

On Her Wedding Morn.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

"I do not think that in my power," she said, laughing. "I have never agitated him but once; and that once, as the children say, paid for all. I will see him this afternoon. Mrs. Neville is sure that I must trust to your kindness to make all arrangements for my departure."

"Mine is not a happy life, Mrs. Neville," he said, "never go into the great world. Live at Lettington Park, and I try to forget a great sorrow in the strict fulfillment of duty. The sins of our youth always find their way out, and I have been expiating it ever since."

So the year passed, spring came round again, and in May I read this announcement: "Died, on the 3rd of May, at Nice, Isabella, Lady Wynton. She was interred in the cemetery at Nice on the 5th."

Life on such a morning was a boon as a privilege, the much honored Asheton, as she stood entranced by the beauty of the morning. She was all unconscious of the marvelous loveliness of the picture she made herself. Her white morning dress, knotted here and there with rose-colored ribbons, fell in graceful folds round her tall, slender figure; a wealth of shining, waving hair rippled over her shoulders, the morning breeze had brought the faintest bloom to her cheeks, her large dark eyes, lit with light, the beautiful lips were parted in keen enjoyment.

She stood watching a pretty miniature waterfall, she had hardly understood the water, and watched the spray running over her white fingers; then she thought she would cross a little rustic bridge which spanned the stream, and was about to do so when a rich, deep voice said: "I should advise you not to trust your self to that little bridge; it is under repair and is not quite safe."

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CHAPTER XL.—"DIED SUDDENLY AT NICE." After a few weeks more Lord Wynton was pronounced well enough to leave River House. By that time he had grown warmly interested in him. I took him exceedingly. He was a man of a certain, always unselfish, full of grateful fact, most refined gentleman. I ventured one day to say that I hoped at some future time our paths might cross again. He looked very sadly at me.

CHAPTER XL.—"THE HERO OF HER DREAMS." The Countess of Ervington had a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. She delighted in spending part of her time there, and she was very popular in London society. She had invited "The Queen of the Season," without whom no assemblage was complete.

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Table with 4 columns: Destination, Fare, and other details. Includes routes to Chatham, Loggieville, and various northern and southern destinations.