PartedbyFate

00000000000000000 By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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with her ice-cold hands clasped over her folly, thinking Heaven would pardon heart, piteously watching the white clouds. Nearer-nearer they approached the great white light. Uldene caught her breath in a panting gasp. Did the angels realize her woe? Would they intercede for her, begging that mercy might be shown her? She was so young | the room and out of the house. and she loved him so.

One instant more, and they would de cide her future. That instant seemed the length of eternity. Nearer, nearer they approached the soft, bright, silvery orb, and as she watched them, slovly, to him. but surely they obscured it. Ah, yes! it was Heaven's solemn warning to her that she must part from her love if she would save him. In that moment the girl turned away with the bitterness of death in her heart, and passed slowly up the lilac grove, sweet with the breath of purple, tossing plumes, to the house She had thought to gain her own room without being observed; but this was not to be. In the corridor she came face to face with Rutledge.

"I was just about starting out through the grounds in search of you, dear," he said. "What were you doing out among the roses so long?"

He started abruptly as he saw her face. It was as white as mable, and the large, dark eyes had in them a hunt-

ed look, dazed by terror. "Uldene?" he cried, springing to her side, and throwing his strong arms about the slender, swaying figure, "what is the matter, dear? Are you ill?"

He could not understand then, but he knew but too well afterward, why she shrank back in his arms, clinging to him, weeping and kissing him by turns, clasping her white arms so tightly, so piteously, about him, yet shuddering at his fond caresses. How could he know that while she clung to him she was silently bidding him farewell forever? "You are not well, darling?" he said

anxiously. "You are almost hysterically nervous. You have been exerting yourself to entertain lately. Such a round of gayeties, parties, balls, rides, receptions every day without cessation is beginning to tell upon you. Go to your room and rest, dear. I will look in, in the course of an hour, and see how you are. Your face is white as death, and your hands are burning hot. If this state of affairs continues, I shall call fancy!" in a doctor."

to a mind diseased?"

part with him while her strength lasted. Slowly she unwound her white arms from his neck, and turned from him, I could consent to leave you to yourstifling the bitter cry that rose to her tips. She dared not look into his face again, lest her courage should fail her. Slowly she turned, and with an unsteady step ascended the stairs.

Nanon, her maid, was in her boudoir, stitching away at a marvelous ball dress of rose pink satin and seed pearls that she was to wear to a grand ball on the . The walls of a convent might be a haven following evening.

said Uldene. "I want to be alone. See bright world so." that no one disturbs me, Nanon," she went on, piteously.

When the girl reached the door she called her back.

"Come in in an hour from now, Nan- than that." on," she whispered, with pale lips, "and strange request, "it shall be done as you ness of the night. wish."

The girl looked back wistfully as she to accompany him in preference to go reached the door, and as she saw that ing to the convent. He had based his lovely despairing face then, she saw it hopes upon the idea that she would never again in this life.

Left to herself, Uldene rose swiftly "We have not a moment to lose, and turned the key in the lock. No one then," he said, drawing her toward the must interrupt her while she was writ | coupe in waiting. ing that pitiful setter to Rutledge.

it, and drew forth a sheet of paper. For toward the depot. the next twenty minutes the silence of death filled the room, broken only by ing. The dark-browed gentleman, acthe swift whirr of the pen on the white companied by the slim, girlish, muffled paper and the slow ticking of the clock | figure, had barely time to purchase their on the mantel.

was blotted by burning, bitter tears. These are the words he was to read:

"Rutledge: When your eyes rest upon these lines I shall be far away. I am leaving you wilfully and deliberately: and, oh. my darling, I cannot tell you why; Think of me as you will. Our marriage was a bitter mistake. Heaven knows I wish from the bottom of my heart it had never been consummated. I am going out of your life quietly, Rutledge. It will be worse than useless to search for me. You will never find me. Never!

"Believe me false, if you will-cruelly false. Perhaps that will make the blow I am dealing you easier to bear. Fate has parted us, Rutledge.

"There is no pardon, no mercy for me for what I have done. There is nene en earth. There is none, perhaps, in Heaven. I expect none.

