

Then Laura rose, pale and trembling, and stood before him.

"You are a bad and cruel man," she said, "and your crime will come down upon your own head!"

"All right," said Bingley, coarsely. "But, Miss Laura," he added, with a vindictive scowl, "you had better not try any tricks on with me. I've heard of a certain locket that was given to you by a certain young gentleman, and I order you to return that locket at once. And another thing—don't make any more of these scenes, please! I'm not a bad-tempered fellow, but you try me a little too far. Our marriage has to be, so you may as well make the best of it."

"I'll never speak to you again on the subject," said Laura. "Settle it as you like, but let me alone."

"I shall die before it happens," she told herself. "I am dying. My heart will stop beating quite suddenly one day, I am sure, if this goes on, and then he will know that he has killed me."

And in this belief she lived on during the next ten days.

Bingley settled everything. He gave a check to Maria, of such an amount that his sister was amazed, and told her to get everything necessary.

So Maria spent his money, and bought what she liked, and Laura looked on, almost without speaking a word.

The brother and sister settled that it was to be a very quiet wedding; but still, Bingley wished Laura to be dressed in white satin and lace.

The lace which he provided for this dress alone cost a little fortune; and Mrs. Glynford envied it so much, that he ordered her several yards of the same as a present.

The wedding-dress was certainly very beautiful, and Mrs. Glynford unpacked it with no small pride, and called Laura to look at it.

"There!" she said. "Isn't that splendid? Not many girls are married in a dress like that; and considering it costs you nothing, you might look a little more delighted about it, I think."

Laura stood looking at the gorgeous dress, and with that strange, dull throbbing pain in her heart, which now scarcely ever ceased.

"What day is this?" she said suddenly.

"Monday, child! How stupid you are!" answered Mrs. Glynford, sharply. "This is Monday, and you are to be married on Thursday, so the dress is home in good time."

"Yes," said Laura absently.

"Richard has behaved in a most generous manner," continued Mrs. Glynford.

"Yes," again answered Laura. And then the poor girl left the room, wandering out into the garden (for she was scarcely ever still now), and presently she went down the leafless avenue, just as the early winter was closing in.

As she walked on, aimlessly, despairingly, quite suddenly she encountered William Glynford.

She started violently when she first saw him, and then, without a word, put her hand in his.

He, also, for a moment or two did not speak.

They stood there, hand in hand, looking at each other, and perhaps both with the same miserable thought.

Laura spoke first.

"I am glad I have met you, William," she said, "glad that I have seen you to say good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" repeated William Glynford. "Then it is true, Laura! You—you are to be married on Thursday!"

"Yes," said Laura; "and after Thursday, I hope I shall never see you more."

Nothing could exceed the wretchedness her tone and look expressed as she said these words.

It William Glynford had not known before, he must have been certain now that she was utterly miserable at the prospect before her.

All the tenderness of a man's heart rose within him at this moment.

"Laura," he said, grasping her hand, "why are you about to do this? I have forbidden to speak—have, in deed, kept away from you—for it seemed as though you would permit me to do nothing—but I will speak now! I implore you, Laura, by all that is sacred, to pause before it is too late!"

Laura's head fell low, and the next minute William Glynford had drawn her to his breast.

"You do not love this man!" he said. "It would be an unnatural and disgraceful marriage! You, a young girl, to marry a man of his age—a man you do not love, and never could love! Laura, you shall not do it! What is driving you to such an act of madness?"

Then Laura looked up at him.

"Were I free William," she said, "I could never be yours!"

"But why?" urged the young man. "What is the power that this fellow has obtained over you? My dear—my love!" he added, drawing her closer,—"it is from no selfish hopes or wishes that I am urging you to give him up! If you desire it, I will never see you again. I will leave Farnham—do anything—if you will give up this man!"

"Oh, would that I were dead!" murmured Laura, on his breast.

"Why that wish?—and why do you not speak the truth?" said William Glynford. "Laura, what have you done? Into what villainous scheme of this scoundrel's have you fallen? Only tell me, and I will ask you for nothing more!"

Laura thought for a moment, and then she answered with a bitter sigh.

