THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

That clever hint about Cyril Wentworth had the intended effect on the nervous invalid. All her old fears of Cyril Wentworth were reawakened. A longing desire took possession of her to have her daughter married off safely out of the fortune-hunter's reach. In her sudden anxiety she would have St. Leon and Beatrix married that moment by telegraph if possible. She infected her husband with all her own fears, and both concurred in the opinion of Mrs. Le Roy that delays were dangerous.

So a letter went hastily back to Eden full of good tidings to the dwellers there.

The Gordon's approved and even advocated Mrs. Le Roy's plan. They wrote to their daughter, and recommended her to shorten the term of her lover's probation, regretting that the state of her mother's health made it desirable for her to remain where she was yet awhile longer. The letter was filled with such warm, parental love and advice that Laurel involuntarily wept over it. A generous check for her Parisian *trousseau* was inclosed. This the young girl put carefully away.

"I shall never use it," she said. "Gold could not tempt me to sin. It is love that has made me bad and wicked, but I cannot draw back now. I shall marry St. Leon Le Roy. It is fate."

So, following that fate, she went recklessly on in her strange career. Three weeks later she was no longer Laurel Vane, was Laurel Le Roy, almost forgetting in her wild happiness her enemy's threat, "*Who breaks—pays!*"

CHAPTER XXV.

Days came in which Laurel almost forgot the long, dark, threatening shadow that lay always just ahead of her.

They were crossing the wide Atlantic Ocean, and every one said that there never had been finer weather or a pleasanter trip. They had no rough winds the whole voyage. The calm, sunny blue sky hung over an ocean as beautifully blue and almost as calm. The foamy white-caps of the waves were almost as fleecy and pure as the snowy little clouds that sailed through the sky. The beautiful shining-winged seabirds were a source of beauty and delight to every one. Every day was warm and sunny, every night was moon-lighted and balmy. No one had expected such perfect weather in October.

Forever after those two weeks remained in Laurel's memory like a beautiful dream, fadeless and ineffaceable.

For that little time she was perfectly secure. She knew no one on the steamer, no one knew her. Her husband was perfectly devoted to her as she was to him. They spent long, happy days together on deck, never weary of each other's society. They talked to each other by moonlight, their talk often drifting into poetry, which is the most natural language of love. They made some acquaintances, but they did not seek other society. They were all in all to each other, The girl-wife could not find it in her heart to repent of what she had done. It appeared to her that she had been made for him, and he for her, judging by their mutual love.

Certainly a change for the better had been effected in St. Leon Le Roy. His dark eyes were no longer cold and cynical, but beamed with love and happiness The mocking smile no longer curled his lips. They were sweet and gentle. His voice rang with tenderness instead of sarcasm. His hatred and distrust for all women because Maud Merivale had deceived him was gradually dying out. He believed that his bride was an angel. When the awakening came, it was all the more bitter because he had believed in her so truly.

Laurel was as lovely as a dream in those honeymoon days. Her face glowed with happiness, her dark eyes lost their sombre, brooding shadow, and sparkled like stars.

The passengers said that Mr. Le Roy's young bride was a perfect beauty. When she walked on deck in her soft, fine, white cashmere dresses, with a crimson scarf about her shoulders, diamonds blazing in her small, shell-like ears, and her splendid burnished golden hair flying like a banner of light on the gentle breeze, no one could keep from looking at her, no one could keep from envying St. Leon Le Roy the possession of so much beauty, and sweetness and love.

Laurel had never known that she was beautiful until St. Leon told her so. It was a new delight to her. Some faint hope came to her that by that beauty she might hold his heart, even when he found her out—even when he knew her at her worst—an impostor who had masqueraded under a false name, and so won him. She had read that "beauty is lord of love," and she prayed that it might prove so to her in her dark hour—that hour always just a little ahead of her, when she should moan:

> So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
> Though now none takes me on his arm
> To fold me close and kiss me warm
> Till each quick breath end in a sigh
> Of happy languor. Now alone,
> We lean upon some graveyard stone,
> Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

She would not think of that nearing future much. She gave herself up to the delights of the present. She was the most fondly worshipped wife in the world. When they went to Paris, he loaded her with costly gifts, splendid dresses, priceless jewels.

