master; and never associated him with the memory of my love; but during the few weeks of his stay he came frequently to our lodge, and always accompanied by his sister. I used to do all the shopping and marketing for our little household, and often upon returning from these errands in the village, I found Mr. Etheridge in company with my fair young sister. Upon these occasions he would spring forward and greet me most affectionately, saying:

"I have been waiting for you, Maggy," or words to that effect.

"Heaven knows that I never had a doubt of his return," said the young squire from his boyhood, and though we had once been sincere lovers, he had never done, or said, a single thing to wound my delicacy; therefore, how could I suspect that his visit was anything but a May? Alas! I did not know how much besides classics and mathematics he had learned at Oxford; no, nor now the world had changed him! I was blind, deaf, senseless to all that was going on length the last day of his visit came. The next morning he was to start upon his travels. That night my sister clung to me and wept all night. I could not comfort her. She had been hysterical for several days, and I sat all day in nervousness, never for an instant connecting her malady with the thought of the young squire's departure. The next morning he took leave of us, and went away alone as we thought. That night my May was missing. Ah! I cannot enter upon the details of this sad story. A few days of agonizing and fruitless search and then we ascertained that she was the companion of his tour. He had waited for her at a neighboring post-town where according to their previous arrangements she had joined him. My father was an old man, in feeble health; he never recovered the shock. The baron was in a terrible rage, and swore that he would never forgive or speak to his nephew again. He did all he could for my father, retained him in his service at full wages, and hired a young man, John Elmer, to do his duty in the Chase. I must hurry over this part of my story. Within twelve months after the flight of May father died. I married John Elmer, and he succeeded to the situation of head-keeper, and we continued to occupy the lodge. It was in the second year of our marriage that I got news of May. He had deserted her, broken her heart and she was dead—dead, and in a foreign grave! It was then that I registered an oath in heaven to avenge upon the head of her destroyer the ruin and death of my only sister. And to do this more effectually, I resolved to conceal the fiery hatred that consumed my heart.

"Another year passed. The old baron died, and the young one reigned in his stead. "I would fain have persuaded my husband to throw up his situation, rather than serve a master who had wrought us such bitter wrong. But John Elmer was obstinate. We resigned, and I buried the bitter hatred in my breast—and absided my time.

"I pass on to other days, when the new

baron wed and won a young and beautiful bride. She was a delicate creature, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-haired—too fragile for the cares of this world, where, indeed, she did not tarry long. It was some fifteen months after her marriage that she died, leaving behind an infant daughter of only a few days old. Her early death was a righteous judgment on him, the traitor!"

"My mother, my sweet young mother, who perished in her early youth! Oh, nurse, how can you say such things of her?"

"Peace, Lady Etheridge, until you hear the rest—it is not much. The newborn babe was likely to perish for want of a nursing mother. I was then nursing my own child, which was but three weeks old. My husband was down with the mortal illness that finally terminated his life. The housekeeper at the castle recommended that the child be placed in my charge. I was applied to, and I agreed to nurse the infant, but only on condition that she should be sent to my cottage and left in my sole care. To this His Lordship consented.

"I went away. And then I laid the babe side by side in the solitude of my room, and looked at them. Young infants as they were, they were much alike. My own child and my master's were both of the same age and sex, and almost-identical in form, with no more individuality to distinguish one from the other than waxen dolls of the same pattern.

"There, in the solitude of my cottage, I changed the clothing of those children. Three months afterward, when his lordship came home, it was my daughter whom I carried up to the castle to be christened by a Lord Bishop, who came down for the purpose. It was my daughter who had servants, and tutors, and governesses to attend her by day and night. It was my daughter who was brought up with the state of a young princess. Finally, it was my daughter who, at the death of the baron, entered into his inheritance as Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne!"

"I exclaimed the weird creature, her eyes gleaming with triumph, as if again she felt the virulent stimulus of hatred, and tasted the poisoned sweetness of revenge.

"My God! my God! Oh, woman, woman!—for I cannot call you a mother—what is this that you have done?" moaned the lady, dropping her head upon her clasped hands.

