and general

\* \* \* \* \*

## BY BEATRICE MAREAN.

Author of "Tragedies of Oakhurst," "Won at Last," Etc., Etc.

est and pest of mothers," mureatrice, melting into tears, while comes over and kneels beside the here the mother and daughter are The girl slips from her place her mother, and Mrs. St. Clair. her hands gently upon the head asks God to bless their be-Percy Randal takes the hand trice, and slips the ring of al upon her finger. It is a plain band-his own mother's wedand had been placed on his that mother when her hands owing cold in the icy touch of with a low murmured prayer sight of the precious memento make him strong to overcome tion, and keep his feet in the mother's love would fain have ad. Reverently, he places the relet upon the hand of the fair neeling by his side, while the of his blessed mother's face between his eyes and the face of anced wife; and who shall say happy spirit of that mother is ering there, breathing blessings em. as she witnesses the joy of

storm clouds which had swept dale a few days since, and had ed to enguif that happy home are fast disappearing, leaving ous sunshine of happiness in

further to the happiness of all. Clair has told his mother of love for Helen Pendleton, and willingness to become his wife. or six months at unspeakable joy, Mrs. St. Clair gave her consent to their get further added that Helen very woman of all their extennaintance that she should choose on's wife, and later she seeks her own room, kisses and cries girl, and gives her a daughter's her affectionate heart.

by the eternal!" ejaculates old Dale, when informed of how stood with the inmates of Deephither himself and Mrs. Dale urned, to be in attendance at ding of Mrs. St. Clair and Capnnard. "By the eternal! Three engaged people in the house at y Jove! why not have a trio of , and have done with it?" St. Clair laughs her soft little

and replies:my dear General, the boys are en on probation, as the Methoand must wait until they can I.D. after their names before n become benedicts."

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wedding of Mrs. St. Clair and Lennard is a very quiet, affair, indeed. No guests are o attend from the city, except s and a friend of Captain Len-Lawyer Mason, whom the Capasked permission to invite. The e is to be celebrated in the Deepapel, which is situated on the estate, and was built and enby Mrs. St. Clair when, as a wife and mother, she had re-/ UD & from Europe, and came to reside season at Deepdale. Here her had been carried in their infancy aptismal font to receive the tes of baptism. Here the last for the dead had been read over by the mains of the beloved husband of th, the father of her children, m these sacred aisles had been his body to its last peaceful relace beneath the monarch beech linen trees which shadow the In little Chapel, where it now being the sleep that knows no all unmindful of the hopes the smiles and tears of those , still acting their parts upon of life.

norning of the wedding has ark and gloomy. The wealth of sunshine, which had so long over hill, sea and dale, has been withdrawn, and storm scudding across the gloomy driven by the rising gale, blowing briskly from the lashing the water's of the a foaming, seething mass, ing down with it an occasional sh of rain, which comes peltst the grand windows of Deepmic fury.

oo bad, that this sudden change

ather should come upon the

fixed for the wedding," old Mrs. Dale to her husband, ks from the window of her upon the lawn below, the aspect had been so woefully changed eather since the day before. oks pretty rough, my dearigh for a wedding day,' he old General, who in velvet gown and slippers, has walked window and is standing beside and with her viewing the spect of the weather without. lar gale," he continues, as they tall trees bending beneath the ttering their bright and manys over the wet and deserted ut we must take the weather les, my dear, and old Boreas is g to hold up even to oblige a arty, when he gets ready to

what is that old saying, my ut 'Happy is the bride the sun " asks Mrs. Da e, brushing of dust from the velvet collar band's dressing-gown, as she

sense, my dear," replies the inching her plump old cheek. saying had its origin in the ous mind of some ignorant old and is quite too absurd to even

at any rate, I hope - that Mrs. may not call this old saying to

Il not, my dear; she will not, epend upon that. She is too let such superstition trouble moreover, she is too deeply with the groom to think of happiness and fair sailing

wedding day." quiet house, and the Gen- almost covered with creamy old lace, child feels better. I knew that her and of the breakfast-bell rings

erai nastens to change his dressinggown for a morning coat; and giving his arm to his wife, the jolly old ouple descend the marble staircase and join the family, which is already gathered in the breakfast room.

