

the magnificent Hamilton family diamonds, which Sir George had caused to be re-set for her. Sir George was surprised, and even annoyed, when she appeared in them.

"My dear Isabel," he said, touching the glittering necklet clasped round her white throat, "You surely do not mean to wear all these things when no one is to be present?"

"I wear them for my own gratification, sir, and I might perhaps add for yours," answered Isabel in her bright, bold way; her eyes fixed the while on the reflected image of herself in a mirror hanging opposite to her.

"But it seems so incongruous," said Sir George.

"How do I look?" asked Isabel, and to this question there could be only one reply.

Then, before Sir George could make any further objections to the unnecessary splendour of her dress, the carriages came round, and Mr. Trevor, with no small pride, led his daughter downstairs, and presently they were all driven to the church; Mr. Graham (the country neighbour who had dined at the Hall the night before) acting as Sir George's best man, and Patty and Lu as Isabel's bridesmaids. Hilda Marston was not asked to be present at the ceremony, and she did not go to the church. She was, as we have seen, very unhappy. She had very little, almost no money—only a few pounds—and what would this do to begin the world with? After the marriage was over she had made up her mind to ask Mr. Trevor when poor little Ned was to be removed from Mr. Irvine's. When she knew this, she determined to take her little brother with her to London and try to educate him herself, and at the same time endeavour to teach music. She knew that this would be very difficult to accomplish, but she was a brave, good girl, and she meant to try. She had been educated in a school near London, and she thought that perhaps her old governess, the mistress of this establishment, would endeavour to help her.

She was thinking of the future when she heard the carriages containing the bridal party return. Yes, Isabel Trevor, had gained her object. She was Lady Hamilton now, and she thought of this with satisfaction and pride as she once more approached her old home after the ceremony was over.

Sir George, on the contrary, who of course was sitting in the carriage by her side, looked pale and agitated.

"Thank God it is over," he said, and Isabel answered by a little laugh.

"Well, it did not take very long," she said. "I am only sorry—" And then she checked herself.

"For what, Isabel?" asked Sir George, looking into her beautiful face.

She was thinking "that there were so few people there to see me married." She had not once thought of the solemn words that she had just uttered. She had plighted her troth, but the holy significance of that promise was totally lost to her. She had married for the world's sake, therefore, she would have been well pleased if a crowd had witnessed the ceremony.

But she did not tell this to Sir George. The innate coquetry of her nature made her check the wish that rose on her lips.

"What do you regret, Isabel?" again asked her bridegroom.

"It is a secret," she answered smilingly.

"Some day, perhaps, I shall whisper it in your ear." And Sir George clasped her small hand in his tightly as she spoke.

"Isabel," he said, "you love me, don't you? You really love me."

"Have I not just promised to do so?" answered Isabel, smiling again, and Sir George tried to content himself with the sugared words.

During the very sumptuous breakfast which followed, the cloud however cleared away from his brow. He drank freely of the rare wines which Mr. Trevor had produced from his well-stocked cellar for the occasion, and he spoke and laughed with much less restraint than was his wont.

He had, after the customary manner of bridegrooms, brought down lockets for the bridesmaids, which he had placed for presentation in Isabel's hands on the previous evening. He had brought three, meaning them for the two Featherstones and Hilda Marston. Isabel had not told him that she did not mean Hilda to be one of her bridesmaids, and he naturally concluded that she would be so. Each of the lockets was in a separate case and package, and addressed to the young lady it was intended for. Isabel, before they retired for the night, had duly presented Patty and Lu Featherstone with theirs, and both the girls and herself went into raptures over their beauty. Sir George was a very rich man, and had a sort of gorgeous magnificence of taste, which had shown itself even in his choice of a wife. He had therefore ordered the bridesmaids' lockets without in the least considering the expense. The monograms on each were of costly diamonds and emeralds, and after Isabel had seen the Featherstones', she felt annoyed that anything so beautiful and expensive should be given to Hilda Marston.

She was, as she had said herself, strangely covetous of jewels. She therefore opened Hilda's packet before she went to bed, and examined and re-examined the shining stones. She might have had the same for the asking. In her jewel box were lying glittering gems of double and treble the value; but it was such a pretty locket, she thought, turning Hilda's over and over in her white hands.

