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**LADY LAURAS'
RELEASE**
—OR—
**THE STORY OF
A SPOILED BEAUTY.**

CHAPTER LIX.
"Why should I, when Gladys is dead?" he moaned.
"For my part, I promise to keep your secrets—the bluest of my heart will know; and I will see that you do not want for money. Your punishment I leave to Heaven." And without another word, she turned and left him.
For long hours afterward he sat on, stunned and bewildered. Desolate, shuddering, with the brand of Cain on his brow, he sat until the sun had set, and then he wended his weary way back to Cudale.
Late that same evening, as Lady Cudale was going to her room, she met Captain Wynyard in the hall, looking so haggard and so ill that she cried out in genuine alarm.
"Hush, Lady Cudale!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "want you to grant me a favor. Take me to her room, and let me stay with her while I have something that I must say to her."
Lady Cudale felt alarmed at his strange words and his wild looks.
"Will it not pain you too much? You are already very ill."
"No, I must see her. I have something I must tell her."
"He is going mad!" thought Lady Cudale. "Oh, how I wish that I had never asked him here!" Not the faintest suspicion crossed her mind that Captain Wynyard had had any share in the death of the woman whom he professed to admire so deeply. "I will go with you," she said, gently; and she led the way to the room where all that was mortal of Gladys Rane had been placed.
"Do not come in with me," he said; "leave me awhile—alone with the dead;" and he closed the door.
Lady Cudale, although frivolous, was a kind-hearted woman, and the terrible event that had happened under her roof had sobered and saddened her. She did not like to leave the unhappy man, for she did not consider him in a fit state of mind to be left alone; so she waited outside the door. Never while she lives will Lady Cudale forget the sounds that came from that death-chamber—the passionate torrent of words.

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the heart-broken weeping of a strong man in agony. She endured until she could endure no longer; then she opened the door and quietly went in. He was kneeling, with bowed head, by the side of his beloved Gladys. What he said will never be told; but Lady Cudale, after a short space, took him gently by the hand and led him away.
"Hush!" she said to him.
The same night, late as it was, Captain Wynyard left the house, and they never saw him again.
The usual formalities followed; an inquest was held, at which the verdict was "accidental death;" and then, one of the most lovely and brilliant women of her day was laid to rest.
Lady Kinloch felt the blow severely, for she had deeply loved the girl. Her indignation had been great on finding Captain Wynyard had been visiting at Cudale with her niece; but she said nothing. It was useless then, for Captain Wynyard had disappeared and Gladys Rane was dead.

Rood Abbey was looking its fairest when Angela reached home. She found her mother still weak and ill, but intensely thankful to see her once more. She clung to her, weeping bitterly, and beseeching her never to go from her again. She was so gentle, so patient, so resigned, that Angela's heart ached to think how much she had suffered.
"A thousand times welcome home, my darling!" said Lady Laura. "I do not know why you went, and I am satisfied that the reason should remain untold. It is all right now about the will—Mr. Sansome destroyed it."
"Thank Heaven! But, mamma, you are looking very ill! Have you been ill since I went away? I have not been absent long, but it seems like years;" and she sighed as she remembered how much of horror and distress she had witnessed during that short time.

They were walking together afterward, Lady Laura leaning upon her daughter's arm as they wended their way among the fragrant garden-beds.
"Mamma, darling," said Angela, "I have much to tell you, if you think you are strong enough to hear it. What is the dearest wish you have now?"
"There was a sweet pathetic dignity in Lady Laura's face as she turned to her daughter.
(To be continued.)

**Lady Wyverne's
Daughter.**

CHAPTER I.
It was a pretty and picturesque scene upon which the June sunbeams fell one bright summer-morning some few years ago.
Out upon the lawn of Severnocks Castle stood a young girl, just in the first spring-tide of youth. There was something in the brightness of her face that harmonized with the beauty of the day.
It was a picture that an artist would have immortalized—the variety of colors that diversified the green grass of the lawn, and the golden sunbeams that lit up the scene. The center figure, which seemed to concentrate the light and brightness, was that of the young girl, Florence, the only child of Lord Wyverne. A plain morning-dress of white muslin showed to advantage the slender, girlish figure. The rippling golden hair was simply tied with a blue ribbon; the lovely, half-childish face was a poem complete in itself. It was a face that changed with every thought—one moment gay and bright, in another thoughtful and sad. There was passion and deep feeling, and, withal, a quaint kind of imperious, half-wild look that charmed even more than the regular features or the violet eyes.
Lady Florence was willful. The friends who admired her most and loved her best admitted it. She had been spoiled all her life—had known no law, no will, save her own. The potted darning of the household, no angry word, no well-deserved rebuke, no lecture, ever fell to the lot of Lady Wyverne's daughter. Her very faults were smiled at as being part of her pretty, willful, fascinating manner, that no one wished to see changed. She was a fair picture—a type of English beauty, as she stood

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this summer morning. In her dainty white hands she held some pieces of bread, with which she was regaling a magnificent peacock, that was exhibiting his airs and graces in the sun.
"You will spoil that bird, Lady Florence; you flatter him too much," said a clear voice, and the young girl started as she heard the words.
"Good-morning, Mr. Lynne," she said without turning round. "If my bird is proud, you must at least own that he has something to be proud of."

