## THE WEDDING BELLS:

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

The reading proceeded smoothly and pleasantly, the reader doing full justice to the charming poem he read, and evidently feeling it also As he went on the eyes of most of those present were turned upon him: the busy needles ceased; Sylvia involuntarily drew near her consin, whose hand closed findly over hers, and Ciara's face was absorbed and very carnest.

So he read on until he came to the description of two men bound for home, and the passage is too beautiful not to bear in-

"The year was over and gone at last, and both of us bound for h me, I and another, an artist friend I had made while I

indly, open-hearted man, who was coming home to claim

The right to circle a finger with gold and blend a He told his story frankly to me that five long years

ago He and his love had met and parted in bitter tears

He and his love had met and parted in bitter tears and woe;
Knowing not when they might meet again but strong in the love and truth
That keep the flowers of the soul so fresh in the dew and beauty of youth.
They trusted each other fully, and he knew he should find her the same
In heart and soul as the last sweet time he had heard her utter his name;
And he paced the long deck to and fro, looking so blest and proud in his love and trust, that I know not how I uttered my thought alo id
With a touch of evnicism which now I think of, old friend, with pain,
I said, "How could you bear to lose where you only think to gain?"
And he stopped his walk and gazed at me with a look of porfect caim,
Like the peace of a soul that is fully tuned to the pitch of the infinite paalm
Of love "I have thought of that before, she may be dead and gone,
May be lying with violets on her breast. His holy will be done!
Or else she may have thought me dead, and have given

Or else she may have thought me dead, and have given herself to one More worthy than I should be of her; 'twere hard to

etiffs a moan

By that intensity of pain. In the heart's deep book That grid is more for the living lost than ever it is for the dead."

There was no pause in the reading, but at this moment Clara turned suddinly and leaned her head down on Ludy Ellison's lap; the blind lady's face was moved and paler, something in the reading had touched her—it may have been those last words about the "living lost"—and she put her hand tondly on the bowed, bright head on her knee. Mr. Burke watching, saw the

movement. Mr Lacy went on :

" ' But I dread it not, I feel so strong in the infinite love and trust,
And I know that God
crumble to dust.
She cannot clse be lost, I know there's a cant society

When a frivclous girl plays with a heart as long as

her fancy chooses,
Then casts the poor plaything away for others to toy
with (unless indeed

It be too much broken for that), and cares not and takes not the slightest heed.

And they call it only firting I but she is so pure and holy and high.

As much above that unwomanly shame as a star in

the depth's of sky;
And all of the lotty and beautiful with her inmost nature is blent.

My treasure, perhaps, may be lost to me, but it cannot have thus been spent!"

Clara had lifted her head again, and at these last words her eyes turned to the tall, stately figure leaning against the window, and met Mr. Burke's glance fixed upon her with a strangely meaning glance. The blood rushed in a hot flood to the girl's face, and she returned the look with one half pleading, half indignant, averting her face the next moment. Neither did she glance in Mr. Burke's direction again during the read-

ing; and when the pretty poem was over and he came to Lady Ellison's side—for he was a favorite with Clara's adopted mother -Clara quietly left her seat and quitted the

## CHAPTER VIII. WEDDING-BELLS AND FORTUNE-TELLING.

"Miss Frith and Miss Sylvia, if you

ready? All the young ladies are down, and it is getting late."
"Do come in, Jones," Sylvia answers, in a despairing voice. "Do help us, will you? We're in the most awful confusion. Wiss Frith's maid has been lent to Miss Elwes and her sister, and we have not had a soul to assist us,"

Jones, Lady Mary's maid, having completed her mistresses' toilet, declares herself at liberty to assist the two young ladies, who have just finished the work of dressing the bride, and are surveying their own dresses, laid out on the bed of the room they

share, rather ruefully.
"We shall never be ready," says Silvia,

despairingly.
"I am afraid we shall not, indeed," answers Clara, who is sitting in an arm ch ir, in her white wrapper, putting on the pret-tiest pair of white satin shoes imaginable.

"You should have dressed before you wert to Miss Ella, miss," said Jones, rapidly reducing Sylvia's hair from a tangled mass

of curls to the neatest of co ffures.

