[W]ON AND LOST.

CHAPTER I.

The church of St. Ethelminda, in the fashionable watering place of St. Sebastian-on-the-Sea, was open for a wedding—a wedding apparently, judging from the important flurry of the white-haired verger, a wedding worth looking at, according to significant indications of red carpet in the church and unstinted lengths of red matting outside; suggestive of a rich white satin and Brussels lace, and of elegant bridesmaids *en suite*, of cards and favors, and all the conventional accessories of the ceremony when it concerns the proud and privileged "upper ten."

Attracted by the promised excitement, a crowd gathered: a somewhat unruly crowd harrassing the guardians of the red matting, and a more orderly and select assemblage dropping in by twos and threes, gradually filling the nave—where interest would naturally concentrate—leaving the flushed verger occupation in keeping the rows of seats nearest to the chancel reserved for the wedding guests. Presently the ever-increasing crowd of spectators overflowed into the chancel. The September sun streamed through the ancient ivy-mantled windows and flooded the whole space with golden light, warm as befitted the occasion. But the nave remained in a dim sombreness, due to the carved tracery, stained glass, and the royal purple of the High Church altar. St. Ethelminda's was a fine old church, or rather, two churches combined—the older one, an ancient abbey chapel dedicated to the saint whose name it bore, forming the nave, and the larger, of later date, forming the wider chancel; the two being connected by double rows of arches in [illegible]. Thus it happened that the altar and choir were in great measure hidden from most parts of the chancel save the centre. Those of the wedding guests therefore who were relegated to the chancel consoled themselves for their less advantageous position by the fact that they commanded the door of entrance and exit, and would be first to see the wedding procession arrive, as they would be first to see it depart.

It was the full season at St. Sebastian's; and the crowd which gathered and whispered in the church was more curious than interested, for the wedding was among the "upper ten," and the greater part of the crowd were "visitors" too. There was consequently neither hereditary allegiance nor personal sympathy amongst the on-lookers, not only the common human interest which makes "the whole world kin" in such [illegible] as gay marriage festivals and solemn [illegible].

Time passed on, and the large old church filled to overflowing. By-and-by there was a flutter amongst the rows of girls in pretty seaside costumes, and the whispered talk which had hitherto beguiled the waiting moments gave place to an expectant hush, through which the ticking of the clock in the tower above could be heard distinctly from second to second. The verger grew very restless; he wandered to and from the chancel steps, whence a view of the entrance door could be obtained, returning each time with a face devoid of all expression save the tantalising disappointment of those whose stationary position in the nave made them dependent upon his observation.

At last a faint rustle, a sort of thrill, was communicated from the chancel to the nave, and every head was bent eagerly towards the steps. The first arrival had taken place—not a very important arrival probably; but it was a relief to have something to look at, and it was a very pretty "something," everybody agreed. Two ladies, as much alike as two ladies could possibly be, twins apparently, young and fair, in charming toilets of pale pink and pale blue, came shyly up the aisle, colouring slightly as they came, and considerably disconcerted at finding themselves the cynosure of all eyes. The verger, quite revived at having something to do, ushered them into front seats, and they sat, nestling shyly together, with drooped heads, like a pair of gentle doves, whilst the little stir subsided and the ticking of the big clock was audible through the silence.

Another flatter—another arrival. This time it was a tall stately lady in violet velvet, who came sailing up the church on the arm of a little gentleman with a small bouquet in his button-hole. These were quickly followed by a stout clergyman, conducting a quiet looking lady in gray silk. Next a generously developed dowager in drab satin and point lace passed, with her attendant cavalier; and then a whole cluster of brilliant butterfly forms congregated for a moment in the entrance porch, and spread out up the chancel, to group themselves again in the nave and make it bloom like a parterre of many-hued flowers.

After this there was enough of fashion and elegance to gaze upon, for the reserved seats filled rapidly, and the show was as rich and as artistic as Madame Elise and West-end milliners could make it. The gloom of the shadowed nave was relieved by the dainty sheens of pale "moonlight blue," with "ivory" and "peacock green," and delicate creamy pink, and the deep shadows were garnished with fair faces and sparkling eyes.