"Do not quite hate my memory, Rutledge, for I cannot bear that. Remember it was fate that parted us. When I clung to you to-night with tears and kisses. I was bidding you a silent, eternal farewell."

swift-winged, past her. A cry of horror to the convent, she should go-there," broke from her lips, for, glancing at the he told himself, grimly. was hearly up.

placed it on the table, covering it with had just left. passionate kisses; for it was to rest in she had written-this love of her heart ed her hesitatingly on the arm. whom she was bidding farewell and from whom fate had parted her.

the pretty white mull dress and denned it stops ten minutes for luncheon."

She knelt down in the dew-wet grass, (a neavy traveling one. "In my man me, I took him from Verlie; and now God has, in turn, taken him from me.' With a sob, she fastened the long, dark cloak about her, and threw a dark veil over her agonized face. Then, without one glance behind her, she fled from

> As she crossed the vestibule she saw her mortal foe advancing up the broad marble steps that led to the porch. He saw her and drew back into the shadow, waiting until she had come up

Uldene," he said, glancing at her dress. "You are willing to part from him for-

"Willing!" she cried, in a low voice of intense anguish. "Oh, God, no! But I am forced to part with him. And you know it. I am going, but my wretched, bleeding heart I will leave with him. If suicide were not a crime, I would kill myself with my own hands here and now, rather than go with you!"

CHAPTER XXIII. A FATAL MISTAKE.

The man's dark, haughty face flushed slightly at her vehement words, but he made no reply. "There is one grace I should like to

ask of you," continued Uldene bitterly "and that is-that I may leave here alone." "I have had too much trouble to find you to lose sight of you," he answered,

grimly. "I will not go with you," she cried decisively. "Our paths lie in different directions. You have broken my heart,

now leave me in peace." "Think what the result would have been, in all its horror, if I had not interfered. Your husband would have

turned from you in horror and loathing too great for words. The law would have freed him from you, and you know it. Why, then, wait for the finale? Bet ter to go away and save yourself, and spare him." "Why have I been so bitterly accurs-

ed?" cried Uldene, piteously. "I have done no wrong, committed no sin. Why then, am I to be so bitterly punished? I wish to God I had died in my in-

"That is the prayer that has fallen A doctor! Ah, who could "minister from the lips of every daughter of your race," he answered, grimly. "But death She knew, poor soul, that she must does not come to them until the terrible prophecy has been fulfilled. There is but one way, and one way only, by which self, if you should prefer that to ac companying me."

"And that way?" whispered Uldene, breathlessly. "Is to immure yourself while your

life lasts within the walls of a convent." "Have pity on me. I am so young." she wailed. "I -I would sooner die. of rest to some, but to me its grim wa'is "Put it away, Nanon, and leave me," | would be a living tomb. I love the gay, "Then you would prefer going with

me," he said, grimly. "No! a thousand times no!" cried U

dene, with a shudder. "Anything rather Suddenly, like a gleam of inspiration,

on the table yonder you will find a seal an idea occurred to her. Why not coned letter, addressed to my husband. Take sent to go with him to allay his susit to him with your own hands. Let picion? She would enter the train with no one know. You will do this, Nanon?" him, and at the first station at which "Yes, my lady,' answered the girl, the train stopped she would spring from courtesying, and wondering at the it, and he would lose her in the dark-

He was surprised at her ready consent choose the latter.

A moment later they were whirling

She went to her writing-desk, opened away through the darkness of the night The train for Baltimore was just start-

tickets and gain the platform ere the It was not a long letter, and and it express steamed slowly out of the depot. The passengers saw that the little hands were locked tightly together, and

the face that gleamed faintly through the thick folds of the veil was as white This supposed easy victory, as Uldene

imagined, quite threw her companion off "We change cars at the cross-road: forty miles from here. We make no stop until we reach there. Would you mind if I were to go to the smoking-

car and enjoy the luxury of a cigar?" he asked. "On the contrary, your absence will afford me great reiief," said Uldene,

with frank bitterness.

He arose, raised his hat with a mocking bow, and sauntered leisurely toward the smoking car forward.