Very pretty did both girls look in the pretty costumes of cream-colored silk and great plumed Rubens hats to match; and when they descended to the drawing room most of the guests had already started for church, only Ella, looking pale and very beautiful, her father, and the bride maids being in the drawing-room.

I am not going to weary my readers with descriptions of the wedding and its details, the wedding presents, and guests, and dresses. They can read half a dozen such descriptions any day in the Court Journal; suffice it to say that the wedding passed off admirably. Ella looked most beautiful meaning and moved but full of a transployer. —pale and moved, but full of a tremulous happiness, which took half the pain from Lady Marys heart. Lord Arthur looked radiant, the bride-maids lovely, and the speeches were thoroughly appropriate and felicitous. The bride and bridegroom—the former in the prettiest of traveling costumes -left in the afternoon, amid the usual shower of rice, satin slippers, and good wishes: then, when the guests had left, Lady Mary went up to her room to give vent to the tears she had hitherto repressed; her husband soon followed her, and the

home party gathered in the hall, somewhat at a less to know what to do with themselves. The young people were alone, for Lady Ellison and the older portion of guests had gone to their rooms to recruit before dinner, in preparation for the cance in the evening.

Afternoon tea created some slight diver cien, and passed away half an hour; but the young people were either tired or de pressed, and the usual laughter and merry chat se med to have fl d with the bride and bridegroom. Perhaps the feminine portion of the community were envying Ella her handsome husband, her title, and trousseau; and it may be that some of the males were thinking Lord Arthur a lucky fellow, and pitying their own solitary conditions. "One wedding begets another," is another way of expressing the proverb which says that

"One fool makes many;" and, from the general aspect of things in the quaint old lutlat Fatherstone Hall, it might be conjectured that the proverb would hold good in this case. Sylvia and her cousin Charlle were sitting

in one of the low, cushioned window-seats, in one of the low, cusnioned window searce, the former looking very pretty and more subdued than usual in her bride-maids dress; while Charlie, leaning forward slightly, with his hand in suspicious proximity to hers, was talking earnestly in a very sentimental strain. Ted Fetherstone, with dark eyed Gracie Allen, was in the midst of a desperate firstation, which was growing very earnest, and likely, Mr. Burke thought, to prove serious. Mr. Lacy was discussing Owen Meredith and Robert Browning with Ludy Isabel Galo-an aristocratic-looking girl of three or four and twenty- and that the discussion was entertwenty— and that the discussion was enter-taining might be judged from the animated, eager faces of both. Lady Isabel's sister Annie was talking to Mr. Burke, who was leaning against the talloaken chimney piece, and glancing occasionally at Clara, who sat in the other window-seat -a favorite station of hers-with Lord Henry Gale and a couple of Charlie Dashwood's brother officers in attendance; and the group thus formed was by far the most lively of the several groups assembled in the hall; while Lord George Gale and Frances Dolby, the sixth bride-maid, occupied an old-fashioned settle by the chimney piece.

The house was very quiet—only the servants were moving about preparing the rooms for the evening entertainment; from the tennis court outside the children's gay voices and laughter came softly in, borne on the soft sammer breeze.

"I think this is rather slow," said Frances Dolby, presently—she way a handsome girl, addicted to flirtation, and with a strong ncon of slang pervading her conversation, but lively and agreeable withal—" shall we do something more exciting?" Rather slow!" said Lord George, rue-

"I call that a reflection on me, Miss Dolby. Has my conversation been boring

you awfully ?" "Not so much as it has bored you," she answered, laughing.

'Bored me!" he echoed, in a shocked

tone. "How can you suppose such a thing ?"

"How can I? I cannot suppose anything else? Do you think that I have not seen your strenuous efforts not only to keep from yawning, but to find subjects of conversa-tion?" asked Francis, gayly. "They have been most praiseworthy, but they must have exhausted you mentally as well as physically."
"Miss Dolby, you are cruel!"

"Lord George, you are—discerning!" laughed Miss Dolby. "Shall we adjourn the seance?

"What can we do?" said Sylvia, recalled to her duties as the young lady of the house, and cutting Captain Dashwood short in the middle of a most passionate tirade. Would you like to try a game of pool?"
"Or shall we play 'consequencer?" said

ady Annie, who was beginning to find Mr. Burke not so entertaining as his looks had promised.

