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NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED

Just within the edifice, Gerard stood waiting her. All the gravity had vanished from his features; never had he looked handsomer, happier. Those two years, with their trouble, had fled from his brow. A man may talk love for a week, yet fail to express its pure intensity as much as he may by a single glance.

So with the earl—his eyes beamed with fond pride as his blushing bride on his arm, he led her to the altar.

Once more Lucille listened to the marriage rite, but now as a principal. Then she, as had Esmer Mortmain, rose up Countess of Leithington.

None of that indescribable depression from which Esmer had suffered was here; yet she was to be subjected to a brief but trying ordeal before all was concluded. It came as she leaned over the register to sign her name.

As she signed, the pen trembled in her fingers—it fell from them—while every vestige of color fled from her cheek.

Gerard, alarmed lest she was about to faint, approached to support her; but turning from him, in a hurried whisper, she addressed the Marquis:

"My lord," she said, "what name am I to sign?"

"Not Brand, of course, my love—but Westbrook; the one the laws of the country have made yours. Since then it is your only name and no other."

Lucille drew a long breath, evidently of relief, retook the pen, and in firm characters for a bride, wrote "Lucille Westbrook."

So recently returned from the continent, it had been arranged that the honeymoon should be spent at the English lakes, and concluded at Leithington.

In all the days to come, Gerard and Lucille never enjoyed more exquisite happiness than at that period, when, each the sole but all-sufficient companion of the other, they wandered on the margin of the silvery lakes, or sat dreamily side by side on some heathery hill, with a panorama of exquisite loveliness spread before their gaze, warmed by golden sunbeams, or cooled into purple by advancing twilight.

During this time, the earl, imagining that it would please his wife, had suggested her visiting his old home, where, amidst triumphal arches, flower-strewn roads, and a prosperous tenantry were waiting to receive them.

As Lucille sat by her husband's side, tears in her beautiful eyes, her cheeks glowing with delight, she murmured:

"Oh, Gerard, I am so happy! The tenantry are mine now. It shall be my endeavor to make them love me as they love you."

Then the husband and wife found repose within the hall, when, after leaning on his arm, with fond, natural pride, Gerard escorted her over Leithington, resting on his arm, and looking the lawn, belted by ancient oaks, also the centuries-old avenue on the left, and to the right the pretty village of Leithington, a mile away, with its little church on the hillside, keeping as it were spiritual watch and ward.

Lucille sighed as her eyes rested on the latter.

"Poor Lady Esmer!" she murmured; "how Gerard, dearest, she would have enjoyed this moment, even as I!"

The earl, too, sighed as his arm stole gently round his wife's slender waist.

"You are mistaken, darling," he rejoined. "Fate destined the poor, unfortunate child to enjoy nothing. Nature had implanted in her breast a poison to embitter all her existence. She could hope; she was ambitious; but its realization failed."

"She loved you, Gerard!" exclaimed his wife, raising her wondering eyes.

"I know not—I fear not. Here was a sad, brief life, rendered by her own disposition. Why, my dearest, should you not know it, and what time could be better than this?"

Drawing her closer yet, he told her everything.

"And you did not promise?" she inquired wistfully, as he concluded.

"No, darling; heaven willed it otherwise, unaware of the happiness it had in store for me, though so unworthy."

"Unworthy, my Gerard?"

She laid her cheek fondly against his breast, and lovingly he kissed the perfumed hair so near his lips.

The weeks glided on, neither husband nor wife tiring of the calm, uneventful existence at the hall, until one day, Gerard, entering the countess's boudoir,

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coming and leaning over her chair, said, smiling:

"My darling, this lotus-eating life of ours is doomed to cease. Here," he held them forth, "is a sheaf of angry letters, calling me recreant, sluggard, enervated Capuan. I know not what, for slighting my parliamentary duties, especially at such a period. What shall I do? Burn them, or—"

"Obey!" she smiled, bending back to place her arm about his neck. "The latter, dearest. I am no Omphale, to wish my Hercules to play a distaff, nor a Delilah to wish him to lose his strength, and be derided by his enemies. No, I am too proud of him. Gerard, we have been selfish too long; no one in this world should live for himself alone. We will go to town."

So the earl's house in Mayfair having been already put in order for their reception, Gerard and his bride quitted the hall for it.