His thoughts were in a strangely confused state. It was not his intention to have the girl on his hands; she should go to the convent-hidden there as completely while she lived as though she were in a living tomb, as she had expressed it; either that, or he would force her to go to the self-same place from which her mother had fled in ter-She dared not write one word of the ror long years ago, and where every lage. Your wife was on the train. Come great love that was blistering her heart daughter of her fated race had gone, -no, not one word-for her heart would and the world had heard from them break over it. Time, too, was flying, never again. "Yes, if she refused to go

gilded clock, she saw her hour of respite While he was laying the cruelest plot home that was so soon to be the scene of that ever blasted a young life, a strange the deepest woe. Folding and sealing the letter, she scene was ensuing in the parlor car he In the parlor sat Neddy Temple, run-

"The gentleman has made a slight time to see the amused smile on Butmistake, mademoiselle," she said, in a ledge Chester's face reflected in the "It is God's retribution that has fallen slightly foreign accent. "The train French mirror, opposite the bay winupon me!" she wailed, as she threw off stops once this side of the cross-road; dow in which he has ensconced him As Rutledge Chester stepped from the

gazed into the dark-eyed young stranger's face the thought occurred to her-How strangely it resembled her own. And with that thought came another-

a more daring one. She leaned over the back of her seat. pale with suppressed excitement, and gaze dinto the dimpled, rose-bud face. "If I were to leave the car for a cup of tea, would you do me the great favor of looking after my cloak and my

satchel?" whispered Uldene. "Certainly," responded the young girl; "it will give me great pleasure to be of any assistance to you.'

"Thank you," replied Uldene, trembling with excitement, as she slipped off the long silk circular and wrapped it about the girl, and handed her her

satchel and veil. The plan that had entered Uldene's mind was to slip unnoticed from the train at the station indicated. If her companion looked in at the doorway, seeing this girl, he would most naturally mistake her for herself, the resemblance was so striking. The train would rush on through the darkness again, and he would not miss her until the end

of the destination. This was better than trusting herself to this man, whose claim upon her could force her to bend her will to his-who could place her in a convent if he "You have decided wisely and well, chose, or make life more cruel than death to her.

Sooner than they had anticipated the station was reached. Unobserved, unnoticed. Uldene left the train. At that instant one of the brakemen thrust his head in at the other door, announcing that the train would not stop at the station for luncheon, as they were nearly a quarter of an hour behindhand.

"Ah, me!" cried the young girl, who had vouchsafed to care for Uldene's belongings, as she clutched the heavy silk cloak that was folded about her "the lady will miss the train, and it's all my fault-all mine, telling her we should stop here ten minutes for luncheon. Oh, dear!, oh, dear! What shall I do?"

On rushed the shricking train, past sleeping villages, past fruitful farms, past hills and valleys-on, until it reachthe great curve that the engineer al ways dreaded. He knew he should have slackened his speed, but he must make up time; he was yet five minutes late. He must reach the cross-roads before the northern express started.

The great curve was reached. Who shall say how it happened? There came a terrible shock, a terrible noise, a crash of broken glass, mingled with the his sing of steam, and horrible cries of men. women and children.

A rushing, blinding, bewildering shock, as two trains met at the sharp curve with deadly force, and both went whirling through space, down, down the steep embankment to the valley below. A collision. One train was five min

utes too early, another three minutes late! There was some carelessness over signals, and for that carelessness help less human beings paid with their lives There was dire confusion and dismay then those who had escaped began

collect themselves. Lanterns were brought from an adjacent village, and the dead, the dying and wounded were extracted from the wreck, and were laid side by side in the pale moonlight on the cool, green, daisy-studded grass. Then there came a cry that some one

was lying, face downward, in the brook that ran through the valley.