At all events she had not given it to Hilda before the wedding breakfast. The Featherstones, of course, wore theirs, and were profuse

in their admiration and thanks for them to the donor. This had taken place before the marriage, but by chance during the breakfast that followed it, Sir George's eyes fell on Hilda's white dress, and missed the glittering ornament that he naturally expected to see her wear.

"How is it, Miss Marston," he asked with a freedom unusual to him, "that you do not honor my poor present like the other young ladies?"

At this question Hilda looked up surprised, and a sudden blush passed over Isabel's face.

"I—I—have forgotten to give Miss Marston her locket," she said after a moment's hesitation. "How stupid of me!"

"It was very good of you to think of me," said Hilda, addressing Sir George.

"After breakfast is over I will give it to you," added the new Lady Hamilton. "Pray remind me to do so."

But she did not need to be reminded. As soon as the breakfast was over she sent her maid for Hilda, and when Hilda went to her at her bidding she told Hilda to shut the room door.

When they were alone, she said, "About this locket, Marston, Sir George bought it for you in mistake. He thought you were to be one of the bridesmaids."

"Yes," replied Hilda, and her face flushed.

"But as he did buy it for you, of course it ought to be yours," continued Isabel; "and I intended to give it to you. But I've been thinking—it won't be much use to you, will it? And I like it very much, and I am willing to buy it of you?"

Hilda was silent. She really did not know what to say.

"I will give you twenty pounds for it," went on Isabel. "That will be of more use to you I think than a locket."

She knew that she was offering Hilda not a third of the real value of the ornament; she knew also that Hilda would probably not know this, and she was never lavish in her dealings with others.

"I—I thank you," said Hilda, and the flush on her face considerably deepened, for she was thinking of her necessities. "Yes, that will be of more use to me than the locket—if you think Sir George will not be offended?"

"He need never know anything about it," replied Isabel, carelessly. "There is the money for you." And she placed four notes in Hilda's hand, and with a feeling of relief and gratitude in her heart, Hilda, put up her face to kiss the bride.

"I have never congratulated you," she said, and her grey eyes grew moist as she spoke, for she was very tender-hearted. "I—I hope you will be very happy, Lady Hamilton."

"Thank you," said Isabel, as she indifferently, but not unkindly, returned the kiss. All women were in fact indifferent to her except when she was competing with them for admiration of any sort. Then she had some interest in their proceedings and appearance, but when it was otherwise she cared very little or nothing about them. She therefore kissed Hilda Marston coldly, but not unkindly.

"I shall be glad to hear from you," she said. "Write and tell me how you get on—and perhaps by-and-by you may come to see me at Massam."

"Thank you—you are very kind," answered Hilda, as without another thought of her companion's future, the beautiful bride turned away.

After this came the bustle of departure, the satin slippers and the rice flung after the newly-wedded pair, and then the somewhat oppressive feeling that the excitement was over, and that it was rather difficult all at once to settle down again into ordinary every-day life.

The Featherstones felt that they could not. They were high-spirited, lively girls, and were not inclined to be dull if they could help it.

"Suppose we go for a drive?" said Lu, rather coquettishly to Mr. Trevor, who was in a state of flutter highly unbecoming to his years.

Lu, indeed, had so effectually flattered his self-love, that he imagined that he had fallen in love with her! He forgot, poor man, his white hairs, his sixty years. He was delighted to have married his daughter so well, and felt that now he was without incumbrances in the world. He eyed himself complacently both in his mental and bedroom looking glass. "Yes," he thought, glancing at the bedroom one, "I am a fine looking man. Not a boy, certainly, but sensible girls prefer men—fine looking men—to boys." And then he thought of his character. He had contemplated and surveyed this with satisfaction nearly all the years of his life! He was an upright, firm, and thoroughly conscientious conservative gentleman, he thought. He had never swerved from the right path, and had gone straight as a ram-rod all his days. He had no pity for poverty, sin, or shame. He was not a sinner, and sinners (poor sinners in particular) were odious to his sight. And all his ideas, personal or otherwise, Lu had cleverly allowed him to perceive were also hers.