### CHAPTER XI. - A MOURNFUL MARRIAGE.

The hour set for the celebration of the nuptials of the mistress of Deepdale and Captain Lennard is 12 o'clock M. Mrs. St. Clair, with her costly dress tucked up beneath the protecting folds of a huge satin-lined water-proof gossa-Dale, is led to the closed carriage in which she will leave the protecting shades of Deepdale to return to it as Mrs. Captain Lennard.

Her son follows, with Mrs. Dale on one arm and his sister on the other, and soon they are all seated in the magnificent family carriage, bearing the Southworth coat-of-arms on its polished pannel, and driven by a coachman in high by the express wagon, bearing the lady's livery. The heads of the spirited, chafing steeds are turned toward the Deepdale chapel, and the carriage rolls away through the blinding misty rain. departing vehicles until they are lost to This was the last day of her brother's Helen Pendleton and Percy Randal follow in the pony carriage.

When the wedding party arrives at the vestibule of the chapel, they find the groom and his friend, Mr. Mason, awaiting their arrival. The ladies are divested of their waterproof, wrappings, and shake out their luxurious trains. Captain Lennard speaks a few low spoken tender words of his bride, then gives his arm to Mrs. Dale and leads the way to the chancel.

The grand wedding march, played by skillful fingers, swells and vibrates through every atom of space in the richly furnished chapel, which is filled to its utmost capacity by the neighboring gentry and tenants-all who know and love the bride-have flocked to the chapel at an early hour to witness her nuptials.

Raphael and Helen follow next to the groom and Mrs. Dale. Percy and Beatrice come next, while General Dale, supporting the fair bride, brings up the rear, and Mr. Mason slips unob-

served into a pew. Percy Randal has found an opportunity to whisper a word of encouragement into the ear of the young girl at his side, whose face in its set look of suffering, looks more like she is attending her mother's obsequies than her wedding; for struggle against it as she might, this dim and unexplainable foreboding of sorrow would not down. Time and time again, has the young girl congratulated herself that she has conquered at last this, what the others call a whim, an idle fancy, only to discover the next hour that like "Banquo's Ghost at the Feast," it has risen again. At the chancel steps, General Dale changes partners with the groom and falls back The music of the sweet toned organ is hushed and the solemn words of the priest, who stands in front of the contracting parties, in surplice

sembled throng as he repeats the impressive marriage service of the church. General Dale gives the bride in marriage. The responses are spoken in low, but not faltering tones. The diamond wedding ring is placed by the groom on the slender finger of the bride, beside that of another, which though its setting angel beside the prostrate form of her may have thinned by its twenty-one dearly beloved friend, and takes her still shines with undimned luster.

and stole, fall upon the ears of the as-

Beatrice listens to the ceremony like one in a troubled dream; and visions of her own happy childhood, when her noble father had been all the world to this woman who has now plighted her troth to another flits before her downcast eyes. "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." With the sound of these words, comes the thought to the unhappy girl standing with her pale face and cold hands, contained still another clause which death free you from this solemn and binding compact."

The music of the organ bursts forth in glad, exultant strains. and Beatrice leans still more heavily upon the strong arm of her escort, and with a face as white as her satin bodice joins in the wedding procession that is leaving the

church. At the elegant wedding breakfast, spread in the dining-hall of Deepdale, no outside guests sit down except Mr. Mason and the rector of Deepdale parish, Mr. White The rain has ceased to fall, and the gale of wind has calmed. Before the wedding breakfast is finished, the sun breaks through the drifting clouds and falls across the table through the half drawn drapery of the south window, lighting up the room with cheerful rays. Old, Mrs. Dale glances across the table at her husband's face with a significant look in her eyes, and the general smiles back with a little satisfied nod or two of his grand old head as much as to say, "there's the sunshine falling upon the bride; so put your fears at rest, my

Captain Lennard always makes a good appearance, but he never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion which to most men as well as women, is a trying ordeal. He is dressed in the very latest style, which, however, has been toned down to suit his individual and exquisite taste. His face is a shade paler than usual, his manner subdued and quiet; but in the depth of his coalblack eyes glitters a triumphant look which, to a close observer, does not look wholly like the soft, tender light of requited love. The health, happiness and long life of the bride and groom are drank in many a glass of exquisite old wine; and in the midst of the gay laughter and sparkling jest, the bride and groom steal softly from the breakfast room, (their withdrawal seemingly headache has quite disappeared." is not noticed by the well-bred guests), and begin their preparations for the bridal journey. The rich wedding dress, | tinues:which is of some silver gray material,

come into the wide hall from the dinfor traveling, are descending the marble stairs arm in arm.