Strong men hurried there. They sa a mass of dark, curling hair, a long silk cloak wrapped around the body, and a traveling bag held in a stiff, white hand, They raised the slim figure; it was that of a woman, young and fair; but a cry of horror rose to their lips as they held their lanterns down to her face: it was crushed beyond all semblance of namanity-crushed beyond all hope of recognition by even those to whom she was nearest and dearest. Some one suggested that the traveling-bag be opened; perhaps it contained something that might lead to the poor soul's identifica-

printed in gold lettering upon the silken | In response to his husky "Come in!" It did contain something-an address, pocket of the Russian leather bag-the address in full of Uldene Chester. A few pocket-handkerchiefs were

daintily embroidered in silk floss with the name-Uldene. "This is Rutledge Chester's young

bride," said some one in the crowd. "I met her once. It is certainly she. He must be telegraphed for at once." A dark-browed man, muffled to the chin, stood staring down on the muti-

lated figure in horror too great for words. "Dead!" he muttered, under his breath. "It is better so; sie is out of

the way forever!" No remorse came to him that she lay dead in all her youth and her fair young beauty; his conscience, and his heartharder than marble-did not suffer one peng that should have come to him. knowing, as he did, that he had snared her in his cruel meshes, dragging her

down to her doom. "What satisfactory news to take back across the ocean with me: 'The girl is dead! She will never cross our path again-never again-unless the dead have power to rise from the grave!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I WAS TO DELIVER THIS LETTER TO YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS.

The hand of fate never brought about a stranger or more fatal mistake than that which occurred. When Uldenasked the stranger in the seat behind her to take charge of her wraps, how little she dreamed of the pitiful con-

along the unfrequented country road, ir the dewy fragrance of the summer night, the following telegram was speed at the depot. ing over the wires to Rutledge Chester.

"Allendale Station, June 3rd. "To Mr. Rutledge Chester: There has been a dreadful accident near this vilon at once." It was signed by one of the passeng-

ers on the ill-fated express.

Let us go in advance of that telegram, dear reader, and look in at that

ning her white fingers up and down the A young girl, seated directly behind key-board of the grand plane, trying to his hands; his eyes were to read what Uldene, had leaned forward and touch- coax music out of them, as she declared. She whirls around on the stool just in

"You are laughing at me again, Mr. | car, a strange, hushed smence ten upon Chester. You are always laughing at my music," flashed out Neddy. "I Jid not know you were listening. I thought you were deeply immersed in the col-

umns of your paper." "That would be impossible-to read. I mean-when you are at the piano," he remarked, dryly, breaking out into a hearty laugh, as he saw Neddy bristling husband.

up with anger. "You don't know good music when you do hear it, I am beginning to believe; Uldene has always declared it,

she pouted. "On the contrary, it is patent that I am a good judge of it, for I am charmed with yours, Miss Neddy," he returned. with a graceful bow. "Pray don't allow me to disturb you; I am going directly.' "If you will send Uldene to me here,

I will promise to forgive you,' she replied, easily mollified. "I shall obey your command with the she is." The two gentlemen looked at greatest of pleasure," he said. "I am going directly to her boudoir."

Fun-living, rollicking, mischievous Neddy drowned his words in a perfect shower of discordant sounds that sent him fairly flying out of the parlor and up the grand stairway, out of hearing of the ear-splitting melody.

Meanwhile Rutledge hurried smilingly toward Uldene's boudoir. At the door he was met by Nanon, the maid, and he saw that she held a letter in her hand. "If you please, sir," she said, cour-

tseying shyly to her handsome young master, "madame said, when you came up to her room I was to give you this letter with my own hands."

He took the letter, and pushed past the maid into Uldene's pink and gold boudoir. He looked through the suites ficial. of pretty rooms-Uldene was not there. He looked at the sealed letter in his hand, which bore his name in his wife's dainty chirography, and a merry twinkle lit up his dark eyes-no doubt it was member, Heaven gives and Heaven a gentle reminder in her pretty, de takes away," he added, solemnly. licate way, that she needed a new check-book, or that she wanted him to invest a little fortune in some painting, statuary, or bric-a-brac that had caught fort he controlled himself, and asked to

Without one shadow of a presentiment of what he was to read, he opened the envelope, crossing over to the dainty willow basket to drop the frag ment into it as he tore the envelope off passed them in awed silence. at the end. Standing beneath the rose glow of the

gaslight, he opened at and ran his eyes over its contents.

As he read, his face grew ghastly white, and he staggered back, like one smitten by a terrible blow-as he read it, it seemed to him that an iron hand clutched his heart and held it still. Great drops of agony stood out on his forehead, and the blood grew cold in his veins, Uldene had fled from him. He could not-he would not believe it. She loved him with all her heart. He could stake his life-aye, his very soul -upon it.