For the space of twenty minutes or more the wedding-guests chatted together in low tones, and with a gaiety scarcely in accord with their surroundings. Then the great clock sounded the half hour; and, just as the deep strokes fell, the bridegroom walked up the church.

He was well able to bear the ordeal of innumerable scrutinizing eyes. He was a man about thirty years old, of splendid figure, and dressed in clothes which were perfect in their fit—a man of the world and of society evidently, and with the kind of experience which, whilst it had given him the finished grace which all women adore, had left his youth a long way behind. He was very handsome too. His smooth dark face was relieved by a full moustache, and his dark eyes looked out from under a heavy shadow of eyebrows. His mouth was firm and compressed. He filled his trying *role* of bridegroom with consummate grace and composure.

"One could almost imagine he had been in the habit of getting married," one young lady in the company remarked.

"A handsome face, a magnificent figure!" the assemblage voted. "A charming bridegroom."

There was one however who dissented from this verdict.

"What a horrid-looking man!" the young lady who had already spoken said in a low voice to her companion—a gentleman.

"Horrid!" he echoed, in the same tone. "Why, no! Now he is what I should call a fine looking fellow—a handsome fellow even."

"Oh, handsome! Yes, perhaps—in a way. A *beaute de diable*," she whispered back.

"Are you not severely critical—for the occasion too?" he retorted.

"I am sorry for the girl who is going to marry that man," the young lady pronounced emphatically, and, as it seemed, unreasonably.

"She may not be a girl; she may be a woman—or a widow," the gentleman suggested.

"We shall soon see,"

Not very soon though. The wedding had been fixed for half past eleven; the bridegroom had been punctuality itself; but the minutes passed, and the bride did not appear. Twenty-five minutes to twelve, twenty minutes, eighteen, seventeen! The great clock seemed to beat out each swiftly-succeeding second with a sort of sledge-hammer determination in the performance of a disagreeable duty.

The little stir attendant upon the bridegroom's entrance had subsided; he had greeted his friends, and he was standing now in his place at the chancel steps; the hush of expectation had fallen again upon the waiting crowd—a deeper, more anxious hush than before. The situation was growing critical. The verger looked at his watch—others looked at their watches. The wedding guests lifted their eyebrows and shook their heads at one another; the bridegroom knitted his handsome forehead and pulled demonstratively at his moustache.

The church clock chimed the three quarters, seeming to pause on each stroke, as if to impress its warning more solemnly. The excitement was breathless now; every head was turned towards the entrance, every heart beat with a quickened throb. The bridegroom grew pale—"livid," the young lady-critic called it—and the verger haggard with anxiety as he saw his golden fee hanging in the balance. And still the pulse of the fateful clock throbbed on—twelve minutes to twelve, ten, eight—another stroke or two, and there would be no wedding that morning.

"The bride is of my opinion," whispered the young lady triumphantly.

"Hush!" breathed her companion, lifting his hand, with his eyes fixed on the porch.

At the same moment the diaphanous cloud of bridesmaids, which had been hovering there all through those anxious moments, swayed and opened, and the bride's mother—the herald of the bride—appeared, and passed up the church with as hurried a step as her stateliness permitted.

Then, after an instant's pause, the bride herself appeared, and an admiring murmur passed through the assembly. She was an ideal bride—so young, so fair, so downcast, so pale—too pale perhaps; for the white cheek seen through the floating tulle veil was whiter than the soft satin of the wedding robe. She was more like a beautiful statue than a living, breathing woman as she came forward, moving in a sort of mechanical obedience to the guidance of her escort—a young brother apparently; and only the shining gold of her hair gave any relief of colour to the lovely picture. The fair bevy of attendants closed in after her and fluttered up the aisle amid the solemn silence of the bystanders.

The young lady-critic held her breath as the sweet vision passed her, followed by the long train of maidens; then, as the last floating white robe disappeared under the archway into the nave, she stepped quickly out at the opened door, and never stopped until she had reached the churchyard gates.

"Oh, Leonard!" she cried then to her companion, who, accustomed to her rapid and eccentric movements, had dutifully followed her so far. "Oh, Leonard, I cannot look on at it! It is a tragedy!"

Leonard shrugged his shoulders.