"I have consummated my revenge—"

Lady Etheridge shuddered and shrank away from her.

"I have filled my life with remorse—"

Lady Etheridge again shuddered.

"And I have lost my immortal soul! Laura, no longer Baroness Etheridge—"

Laura, my daughter, speak to me, I am dying!"

"Oh, mother! mother! mother! mother!" exclaimed she who was no longer Lady Etheridge, as she dropped upon her knees by the bedside, and buried her face in her covert.

"Laura, Laura, speak to me! comfort me! I am dying! Laura, Laura, you at least have no reason to complain; you have not suffered by the exchange; you have received the education of a gentlewoman; you should not presume to do so; but oh, do not defend your crime! Repent of it! repent of it! pray God for forgiveness!" sobbed Laura.

"Repent?—I undo my doings. I can go no further," replied the woman, gloomily.

"Ah! my mother, to undo what you have done—to right this wrong—will be more difficult than you think; for though I shall immediately yield up my possession of the castle and estates that I have so long considered my own, yet

believe me, it will be difficult to convince the House of Peers, before whom this matter must come, that the nameless girl whom you deprived of the title has any right thereto."

"Will it? The proof does not rest solely upon my word or dying oath. Let anyone lead Rosamond Etheridge through a gallery of the portraits of her ancestors, and compare her face with theirs, and it will then be seen that Rosamond, in face and features, is a true Etheridge. Or, if more proof is needed, let anyone strip up her sleeve, and look upon her right arm above the elbow, and they will see the family mark, the fiery cross with which, while in Scotland, some ancient Baroness of Etheridge was so frightened as not only to leave its image on her immediate child, but to send it down to all her descendants. Have you, Laura, any such mark, or any such resemblance?"

"No, no; and I remember that the absence of the Etheridge mark, and of all likeness to the Etheridge family, would be commented upon by the servants in my presence."

"Ah! nor is that all. There are other proofs. The links in the chain of evidence will all be found complete."

"It is better that it is so; since a question as to the true inheritrix must be raised. I am glad that you are susceptible of proof which will place the matter at rest forever. And now, my mother, you are not dying, nor even near death, as your fears would suggest. You must permit me to return to the castle, and make certain arrangements that must not be delayed. I will return to you immediately afterward," said Laura, rising, and arranging her disordered dress.

"In their long interview, the night unheeded had passed away, and brought the morning.

When Laura opened the door, the first rays of the rising sun streamed into the room. The carriage still waited before the door, and the coachman was asleep on his box.

"Wilson," said the lady, "I am really sorry to have kept you sitting here all night, while I watched by a sick bed. You shall go to sleep when you get back to the castle; but now drive round to the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Hastings, and request them to come to the castle upon important business that will not admit of delay. Then return hither to take me home."

The weary coachman obeyed, and gathering up his reins, drove off. The lady returned to the house, and sat down beside the bed of the now sleeping woman, to wait until the carriage came back.

Stunned by the shock of her sudden fall, distressed by doubts of the reality of her own position, and of the stability of her own reason, tempted to believe for the events of the night only the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream, and feeling through all this chaos of thought, the imminent necessity of immediate action, Laura waited until, almost at the same moment the carriage drove up to the door, Rose, with the neighbor at whose house she had spent the night, came in.

"Making a sign to them that her patient was asleep, Laura Elmer arose to leave the house; but first she turned her gaze on Rose, the unconscious, though rightful Baroness Etheridge. Since this evening night, a fearful change had passed over the face of the maiden. Her cheeks were the pallid hue of death, her eyes were dim and sunken, her lips blue and tremulous; her voice, in bidding good-morning to Lady Etheridge, was so low and faltering as to be almost inaudible.

"How this child loved her supposed mother," was the thought of Laura, as she kindly said: "Do not be uneasy, our patient is not in immediate danger."

"Thank you, I know that she is not, my lady," replied Rose, in a tearful voice.

"Then what other grief can a young girl like you possibly have?" inquired Laura, sympathetically.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, Lady Etheridge—a bitterness with which the stranger intermeddles not," replied Rose, with a certain mournful dignity.