" Consequences?' What game is that?' asked Lord George, laughing. "It sounds promising "

"It is not very enlivening," said Frances, lightly. "I don't think our brains are clear enough to make it amusing this afternoon.

" A happy thought has struck me!" said Sylvia, suddenly.
"Hear, hear!" laughs Frances.

"Frances shall tell our fortunes," said

Miss Fetherstone. "She tells them cap itally! "Oh ! delightfal !"

"Charming!"

"Oh! you must, Frances!" was echoed on all sides; and after some laughing resistance, Miss Dolby acquiesced, and a pack of cards was brought in

"I hope you all believe in it firmly," said Frances, as she seated herself before the square oak table in the centre of the hall, looking very bright and mischievous as she shuffled the cards; "because if there are incredulous ones present the sibyl refuses to prophesy,"

"Oh I we all believe implicitly," said

Lord George, laughing.

"Speak for yourself," said Miss Dolby, imperiously. "Ladies and gentlemen here present," she added, looking round gravely, if do you believe in why power with the do you believe in my power, with the help of these cards, to foretell events?'

Implicitly.

"Most certainly!"
"Without doubt!' repeated one after the other of the assembled company.

"Lord Henry, I did not hear your voice; nor yours, Miss Frith," said F ances, gayly

and the summons the two persons addressed looked up somewhat surprised, as if the pre ceding conversation had passed unnoticed
"What is it?" said Clara, leaving the

window-seat, and drawing near the group round the table, followed by Lord Henry. "I)o you believe in fortune telling?" said

"Of course not," said Clara, carelessly.
"Of ! but, Clara, you must!" said Sylvia, eagerly. "Frances is going to tell us our fortunes, and she cannot do it if there is

an unbeliever present."
"Then shall I go away?' said Miss Frith,

laughingly.

"No, you need not go away. I will convert her, Sylvia," said Miss Dolby, laughing. "Now, girls, who is coming first?"

Miss Allen was the first to volunteer, and when she had cut the cards Miss Dolby proceeded to tell her an amusing tissue, in which love and matrimony, and a present, and a fair man who had recently taken a long voyage, figured promin utly—the latter so evidently pointing to Ted Fetherstone that Gracio's clear brunette cheeks were crimson when Frances released her.

The next victim was Sylvia herself, and Miss Dolby's intimacy with the Fetherstone family enabled her to give a semblance of truth to the pretty fiction she wove for Syl-

via's edification.
"There are the passion cards between you and a dark man," Frances said, gravely, as she proceeded to determine Sylvia's fate, "and there is trouble—a little, you know, not very much—but if the love between you is sincere it will be surmounted."

"The course of true love, etc., etc.," said Sylvia's, forcing a laugh, but coloring to the roots of her supmy curls.

"Exactly," Frances answered, solemnly " but a little patience and fidelity will make all straight in t me. And there is a long voyage in store for you, and a dark man which will have a pleasant termination,

"The voyage of life, I hope, love," whisp red Charlie, as Sylvia went back to the window-seat.

"Oh, Charlie! How foolish!" sighed poor Sylvia. "You know papa will never, never consent."

" And yet, with a little patience and fidelit," murmured Charlie.
"Ah! you know that I will never marry any one else, Charlie," Sylvia answered, with the tenderes; smile.

"My darling," said Charlie, passionately.
Meanwhile the fortune-telling went on gayly; Frances Dolby's imagination vivid enough to make it amusing, and her penetration sufficiently great to enable her o put a piece of truth and possibility into her prognostications. One after the other the bride-maids heard their fale predicted by the pretty sybil, until Clara's turn arrived in due course.

"Now, Miss Frith, I am quite ready for you," Frances said cooly, "For me! What for?' said Clara, who

was apparently in a very absent mood.
"For your conversion. Will you cut,

please, three times ?" Clara lauzhed as she drew near the table.

and with a little spring perched herself upon it. Clara was rather an interesting character to the guests at Fetherstone all, she was so pretty and pleasant, and exquisitely dressed, and the others grouped round the table eagerly, Sylvia and Charlie Dashwood coming from the window-seat, and Mr. Burke from his station by the mantel-piece.

Clara glanced round, and folded her pretty hands in affected dismay and resignation,
"How inquisitive you all are! | Miss Dolby, do you allow such curiosity?" she said,

gayly.