"I do not know how I shall ever be able to wear all of these splendid things; they are too fine for me," she said to him almost afraid of herself in the midst of this splendid paraphernalia.

"Nothing is too costly or too fine for you, my little love," he answered, taking her in his arms and kissing the beautiful face over and over. "You will need all these things when you get into society. When we go home, we will spend our winters in New York, and the women in society there dress like queens. I shall want you to be the finest of them all, as you are decidedly the most beautiful."

He wondered why the fair face grew so pale, why his young wife shivered in his arms, and drooped her eyes from his.

"I hope it will be a long time before we return to New York," she said almost petulantly, "I like Europe better than America."

"You are a most disloyal subject of the United States," he laughed; "but you shall stay as long as you wish, my darling."

CHAPTER XXVI.

When they went to England, Laurel wondered a little fearfully if they should meet the Wentworths. She knew that they were in London, and the thought of coming upon them was not pleasant. She did not think that Beatrix Wentworth would approve of what she had done, and she recalled Clarice Wells' threat with an uncontrollable shudder. It had been so vivid.

"I would betray you even in front of the altar!" had said the maid.

Decidedly the thought of stumbling upon the Wentworths was not pleasant.

"But then," said the trembling young bride to herself, "there was no likelihood that they would do so." London was a great wide city. They might stay there for years, and never stumble upon these people of whom her guilty conscience made her feel so horribly afraid.

Again, she remembered that Cyril Wentworth was here on business, she and her husband in quest of pleasure. Their ways lay far apart. There were no mutual aims and pursuits to bring them together. It was decidedly unlikely that they should meet.

But some one has cleverly said that "The most unlikely things always happen."

They had been in London several weeks, patiently "doing" all the wonders of that wonderful city, when one day Mr. Le Roy took his wife to the famous art gallery. She had developed a perfect passion for fine pictures and statues, and he knew that she would be charmed with the works of the old masters that were gathered in this famous gallery—the Titians, Murrillos, Guidos, Raphaels—all the glorious men who, by brush or chisel, had handed down their name to an immortal fame.

It was a bright day in December. The sun was shining, for a wonder, in murky, foggy London, irradiating its usual "pea-soup" atmosphere. St. Leon was delighted that the sun shone so brightly. He knew that it would show the pictures to still greater advantage, and he liked for his darling to have all her pleasures at their best.

Looking at Laurel you would never have guessed that until a few months ago she had lived in cheap lodgings with her erratic father, and tended their poor rooms with her own little white hands. She looked as dainty and lovely as a little princess now, as she tripped along by the side of her handsome, stately husband. The day was cold, although the sun shone so brightly, and Laurel was wrapped in a long cloak of shining seal-skin, with a pretty cap of the same perched jauntily on her head, its long brown ostrich plume drooping against her long golden curls, contrasting with their lovely tinge, which must have been a favorite shade with the old masters, for St. Leon observed that they had painted it on the heads of their most beautiful women.

"There is not a picture on the walls half so lovely as her living face," he said to himself, exultantly, looking at the fair flower-face with its full crimson lips, its oval outline, its wine-dark eyes with such wealth of jetty lashes softly fringing them, and the soft bright fringe of love-locks, shading the low, white brow. The splendid diamond solitaires in her rosy ears flashed and sparkled with every turn of the restless little head, and were wondrously becoming to her style. It was no wonder that St. Leon's eyes turned often from the changeless canvas to dwell in fondest admiration on the living face full of the glow and flash and sparkle of youthful beauty and happiness.

He told her that she was more beautiful than the pictured faces on the walls, and her eyes flashed with joy, and her face flushed rosily. She was so glad of the fairness that God had given her, she never wearied hearing about it. It was the link by which she hoped to hold her husband when he found out the truth about her.

She often asked herself anxiously which would be the stronger in the terrible hour—his love or his pride—but she could never answer her own question. She loved St. Leon, but she did not yet understand him.

They were standing in front of a seraphic-looking Madonna, when suddenly he touched her arm, and whispered in her ear:

"Some others are waiting to look at this, dear. Let us move on."

She turned her beautiful, happy face from the picture toward the group who had just come up to them—a young lady and gentleman with a trim maid following after, some rich, warm wraps over her arm. They were Cyril Wentworth, his wife, and her maid Clarice.