"It was all a jest," he told himself. "One of Uldene's mischievous experiments to test his love for her. He would not believe the words of the let- lift the handkerchief we have placed ter, though they startled him horribly. He went through the handsome suite the sight you would see would drive you of rooms. They were in evident confusion. The pretty ball dress she had brought him into her boudoir that very afternoon to admire, lay trampled upon the floor. Her jewel cases lay about, rifled of their contents. The door of her wardrobe stood open. He swept aside the heavy velvet hangings, and looked into the room beyond, calling hurriedly: "Uldene! Uldene! my darling. Come

here! I want you!" The room was empty. No sweet voice answered him. No white arms stole quickly around his neck, and no loving voice whispered the words he was strain ing his ears to catch:

"I wanted to see, dear, if you would really care if you were to lose me." The room was cold and chill, though a blight had fallen over it. He stands for a moment gazing about him, and in that moment he hears a confusion in the passage outside followed by a quick, sharp rap at the door.

a servant enters, with a telegram in his hand. "What is it, James?" asks Mr. Chester, for the man's face has on it the pallor of terror. "A telegram! Who

could have telegraphed to me? Read it to me. My eyes are dazed." But the man hesitated. His white face and trembling hands might have told his master that he had already done

"Perhaps, sir," he said, respectfully, "it would be better if you would read it yourself. It may contain bad news." "Read it," said Rutledge Chester, impatiently, after he had made a vain at-

tempt. "The lines waver before my "It says there has been a terrible accident at Allendale Station, sir. You are wanted there. Your will was on the

train." "My wife on the train, James." he cried out. "Are you mad? What, in Heaven's name, would my wife be doing on the train? There is some mis-

Then suddenly he began to tremble with a strange dread. His heart began to beat with awful throbs. A cry came from his white lips. He was beginning to understand that Uldene's letter was no jest. She had left him. Yes, this he would have staked his hopes of heaven he had believed and trusted her so

implicitly, had left him. Hes, she had left him. He was be ginning to comprehend the import of the telegram. Something had happened sequences that were to accrue from that to the train on which she had gone. What had happened? What was it?

While Uldene was making her way What was the worst? Was she living, broke through the leaden gray sky, she or dead? In less than ten minutes Rutledge was

> James, his faithful valet, went with him, for Mr. Chester seemed quite unfit to travel alone. With a white, drawn face he entered the car. The train was an express, that went at almost frightful speed. Yet it seemed to the agoniz ed young husband that it only crawled along. How was he to live until Alle

dale was reached? How was he to

bear the cruel suspense, the ageny of

waiting? His strong hands were cleach ed, his teeth set. The breath came in hot gasps from his pale lips, Over and over again the words of the telegram rang in his ears. It was well for him the journey was not long. Suspense would have killed him had it con-

tinued. In the gray, early dawn the train fering?

Two gentlemen came forward hastily. One was one of the officials of the road, a Mr. Dean, and the other the gentleman who had sent him the telegram to come

They both looked with great compassion at the handsome, haggard young

"You are Mr. Chester, I believe?" said one of the gentlemen, advancing swer. and touching him on the arm.

"Yes, yes," cried Rutledge, hoarsely. "How is she-my wife! Let me see her at once."

little," was the reply. "It was a terrible given him. accident, remember." "If I wait I shall die," said Rutledge

Chester, with forced calmness, more terrible to bear than the wildest outbreak of grief. "Tell me at least how each other, neither daring to speak. "For Heaven sake, take me to her!" he cried. "I have borne all I can beartake me to her, I cannot bear another moment of this suspense." He saw the look they exchanged, and

a terrible terror seized him. "You see suspense is driving me mad."

he groaned. "Is she alive-or-dead?" "You will need all your courage, sir, said the official, pityingly-"all the bravery that a man can show. You must not fail. There are many here whose sorrow is equal to yours.'

"I will not fail," said Rutledge Ches ter. "Tell me the worst, and in Hea ven's name I will bear it. Tell me the worst; is my darling living-or dead? "It is the worst, sir," replied the of

"You mean-" he gasped. Then he stopped abruptly.