"Why?" he said. "Because the bridegroom has dark eyebrows and the bride is pale? I thought it was the orthodox thing for a bride to be pale."

"Do you call that the paleness of a happy bride? It is the deadly chill of despair," she replied. "I am sure of it. And the mother——"

"A handsome well-preserved British matron—a representative mother, performing her first duty in life—marrying her daughter and doing it gracefully, in a very becoming gown of gold-colored satin. My dear Cynthia, what mystery can even your lively imagination find in such a very unexceptionable and respectable person?"

"She looked like a woman who was committing a crime," declared Cynthia, so seriously that Leonard laughed outright—"like Lady Macbeth. She is forcing that poor girl into a marriage she hates. It is a sacrifice."

"A sort of Indian suttee—in fact," said Leonard. "Be comforted, Cynthia; these are not the days when young women—even as young as this one—are dragged to the altar against their will."

"I don't know. There is a sort of moral coercion even in these times—a domestic pressure which is as powerful as brute force," Cynthia answered, walking on quickly in her excitement. "And that mother looks as if she would be a difficult person for a young girl to resist."

"Yes—she is solid," Leonard conceded, walking by his cousin's side—for she was his cousin—as she continued to hurry forward.

"Don't laugh, Leonard," Cynthia entreated. "You will see that I am right, if ever we hear the story."

"Which we are not likely to do," said Leonard. "Are you going in already?" he added, as they reached the door of their hotel.

"Yes, I am tired, and—faint. Are you coming?"

"Not yet, I think," he answered. "I shall have a stroll on the beach first"—lifting his hat as she went in.

But he did not take the turning to the beach. After a moment's hesitation, he walked back along the road he had just traversed, until he reached the church gates again.

"I may as well see the end of it," he muttered, as if apologising to himself, "although weddings are not much in my line."

And he entered the open door of the church once more.

At the same moment a lady was passing through the churchyard—which was a thoroughfare—walking slowly with the listless step which betokened either ill health or heart-weariness. She glanced at the open door. Perhaps she was tired and needed rest; perhaps a wedding had its attraction for her as for the rest. She hesitated for a moment, and then she entered quietly behind Leonard Hope, and slipped into the one unoccupied seat on the bench—the seat which had just been Cynthia's—before which the young man was standing.

The wedding party was not of course visible from this point; probably the names were at that moment being signed in the vestry, for the crowd in the church was breaking up quietly, and evidently preparing to move outside. In another moment the "Wedding March" pealed forth, the rustle of silk and lace penetrated to the end of the church, and the bridegroom led the bride down the aisle.

She was not pale now; the richest carmine burnt on either cheek, and her raised eyes, feverishly brilliant, looked straight before her with a strained unseeing gaze, as if she had braced herself to a supreme effort and dared not turn to the right or to the left lest her courage should break down.

The bridegroom did not look towards her, but held her tightly on his arm as he stepped quickly towards the door; and the pallor of anxiety had given place to a glow of triumphant satisfaction, natural and becoming enough in a bridegroom, as the spectators agreed.

Leonard Hope, at all events, had no interest to spare for this secondary personage in the wedding drama; his eyes were fixed upon the bride, as she came nearer, and his gaze was unconsciously so intent as to be almost indiscreet. Perhaps in the bridegroom's altered mien he read something of the tragedy which his cousin Cynthia professed to have discerned; perhaps her criticism had roused his interest and his curiosity in spite of himself. However that might be, his eyes followed the last gleam of golden hair as it vanished in the shadow of the porch; and then he stepped back out of the crowd of bridesmaids, by whom he suddenly found himself surrounded, with an involuntary sigh, for which he would have been much puzzled to account.

The sigh was echoed faintly at his side. A figure, a woman's, swayed for an instant, and then sank suddenly and silently in a dead faint at his feet.

CHAPTER II.

"It was the heat, sir—that's what it was. You see it's a warm morning, and the church was so over-fu'l o' folks," the old verger was saying as he handed Leonard Hope a glass of water in the vestry.

"It was the heat—yes, the heat. I—I am sorry to have given you all this trouble," echoed a sweet voice, speaking with an accent which was not altogether English.