"I cannot tell you!" she said. "But," she added, the next minute, "about little Maud? You will be kind still to her, William, even—ever after—"

"Yes!" said William Glynford, almost impatiently; "even after you are married to Bingley! But," he continued, "if this is to be, I will bid you good-bye now! I will say no more on the subject!"

"Good-bye, William!" said Laura, softly, and lifted her face for him to kiss. "Good-bye, William, for evermore!"

This interview took place on the Monday evening, and all Tuesday and Wednesday was employed by Mrs. Glynford in making preparations for the marriage, which was fixed to take place early on Thursday morning.

No one was invited to be present at the ceremony, and yet Laura was to be arrayed in a gorgeous dress, and Mrs. Glynford was also to be splendidly attired. Bingley gave his sister also her wedding-dress.

He wished, indeed, to be friends now with Mrs. Glynford of Bridgenorth House, and he knew "Maria" well enough of old to be aware that the best way to secure her friendship was to buy it.

So he was very lavish to her during the few days that preceded the wedding.

He came to Bridgenorth House on the Wednesday night, and put a jewel-case into Maria's hand as well as into Laura's.

"I have the ring all safe here," he said, looking at Laura, who gave a visible shudder.

But Bingley took no notice of this. He had been drinking freely, and probably did not see it.

He asked to look at the wedding-dresses, and Laura stood by his side while he admired them.

"Yes," she said, putting her hand on her own; "it is very beautiful. I have never worn such a dress."

"No; I should think not," said Mrs. Glynford. "Do you know how much the lace cost a yard, Laura?"

"Never mind—never mind," said Bingley, with a grand air. "It is my present, and I choose it to be a handsome one. You must look well, my girl, to-morrow, to show all your finery off!"

Laura smiled vaguely; and after a little more conversation the bridegroom took his leave.

"Be sure you are here by ten, Richard," said his sister. "I have ordered the carriage to be at the door five minutes past ten, and we shall go to church by half-past."

"I'll be sure to be here," said Mr. Bingley.

And he went up to Laura, and would have kissed her, but she turned away her head.

"That's ungrateful," said Bingley, trying to laugh; "and after the fine dress I have given you, too!"

"I am not ungrateful," said Laura, gently; "and—and, Mr. Bingley, I am grateful to you for the kind letter you have written to my poor mother—I am truly grateful to you for that!"

"She is to be my mother-in-law," answered Bingley, "and I wish to pay her proper attention."

"Thank you!" said Laura again.

And then she parted with her future husband, and went slowly to her own bedroom.

The next morning, about half-past eight o'clock, Mrs. Glynford sent up her maid to call Laura.

Laura still occupied her attic, though, since her engagement to Mr. Bingley, Mrs. Glynford had proposed—and, indeed, pressed her—to use one of the best bedrooms. But Laura had preferred to remain in the attic; and it was to the attic, therefore, that the maid went to call her.

The girl rapped twice, thrice, and then, as she received no answer, tried to turn the handle of the door; but, to her surprise, she found that the door was locked.

She shook it, rapped again, and still receiving no answer, began to be alarmed, and went downstairs to tell Mrs. Glynford.

That lady heard her maid's story at first with surprise, and then, becoming a little uneasy also, she put on her dressing-gown, and herself ascended the attic-stairs.

She, too, rapped first, and then shook the door, as her maid had done, with precisely the same result.

Then she called aloud, "Laura, Keane!—Laura, Keane!" but no answer came to her words.

She now grew really afraid, and sent the maid to bring Mr. Glynford upstairs.

He came, looking pale and agitated.

"My belief is, Maria," he said, "that something has happened to this poor girl!"

"Nonsense, William!" answered his wife.

But even she grew pale after Mr. Glynford had shaken the door with all his force, and called aloud, and in vain, to the supposed inmate of the attic.

"Send for a locksmith," he said, the next minute. "The lock must be picked!"

There was some delay, of course; but at last a man from Farnham arrived, and proceeded to pick the lock of the attic-door.

While he was actually engaged in doing this, Mr. Bingley, the bridegroom, arrived also at Bridgenorth House.