The carriage stands waiting at the door. Captain Lennard shakes hands warmly with the guests, and imprints a he says ruefully, " that you have never fatherly kiss upon the brows of Beatrice | yet given me an opportunity to get even and Helen, who are standing on the broad veranda. General Dale claims his second kiss from the bride, and Mrs. Dale folds her slight form a moment upon her own ample bosom in a motherly embrace, while the first tears that have been shed at this wedding falls from her kind old eyes. Beatrice, who has borne up wonderfully through it all, notwithstanding her white face and aching heart, is thankful that her courage still does not desert her at this trying moment. She embraces her mother, who whispers in her ear, "God loveliness, so absorbed in the game of bless you, my darling. Don't worry, but | chess that she does not see Raphael, who let Mrs. Dale act in my place until we has softly entered the room and is lookreturn." Then turning away quickly, she takes the arm of her son, and with Half an hour before the appointed time, him walks to the waiting carriage. Raphael is very pale, and his lips twitch convulsively with suppressed emotion as he kisses his mother, with lips all mer, leaning on the arm of General | too agitated to speak, and places her in the waiting carriage.

Captain Lennard, who is standing beside the open door of the carriage, hat in hand, bows again to the company, springs into the carriage, seats himself beside his newly-made bride. Raphael gives the word to the driver, and the impatient pawing horses dash away toward Deepdale station, followed maid, the gentleman's valet, and the luggage.

Beatrice stands looking after. th | eyes. view behind a clump of evergreen trees. | and lover's stay at Deepdale, until the Then she turns with a few low spoken words of apology to her guests enters the house and makes her way to her reminded her friend that she must strive own room. When safe within its quite her best to overcome her depression and portals, and free from the observation of others, the grasp on her nerves, which she has held like one of iron, and with which she has kept her rebellious feelings well in hand, suddenly relaxes, then loosens, and the girl throws herelf down upon a low couch in a perfect abandonment of grief, and buries her face in its soft cushions, and her slender frame shakes with sobs and moans, like a reed shaken by the cruel blast of winter. Her costly satin robe, with its adornment of rich lace, falls from the low couch and rests on the velvet carpet in shining folds, and diamonds gleam and sparkle on the hand which is tightly clenched in an agony of

Oh! you who are oppressed by the heavy, galling chains of poverty and privation; you who think while staggering under your own load of woe, that grief, sorrow and tears come not to the rich in this world's goods, but are the portion of God's poor alone, should have seen this fair young girl, as she lay with her flushed face buried in the costly cushions of her couch, with the intensity of her sorrow bursting from her anguished heart in sobs, moans and tears. After having seen this sight, and felt your own eyes grow moist from very sympathy; then, having noted the luxurious apartment, rich in the evidences of unlimited wealth, you would realize in your heart of hearts that

"Into all lives some rain must fall Some days be dark and dreary."