The speaker sat up in the Vicar's carved-oak chair and pushed back a thick mass of dark hair, which had fallen over her forehead, and which was in startling contrast to its pure whiteness. She raised a pair of large pathetic dark eyes to Leonard's face.

"I must go!" she murmured, trying to rise.

"I am afraid you are hardly strong enough yet. Will you not rest a little longer?" the young man returned gently.

"I can go—I must go," she repeated hurriedly, succeeding this time in rising to her feet, and trying to fasten her loosened ribbons with hands that trembled nervously.

But she had overrated her strength; and as she stood, she was compelled to cling to the table for support. As she did so her eye fell on the open register, wet still with the ink which had just written the signatures.

"Percival Danvers, bachelor and Eve Delamaine, spinster."

The old verger's glance followed the direction of hers.

"We've had a gay wedding," he remarked, mindful of the gold pieces lying in his waistcoat pocket "Did you happen to know the parties, sir?"—to Leonard. "No? They be strangers here—visitors from London—a high family, I'm told. They've done things handsome, though they're not at their own place"—and he chinked his fee complacently. "The lady and gentleman's going to foreign parts for their trip, somewhere in the Indies or Ameriky, I believe—a long way, in any case. They don't even wait to eat the weddin' breakfast with the company; they've got to catch the half-past one o'clock train at the station, and go right off, to be in time for the steamer or something."

"Indeed." Leonard appeared to be interested in the old man's gossip.

"Yes—a noble-looking gentleman; and very rich too, I'm told. A good match for the young lady; they're a large family as it seems."

Mr. Hope remembered the sick lady now, and turned to her. She too was listening to the verger's garrulous talk; and somehow—although of course it could have no connection with the subject—there was a look of wild terrified trouble in the large, wide-open eyes which met Leonard's with a mute, unconscious appeal.

"I must go," she reiterated, turning away as she met his glance. "Can you"—to the verger—"get me a carriage—now—on the instant?"

And with a sort of restless impatience she moved towards the door, following him as he departed on his errand.

"The stand is some little distance away; and the man cannot be back for five minutes or more You had better rest until he returns. Allow me," Leonard said, offering his arm as she walked feebly down the church.

She accepted his assistance with frank simplicity, and sat down in the gray old porch looking over the churchyard, where the fresh breezes from the sea blew freshly now over the green flower-planted graves; but she leaned her soft white cheek against the cool stone, and sat thus, looking down the path with earnest expectation for the verger's return.

She had apparently forgotten Leonard Hope's presence. Her small well-gloved hands rested languidly in her lap; it seemed as if the tide of life within her ebbed so slow that she had not energy enough to lift them higher. And yet her anxious eyes were fixed on the path as if her whole soul were concentrated on the watch for the messenger's return.

The wedding bells were clanging forth their joy notes in the old tower overhead, and she put up her hand at last, as if to shut out the sound, whilst her brow contracted, as if with pain.

"A sweet face," Leonard Hope thought, as he stood looking down upon it; "but so ineffably sad!"

The pathos of the large blue eyes, the hopeless resigned weariness of the whole figure, touched and interested the young man; he being for a moment an idle seaside lounger, and open to passing interests. And he wondered if he had stumbled upon another "tragedy," or if impetuous Cynthia's fancies had actually infected him, that he must read a drama in every stranger's face that morning. Leonard smiled a little at himself, and then went back, irresistibly attracted, to the study of the figure before him. The lady was young still, although not so young as the girl-bride; she was a woman who had passed her girlhood—of some five or six and twenty years perhaps; and the beautiful oval cheeks were worn, as if she had known suffering. There was a dainty half-foreign grace about the small delicate features and the clear colorless complexion, relieved by the beautiful blue-black curve of the eyebrows and by the rich dark masses of hair; an exquisite refinement in every gesture and movement of the slight suple figure, which all grew on Leonard, as he had time in those waiting moments to note them. The dress, too, simple and unstudied as it seemed, was graceful and becoming. She was a lady of the best type, Leonard decided; but that type was not exactly English.

The sound of wheels broke the silence; the lady rose quickly to her feet.

"It is there," she said, with a weary sigh, "at last!"—accepting Leonard's escort and allowing him to hand her into the carriage. "Thanks for your kindness," she added; then, bowing to him, "Will you tell the coachman to drive quickly—very quickly—to Marine Cottage, at the end of Marine Terrace?"