"Very true; I beg your pardon; yet permit me to be the good fairy who will foretell to you an end, before many days, of all your troubles," said Laura, who for not the slightest element of jealousy entered into her heart of the unconscious maiden who was soon to displace her from her high rank.

"I have no troubles, Lady Etheridge; those only have troubles who have hopes, prospects and desires. I have none; nothing but the bitterness of an acid heart. Do not occupy your noble mind with my poor affairs, my lady. This is my wedding day; I have the honor to wish you much joy, madam!" said Rose, with a deep courtesy, as she turned away.

"Yes, she is an Etheridge—a true Etheridge, although she knows it not as yet. And I—who am I? I must be all a dream, or a delirium of some brain fever! Oh, heaven, that I could wake!—that I could burst these bonds of sleep or frenzy, and awake!" thought Laura, as she stood for a few moments like one in a trance. Then, recollecting herself, she told the good neighbor to say to Mrs. Elmer, when she awoke, that she would soon return; and, taking leave, entered the carriage and drove to Swinburne Castle, no longer her home.

She was met in the hall by Mrs. Maberly, her woman, who was all in a flutter of anxiety.

"Ah, my lady! my lady! how very indignant I like your kind heart, to stay out all night nursing the poor old woman, instead of taking a whimsical walk with such a day as this before you. And alack, how worn your ladyship does look. Will your ladyship lie down and sleep for an hour, and then take a warm bath and a cup of coffee before commencing your ladyship's bridal toilet. There will be plenty of time."

"No, Maberly, no I thank you; I could not sleep. I will go to my dressing-room, and exchange this habit for a loose wrapper; and you may bring me a cup of tea."

"Yes, my lady. Will your ladyship look into the dining-room as your ladyship goes by? Monsieur, the French cook that Colonel Hastings brought down has laid the breakfast most magnificently, my lady," said the maid, throwing open a pair of folding doors on her right, and revealing a fine dining-hall, with a long table and sideboards covered with glowing white damask, and sparkling with and blazing with gold plate and crystal glass, while all the pillars that supported the arched roof, and all the family portraits that graced the walls, were festooned with wreaths of flowers.

"It is very well," said Laura, languidly, as she passed on her way up the stairs.

She entered her dressing room, where a beautiful vision met her view. Upon a center table, covered with a white velvet embroidered cloth, were displayed the magnificent bridal presents offered by the friends of Lady Etheridge.

"Do but see, my lady, if your ladyship is equal to it, what splendid offerings. All these came last night, or this morning. I hope they are arranged to your ladyship's satisfaction. This really royal set of diamonds, my lady, came last night, with Mr. Hastings' compliments. This other set of oriental pearls, my lady, were left with Colonel Hastings' respects. This dressing case of ebony, with all its appointments of solid gold, was offering from Lady Dornon. This superb work-box—"

"There, cease, Maberly. I see all these things. I admire them, and I acknowledge the kindness of my friends; but I am very tired; help me to undress."

"Yes, my lady; but just lift up your eyes and look upon that Indian shawl, if that splendid shawl is not enough to restore strength to the fainting, I am no judge of ladies' nor shawls. That comes from your ladyship's cousin, Lord Seaford, who brought it from Constantinople, himself, no doubt."

"It is very rich and rare. There, Maberly, give me my dressing gown."

"Yes, my lady; and while you are resting and drinking your tea, just permit me to return to the castle, and make certain arrangements that must not be delayed. I will return to you immediately afterward," said Laura, rising, and arranging her disordered dress.

"In their long interview, the night unheeded had passed away, and brought the morning.

When Laura opened the door, the first rays of the rising sun streamed into the room. The carriage still waited before the door, and the coachman was asleep on his box.

"Wilson," said the lady, "I am really sorry to have kept you sitting here all night, while I watched by a sick bed. You shall go to sleep when you get back to the castle; but now drive round to the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Hastings, and request them to come to the castle upon important business that will not admit of delay. Then return hither to take me home."