"Oh! yes; I am anxious your conversion should be a public one," said Frances, lightly. "Will you cut, please?"

lightly. "Will you cut, please?"
"On! certainly."
Clara cut the cards into three packets as desired, and Miss Dolby proceeded to spread them solemnly before her.

"This is you," she said gravely. "This queen of diamonds; and you are at present in some perplexity. You must prepare yourself for trouble, but it will not be of long endurance, and will be succeeded by great happiness !

"How delightful !" laughed Clara.
"Your perplexity," continued Miss Dolby, without heeding the interruption, " you are anxious to solve."

"A doubt?" Clara repeated, her face losing its merriment, and the little hand

which held Sylvia's growing somewhat unsteady.

"Yes, a doubt. You are anxious to have it solved, and it concerns the happiness of some one you love."

As she spoke Frances lifted her head, and looked full into Clara's face. Miss Frith was very pale, and there was a strange look of troubled eagerness in her brown eyes. Mr. Burke, who was watching her, that as she spoke she pressed her hand almost involuntarily to her side.
"Well?" she said, faintly.
"And yet," continued Mass

"And yet," continued Miss Dilby, her head once more bent over the cards, " if it is solved as you wish it to be, if your desire is granted you, your own position will be materially altered. You will lose much of the a dark woman who is at present kindly disposed to you-you will lose much money

The fortune teller broke off suddenly. Clara's face was white, her lips quivering. Those around were silent, listening intently and seeing Clara s almost irrepressible emotion, Richard Burke's face had grown very

This girl, who seemed so true and : ure, was she but a deception after all? Was she engaged in some entanglement of which Lady Ellison would have disapproved? Was Miss Dolby aware of this? There was evidently something which moved the ordinarily self-possessed grl greatly, thought Ted's friend, with a pain at his own heart at the thought.

"There is a letter coming to you," continued Miss Dolby—" a letter from a dark man, concerning a fair man, which will give

man, concerning a rair man, which will give you a great disappointment, and——"
"Frances, do be quiet!" cried Sylvia at this juncture "('lara is ill. What is it, dear?' she added, softly. "Are you faint?' Miss Do by looked up in dismay. Apparent y, her conversion of Miss Frithihad been more complete than she had anticipated, for Clara had turned her face, and hidden it on Sylvia's shoulder, clinging to her friend

with trembling hands.

They gathered round her eagerly, with anxious questions, while Sylvia hastily desired her brother to fetch some water. But before he could obey her, Clara lifted her

"How absurd of me!" she said, forcing a little laugh. "I am afraid I startled you all. I was a little faint for a moment, that was all. Forgive me, Miss Dolby, for having intervented you." Tod. I don't was all. ing interrupted you. Ted, I don't want any water—no, nor salts, thank you. Will the sibyl kindly continue? Let me see, where were we, I was to have a letter, was I not?"
"Shall I go on?" Frances said, dubiously.

"Of course, if you will be so good. the cards tell you how I bear this threatened disapp intment ?"

They tell me that the disappointment is followed by great happiness," said Miss Dolby, gayly. "And the passion card in your life is surrounded by sunshine." "Does that mean that my love-affairs shall prosper,' said Clara, llippantly."

"Yes; but it is love 'affair.' The noun is not in the plurel," said Frances, gayly; "and"-she bent ever the cards again, then pushed them from her, flushing slightly—
"that is all, I think."

"No, 'said Clara, quickly. "Miss Dolby, don't spare my feelings! What do they tell you now?

"Nothing, indeed; but-"But what? Pray tell me!"

"But they say there is a separation in store for you, through a dark woman who will come between you and the man you love. This trouble will only be temporary."

"Is that all? said Clara drawing a little compared to the said clara drawing a l "But they say there is a separation in breath of relief. "Thanks, very much, fair sibv!!"

Completely. And now den't you think it is time to go and dress? said Mies Frith, jumping lightly from her seat on the table. Free Lands and Cheap to omes "Have I converted you?" Lidy Mary particularly wished we should

not be late. So saying, Clara went lightly away, and her departure was followed by a momentary silence; mass of those present were thinking of the strange emotion Chara had dis-played and wondering whether it proceeded

from bodily illness or mental discress. Just at this moment the dressing bell rang and there was a general dispersion; silken trains rustled softly up the broad, oaken staircase, little heels pattered on the polished floors, the silent bachelors' wing became noisy on the spot, gay voices sounded in the passages, and in five minutes the only persons left in the hall were Ted and "Ted's friend." The former was still lounging on the oak settle, the latter stood with his forehead against the tall, carved mantel shelf in deep thought.