Leonard saw her for a few moments longer. She was leaning back against the cushion of the open fly as it turned the corner of the street. And then she disappeared out of his sight, and out of his life he thought. And he strolled down to the beach, philosophing a little on the experiences which occur, without aim or object apparently in a life, and turning over in his mind, with a little skeptical disdain, the doctrine of a purpose in all that comes across our path, in all the trivialities of our daily road.

"In a chance encounter like this morning's, for instance," he added to himself, shrugging his shoulders, as he pelted an advancing wave with pebbles. "By-the-way, I wonder where Marine Cottage is? Along there, under the cliff, I should say, where Marine Terrace ends."

"And being such an idle man that every excuse for an object in his stroll was worth something to him, he plodded along the shingly beach to the end of Marine Terrace; and there, sheltered by a shoulder of the cliff, turning its face to the sea, with its little garden enclosed in tamarisk bushes, running down to the stretch of red beach, and its varandah hung with a great fragrant tangle of blossoming clamatis, he found Marine Cottage. A long reclining chair of wicker-work, such as one sees on board ship, heaped up with shawls of many colors, stood on the gravel path, and a sharp little terrier kept watch beneath it. But there was no other sign of life or movement about the little dwelling. With its green Venetian blinds all down, it seemed to doze and blink in the warm sunshine; whilst the fresh sweet odour of mignonette and luscious breaths of clamatis perfume came wafted towards Leonard Hope.

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Cynthia was sitting at her writing table as Leonard walked into his aunt's room at the hotel, and Lady Kieth was reading at the open window, with her feet on the balcony.

"Well Leonard," the elder lady said, looking up at his entrance, "have you heard or seen anything more of this wedding which has so excited Cynthia? I saw the carriages pass from the church; there seemed a great many of them. It must have been quite a grand affair. I wonder who the people are? I am so sorry I did not know about it, as I was on the promenade all the morning in my chair. I should have liked to see it. Cynthia says——"

"Don't talk about it, mamma; I want to forget it," Cynthia interrupted. "Is it not time the luncheon was served? Ring the bell, Leonard, please."

Then she stepped out on the balcony, and Lady Kieth said to Leonard in a demonstrative whisper—

"Was it as bad as Cynthia says, Leonard? Is the girl being sacrificed?"

Before he could answer Cynthia came back again, and returned with characteristic inconsistency to the forbidden subject.

"I wish you had seen the end of it, Leonard. I am haunted by the whole affair," she said.

Why did he not tell her that he had "seen the end of it?" Why did he also keep silence on that other little adventure which was, unreasonably enough, as he told himself, associated with Cynthia's "tragedy" in his mind?

He gave no hint of farther knowledge, although the interdicted subject was discussed all through the luncheon. He only laughed a little at "Donna Quixotina," as he was in the habit of calling his cousin.

"This is beyond you, most sympathetic and chivalrous of lady champions," he said. "You can scarcely break a lance in this cause."

"No, more's the pity," she said. "But I wish I could forget it."

"Try to think that it is all right; that it is a very happy marriage; that the bride is only shy, and that the bridegroom is a devoted lover, and will be a paragon husband."

"Do you believe all that?" she asked, turning sharply upon him.

"I!"—he was thrown off his guard by her sudden challenge—"I!" he stammered, like a guilty schoolboy caught in a peccadillo. "Well, no, I don't believe it. I don't know."

"Then I am right," she said decidedly, turning away.

"Oh dear!" sighed Lady Kieth. "How sorry I am! What a sad thing!"

Leonard Hope found his hat and retired in unaccountable confusion, to that refuge to a man in all difficulties, a cigar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Misers.

Ostervalde, the rich Paris banker, a few days before his death, refused to allow his servant to buy meat for broth. "True, I should like the soup," said the dying miser, "but I have no appetite for the meat. What is to become of that? It will be a sad waste."

An English miser used to go about dressed so shabbily as to annoy his acquaintances. At last, he was persuaded to buy an old hat, "better as new," from a Jew. He paid a shilling for it, and the next day sold the hat for eighteen pence.