The weary coachman obeyed, and gathering up his reins, drove off. The lady returned to the house, and sat down beside the bed of the now sleeping woman, to wait until the carriage came back.

Stunned by the shock of her sudden fall, distressed by doubts of the reality of her own position, and of the stability of her own reason, tempted to believe for the events of the night only the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream, and feeling through all this chaos of thought, the imminent necessity of immediate action, Laura waited until, almost at the same moment the carriage drove up to the door, Rose, with the neighbor at whose house she had spent the night, came in.

"Making a sign to them that her patient was asleep, Laura Elmer arose to leave the house; but first she turned her gaze on Rose, the unconscious, though rightful Baroness Etheridge. Since this evening night, a fearful change had passed over the face of the maiden. Her cheeks were the pallid hue of death, her eyes were dim and sunken, her lips blue and tremulous; her voice, in bidding good-morning to Lady Etheridge, was so low and faltering as to be almost inaudible.

"How this child loved her supposed mother," was the thought of Laura, as she kindly said: "Do not be uneasy, our patient is not in immediate danger."

"Thank you, I know that she is not, my lady," replied Rose, in a tearful voice.

"Then what other grief can a young girl like you possibly have?" inquired Laura, sympathetically.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, Lady Etheridge—a bitterness with which the stranger intermeddles not," replied Rose, with a certain mournful dignity.

"Very true; I beg your pardon; yet permit me to be the good fairy who will foretell to you an end, before many days, of all your troubles," said Laura, who for not the slightest element of jealousy entered into her heart of the unconscious maiden who was soon to displace her from her high rank.

"I have no troubles, Lady Etheridge; those only have troubles who have hopes, prospects and desires. I have none; nothing but the bitterness of an acid heart. Do not occupy your noble mind with my poor affairs, my lady. This is my wedding day; I have the honor to wish you much joy, madam!" said Rose, with a deep courtesy, as she turned away.

"Yes, she is an Etheridge—a true Etheridge, although she knows it not as yet. And I—who am I? I must be all a dream, or a delirium of some brain fever! Oh, heaven, that I could wake!—that I could burst these bonds of sleep or frenzy, and awake!" thought Laura, as she stood for a few moments like one in a trance. Then, recollecting herself, she told the good neighbor to say to Mrs. Elmer, when she awoke, that she would soon return; and, taking leave, entered the carriage and drove to Swinburne Castle, no longer her home.

She was met in the hall by Mrs. Maberly, her woman, who was all in a flutter of anxiety.

"Ah, my lady! my lady! how very indignant I like your kind heart, to stay out all night nursing the poor old woman, instead of taking a whimsical walk with such a day as this before you. And alack, how worn your ladyship does look. Will your ladyship lie down and sleep for an hour, and then take a warm bath and a cup of coffee before commencing your ladyship's bridal toilet. There will be plenty of time."

"No, Maberly, no I thank you; I could not sleep. I will go to my dressing-room, and exchange this habit for a loose wrapper; and you may bring me a cup of tea."

"Yes, my lady. Will your ladyship look into the dining-room as your ladyship goes by? Monsieur, the French cook that Colonel Hastings brought down has laid the breakfast most magnificently, my lady," said the maid, throwing open a pair of folding doors on her right, and revealing a fine dining-hall, with a long table and sideboards covered with glowing white damask, and sparkling with and blazing with gold plate and crystal glass, while all the pillars that supported the arched roof, and all the family portraits that graced the walls, were festooned with wreaths of flowers.

"It is very well," said Laura, languidly, as she passed on her way up the stairs.

She entered her dressing room, where a beautiful vision met her view. Upon a center table, covered with a white velvet embroidered cloth, were displayed the magnificent bridal presents offered by the friends of Lady Etheridge.

"Do but see, my lady, if your ladyship is equal to it, what splendid offerings. All these came last night, or this morning. I hope they are arranged to your ladyship's satisfaction. This really royal set of diamonds, my lady, came last night, with Mr. Hastings' compliments. This other set of oriental pearls, my lady, were left with Colonel Hastings' respects. This dressing case of ebony, with all its appointments of solid gold, was offering from Lady Dornon. This superb work-box—"

"There, cease, Maberly. I see all these things. I admire them, and I acknowledge the kindness of my friends; but I am very tired; help me to undress."