The beautiful smile froze on Laurel's lips as she met their startled gaze. She uttered a moan like one dying, and all in a moment fell senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XXVII.

More than once, since they came to England, Clarice Wells said, anxiously to her mistress:

"I am afraid Miss Vane has laid her plans to marry Mr. Le Roy. Why else should she have wished to remain at Eden?"

But Beatrix, who was very fond of the lovely girl who had made such a sacrifice, for her sake, would not believe it.

"She was a dear, good, honest child," she said. "I had hard work to persuade her to personate me for a little while. Her exaggerated notion of gratitude was all that tipped the scale in my favor, allowing a little for her romantic pity for two despairing lovers. I am sure she would not attempt an intrigue at her own risk."

"One risks a great deal for love's sake," said Clarice Wells. "You would know that by your experience, Mrs. Wentworth."

"But Laurel was not in love with Mr. Le Roy. She was afraid of him. She wrote me to that effect," objected pretty Beatrix, fixing her large blue eyes surprisedly on Clarice's sober face.

"I beg your pardon. That might have been the case at first, but it was not likely to last," said the maid, pursuing her argument with the freedom of a favorite. "I do not believe Miss Vane's antipathy lasted long. He was very handsome and fascinating—just the man to win the love of an innocent young girl! And he admired her, I am sure of that, Mrs. Wentworth. And believing her to be his equal in wealth and station, what was to prevent their marrying if they loved each other?"

"You are very clever, Clarice, but I am afraid you are making mountains of molehills," Beatrix Wentworth answered, lightly. How could they marry without papa and mamma's consent? Beatrix Gordon would have to return to New York and be married from her father's house. And how could little Laurel Vane, with her big black eyes and innocent soul personate me to my own parents? Do you not see that your theory wouldn't hold water, Clarice, as Cyril would say in his lively way."

Clarice was silenced but not convinced.

"Anyway, I wish I had not left her there," she said. "My conscience would be all the clearer. But, Mrs. Wentworth, don't you think that you should write to your parents now and confess what you have done, and beg them to forgive you for your naughty conduct and runaway marriage?"

Two crystal drops brimmed over Mrs. Wentworth's blue eyes and splashed down upon her pink cheeks.

"Dear papa, dear mamma, it was naughty and wicked to desert them so," she said; "but they were too hard on Cyril and me. I loved him so dearly. I could not bear it But I loved them too; and although Cyril makes me so happy, my heart aches for the dear ones at home."

"And you will write to them? The plunge has to be made some time. As well now as ever," urged the maid.

"No, not now. What do you take me for, Clarice? Do you think I would betray sweet little Laurel, to whom I owe all my happiness? cried Beatrix, indignantly.

"I beg your pardon for naming it. Of course, you know best, Mrs. Wentworth," replied discrete Clarice, dropping the subject.

They had discussed the matter several times, each retaining her own opinion of the matter on the well-known principle that

> A woman convinced against her will
> Is of the same opinion still.

Beatrix like most adoring young wives, who confide all they know to their husbands, laid her grievance before Cyril.

The handsome, happy young Benedict humbly begged his wife's pardon for coinciding with Clarice's views rather than hers, but he could not be shaken from his first opinion that the romance of the conspiracy would culminate in the marriage of St. Leon Le Roy and Laurel Vane.

"It would be a delightful ending," he said, laughing at her horrified face.

"But I tell you it would not," she said, emphatically. "It would be just too dreadful for anything, and I will not believe it of sweet little Laurel Vane!"

"I hope she may justify your good opinion, my dear," said Cyril Wentworth, dryly, but kissing her fondly, and loving her all the more for her boundless faith in her fellow woman.

But they dropped the subject then, and if any one speculated further on Laurel Vane's hopes and plans it passed in silence. Beatrix was too generous to believe evil of the innocent girl who had served her in her clever counterplot against her parents. She loved Laurel for all she had done for her. When the shock of the truth came upon her it was all the harder to bear because of the loving faith she had persistently cherished.

That bright December day Cyril went home to their neat, pretty lodgings and announced that he had a holiday.

"It is such a lovely day, I should like to take you out somewhere, darling," he said, smoothing the bright waves of her golden hair with caressing fingers. "You know it is not often that I have the chance to escort you anywhere in the day."

They discussed duly the important subject of where to go, and decided on an art gallery. Both adored pictures.