"Time to go, old fellow," said Ted, indolently.

"You take longer getting into your swal low tail than I do," said Mr. Burke, absently, but he lifted his head and prepared to

make a move. Something in his face struck Ted. "Is there anything wrong, Dick?" he

said anxiously. "What makes you think so?" said the

other. "Your face." "Your face."
"It is a more expressive one than I thought," Dick answered, smiling somewhat sadly. "But there is nothing wrong, Ted; I was only thinking that a man who, having had his happiness once wrecked by a woman, and who ventures it a second time on a wonders have that the second ship."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

the first !'

## The King of Servia.

Servia was made independent of Turkish rule by the Treaty of Berlin, signed July the 13, 1878, as the result of war between Turkey and Russia. The Sultan's authority was thereby so weakened that he was obliged to give up all authority over the Servians. As events have shaped themselves, not withstanding the assistance given by the forces of the Czar in the attainment of her independence, Servia has gradually depart ed from the position of subserviency to Russia. This brings her into more intimate relations with Austria, which has an army of occupation in the neighboring States of Bosnia and Herzegovina; and as by the gradual dismemberment of Turkey, the interests of Russia and Austria become in creasingly opposed to each other, the peace of Europe is very seriously endangered as the result of the bloodless revolution accomplished by the people of Eastern Roumelia recently, in which Eastern Roumelia, a State tributary to Turkey, declared for union with Bulgaria, also tributary to the Porte, and the union is an accomplished fact.

King Milan I. was born in August, 1854. In 1868 his uncle, Prince Michail III, who occupied the Servian throne, was assassinated, and Prince Milan succeeded him. He was only 14 years old at the time, and a council of Regency was appointed to conduct the government of the principality in his name. In 1872 he attained his majority under the laws of Servia, was crowned, and took charge of the government in person. He was married October 17, 1875, to Natalie, son, Alexander, born August 14, 1876. T result was disastrous to King Milan. In March, 1877, the conditions of peace were signed. The next month bussia declared war against Turkey. Fortune favored the forces of the Czar, and by the Berlin Congress Servia was recognized to be independent of Turkey, with an important increase of terrritory. In March, 1882, Prince Milan accepted the royal dignity as tendered him unanimously by the National Assembly. October of the same year, a woman fired at him twice in the cathedral at Belgrade, his capital. The King was unhurt. His assai'ant was the widow of a colonel who had been executed by his orders, more than four years previously, for rioting.

### A Terrible Accident. Particulars are just to hand of a dreadful

accident which occurred the other morning at Stone Lick bridge on the Bedford and Chillicothe turnpike, resulting in the drowning of three persons and serious injury to two others. Last Thursday David Bigam, two others. Last Thursday David Bigam, a farmer living near Newtonville, while going to Cincinnati with a load of produce, was dangerously injured by a collision with was dangerously injured by a collision with a runaway team and is now in a precarious condition. Last Tuesday his daughter, Miley Bigam, aged 17, and his son Milton, aged 13, accompanied by Miss Yeager, aged 17 and Charles Paige, aged 19, with Joseph Burkle, of Boston, went down to Terrace park to see Bigam and administer to his wants. At two Colonk park marging they wants. At two o'clock next morning they started home in their two-horse wagon. When they reached Stone Lick creek four c'elock it was pitch dark. The bridge at this point was burned five years ago and has never been rebuilt. Owing to the darkness the team passed by the cut off to the ford, and came right up to the bridge abut-ments. Young Paige who was driving, just then realized their position and attempted to turn. In so doing, the team, wagon and five persons wore precipitated over the embankment. They fell into 15 feet of water. Burkle, Miss Bigam and her brother were drowned, but Paige and Miss Yeager managed to get out.

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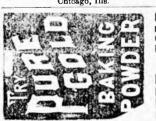
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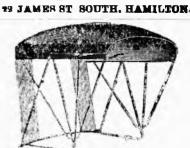
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