"Yes, my lady; but just lift up your eyes and look upon that Indian shawl, if that splendid shawl is not enough to restore strength to the fainting, I am no judge of ladies' nor shawls. That comes from your ladyship's cousin, Lord Seaford, who brought it from Constantinople, himself, no doubt."

"It is very rich and rare. There, Maberly, give me my dressing gown."

"Yes, my lady; and while you are resting and drinking your tea, just permit me to return to the castle, and make certain arrangements that must not be delayed. I will return to you immediately afterward," said Laura, rising, and arranging her disordered dress.

"In their long interview, the night unheeded had passed away, and brought the morning.

When Laura opened the door, the first rays of the rising sun streamed into the room. The carriage still waited before the door, and the coachman was asleep on his box.

"Wilson," said the lady, "I am really sorry to have kept you sitting here all night, while I watched by a sick bed. You shall go to sleep when you get back to the castle; but now drive round to the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Hastings, and request them to come to the castle upon important business that will not admit of delay. Then return hither to take me home."

The weary coachman obeyed, and gathering up his reins, drove off. The lady returned to the house, and sat down beside the bed of the now sleeping woman, to wait until the carriage came back.

Stunned by the shock of her sudden fall, distressed by doubts of the reality of her own position, and of the stability of her own reason, tempted to believe for the events of the night only the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream, and feeling through all this chaos of thought, the imminent necessity of immediate action, Laura waited until, almost at the same moment the carriage drove up to the door, Rose, with the neighbor at whose house she had spent the night, came in.

"Making a sign to them that her patient was asleep, Laura Elmer arose to leave the house; but first she turned her gaze on Rose, the unconscious, though rightful Baroness Etheridge. Since this evening night, a fearful change had passed over the face of the maiden. Her cheeks were the pallid hue of death, her eyes were dim and sunken, her lips blue and tremulous; her voice, in bidding good-morning to Lady Etheridge, was so low and faltering as to be almost inaudible.

"How this child loved her supposed mother," was the thought of Laura, as she kindly said: "Do not be uneasy, our patient is not in immediate danger."

"Thank you, I know that she is not, my lady," replied Rose, in a tearful voice.

"Then what other grief can a young girl like you possibly have?" inquired Laura, sympathetically.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, Lady Etheridge—a bitterness with which the stranger intermeddles not," replied Rose, with a certain mournful dignity.

"Very true; I beg your pardon; yet permit me to be the good fairy who will foretell to you an end, before many days, of all your troubles," said Laura, who for not the slightest element of jealousy entered into her heart of the unconscious maiden who was soon to displace her from her high rank.

"I have no troubles, Lady Etheridge; those only have troubles who have hopes, prospects and desires. I have none; nothing but the bitterness of an acid heart. Do not occupy your noble mind with my poor affairs, my lady. This is my wedding day; I have the honor to wish you much joy, madam!" said Rose, with a deep courtesy, as she turned away.

"Yes, she is an Etheridge—a true Etheridge, although she knows it not as yet. And I—who am I? I must be all a dream, or a delirium of some brain fever! Oh, heaven, that I could wake!—that I could burst these bonds of sleep or frenzy, and awake!" thought Laura, as she stood for a few moments like one in a trance. Then, recollecting herself, she told the good neighbor to say to Mrs. Elmer, when she awoke, that she would soon return; and, taking leave, entered the carriage and drove to Swinburne Castle, no longer her home.

She was met in the hall by Mrs. Maberly, her woman, who was all in a flutter of anxiety.

"Ah, my lady! my lady! how very indignant I like your kind heart, to stay out all night nursing the poor old woman, instead of taking a whimsical walk with such a day as this before you. And alack, how worn your ladyship does look. Will your ladyship lie down and sleep for an hour, and then take a warm bath and a cup of coffee before commencing your ladyship's bridal toilet. There will be plenty of time."