"I mean," said the official, pityingly "that your young wife is dead! Re

"Dead!" he muttered-"dead!" and l looked at the gentlemen with dazed, despairing eyes. Then with a violent ef be taken to her. They went with him to the long, nar

row waiting-room where the dead lay side by side, their faces reverently cover ed from the garish morning light. He When they brought him to the spot where the slender figure lay, covered by

the long sifk cloak, a low moan broke from his lips. He had recognized the cloak-one he had purchased for her himself not long before. "Let me see her face!" he cried. "Oh

my beautiful Uldene! my lost love, my beautiful young wife!" They drew back his outstretched hand with gentle force. "You have loved her too well to look

upon the havoc death has made," they whispered. "The beautiful face ab how shall I find words to say it?-is be yond all recognition. We recognized, or identified her, rather, by the satchel she still clasps in her death-cold hand. The address was inside. Do not attempt to over the mutilated face; the horror of mad."

in grief pitiful to behold Rutledge Chester knelt down by the body, which he believed was that of Uldene, his young wife, and what he suffered only Heaven knew. But the fiercest storm must wear away, the most violent grief must, in time, sob itself out. We must part from those we love better than life itself, and bear it.

But grief could not bring back life to that still form, breath to those ice-cold lips, and warmth to the cold, whithands, so like the frozen petals of a

He returned home on the next train. bearing with him what he supposed were the remains of his darling, lost Uldene, and a few days later they were placed in the marble vault of the Chesters, and on the cold, white tablet were the chiseled words:

Sacred to the Memory of ULDENE, Aged 17 Years and 11 Months. Rest in Peace.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IT IS BEST THAT HE SHOULD BELIEVE ME DEAD."

As the train had rushed on through the darkness, Uldene had turned away with a bitter cry. She saw by the dim light of the stars a path running parallel with the iron rails, and her feet struck into the path. She knew not, cared not, whither it led. She walked through the fragrant

starlit darkness of the summer night like one in a hideous dream. "What should she do? Where should

she go?" she asked herself. And ag iin the wild prayer rose to lips: "Would t Heaven death would come to her and end it all!" But, alas! the boon of death seldom

comes when the wretched call. "I have lost all that I hold dear !

the world," she sobbed, piteously. " am parted by fate, more cruelathan death, from Rutledge. What is there left to live for? If I had braved fate. would it have ended in a tragedy?" she whispered, below her breath. "I dared not risk it. Oh, no no, no! Better to part from Rutledge while he loves me than wait in terror, too pitiful to be de young bride, on whose love for himself scribed by weak words, for the hour to come in which he would know all, and hate me with bitter hatred. My head aches. I am too tired to think," she said to herself.

How far she traveled that night, o which direction she took, were details Uldene could never remember.

When the red gleam of early dawn tion. A sense of her position came to

"Now," she said to herself, "I must think what I am to do. She could hear from afar off the shrill shrick of an approaching train, and the

take it, no matter whence the direction It mattered little to her where she went She pushed through the crowd in waiting toward the ticket office. "That young girl is ill," whispered a motherly looking woman to her husband,

white as death, and her dark eyes burn like flame." Uldene heard her, and a wild, hysterical sob rose to her lips.

Ill! What was all the illness in the world compared to what she was sur-She stood quite irresolute, gazing help-

less!v around her. The voice of the officious ticket arent

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE .. oke in upon her confused musings "Where to, miss?" he inquired, in

a brisk, pleasant manner. Uldene did not know herself. She muttered some incoherent reply. "Did you say you wished to go to-"

The shriek of the approaching train drowned his voice. Uldene did not catch the name of the place he had mentioned. She knew he was waiting impatiently for her an-

"Yes. that is where I want to go."

"Do you want a check for your trunk miss?" he asked ,as he handed her "Not this moment, you must wait a her ticket and change for the bill she had

She looked so bewildered at traveling alone, so young and inexperienced "No, she had no trunks," she said

turning away. The agent looked after her, telling himself he had never seen so beautiful a creature.