He drove up in his grand new carriage, dressed in a new morning suit, with lavender gloves, and a shiny new hat, and, to his surprise, he found the hall-door wide open, but no one there to receive him.

He made his way alone up the grand front staircase, and on the drawing-room landing came upon several scared-looking servants.

"What is the matter?" he asked, and grew pale as he spoke.

"Don't know, sir," answered one of the footmen; "but they can't get the young lady's door open. A man is picking the lock now, and both Mr. and Mrs. Glynford are up-stairs watching him."

Bingley leaned against the bannisters for support; then, with an effort, he partly recovered himself.

"Show me the way," he said to the footman; and followed the man up the attic stairs.

As he reached the landing he saw the anxious group round the attic-door—his sister, still in her dressing-gown, and Mr. Glynford, visibly agitated.

Then, just as he was about to speak, the door fell in, and he followed the rest hastily into the room.

There was no one there. All around were scattered Laura's dresses and belongings, and conspicuous hung the grand wedding-dress: it was fated never to be worn. Her jewels, her purse, everything that she possessed, seemed to be lying about; but there was no Laura.

She had disappeared, and had left neither word nor sign behind her to tell where she had gone.

(To be continued.)

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A most interesting story is related in connection with the visit to Sicily of their Italian Majesties. At the time of the arrival of the royal party at Naples, Signor Acton, the Minister of Marine, received a telegram urging him not to allow the royal yacht to put to sea, on account of the stormy weather on the coast. The Queen on beholding the state of embarrassment and perplexity in which the Minister was thrown on receiving the telegram, begged to be allowed to examine its contents. After reading it, with a smile, she wrote beneath in pencil these words:—the noble motto of the House of Savoy, *Avanti Savoia!* Nothing more was needed. The yacht departed, and in spite of the prognostics of the naval authorities on the coast of Sicily, the voyage was most successful.

The quaint Norman custom of affixing a horse shoe to the ancient castle walls at Oakham was observed recently. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Lady Aveland, drove to Oakham from Northampton Hall, and had tea with Lady Grace Lowther. The town was gayly decorated, and flags were displayed from the top of the church tower, while the bells rang a merry peal. Her Royal Highness visited the ancient castle, on the walls of which are all manner of horse-shoes, in pursuance of an ancient Norman custom, through which the Lords De Freres were entitled to demand from every baron on his first passing through the town a shoe from off one of his horse's feet. There are several shoes over 200 years old, the most notable being one given by Queen Elizabeth, one by George IV., and one by Queen Victoria. In harmony with this custom a gift shoe, with the name of the Princess of Wales inscribed on it, will be fastened to the castle wall. The church was also visited, and her Royal Highness was shown the Lady Well, to which pilgrimages used to be made before the Reformation. Her Royal Highness was received with every manifestation of loyalty.

The gifts intended by the Pope for presentation to Prince Rudolph and his bride are being prepared at the Vatican. It is especially desired to unite artistic to intrinsic value. The bride especially is the object of the Pope's attention, and a magnificent table adorned with precious stones, has been already chosen. Other objects have been ordered. The Pope will be represented at the wedding by the Nuncio and one Austrian Cardinal.

The bride of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart. (Miss Flora Sharon) will have an income of her own, of not less than £10,000, Sir Thomas and her father having agreed to settle upon her an annual income of £5,000 each for pin-money. Her late mother's magnificent diamonds are now being reset for her use, to be worn for the first time at her presentation at the next Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. The necklace is said to have cost nearly £20,000, and the parure of gold beautifully wrought by a San Francisco jeweller, is no less curious than valuable, being made of the first golden pepites found in California.

A friend of mine has a rough-haired collie, wise and exquisitely modeled. One evening a lady of the household, with whom he was a special favorite, stooped quietly, as he lay half asleep on the rug, and placing her face close to his head, blew sharply with a slight shout in one of his ears. Ticked and startled, he jumped up and moved off, seemingly offended. In the course of the evening the lady happened to be reclining in an easy chair, when collie was observed by some of the inmates to rise, and making a circuit, to move stealthily toward the chair, put his fore paws on one of the arms, and, placing his nose close to the lady's ear, to give a sharp bark and instantly bound off.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision; at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

## MISCELLANY.

Mr. Macdonough, in opening the case for the Land Leaguers in Dublin, referred to the fact that he was the only survivor of the counsel who defended Mr. O'Connell and the Repealers in 1842. Mr. Macdonough was counsel on that occasion for Mr. Barrett, editor of the *Pilot*, one of the less notable of the defendants, and one who had never joined the Repeal Association. Of his associates in the defence, one rose to be Lord Chief Justice, one Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, one Chief Baron, and one Judge Advocate General.

