



CHAPTER XXXI.

The wedding morning dawned; a bright, crisp, cold, snowy Christmas Eve, and the wedding guests assembled; notably Mr. Sylvester of Rathmore and his grandson, Sylvester—transformed by a year of Dutch existence into a vulgar young dandy, who makes inane attempts at being "fashionable."

At last the bountiful wedding breakfast comes to an end, and the bride and groom take their departure amidst rich and old shows, and the guests go away one by one.

Hettie has been heroic in her own sorrowful way; she has endured a martyrdom of misery, and apprehension of some one discovering the supposed cause of this making "a horrible aspect," as she phrases it; and all the while she has smiled, and made witty replies, and been courteous and pleasant and attentive, until all has been "safely over," and the wedding guests, the wedding breakfast cleared away, and the house quiet, and then, according to the program she has laid out for herself, the afternoon post comes, bringing letters for Miss Stapleton, as she has cleverly managed that it shall; and, as is her usual habit, she reads the contents to read in her aunt's room while they are drinking their afternoon tea.

Muriel is not with them; indeed, she never makes one in any of her cozy fireside chats or tea drinkings. Only for Edith, her life would have been a solitary one for the last twelve months; now that Edith has gone it will be after loneliness indeed. Minutes after minute Hettie reads, trembling while she drinks her tea, knowing there is yet one letter to be opened. The envelope has been gummed up so that it is almost impossible to open. She tears it and the tell-tale postmarks across, as she unfolds the letter with an exclamation of surprise that "it is Mr. Farren's handwriting."

She reads a few sentences, and then, as the news is half told, flings the letter down with a wild cry of bitter grief, which is all real, and poor Mrs. Lowellyn learns the dreadful truth from Hettie's broken sobs and tears.

self and spinning her plump round waist with her white fingers daintily, as she sees Mr. Farren draw back hastily with a suppressed exclamation, as if with some one whom he tries to keep out of the room—some one whose dark, pale face and brilliant eyes look over Mr. Farren's head, and who pushes past him with a quick, imperious gesture, strides across the room, and in a few moments has outstretched hands before she can believe her terrified senses.

"Hettie—Hettie, dear—cousin! Don't you know me?" he says, hoarsely, as Hettie fairly shrieks and shrinks back against the wall, from the touch of the strong, sharply, sun-browned hands, which she knows broken out hearts grieving. It is not three months from the date that poor Muriel has learned was the date of Eric's death.

She is spending the evening with Mrs. Monrath, who has often done the same for her eccentric old friend in her own chance of being soothed, and the burden of her heart's desperate grief being eased from the time, as she sits, and looks across at the churchyard, and listens to Mrs. McGrath playing soft, wailing melodies, and singing mournful old ballads, and weeping quietly until she has no more tears left.

But on this evening she does nothing but gaze tearfully at the white headstones in the churchyard, and think of Eric—handsome, stalwart, gallant, and her lover and husband, lying dead, unshrouded, uncoffined, beneath the waves! Eric lying down in the depths of the sea, where she can never find his grave, where the waves and the winds of the ocean toss and roll over the face she has kissed and the hands that have clasped her so fondly. Thinking—thinking—until the midnight hour, and the dawn of a day at the mystery and horror of death, which indeed the Redeemer of Humanity alone could overcome, comes over her young and manly soul and fevers it with anguish.

"Let me go home! Let me go home!" she says, starting up suddenly. "I feel tonight as if my heart would break or my head would burst, and I can't breathe a word of my own mind. Let me go home! Let me go home! Let me go home!" she says, starting up suddenly. "I feel tonight as if my heart would break or my head would burst, and I can't breathe a word of my own mind. Let me go home! Let me go home! Let me go home!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Not exactly under her own vine or her own fig tree, as Mrs. Edith says, but at rest, as heroes and heroines are supposed to do after a well-fought battle, or a hard-won victory. But in that atmosphere of grief and sorrow, and the Grosvenor-gallery—"interior" like drawing room of gray, old Carraghane, does the astute young woman, who has labored so hard to get her own name and wealth and authority, rest luxuriously and tolerably well-satisfied on the whole with what the tide of Fate has brought to her, and with those pretty little haughty airs of hers outstretched with such eager avidity for all that may chance within their reach. Yes; tolerably well satisfied on the whole with what the tide of Fate has brought to her, and with those pretty little haughty airs of hers outstretched with such eager avidity for all that may chance within their reach.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The storm of that night was passed, and the night was over, and the sun shone brightly, and the new year—

A BRILLIANT SOLDIER.

Brigadier General James W. Forsyth was recently promoted to a major-generalship by President McKinley, and a few days later resigned from the army. His promotion was for the purpose of giving him the highest title obtainable, and to reach it he was passed over the head of an officer who outranked him as a commanding officer.

General Forsyth was a brilliant soldier and has been much service in the West. He is 63 years old. He came out of West Point, when he was 22, a second lieutenant, and was bundled off to the West at once. He served in Washington Territory and was on the Pacific coast when the war came. Life now began to assume a bright hue for him, and he was made first lieutenant. He took ship, sailed for New York, and was

ordered to Ohio, his native State. There he organized a company, became a captain of volunteers and marched off to the war. In less than a year he was in command of a brigade. Later he was placed on the staff of Gen. McClellan, and served in the Gettysburg and Maryland campaigns. He fought gallantly at Chickamauga and was brevetted major in the army as a reward. In 1868 he joined Gen. Sheridan on the Potomac, was made lieutenant colonel and inspector general of corps. He was again made brigadier general of volunteers for brave work at Richmond and Shenandoah, and in 1865 he was a captain in the regular army. He remained with Sheridan for some years after the war, and in 1870 was promoted colonel at Fort Riley, and later given a brigadier generalship. He is a soldier of the present and is a strict disciplinarian.

AND IT DIDN'T FALL.

How it happened.

There are two ways of moving chimneys. One way, and that usually followed, is to tear it down carefully and rebuild it in the desired place.

The River Thames.

The six days' bicycle races.

CURED OF HYPOCHONDRIA.

Heroic Measures Adopted in the Case of an Aged Invalid.

Execution by Asphyxiation.

TO SUPERSEDE STEAM.

TRAIN DRAWN BY NEW MOTOR.

Ready-Made Medicines.

Downright Robbery.

Japan's Navy.

Some worthless people are mighty laid to suit.

THE TATMAGE.

He Declares Women's First Sin Was Curiosity—The First Inquisitiones in the Garden of Eden and His Awful Results.

That there would be strong opposition to any change in the French law regarding executions by guillotine.

Voltaire was put in duress by his young days, and it was not his fault that he did not go back to the desert.

Charles wanted to have a telephone put into his house, so that he might exchange sweet converse with his wife, but his mother protested earnestly against it.

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