The little Ormolu clock on the marble chimney piece has ticked its hour away; still the storm of grief in the breast of the one occupant of the room does not subside. A little low tap from without at last comes on the panel of the door. but no voice from within bids the intruder enter. The door handle is softly house for you." turned, the unlocked door flies open and Helen Pendleton enters the room, closes | is to make people think that I am growand locks the door behind her, and ing old? Who ever heard of such an abcomes and kneels like a ministering surdity," says General Dale, with an Then come words of loving sympathy and comfort, not unmingled with advice, which have the true ring of pretical good sense in their depths, characteristic of Helen Pendleton, and their effect soon sets Beatrice to work to gain the self-control which she has temporarily lost. Then with deft fingers Helen removes the girl's satin robe, and replaces it with a soft dressing-gown of white cashmere, stirs and arranges the hot pillows comfortably for the sufferer, "Would to God that this divine command takes off the high boots and replaces them by soft easy slippers. Then she should read, 'Neither shall the hand of | rings the bell, and orders the maid to bring a cup of good hot tea and when it is brought insists on her friend drinking it. Then closing the blinds and dismissing the maid, she sits down by the head of the couch and smooths the hot forehead of the girl with soft magnetic touch, humming the low refrain of some sweet song the while, much as one might sing a lullaby to some grieved and weary child. Soon, very soon the quivering eyelids close in sleep as peaceful as an infant's and an occasional sobbing sigh is all that remains to tell of the wild storm of grief from which Beatrice has been rescued by the loving | trude their unwelcome presence upon hands and sound judgment of Helen Pendleton.

Helen, softly leaves the room and sends Millie to watch beside her young mistress, charging the girl to inform | years, when storm clouds and tempests her the moment Miss Beatrice awakes. She goes into her own room and changes the dress she has worn to the wedding | faint with the cares and turmoil of life's for one of dark crimson cashmere. smooths her beautiful hair and descends | revert to this quiet, peaceful day spent to the parlor.

Raphael has gone to take Mr. Mason | fair, sweet dream of an enchanted land. to the evening train by which he is to return to the city. Mr. White has long since taken his leave, and Percy Randal is seated at the piano playing some of Mrs. Dale's favorite music with his exquisite touch, as she enters the parlor in the soft twilight of the wedding day. General Dale rings the bell and orders the butler to bring lights, and Mrs. Dale rouses herself up from the depths of her easy chair where she is resting after the excitement and fatigue of the

day, and inquires after Beatrice. Percy Randal's hands pause over the pearly keys of the instrument, and he turns his head anxiously to catch Helen's reply to Mrs. Dale's question.

Mrs. Dale," answers Helen, cheerfully. "I left her sleeping nicely, and her

"She is very comfortable, thank you

fine countenance, and Mrs. Dale con-"I am so glad to hear that the poor

the value of which represents a small momer's going away would upset her. tortune, is lain aside by the dexterous Beatrice is so affectionate, and there is hands of the lady's maid, and its place such a world of sympathy between her supplied by the elegant and tasteful mother and herself," and the good old traveling costume; and when the wed- lady closes her eyes again and leans ding guests and members of the family back against her chair cushions, while Percy's feelings of thankfulness find vent ing room, the bride and groom, equipped | in low sweet strains of music which his

fingers evoke from the piano. When the lights are brought in, General Dale challenges Helen to a game of chess. "For you know, Miss Helen," with you for the way you wound me up the last time we played, and I am just

thirsting for revenge." Helen laughs and brings the chess board and places it on a table under the chandelier, and is soon deeply interested in the strife going on between her own men and the General's. A soft color comes and goes on her oval cheek, and her fine form is beautifully outlined by her warm, colored, perfectly fitting dress. A charming picture she makes, indeed, as she sits there in unconscious ing at her with eyes that glow with the intensity of love.

#### CHAPTER XII.-HOME FROM THE WEDDING TRIP.

The next morning following the wedding at Deepdale, dawns clear and bright. Nature is in her smiling mood again, seemingly all unmindful of the storm in which she indulged yesterday.

As if in sympathy with Dame Nature's mood, Beatrice this morning joins the others in the breakfast-room looking cheerful and pleasant with no visible evidence of the storm of grief to which she succumbed yesterday save an unusual pallor on her rounded cheek, and deepened shadows under the violet

next summer's vacation; and Helen, with her usual thoughtfulness, has appear cheerful and happy on this the last day of her loved one's stay, so that they might not have to look back on this day, during their long absence, as having its happy, tender hours all marred by her tear-stained face and gloom manner. Mrs. Dale gives her a motherly kiss as she enters the cosy breakfastroom, and the old General pats her affectionately upon the shoulder and

"You are looking as bright as a bran new dollar this morning, my dear, and will, I am sure, second the motion which your brother has set on foot, about you young folks going to Mirror Lake today, picnic fashion. The weather is glorious again after yesterday's squall, and it will be a splendil day for a trip to the lake; and Beatrice," lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "do you know, my dear, that it is related as a fact, that if a young lady gazes for ten minutes into the placid bosom of Mirror Lake without once moving her eyes, that the face of her future husband will appear beside her own. It's a fact, he continues. "Now, don't you forget to try it, if you go to the lake to-day."