HARD ON THE DRINKERS.—Oregon has hit upon a new expedient to keep her citizens sober. Every man who drinks is required to take out a license costing five dollars a year. Unless armed with this document he cannot get his bitters at any hotel or saloon, for it is a penal offense for the proprietors of these establishments to sell to any person without a license. Every six months the names of the persons who take out these licenses are to be published in the local papers, so that the public may know who are and who are not authorized to drink.—*Ez.*

The papers have been entertaining us with an account of a supposed legitimate descendant of "the exiled Stuarts," who died recently in England. The poor gentleman belonged to a family in which such delusions were hereditary, his father and grandfather having had them in other shapes. The last of the exiled house was Cardinal Stuart, who died at Rome in the second decade of the present century. There are plenty of illegitimate descendants of the later Stuart kings, beginning with the descendants of Stephen Fox, the illegitimate son of Charles I., but none legitimate except the descendants of the Princess Elizabeth of the Palatinate, daughter of James I. Of these latter, Queen Victoria is the chief, and is, even on dynastic grounds, the legitimate heir to the English throne.

THE polychrome sculptures of M. Emile Guillemin are on exhibition in Paris. Guillemin is doing much to overcome the instinctive repugnance of people to colored sculpture. We know that the Greeks painted their marbles, but we content ourselves with wondering at it, and are inclined to think that at any rate the art is a lost one, and that we cannot imitate them. M. Guillemin has, however, devoted many years of travel and study to the subject. He has gone to the Orient for his types, for there he finds the richest and most picturesque variety of faces and costumes. The coloring of the Paris sculptures is said to be very brilliant—gold gleaming with its incorruptible splendor, silver with its subdued pale tints, and copper with fine delicate grain—all blended in such a way as to produce ensembles of sustained harmony.

A correspondent of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, writing from Rome, about Christmas and New Year's scenes in that city, speaks of the disappearance of some of the picturesque features of street life since the Pope has retired to the Vatican, and says: "In the streets waves the Italian tri-color. The piazzas are enlivened by officers in national, not French or Papal uniforms. People speak of the King, not of the Pope; of Italy, not of Piedmont. The Leocadia is abandoned, the Piazza Colonna has become the place of cheerful traffic. Good lighting of the streets, new city ordinances, diligent continuation of the excavations, care for the safety and cleanliness of the population, freedom of the press, and diligent study of the newspapers, these are the bright acquisitions of recent times. The people of Rome speak of the Pope as of a man who lives far away, or who lived long ago, and the visitors to the eternal city have accustomed themselves to live in Rome and not to see the Pope."

## HUMOROUS.

SOME Indians use tortoise-shell knives in honour of the fable of the tortoise and the hare.

LITTLE Johnny went fishing without leave lately. "Did you catch anything?" asked a school-fellow. "Not till I got home," was the feeble response.

It was a Yankee who remarked that "Learning is well enough; but it don't pay to give a five thousand dollar education to a five dollar boy."

A BOHEMIAN owed a large sum to his landlord. "Listen," said the landlord one day. "I do not wish to be severe. I will forgive you half the debt." "I cannot remain behind you in generosity," replied the Bohemian. "I forgive you the other half!"

TEACHER: "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?" Little boy (shaking his head): "You don't know him; he ain't that sort of boy."

THE trees are beginning to get their trunks in order, and they'll keep them so all winter, so that they can leave early in the spring.

DON'T put me in the river-bank, among the fragrant flowers; nor where the grass is watered by the early summer showers. But put me in the kitchen range, and open wide the damper, and then my vaporous remains can up the chimney scampers.

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