They had been in London about a week, when, as they sat at breakfast, Lucille, looking up from a newspaper she had been reading, said:

"Are you particularly engaged this afternoon, Gerard? If not, I should be so glad if you would accompany me to the Royal Academy. Here is the second notice, and it speaks so highly of Millais' picture that I long to see it."

"Well, my love, the fact is, unfortunately, that I have much correspondence today. Also, I have to examine a motion which our party in the Lower House laid on the table last night. If any other afternoon would suit you—"

"Do not say another word, Gerard. Of course, any day will suit me equally as well. Pray do not look so repentant," she smiled. "Think no more of the matter."

If women were wise, they would perceive, though Lucille did it from no such motive, such a sweet, ready compliance, such a recognition that a husband may have weightier matters to attend to at times than escorting his wife to amusement, were the very means for them to obtain what they desire.

Thus, instead of the earl's not thinking of it again, an hour later, joining his wife in the morning room, he said:

"Lucille, we will go to Burlington House this afternoon. Nay, no demur; I have made all arrangements. My secretary can see to most of the correspondence."

There was but one way a wife could answer such a fond attention to her wish, and Lucille adopted that. If she had only known to what this yielding on his part was to lead, she would have covered beneath his gaze, shrunk from his touch; instead, smiling, she answered:

"I will not be ungrateful enough to blame, but thank you. I shall enjoy the pictures more than ever now, and it is so glorious a day. Ah—"

Hardly had she uttered the words than the sunshine in the room gave place to a chill, gray gloom. Lucille shivered and turned pale.

"If I were superstitious, I should take that as prophetic," she remarked, forcing a smile.

"Silly child," laughed her husband; "it is but a passing cloud—see, the sun yet shines brightly."

He drew her to the window, and there before the luminary of day was a splendid mass of dark cloud, its edges all golden, however, like a beagle's cape.

"If sorrow must come, let us always remember, love, there are golden linings. Behold, let this be prophetic, too, my superstitious little wife."

As he concluded, the cloud had drifted away, and a flood of glorious sunshine enveloped them.

The luncheon ended, they were driven to Burlington House. The year's exhibition was a remarkably good one, and with real appreciative delight, the earl and countess strolled through the rooms.

"You must really have some refreshment now, Lucille," remarked Gerard, as they turned to retrace their steps.

"Though pleasurable, nothing is so fatiguing as picture-gazing. I am sure you must be faint."

A protest was on her lips, when across the other side of the doorway they were approaching there passed a gentleman at whose appearance Lucille's tongue grew paralyzed. Her eyes became dilated with horror and surprise; the color dropped from her cheeks, leaving them bloodless. At the same instant a gentleman following the other, clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed gaily:

"I say, Selwyn, my right noble captain, where are your eyes? You have passed Alma Tadema's picture after all."

And to her wild relief, both turned in a contrary direction to where she was. All had occurred so instantaneously that Gerard, a second after, looking upon his wife, never divined the real cause of the pallor which filled him with alarm.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "my love, you are ill!"

[To be Continued.]



The pathetic story of Ronco and Juliet is repeated every day in modern life with the exception that Juliet does not die by poison. She dies because of her own neglect or ignorance.

Neglectfulness causes much of woman's peculiar sickness. Neglect of the minor troubles causes serious complications.

The irregular, the burning, dragging ache, the debilitating drains that mark the progress of feminine diseases, are passed lightly over or are borne in ignorance of their cause. Their continuance means death or insanity. This is all unnecessary. So-called female weakness can be cured. It can be cured quickly and permanently. And right in the privacy of the home without the humiliating local treatment so universally insisted upon by physicians. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does this and more. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong and healthy. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It tones and strengthens the nerves. At all medicine stores.

W. R. Malcom, Esq., of Knobel, Clay Co., Ark., writes: "My wife for perhaps four months previous to the birth of our child took the 'Favorite Prescription.' This strengthened her entire system and child-birth, to her, was very easy, being attended with little pain. Our baby girl is a little more than a year old and she has never been sick a day, nor so much as had the colic; she is hearty and stout and grows a picture—pretty because she is healthy, and we very much blame Dr. Pierce's family medicine for it."

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LATEST WONDER

Wireless Explosion of a Powerful Submarine Mine.