Beatrice breaks into one of her old ringing laughs, and Mrs. Dale, who is a little hard of hearing, says:-"What joke is the General indulging

in now, Beatrice? Some nonsense, I'll warrant." "Oh, no indeed! You wrong him Mrs. Dale. He is talking about going to Mirror Lake to-day for the last picnic

of the season. You will join us, will you ·not, if we decide to go?" "Oh, no, thank you, my dear. I have grown quite too old and fleshy to enjoy those tramps through the wood which were the delight of my youthful days. You young folks go and have a jolly time, and the General and I shall keep

"Do you see how determined my wife

injured air. At this, the young people join Mrs. years of constant wear, its brightness | cold hands in. her own warm ones. | Dale in a hearty laugh, and before breakfast is finished, it is decided that her plans for the day shall be carried into effect. Mirror Lake is five miles distant, the road to which from Deepdale lay most of the way by the sea-shore. Immediately after breakfast the four young people set out on their last excursion of the year.

They all ride in the family carriage, and are followed by Johnson in a light wagon, in which are stowed a huge hamper of provisions, fishing tackle and a gun. "For," says Kaph, "there is no telling what sort of game one may start up; and it would be provoking to be denied a crack at it for want of a gun." Raphael's two favorite hunting dogs follow the wagon, and try to show their appreciation of this treat in every manner possible to dumb animals.

The sea is very calm, the sky above the tenderest, deepest blue, the air is mild and balmy, and the white seagulls circle overhead in the mellow autumn sunshine, while the waves break with a gentle murmur on the yellow sands.

This day, so fraught with joy, so full of delight, yet not unmingled with pain as thoughts of the morrow's parting inthe heart of each of these young people who are looking out upon life through the rosy glamour of youthful love, will by them never be forgotten. In after obscure their now shining horizon; when the heart has grown sick and journey, fondly will the mind of each at Mirror Lake, as one remembers some

In the dim gloaming of the autumn day they return to Deepdale. General Dale comes out in the dusk to meet them, and as he tucks Beatrice's arm protectingly within his own, and starts up the broad walk to the house, whispers:-

"And did you remember to look into the magical mirror, for the purpose of which I reminded you this morning?" "Oh, you may rest assured that I did

not forget to attend to that important matter, General," she replies, with a little laugh.

"And did you really see the face of your future lord and master beside that of your own?" he asks in an awestruck tone. "I hope so; but it did not look ghostly, and did not frighten me in the least," she replies, as she runs laughingly up the steps of the piazza, A relieved look steals over Percy's | into the arms of Mrs. Dale, who hugs and kisses the girl as if she had been absent a month instead of one day.

The household is astir at an unusually early hour the next morning as there are

many last things to be attended to before the young men set out on their East-

ward journey. "Now be brave, dearest Bee," whispers Helen, as the two young girls descend the stairs in anwer to the early breakfast bell. "You behaved like a darling yesterday, though I knew that your poor heart was aching beneath your cheerful face."

"Thank you, Nellie," she answers in the same low voice. "I am learning some wonderful lessons in self-control under your wise guidance."

Raphael and Percy await them in the hall, and together they repair to the breakfast room to join the Dales. Nothing is forgotten that may contribute to the pleasure or comfort of the young men while absent, and at last the trunks stand locked and strapped upon the veranda ready to be consigned by Johnson to the Deepdale depot.

The hour for departure has arrived. The last kiss is pressed upon trembling lips, the last good-by falteringly spoken, and the young men turn quickly, with faces which have grown white from suppressed emotions, spring into the waiting carriage with General Dale, and are driven rapidly away.