"No, Maberly, no I thank you; I could not sleep. I will go to my dressing-room, and exchange this habit for a loose wrapper; and you may bring me a cup of tea."

"Yes, my lady. Will your ladyship look into the dining-room as your ladyship goes by? Monsieur, the French cook that Colonel Hastings brought down has laid the breakfast most magnificently, my lady," said the maid, throwing open a pair of folding doors on her right, and revealing a fine dining-hall, with a long table and sideboards covered with glowing white damask, and sparkling with and blazing with gold plate and crystal glass, while all the pillars that supported the arched roof, and all the family portraits that graced the walls, were festooned with wreaths of flowers.

"It is very well," said Laura, languidly, as she passed on her way up the stairs.

She entered her dressing room, where a beautiful vision met her view. Upon a center table, covered with a white velvet embroidered cloth, were displayed the magnificent bridal presents offered by the friends of Lady Etheridge.

"Do but see, my lady, if your ladyship is equal to it, what splendid offerings. All these came last night, or this morning. I hope they are arranged to your ladyship's satisfaction. This really royal set of diamonds, my lady, came last night, with Mr. Hastings' compliments. This other set of oriental pearls, my lady, were left with Colonel Hastings' respects. This dressing case of ebony, with all its appointments of solid gold, was offering from Lady Dornon. This superb work-box—"

"There, cease, Maberly. I see all these things. I admire them, and I acknowledge the kindness of my friends; but I am very tired; help me to undress."

"Yes, my lady; but just lift up your eyes and look upon that Indian shawl, if that splendid shawl is not enough to restore strength to the fainting, I am no judge of ladies' nor shawls. That comes from your ladyship's cousin, Lord Seaford, who brought it from Constantinople, himself, no doubt."

"It is very rich and rare. There, Maberly, give me my dressing gown."

"Yes, my lady; and while you are resting and drinking your tea, just permit me to return to the castle, and make certain arrangements that must not be delayed. I will return to you immediately afterward," said Laura, rising, and arranging her disordered dress.

"In their long interview, the night unheeded had passed away, and brought the morning.

When Laura opened the door, the first rays of the rising sun streamed into the room. The carriage still waited before the door, and the coachman was asleep on his box.

"Wilson," said the lady, "I am really sorry to have kept you sitting here all night, while I watched by a sick bed. You shall go to sleep when you get back to the castle; but now drive round to the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Hastings, and request them to come to the castle upon important business that will not admit of delay. Then return hither to take me home."

The weary coachman obeyed, and gathering up his reins, drove off. The lady returned to the house, and sat down beside the bed of the now sleeping woman, to wait until the carriage came back.

Stunned by the shock of her sudden fall, distressed by doubts of the reality of her own position, and of the stability of her own reason, tempted to believe for the events of the night only the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream, and feeling through all this chaos of thought, the imminent necessity of immediate action, Laura waited until, almost at the same moment the carriage drove up to the door, Rose, with the neighbor at whose house she had spent the night, came in.

"Making a sign to them that her patient was asleep, Laura Elmer arose to leave the house; but first she turned her gaze on Rose, the unconscious, though rightful Baroness Etheridge. Since this evening night, a fearful change had passed over the face of the maiden. Her cheeks were the pallid hue of death, her eyes were dim and sunken, her lips blue and tremulous; her voice, in bidding good-morning to Lady Etheridge, was so low and faltering as to be almost inaudible.

"How this child loved her supposed mother," was the thought of Laura, as she kindly said: "Do not be uneasy, our patient is not in immediate danger."

"Thank you, I know that she is not, my lady," replied Rose, in a tearful voice.

"Then what other grief can a young girl like you possibly have?" inquired Laura, sympathetically.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, Lady Etheridge—a bitterness with which the stranger intermeddles not," replied Rose, with a certain mournful dignity.

"Very true; I beg your pardon; yet permit me to be the good fairy who will foretell to you an end, before many days, of all your troubles," said Laura, who for not the slightest element of jealousy entered into her heart of the unconscious maiden who was soon to displace her from her high rank.