When Uldene was seated in the car she found that she had purchased a ticket for Baltimore. During the long ride Uldene attracted much attention from the passengers around her. They wondered why she kept her face turned so persistently to-

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ward the window. They could quite see that the strained gaze was too intent for seeing. When Uldene reached her destination. and found herself alone in the crowded streets, she felt more forlorn and de-

sperate than ever. She was tempted to ery out for help and pity. She was cold and hungry, and the thought occurred to her to find a quiet boarding-house where she could get a cup of tea and rest, and think, look-

ing the dark, dread fututre fully in the By inquiry she found just such a place as she needed, and secured a room at once. She was so thoroughly exhausted she was not able to leave it for three days. When, at last, she was able to go down to the little meager sittingroom-by courtesy called a parlor-she saw a paper lying on the center-table. and the startling head-lines of the first

column caught her eye, and held ber spell-bound. "That was a terrible accident," said the voluble landlady, pointing to the column. "About midway down the page it tells of the grief of a frantic young husband who found the body of his bride so terribly mutilated that he could never have recognized her if it had not been for her wrap and satchel. How I wept for poor Mr. Chester as I read

A low, suppressed cry fell from Uldene's lips, With shaking, cold hands she picked up the paper, and the first paragrah that met her eye was the graphie account of her own tragic death by the wrecking of the train. She read on with dazed eyes, how she had been buried in the family vault, and of the wild grief of her husband. Uldene read the account through a second time, and a third time, and as she sat there holding the paper in her hand, she made to herself a solemn vow.

At Rutledge believed her dead, she would remain so to him while her poor life lasted. He should never know that she lived. Fate must have foreseen this when the young girl in the seat back of her had consented to take charge of her wrap and satchel. It was more bitter than death, for she loved him better than life itself;

but the curse, the doom that hung over her-this hapless daughter of a fatel race-made it imperative for her to put the whole world between herself and the man she loved. Yes, she would drag out her weary solitude, and Rutledge believe that Ohester should

she slept in the old vault in the graveyard. She would watch over him from afar like a guardian angel; but he should never know-never know the pitiful truth. As she read further down another sentence met her eye. After she had

read it she threw up her hands and fell like one dead to the floor. These were the words she read: "On the day following the burial of his beautiful young bride, Rutledge Chester had suddenly closed up his business affairs and had gone abroad, none knew whither. To a friend who had accompanied him on board the steamer he had said he might be gone

forever." There were three others who read that tragic story with intense emotion-Mark Sefton and his wife, and Verlie.

from his native land for years-perhaps

"May Heaven forgive me for my wicked thoughts toward poor Uldene,' she sobbed, "now that she is dead." Long and bitterly Verlie mourned for Uldene. True, she had spoiled her young life-made it desolate and dreary, but for all that, Verlie would have died to promote the happiness of Uldene, if she could have done so. The thought that the man she loved was free never cross ed the mind of noble, pure hearted Ver

L'erhaps something like this occurred to Nella Sefton, when, a few days later, she bade Verlie write to Rutledge Ches ter, expressing their sorrow, at his great It was long months before the letter reached Rutledge, forwarded, as it had

been, from place to place where he had been stopping. He answered it gratefully, thanking them for their kindly sympathy; but no

second letter came to him. He remained abroad for another year. Then the longing came to him to return once more to his own native land. He had suffered another great loss while abroad. At Venice his father had join ed him. Two days after the steamer had left port, taking them to Paris, his father had died suddenly on ship board. After this sad event, the longing was strong upon Rutledge to return

Two weeks later he was again in Washington, Society received handsome Rutledge Chester with open arms. He had always been a prime favorite with thought occurred to her that she would the young ladies, and they had not for gotten him, it seemed, judging from the

cards he received. He went to few entertainment, however, and his friends were select and as Uldene passed them. "See, she is as few. He did not care much for balls, white an doubt and seldom went to them; but he was induced one evening to attend the ball given by Mrs. Renwick, at her villa the suburbs of the gay capital. He had decided at first not to go; then, after ward, finding that a very intimete friend of his Captain Lansing, was going, he

"We shall see some of the prettiest changed his mind. faces in Washington," declared the cap tain, enthusiastically.

reached Allendale Station. Confusion seemed to reign everywhere.