Clarice dressed her mistress in her silks and furs and decided to follow the party with extra wraps for her mistress in case the day should prove colder than they thought, and in order to gratify her own penchant for sight seeing.

No thought came to them of the great surprise that awaited them in the famous art gallery. They went forward to meet it all unconsciously, even as Laurel awaited their coming among the pictures and statues, all unconscious of what was hastening to her.

They were unusually gay. Beatrix had been pining a little of late under the depressing influence of the rainy, dismal weather. The bright sunshine revived her spirits and brought the warm pink roses to her cheeks. She laughed and chatted gayly to her delighted husband.

They loitered in the gallery and admired the beautiful paintings and statues, all the work of master hands long since dissolved to dust. They saw only two persons beside themselves—a lady and gentleman with their faces turned toward the beautiful painting of a Madonna. The lady had golden hair that was strangely familiar to Beatrix and Clarice, but then, many of the Englishwomen had golden hair. Each said to herself that it was only fancy that it reminded them of Laurel Vane.

So they went on slowly and unconsciously, and the handsome man and beautiful girl turned around and faced them.

They saw the young face whiten with fear, heard the frightened moan break from the trembling lips, saw her reel dizzily, and fall like a stone at their feet—and they knew that it was Laurel Vane, that St. Leon Le Roy was her husband, and that her wretched falsehood had found her out!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Le Roy, turning in the same moment with his wife, saw two faces that he recognized—Cyril Wentworth's that he had seen once in New York, and Clarice's which he remembered perfectly well. Beatrix he did not know. He glanced at her carelessly, little thinking what an influence the pretty blonde had exerted over his life.

A pang of jealousy, keen, swift and terrible as the lightning's flash tore through his heart as he beheld his worshipped bride waver and fall, like one dead, to the floor.

He believed that the mere sight of Cyril Wentworth's face had produced that terrible emotion that had stricken her down like a broken flower at their feet.

For an instant he stood motionless, almost petrified by his agitation, then he bent down over the beautiful face that only a moment ago had been lifted to his sparkling and glowing with love and happiness. It was pale and rigid now, and the jetty fringe of the lashes lay heavily on the white cheeks as if they would never lift again from the sweet dark eyes.

Quick as he was, light-footed Clarice was before him. She was kneeling down loosening the furs and laces about the throat of the unconscious girl with deft fingers. She looked up at him with a strange glance.

"It is only a faint," she said, "but she may be some time in recovering. You had better go out and bring *eau de Cologne*."

He obeyed her like one in a dream, and the moment he was gone quick-witted Clarice borrowed Mrs. Wentworth's *vinaigrette*.

"I only sent him on a pretext," she said. "We must get her revived before he returns. Mr. Wentworth, will you please remove her gloves and chafe her hands? No, perhaps your wife might do it better," she added, with a quick afterthought.

Beatrix had been clinging to her husband's arm, staring like one dazed at the strange scene. She knelt down and drew off Laurel's dark kid gloves and chafed the delicate, dimpled, white hands. She saw a broad gold wedding-ring on the slender finger of one small hand, guarded by a keeper of magnificent diamonds and rubies. All three looked significantly at one another, and Clarice said, woman-like, to her mistress:

"Mrs. Wentworth, I told you so."

Cyril could not repress a light laugh as he stood gazing down upon them. His keen perception told him the truth.

"It is Laurel Vane," he said, and Beatrix answered, "Yes," in a dazed tone, while the maid supplemented quickly, "Or rather Laurel Le Roy."

At that moment Laurel shivered and opened her eyes. She saw herself supported in Clarice's arms, while Beatrix, kneeling by her, chafed her small hands. They saw her glance wander past them yearningly, and a moan of pitiful despair came from her white lips as she missed the face she sought.

"You fainted, and Mr. Le Roy has gone out for some *eau de Cologne*," said the maid.

A touch of color came into the blanched face. She turned her dark, frightened eyes up to their cold faces.

"You have betrayed me!" she said, in a faint, almost dying, tone.

Beatrix seemed incapable of speech.

Clarice answered, coldly:

"We have said nothing yet!" Then she continued, gravely:

"Miss Vane, are you Mr. Le Roy's wife?"

"Yes, I am his wife," Laurel answered, faintly. And she tore her hands from Beatrix, and covered her face with them.