Bravely crushing back her own inclination to yield to the lonely, desolate pain which is smiting her heart, Helen Pendleton sets herself resolutely to work to comfort Beatrice, and helps her bear the loneliness, which the unselfish girl | firmness. tells herself can but be greater in her friend's case than her own, for has she instead of a full-grown young lady, I sings, laughs, and chats the long hours | gay company; but as the case stands, I of the first lonely evening away, and shall leave you to the mortification of succeeds n bringing smiles to the face | being obliged to appear before your of Beatrice, which otherwise might have | mother and her invited guests with been bathed in tears.

Her unselfish and heroic efforts do not | punishment for indulging your temper escape the observing eye of General in this absurd fashion." Dale, who remarks to his wife, after the inmates of Deepdale have retired for

the night:-"Raph St. Clair is a lucky dog in the | the depths of Helen's lap. hoice he has made of his future wife. He could not have found another girl | lap, and slipping from her chair seats like Helen Pendleton, had he his choice out of ten thousand."

"That he could not," replies Mrs. Dale, enthusiastically. "Only think of the tact, delicacy, good sense, and sound judgment she has displayed, not only within the last few days, but during the whole trying summer. Indeed, I feel convinced that Mrs. St. Clair would have had trouble with her children, on account of her marriage with Captain Lennard, had it not been for Helen's influence over them."

"Well, my little women," says good Mrs. Dale, the next morning at the breakfast table, addressing Beatrice and Helen, "the very last of the summer birds have flown, and we must begin our preparations to hie back to the busy city, before the height of the fashionable season is upon us; so we had better give instructions to the housekeeper and servants to-day accordingly, and be ready by the first of next week to close Deepdale, as Mrs. Lennard desired we should, and be in readiness to welcome her to her home in the city on her return, which may be any day, because she is not fond of traveling.'

Thus the two girls have plenty to occupy their thoughts, and as time passes quickly to those employed in interesting work, it was not long until they are settled in the elegant mansion of the St. Clair's in the city, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. and Captain Lennard. Mrs. Dale and the good-natured Gen-

eral have kindly consented to remain with the young ladies until after the reception, which the newly married pair will give immediately upon their return to the city. Indeed, the presence of this jolly and sensible old couple has been a source of great comfort to the two girls left at Deepdale, all through the daily happenings since Mrs. St. Clair's m. riage; and is now really indispensable when there is so much to be thought of in making preparations for the grand reception. General Dale flies hither and thither on errands which the ladies will intrust to none but himself. It is he who must interview the flower for the refreshments, and the leader of the finest band in the city, to make sure that no unpleasant hitch shall occur to mar the pleasure of the evening's programme. The old gentleman declares that it gives him unalloyed pleasure to discover that he has not yet quite out-

lived his usefulness. So everything is in prime order when the newly married pair arrive early in the afternoon, the evening of which is appointed for the reception.

"If Raphael and Percy were only and happy. here," sighs Beatrice, as she with Helen are taking the last survey of the magnificent preparation for the evening's

"Yes, it would be pleasant to have them with us on this occasion," replies Helen, stooping and picking up a few tiny green leaves which lay on the velvet carpet of the music-room; "but, as that is impossible we will not be unhappy over what we cannot help, and show your mother discontented faces when she returns, shall we, Bee? And, after all, the boys are better employed where they are; for it will take work and steady application to enable them to reach the goal of their ambition, and until this is gained, they will have little time to spend in fashionable society." She breaks off to listen to an unusual commotion and bustle in the hall, as if of the arrival of some one, accompanied by General Dale's hearty laugh and words of welcome.

Both girls dart into the hall to ascertain the cause of the tumult, and the next instant Beatrice is clasped close to the heart of her tearful mother.

"Do not agitate yourself, my love, says the soft voice of Captain Lennard, as he gently unwinds the clinging arms of his wife from her daughter's form, and then adds, as he shakes the girl's

cold hand :-"Beatrice, my dear, your mother is far from being strong, and I beg that you may control your feelings and not

agitate her." He shakes hands with Helen and Mrs. Dale, then draws his wife's hand protectingly within his arm, and says,

politely:-

"As we are all old friends, I feel that you will excuse me for taking Mrs. Lennard at once to her own room to rest. She is much fatigued from her journey."