"The dear girl likes me," he thought, again glancing at his bedroom looking-glass, and arranging his grey whiskers to his satisfaction, in preparation for going out for the drive Lu had proposed. "There are drawbacks, certainly," continued his mental reflections, and visions of reckless Anthony Featherstone rose rather grimly before him. "But she is a fine girl—a fine handsome, high-spirited girl—and besides I have paid her too much attention now honourably to draw back."

So when Reginald Trevor, Esq., seated himself in the pony cart, which Lu had preferred to drive in to the other more pretentious carriages

belonging to the place, firstly, because she wished to drive, secondly, because she wished to be alone with Mr. Trevor, Mr. Trevor had made up his mind to ask her to be his wife.

The pony usually driven in the cart was named "Nick." "Nick" was a handsome pony, but of wicked tendencies; so wicked that in the stables the adjective "Old" was frequently added to his name. But "Nick" never dared to play any of his little tricks when driven by Isabel. He knew the firm, strong white hand of his mistress too well to do so. When he first came to the hall stables she had taught him a lesson or two, and "Nick" had never forgotten them. Thus his real character was not exactly known to Lu Featherstone. She had often wished to drive him. He was so handsome and clever that she longed to hold the reins in her hands.

And now she had got her wish. Away went "Nick" in his brisk, quick trot, along the not over good roads round Sanda, dragging the light cart with the greatest ease, in which Lu and Mr. Trevor were seated. All went well at first. Lu was a good whip, and liked to have the opportunity of showing it, and she was pleased also to look to advantage before Mr. Trevor. Suddenly however, the cart gave rather an awkward jerk in passing over a stone on the road.

"My dear girl!" exclaimed Mr. Trevor, protectively laying his hand on Lu's arm, who became flurried and nervous at the old man's touch.

"If we could be always driving together!" suggested Mr. Trevor, still retaining his grasp on Lu's arm, and Lu laughed uneasily in reply.

"Would you like it?" continued Mr. Trevor, with a well-satisfied simper.

Lu's hands trembled, and her hold on the reins grew less firm. You see it is one thing for a girl to make up her mind to accept a man she does not particularly care for, another thing to do it. Lu Featherstone meant to marry Mr. Trevor, but she felt very uncomfortable when he first began to make love to her.

"Would you?" again asked Mr. Trevor, in what he supposed to be an arch and engaging whisper.

"I—I—think so," answered Lu, blushing and hanging her head, and with the reins held very loosely in her shaking hands. But the next moment she gave a cry, and looked up.

"Nick" had taken advantage of the love-making going on behind him. He in fact had taken the bit between his strong teeth, and had begun galloping in a reckless manner along the rough road. In vain Lu tried to check him. On he galloped; on along the road, and then to the terror of both herself and Mr. Trevor he took a sharp turn, and the next minute was dashing at full speed down a narrow pathway which led to the sands, and which was only occasionally used by workmen's carts, for the purpose of conveying sand from the shore.

Lu turned pale, and Mr. Trevor almost blue.

"Stop him! stop him!" cried Mr. Trevor, "or for a certainty we shall be thrown!"

"I can't!" answered Lu, pulling desperately at the reins.

The road was rough and really dangerous. On one side of it was a sort of bank formed in making it, which sloped steeply down to the sands below, on the other the coarse herbage which grew on the uneven hillocks, through which the path was cut. It grew steeper also as it neared the sands. Jolt, jolt, went the cart, dashing from side to side of the narrow roadway; while Mr. Trevor pale and trembling, rose from the seat, and endeavoured to get over the side of the vehicle.

"If you do, you will be killed," said Lu glancing round. "Don't for heaven's sake try to do that!"

"We must, we must get out!" cried Mr. Trevor, and the next moment he was over the side of the cart the impetus of the speed at which it was going flinging him round first, and then sending him rolling over the edge of the road, and then finally down the steep bank upon the sands.

Lu Featherstone gave a cry, but kept her seat, and "Nick" galloped on to the foot of the road, and having arrived on the sands, seemed satisfied, or perhaps frightened at the mischief he had done, for he allowed Lu to pull him up, and remained quiet while she sprang from the cart, and ran to the assistance of Mr. Trevor.