The young man sat down to watch the process of feeding the peacock and the pretty tame white doves; and then it was that the picture became beautiful. There was the slightest and prettiest air of embarrassment in the young girl's face as his eyes followed her every movement, although she affected to be quite unaware of his close observation. She revenged herself, however, by making many little speeches to the birds which were intended for him.

These little symptoms were not unnoted, for at the window of the breakfast-room, which opened upon the lawn, stood Lord Wyverne himself, watching with an eager and scrutinizing glance, the faces of his daughter and his guest. With one look at Lord Wyverne's face, his history was told. Years of wild disorder, unbridled indulgence in vice and folly, had left unmistakable traces. The bent figure, the dimmed eyes, the furrowed brow, the trembling hands, told their own tale. Lord Wyverne was not much above fifty, yet he was an old man. He was wont to boast that he had seen more of life in his fifty years than other men had in a hundred. Most probably that was true. He had spent a noble fortune. When it was all gone, he married an heiress, and in the course of a few years he spent her fortune also. Lady Wyverne died, the doctor said, of heart disease, her friends said of despair, leaving one only child, Florence.

Ruined in fortune, shattered in health, sated and wearied of the world in which he could no longer play his favorite part, Lord Wyverne gave up his town house and came to live upon the estate he had so long neglected.
It was not a pleasant picture to gaze upon, this ruined spend-thrift, this possessor of a noble name, the descendant of a noble race, who had bartered honor, character, and fortune for mere pleasure. There were times when he turned in disgust even from himself; and such a moment was the present, as he stood watching his daughter's face, and trying to understand its expression.
(To be continued.)

Embroidery trims sports costumes of tricot.

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Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

EVERLASTING MEMORIES.
Fame hath her charms, but greater far The memories of contentment are. The joy that was and could not stay, The friend who came and went away, Even the memory of tears Make sweet the record of the years.
Time shall destroy the victor's prize And change the wisdom of the wise, But who has loved and laughed and sung, Has played the friend to old and young, Has gathered that from day to day Which lives and cannot pass away.
He shall hear with him to the last All that was worthy of the past, His youth and manhood shall be filled With treasures fame can never build— Not conquests, but the days of bliss, Which those who conquer sadly miss.
He shall sit down in age and see The golden days which used to be, Shall hear the laughter as of old, The merry tales his neighbors told, And live them over and be glad For every hour of life he's had.

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Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Sewing Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A NEW AND PRACTICAL UNDER-GARMENT.



4309. Mohair, muslin, crepe, satin, crepe de chine or radium silk could be used for this. The closing is at the centre back. One can finish this in knicker or pantalotte style.
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

THE "LATEST" PLAY SUIT FASHION.



4042. This garment is made for freedom and comfort at play time. The "toy" pockets will appeal to the young wearer. Gingham with facings of flanne, or pongee with chambray for trimming would be attractive. As here shown flanne, percale and chambray are combined.
This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 years. A 6 year-size requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 3/4 yard of contrasting material 33 inches wide.
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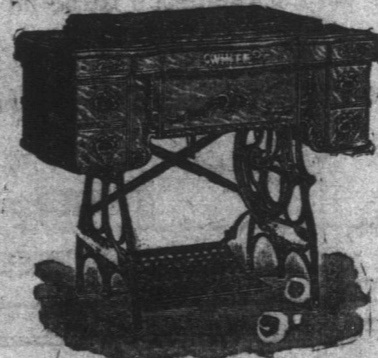
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Jewellers and Opticians, 197 Water Street.

Fads and Fashions.

A suggestion of the bustle back is occasionally noticed.
The smart hat of cretonne is quite chic and light for summer.
Hats for restaurant wear are very small and close fitting.
White gaiters, gloves are worn with dark afternoon outfits.
The formal collared adonis, coardecos and short-sleeved ornaments.

Embroidered muslins are quite gay in shades, flounces and frills.
For the street the draped or straight coat dress is quite correct.
Suits for daytime wear seem to have arrived at a moderate length.
Graceful jabot raspery appears on the front of an attractive skirt.
A Chinese influence is noticed in long-sleeved coats or printed cotton.
Unless pearls are very large, they are worn in two or three long strands.



When you are "waiting around again" or at functions where full dress is usually worn, don't you feel out of place with a jacket on? Now is the time to leave your order for Full Dress or Tuxedo. Our suits for these occasions are remarkably reasonable. For special parades, or social calls, we can give you something within your means in a Prince Albert, or Morning Coat. We specialize in these garments.

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