"Certainly, certainly, Captain," replies General and Mrs. Dale in a breath, and the Captain gently assists his wife to ascend the stairs, followed by the maid.

Beatrice and Helen, without another gooken word retrace their steps to the

music-room, which is almost dark from closed blinds and heavy curtains, while its atmosphere is laden with the frag-

rance of rare exctics. Helen throws herself into a deeply cushioned chair, and leans back her head as if from weariness, and Beatrice sinks down on the soft rug at her friend's feet, burying her flushed face in her lap, and bursts into wild, tempestuous weeping.

"Why, Beatrice St. Clair, what are you crying about in this manner?" exclaims Helen, in an almost impatient tone; for well she knows that she must not appear to sympathize with her friend's wounded feelings, if she would help her to regain her self-control.

"Oh! Helen, Helen! He took her arms from about my neck at our first moment of meeting; fairly tore her from my side-my own mother who has ever been all the world to me. Oh, my mother! my mother! I wish I had died before this stranger came between us," sobs the kneeling girl in incoherent

"Beatrice! Beatrice! why will you persist in this childishness" cries Helen, in tones she means to sound severe but which, nevertheless, grow tremulous and suspiciously husky at the end of the sentence. Her fingers linger lovingly for a few moments on the bright hair of the sobbing girl, and then she continues in a voice which has regained its wonted

"Bee, if you were a little child not been deprived of the presence of | should feel inclined to order the nursery mother and brother, as well as that of | maid to put you to bed to-night before her affianced husband? So, arguing to you had caught even a glimpse of the her own rebellious heart the noble girl | illuminated drawing-room filled with the swollen eyelids and a red nose, as a

> "Helen, how can you be so heartless as to talk to me in this way, after all I have endured?" wails poor Beatrice from

Helen lifts the girl's head from her herself beside her on the carpet.

"Beatrice," she says, looking into her flushed face and swollen eyes, "if you continue to go on in this way I shall order you to bed, and shall send at once for Dr. Hamilton. You cannot be well, or your nerves must be in a fearfully excited state, which forebodes illness, when you make such an ado about nothing," wiping the tears from the flushed cheek with her own dainty pocket handkerchief as she speaks. "Come now, do be sensible, and tell me what Captain Lennard did, that should wound your feelings so intensely."

"You saw what he did," she answers impatiently. "Was it not an insult to both my mother and myself, that he should come between us at our very first moment of meeting, and carry her away from my side with that triumphant look upon his hateful face?"

"I cannot for my life see why you should feel so badly about that Bee," she answers gently. "On the contrary, I think you should respect his motive, in thus coming to the rescue and saving both your mother and yourself from a scene which might have rendered you both unfit for the duties which will devolve upon you this evening Rest assured that it was for this reason alone that he interfered, instead of being prompted by a desire to come between you and your mother's love. Come now, dear, look upon this little affair in a sensible light."

She rises and comes behind the girl, and stoops over her, and passes her soft, cool hands across the burning temples, charming the throbbing pain to rest.

"Depend upon it, Captain Lennard did not intend to insult you, or wound your feelings; and I beg of you, for your own sake as well as for the sake of your dear mother, that as you value the happiness of the whole family, you may not from jealousy, wounded pride, or any other cause, real or imaginary, begin to misconstrue every word and act of your mother's husband, from the earliest moment of his advent into your home. Remember, darling," she continues, decorator for the occasion, the caterer | bending lower and imprinting an affectionate kiss on the other's brow and speaking still more gently, "that you will not have long to remain in the same home with him at the farthest, and during that time be charitable, or tolerate him in peace if you can do nothing more. Let me go with you to your own room now, before some one surprises us here, or rather," she adds, laughing, "before you surprise some one else by your state of tears and dejection, when you should be smiling, light-hearted,

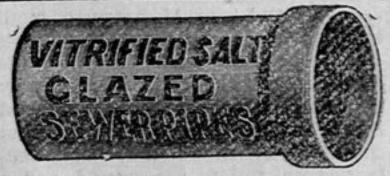
Thus, half coaxing, half commanding, Helen leads her away to her room. (To be continued.)

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