He was lying rolled up where he had fallen, and at first Lu felt afraid that something serious had happened to him. But when she lifted him up, she perceived, at all events, that he was alive. Yes, at the sight of the girl's anxious face bending over him, Mr. Trevor blushed. He had indeed fallen in two senses. The dignified Mr. Trevor to be in such a fright about his life that he had scrambled out of the cart, and left a woman to her fate! This dimly occurred to him at the moment Lu lifted him up. The next, self-love, so powerful in his heart, asserted itself.

"I—endeavoured to get out to try to stop the pony, Miss Featherstone," he faltered, "but my foot slipped."

"Yes, of course," said Lu, good-naturedly. She knew instinctively what was passing in the old man's mind, and she was ready to soothe his vanity at once.

"It was very brave of you," she said, and Mr. Trevor smiled faintly.

"It was a risk," he answered, "but I was ready to run the risk—for you."

"Thank you," said Lu, still helping Mr. Trevor to rise. But the next instant he gave a sharp cry of pain.

"Oh! my foot!" he said, leaning heavily on Lu's strong arm.

He had in fact severely sprained his ankle, and was in no mood to make any polite or tender speeches. As Lu could not in time him again to enter the pony cart (indeed he was quite unable to do so), she (after a feeble objection on Mr. Trevor's part) once more got into it, and drove straight to Sanda Hall for assistance for Mr. Trevor, whom she was compelled to leave sitting alone in state on the sand.

The position was very unbecoming, Mr. Trevor felt, but he also felt he could not move from it. There he sat, with pains in his foot and a very disagreeable sensation all over him. He did not care to think much, somehow; his complacency had been disturbed by that sudden and ignominious tumble from the road. But there was no help for it.

"That confounded pony shall be shot," decided Mr. Trevor, and that was all. "Nick" ran but a poor chance for his life in the Squire of Sanda's irate mind during these moments. Presently, however, he heard voices on the road above him, and a minute or two later Lu Featherstone and Hilda Marston came running to his side. He frowned when he saw Hilda, but Hilda never noticed it. Lu, in fact, had given rather a highly coloured description of the accident when she had reached the Hall. Poor Mr. Trevor had been thrown from the cart she had told them, and quietly ignored the fact that poor Mr. Trevor had scrambled out of the cart himself, and so met with his deserts. Thus Hilda was all sympathy, and the Squire felt himself soothed and comforted by the condolences of the two young ladies.

The carriage would be here directly, Lu told him, and the servants to help him into it, but she had felt so anxious about him that she could not wait to return until it was ready.

This naturally sounded pleasant to Mr. Trevor's yet tingling ears. But still he was not happy.

"I have had a severe shake," he said, glancing at Lu, and then at Hilda.

"Yes, indeed," answered Lu, "but we ought to be thankful that it is no worse."

"If—I had only not endeavoured to stop the cart," said Mr. Trevor, rather feebly.

"Yes, if you had thought more of yourself and less of me," said Lu, casting down her eyes, and these clever, flattering words almost restored the Squire of Sanda to his lucidity.

"I could not do that, Miss Lucinda," he said, straightening his necktie, which had got rather awry during his tumble. "In endeavouring to save you I have met with rather an awkward fall, but it was my duty."

"It was very good of you," said Lu, still without looking up. And this explanation of the Squire's sprain was afterwards generally received and believed by the whole neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A NEW opera by Offenbach, "Madame Favart," was produced on December 29th in Paris, and bid fair to equal in popularity any of his previous works.

M. MASSENET is writing a new opera, in five acts, entitled *Herodias*, which will be produced at LA SCALA (Milan). The part of Herod is destined for M. Lassalle.

It is rumoured that early in February *Our Boys* will be withdrawn to make room for *Our Girls*, in London. No doubt our gentler sex will become equal, if not greater, favourites with the public.

MR. SOTHERN may return to New York in April or May. He is now on a tour through France and Italy, accompanied by relatives, and with rest and change of scene will probably recover his health.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, when at Peoria, Ill., published a card in the newspapers of the town, inviting all old friends, especially the girls with whom she "used to romp and make mud pies," to call and see her.

MR. W. H. SCHOFIELD PAYNE, the "King of Pantomime" died at Dover recently, aged 70. In early life he was apprenticed to a stockbroker, but soon afterwards ran away and joined a travelling theatrical company. His first appearance in London was as far back as 1825.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.