This same miser never took snuff to titillate his nostrils but he did take a pinch out of every snuff box proffered him, which he carefully placed in his own box. When it was filled, he bartered its contents for a farthing rush-light.

Lord Chancellor Hardwick was nicknamed "Judge Gripus," on account of his avarice, though he was a learned lawyer and an excellent judge. When visited on his estate by country gentlemen, who came to pay their respects to the Lord High Chancellor, he compelled them to send their horses to an inn, half a mile distant, that he might be saved the expense of baiting them. Yet he was then worth four millions of dollars, but dreaded to part with a shilling.

Marlborough, the great soldier of his age, who left between seven and eight millions of dollars at his death, would not hesitate at any meanness to save a sixpence.

Sir William Smyth, a parsimonious English squire, with immense possessions, became blind at seventy by the formation of cataracts over his eyes. He made a bargain with a London oculist to couch both eyes, agreeing to pay sixty guineas if his sight was restored in the least.

The operation was so successful that the patient could read without glasses. But no sooner did he see than he began to grieve at the thought of paying the promised fee. Grief and avarice made him a cheat. He pretended that he could see nothing distinctly, and submitted to wearing the bandages for a month longer than the usual time.

When the month expired, he still insisted that he had only a glimmering of light, and the oculist compromised by accepting twenty guineas, instead of sixty. Yet at that time the baronet had thirty thousand dollars in his house.

A miser, whose parsimony and business abilities had amassed for him enormous wealth, was requested to lend to his Government a sum of money. He refused, as the interest offered was not as high as he demanded, giving as a reason that he had met with severe losses which had reduced him to poverty.

Fearing that his excuse might be discovered to be a falsehood, he dug a cave in his cellar, and in it hid his money. A trap door, with a spring-lock and a ladder, gave him access to his gold, which he daily visited.

At last, the miser disappeared. Search was made, but he could not be found. His house was sold, and workmen began to repair it.

One day, they came upon a door in the cellar, with the key in the lock outside. They opened the door, descended the ladder and by the light of a lantern discovered the skeleton of the dead miser, surrounded by bags and boxes of gold and silver.

He had gone into his cave, the door had blown to, the lock could only be opened by the key which he had left outside, and the miser had perished amid his money-bags.

SUMMER SMILES.

The proper study for mankind is man. That is the only reason why girls go to school.

Blobson says that he shan't purchase a thermometer until fall. The plaguey things are too high now.

"It is hard for a rich man to die," says a philosopher. Yes, but it is slightly harder for a poor man to live.

A writer says that "dress is woman's great conundrum." It is hoped she will never be compelled to "give it up."

An exchange says that ice two inches thick will support a man. In midsummer it supports the ice man and his entire family.

What is more pathetic than to see the simple faith with which a bald headed man will buy an infallible hair restorative from a bald headed barber.

"Arthur"—Yes, we should like to have you write for our paper. Address your letter to the business office and it will be sent to you.

A pertinent question for the next hot wave from the frozen Northwest: "Where do you hail from, and if so, why don't you hail?"

That dog with hydrophobia, which rushed into a saloon, was in search of congenial company. Everybody there was afraid of water.

The fellow who forgets a good deal that has happened doesn't worry us half as much as the fellow who remembers a good deal that never happened.

A colored woman was heard this morning informing a neighbor that last night's storm frightened her so that she "shook like an ash-pan."

The wealth of affection treasured by the city cousin for the country cousin finds expression in letters of tender friendliness about this time.

"We are beginning to doubt that "economy is wealth." At least we have a good deal of economy piled away that we would like to exchange for a little wealth.

A French physician is going to sell a number of skeletons. They will probably be bought out by some firm who desires some figure to model fashionable corsets on.

A writer has just published a book entitled "The Habits of the Hog." We have not read it but trust he mentions that very common habit of occupying two seats in a railroad car.

A young man came to us the other day, and wanted to know if we could tell him where he could get a position with a chance to rise. We directed him to the nearest powder mill.

"I heard a well-known society lady make a strange break," said a young gentleman. "She was speaking of a young lady friend, and, strange to say, she was praising her. She had reached the summit of her friend's good qualities when she said: "And then, too, she is so quick at repartee."