No one spoke for a moment, then Clarice asked, slowly:

"Did you deceive him to the end?"

"To the bitter end!" shuddered Laurel, in a hollow tone.

Then suddenly she let the shielding hands fall from her burning face, and looked at Beatrix.

"Do not look at me so sternly and coldly, Mrs. Wentworth," she cried. "You sent me there. Are you not to blame?"

No one could have believed that Mrs. Wentworth's gentle face could grow so hard and cold.

Laurel Vane had so bitterly betrayed the trust she reposed in her that she did not know how to forgive her.

"Do not charge me with your folly, your madness!" she cried, indignantly. "My sin was bad enough—but yours is beyond pardon. How dared you, *Laurel Vane*, marry the proud, rich St. Leon Le Roy?"

"I loved him—he loved me!" moaned the wretched young bride.

"And what will become of his love now when he learns the truth?" queried Beatrix, with stinging scorn.

Cyril hastily interposed.

"Do not be hard on her, Beatrix. She was kind to us. Be kind to her. See, she is almost broken-hearted by your scorn!"

Laurel looked at the handsome, kindly face. It was full of sympathy and pity, not hard and angry like the women's faces, Her despairing heart filled with new hope. She clasped her hands, and looked at him with dark, appealing eyes.

"Yes, I pitied you, I helped you to your love," she said, pleadingly. "Will you let them rob me of mine? Will you let them betray me?"

All the pity in his heart, all his manly compassion, was stirred into life by her words and looks.

"We love each other," she went on, pathetically. "We love each other even as you and your wife love. Do not come between us yet! Let us be happy a little longer!

"Beatrix, you hear," said Cyril, bending down to take his wife's hand in his own. "They love even as we love, dear. Can you bear to part them—to betray her? She is little more than a child. You will break her heart. The beginning of it all lies with us. Do we not owe her our pity at least—our pity and our silence?"

"Your silence is all I ask," cried the culprit, eagerly. "The end will come soon enough. Let me have a little respite. Tell me where to find you to-morrow. Mr. Le Roy has an engagement out then, and I will come to you. I will tell you how it all happened! I will beg for your pity on my bended knees!"

She began to weep passionately. Beatrix could not bear those bitter tears. She drew out her card-case hastily.

"Here is my address," she said, "come to me to-morrow, and tell me the whole story, I can judge better then what is best for me to do."

She did not pity Laurel much. She felt angry with her for her presumption in marrying one so far above her as Mr. Le Roy. And then the folly, the madness of it. She could not understand the mad love that had driven Laurel, step by step, into her terrible position.

"Mr. Le Roy is coming. Do not let him suspect anything wrong," said Cyril, hastily.

He turned with a smile to meet the handsome, stately gentleman.

"Mr. Le Roy, I am Cyril Wentworth," he said, genially. "Permit me to assure you that your wife is quite recovered, and to present you to my wife—Mrs. Wentworth."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Married!" said St. Leon to himself, with a start, and a quick glance at Beatrix. He bowed to her gracefully, then hurried to his wife's side.

"You are better, Beatrix?" he said, anxiously, and they all saw his passionate heart looking out of the beautiful eyes he bent on her pale and tear stained face.

She clung to him in a sort of nervous terror and fear.

"Yes, I am better, thanks to the goodness of Clarice and her mistress," she faltered. "You must thank them for their kindness to me, St. Leon, and take me away."

He obeyed her request in a few courteous words, bowed to the party, and led his wife away, outwardly cool and collected, but on fire with jealous pain.

"She loves him still! She fainted at the bare sight of him!" he muttered to himself.

"My God! why did she marry me, then? Was it for wealth and position?"

The bitter doubt tore his heart like a knife. An unconscious coldness grew up in his heart toward her.

He placed her silently in the carriage, and, springing in beside her, gave himself up to bitter reflections.

The carriage whirled them away to their hotel, and as it rattled over the streets Laurel watched her husband's cold grave face with wonder.

"What is it, St. Leon?" she asked him, slipping her arm timidly in his. "Why do you look so grave?"

"I am puzzled," he answered.

"Over what, St. Leon?" asked the beautiful girl.

"Over your fainting spell," he answered, moodily. "You told me you had ceased to love Cyril Wentworth, but at the bare sight of him you fell like one dead. What am I to think, Beatrix?"