A New and Curious Application of Electricity to Purposes of Warfare Recently Exhibited at London—An Experiment Which May Lead to Marvelous Results—The Method Described.

The latest wonder of wireless telegraphy is the explosion of a submarine mine by electrical waves from a transmitter used in wireless telegraphy. In a showcase in one part of a building is placed an automatic transmitter, which is insulated. A storage battery of four cells is placed in the lower part of the case, which feeds the primary of a four-inch spark coil, the current from the battery first passing through an automatic circuit breaker.

This automatic circuit breaker is so arranged that it will make and break the circuit in the same manner as a telegraph operator would when manipulating his Morse key in the act of calling. In this way it will be seen that the sparks from the secondary of the coil are intermittent, and their duration is governed by the length of time during which the automatic circuit breaker allows the current to be closed while making the dots and dashes. Immediately in front of the induction coil is placed the improved oscillator, which consists of two solid brass balls about four inches in diameter, mounted so that the distance between them is adjustable.

Outside these balls are placed two smaller balls about an inch and a half in diameter attached to sliding brass rods, on the outer end of which are other balls one inch in diameter, so that the distance between the large and the small balls can be easily adjusted. The secondary terminals of the coil are connected to binding posts on the base of the oscillator. The distance between the balls being properly adjusted and the current turned on from the battery, the sound of the secondary sparks passing between the balls can quite easily be recognized as the dots and dashes of the signal.

In another part of the building, directly opposite and about two hundred feet distant, is placed the receiver, which consists of a Clark's coherer relay and receiving instrument, which has a large six-inch bell connected up in the local circuit, in addition to the telegraph sounder. This six-inch bell is continually ringing out the Morse signals, and by holding down the hammer of the bell the sounder can be distinctly heard repeating the same call.

In the centre of a garden is placed a large tank of water, and a miniature warship is placed in this tank and floated over a submarine mine, which is connected to a coherer relay and battery placed immediately outside of the tank. One terminal of the coherer is connected to the earth and the other to an insulated wire rising about ten feet in the air.

When the time comes for exploding the mine under the ship, the oscillator is stopped and connection made in the tank between the mine and the wire which carries the current into the oscillator. The coherer completes the local circuit and the mine instantly explodes, breaking the warship into splinters and throwing it and the water high in the air. Of course, it is understood that the mine is provided with an ordinary electric fuse.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Paragraphs About Interesting, Rare and Curious Things.

The Rhind manuscript, now in the British Museum, is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant that has ever been deciphered.

Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth. England produces annually about £2 to each acre, Scotland a little less than £2, but the product of Wales amounts to over £4 per acre.

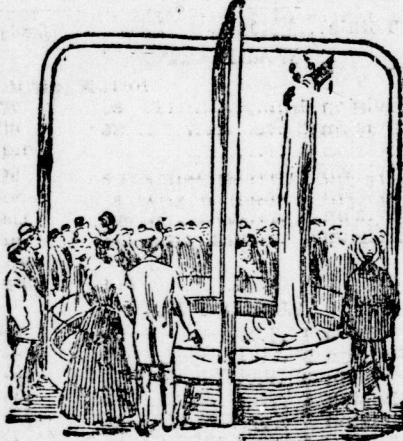
The British Foreign Office receives about 100,000 despatches a year. That is, for every working day of the year over 800 dispatches come under the notice of the department, presided over by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

In a recent chancery case involving the right of agricultural tenants in Derbyshire to mine for coal, the evidence put in for the right was that given before a Parliamentary committee soon after the death of King Charles I. The case was decided on evidence over 300 years old.

So firm is the texture of a genuine Bank of England note that burning can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remains of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the note is sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and be cashed.

The sheriffs of London annually pay into the British exchequer six horse-shoes, with the proper number of nails, as rent for a piece of ground in the parish of St. Clements. In 1334 this lot was rented from the crown by a blacksmith, for the purpose of building a shop. The horse-shoes and nails have been annually paid ever since the year named.

The largest cannon in the world was taken by the British when India was conquered. The cannon was cast about the year 1500 and was the work of a chief named Chuley Koomy Khan, of Ahmednugger. The inside of the gun is fitted up with seats, and is a favorite place for British officers to go for a quiet Sunday smoke.



MINES EXPLODE WITHOUT CONTACT.

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