"I have no troubles, Lady Etheridge; those only have troubles who have hopes, prospects and desires. I have none; nothing but the bitterness of an acid heart. Do not occupy your noble mind with my poor affairs, my lady. This is my wedding day; I have the honor to wish you much joy, madam!" said Rose, with a deep courtesy, as she turned away.

"Yes, she is an Etheridge—a true Etheridge, although she knows it not as yet. And I—who am I? I must be all a dream, or a delirium of some brain fever! Oh, heaven, that I could wake!—that I could burst these bonds of sleep or frenzy, and awake!" thought Laura, as she stood for a few moments like one in a trance. Then, recollecting herself, she told the good neighbor to say to Mrs. Elmer, when she awoke, that she would soon return; and, taking leave, entered the carriage and drove to Swinburne Castle, no longer her home.

She was met in the hall by Mrs. Maberly, her woman, who was all in a flutter of anxiety.

"Ah, my lady! my lady! how very indignant I like your kind heart, to stay out all night nursing the poor old woman, instead of taking a whimsical walk with such a day as this before you. And alack, how worn your ladyship does look. Will your ladyship lie down and sleep for an hour, and then take a warm bath and a cup of coffee before commencing your ladyship's bridal toilet. There will be plenty of time."

"No, Maberly, no I thank you; I could not sleep. I will go to my dressing-room, and exchange this habit for a loose wrapper; and you may bring me a cup of tea."

"Yes, my lady. Will your ladyship look into the dining-room as your ladyship goes by? Monsieur, the French cook that Colonel Hastings brought down has laid the breakfast most magnificently, my lady," said the maid, throwing open a pair of folding doors on her right, and revealing a fine dining-hall, with a long table and sideboards covered with glowing white damask, and sparkling with and blazing with gold plate and crystal glass, while all the pillars that supported the arched roof, and all the family portraits that graced the walls, were festooned with wreaths of flowers.

"It is very well," said Laura, languidly, as she passed on her way up the stairs.

She entered her dressing room, where a beautiful vision met her view. Upon a center table, covered with a white velvet embroidered cloth, were displayed the magnificent bridal presents offered by the friends of Lady Etheridge.

"Do but see, my lady, if your ladyship is equal to it, what splendid offerings. All these came last night, or this morning. I hope they are arranged to your ladyship's satisfaction. This really royal set of diamonds, my lady, came last night, with Mr. Hastings' compliments. This other set of oriental pearls, my lady, were left with Colonel Hastings' respects. This dressing case of ebony, with all its appointments of solid gold, was offering from Lady Dornon. This superb work-box—"

"There, cease, Maberly. I see all these things. I admire them, and I acknowledge the kindness of my friends; but I am very tired; help me to undress."

"Yes, my lady; but just lift up your eyes and look upon that Indian shawl, if that splendid shawl is not enough to restore strength to the fainting, I am no judge of ladies' nor shawls. That comes from your ladyship's cousin, Lord Seaford, who brought it from Constantinople, himself, no doubt."

"It is very rich and rare. There, Maberly, give me my dressing gown."

"Yes, my lady; and while you are resting and drinking your tea, just permit me to return to the castle, and make certain arrangements that must not be delayed. I will return to you immediately afterward," said Laura, rising, and arranging her disordered dress.

"In their long interview, the night unheeded had passed away, and brought the morning.

When Laura opened the door, the first rays of the rising sun streamed into the room. The carriage still waited before the door, and the coachman was asleep on his box.

"Wilson," said the lady, "I am really sorry to have kept you sitting here all night, while I watched by a sick bed. You shall go to sleep when you get back to the castle; but now drive round to the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Hastings, and request them to come to the castle upon important business that will not admit of delay. Then return hither to take me home."

The weary coachman obeyed, and gathering up his reins, drove off. The lady returned to the house, and sat down beside the bed of the now sleeping woman, to wait until the carriage came back.

Stunned by the shock of her sudden fall, distressed by