It came over her like a flash, that he was jealous of Cyril Wentworth—of Cyril Wentworth, whom she had never held until to-day.

How she longed for him to know the truth, to tell him that she had never loved mortal man save him whom she called her husband! But it was one of the pains and penalties of her position that she could not confess to St. Leon. He must go on believing that her first pure love had been lavished on another, must go on doubting her, for his looks and words assured her that the first seeds of jealousy had been sown in his heart.

Hot tears of pain and humiliation gathered in her eyes and splashed heavily down her pale cheeks.

"Oh, St. Leon, you do not, you cannot, believe that I love him still?" she sighed.

"Why, then, your agitation at that chance meeting?" he inquired.

"I was startled—only that," she answered. "It was like seeing a ghost. And you must remember there was Clarice, too. I assure you I was more startled at the sight of her than by Mr. Wentworth. It was a nervousness, agitation, fright, what you will, St. Leon, but not love. No, no, no, not love! I love you only, my husband. You are the life of my life!"

She clasped her hands around his arm, and looked up to him with dark, pathetic eyes.

"I am not perfect, St. Leon," she said, "and life is not all sunshine. Some day the heavy, lowering clouds of fate will pour out their blinding rain upon our heads. You may believe many hard things of me then, St. Leon, but you may be sure of one thing always, dear. I love you now and I shall love you forever, with the maddest, deepest passion a woman's heart can cherish!"

He had never heard her speak with such passion before. Her love had been like a timid bird brooding softly in her heart, too shy to soar into the sunlight, but the words burst from her now eloquent with her heart's emotion, and made sacred by the burning drops that fell from her eyes. He could not but believe her. The jealous misery fled from his heart as he clasped her in his arms and kissed the trembling rosebud mouth.

"Forgive me, darling, for doubting you," he said, repentantly. "It was because I love you so dearly, and I have always been so absurdly jealous of Cyril Wentworth. I would give anything upon earth to be able to say that you never loved any one but me."

And she could not tell him that it was true. It was a part of her punishment that this dark shadow—the thought that her first love had been given to another—should never be lifted from his life. She knew that it was a pain to his jealous nature, but her lips were sealed. Some day he would know the truth, she said to herself bitterly, but then it would come too late for his happiness.

CHAPTER XXX.

They looked at her in wonder. They could not understand her. Surely she was mad—the glamor of passion had obscured her reason!

"And when the end comes—when he has put you from him—what will you do then, poor child!" asked Beatrix, slowly.

"Then I shall die," the beautiful girl answered, despairingly

And again they did not know what to say to her. She had no thoughts outside of this love that she held by so slight a thread. She could see nothing beyond it but death. Beatrix could not help feeling vexed with her. She loved her young husband with a fond, romantic love, but she could not comprehend the madness of Laurel's devotion.

"It is not so easy to die, Laurel," she said, impatiently. "You are a woman now, and you must not answer me like a child. Your sin will find you out some day, and you will perhaps be cast adrift on the world. You should have some plans formed for that time."

There was a moment's silence; then Laurel murmured, tremblingly:

"St. Leon loves me—perhaps he will forgive me."

Clarice gave an audible sigh from her corner. Beatrix murmured, "Poor child!"

And the mistress and maid looked at each other in silence a moment. They did not know how to deal with this nature. Both wondered in themselves if St. Leon Le Roy would indeed forgive her falsehood. They did not think so.

Beatrix toyed nervously with the tassels of her pale-blue morning dress.

"Laurel," she said, after a moment, "Clarice and I have formed a plan for you. We do not want to betray you to your husband. We think it would be better if you confessed the truth to him yourself."

(To be continued.)

The Brooklyn Girl's Wit.

A Brooklyn young man is quite gone on "Hamlet." Reading it to the girl of his heart last week, he came to the passage: "Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool." "Is that a proposal dear?" she asked. "Yes, darling," he replied. And they sealed it there and then.—*New York Sun.*

A New Orleans woman with an eye to thrift has let all her rooms and is sleeping on a mattress, on the dining-room-table.

At a Mormon conference in Glasgow on the 4th inst. it was stated that the total number of Mormons in Scotland at present was 471, and that "elders" were actively engaged in mission work in various districts of the country.