

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVE.

OR—
PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of "A Forbidden Marriage,"
"Thou Pretty Young Girl," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOOK FELL FROM THE CLERGYMAN'S
HAND.

CONTINUED.

Then it was time to enter the carriage.

They crowded round her in that moment of

parting, how well she remembered it in the

after days.

She saw kindly faces and heard friendly

voices and good wishes.

The duchess went as she bade her adieu.

I am sorry to lose you, Irene, she said, but

I have no fear for you; you will be as happy as

the day is long; you will know no care, no sorrow

as Frederick Emmond's wife. I had a beloved

sister of my own I could not

wish for her a better fate than that

she should have married him. You are going

into the great world together, you will

henceforth be all in all to each other, you will

have a future all sunshine. Let me give you

one little word of advice on this thresh-

old of your honeymoon, make a confidante

of your husband in all affairs both great and

small, and no shadow, no distrust, will ever

creep between you.

Irene smiled pitifully, and kissed the

duchess.

Come my darling, said Emmond, clasping

her hand, we will be late for the boat.

Irene entered the carriage with her young

husband and they were driven off amidst a

shower of rice and white slippers, and merry

girlish wishes wishing them all manner of hap-

piness.

They had entered upon the new life stretch-

ing out before them that they were to spend

together.

CHAPTER XIX.

"CANNOT ENJOY THIS DESOLATE LIFE."

The happy bride and bridegroom had left

care and trouble behind them. Never did

life open so fairly. Frederick Emmond took

his young wife directly to Paris. She must

see something of the gay world before they

retired to their villa in Italy; he knew that

everything would be a novelty to her. He

had travelled, but Irene had never quitted

English shores; as he had expected, she was

full of enthusiasm about everything she saw,

and her husband was delighted with her hap-

piness.

He took her wherever she expressed the

slightest desire to go. He showed her the

old Bastille, where so many hundreds of in-

nocent people had undergone all the tortures

of imprisonment and death; the grand old

Abbey of St. Denis, where sleep the most

chivalrous race of men, the Kings of France;

the grand old palaces where kings and queens

had reigned, suffered, and enjoyed; the grand

old towers that stood serene and calm, al-

though the kings that had adorned them, and

the queens who had loitered under their shade,

had laid their heads on the block.

From gay Paris they went to Switzerland,

visiting the various places where Emmond

had wandered, wearing his life out thinking of

her in that past which he never liked to recall.

They found there, in a taste of Paradise,

these newly wedded lovers enjoyed of their

hearts' content.

No place could have been more picturesque

ly beautiful than the Chateau at which they

stopped, the terrace and grounds surrounding it

were literally smothered with roses.

Flowers of every hue, of every description,

of every variety of loveliness climbed the walls,

peeped in at the windows, covered the iron

railings, and climbed over the doors. The

country around was magnificent, the lake

clear and blue, the grand mountains in the

distance covered with snow, eternally white

and calm, and the green lovely valleys.

It was beautiful to rise in the morning and

breakfast while looking on the blue lake with

white sails boats shining in the sunning

gliding across it.

Flowers of every hue, of every description,

of every variety of loveliness climbed the walls,

of the lock is rusty, too, as though it had

not been opened for years.

I am sorry you have taken such a fancy to

that place, said a lady friend to Irene, when

she confided to her plans of securing the

place. It is very beautiful, but there are very

few heretobes who would enter those locked

doors. The peasants are superstitious; they

would go miles out of their way rather than

pass the place at midnight. Artists love to

go there and sketch the places, and romances

have been written about it for long years. There

is a legend connected with it. Sit down here,

where we can have a good view of the place

through the green branches of the trees, and

I will tell you the legend:

"These old Italian villas and ruins have

quite legends about them, generally, but this

perhaps is the saddest. It is quite true, for it

is touched for in the annals of history. The

place is a very old one you observe. The

story runs that many years ago, some-

time in the beginning of the present century,

the place was owned by a noble lord, who

spent his days and his vast wealth in every

possible manner human ingenuity could devise.

The villa was always ablaze with lights and

merry with guests. The revelry might after

night from the grand old halls, made the wel-

kin ring.

At the age of fifty, the old lord found him-

self a bankrupt; the whole of his princely for-

tune had been spent in riotous living, squan-

dering and dissipation, and he was left with

nothing but a few shillings, and a few acres of

land, and his hair had turned grey, his sight had

grown dim, the high spirits and good nature had

all given place to a sour, cynical frame of

mind.

He set about looking for the only thing pos-

sible to retrieve his ruined fortune, a rich wife.

So he went in search of one, in the person of a

young and lovely girl, a tradesman's daughter.

The tradesman had amassed a magnificent

fortune, his one remaining ambition was to

see his daughter marry a title.

In justice to the young girl, he said, that

she was bitterly opposed to the union. She

shrunk back in horror from the old lord when

he was presented to her, for there was the

memory of a handsome young lover whose

pleasing voice was still in her heart.

"Her father was firm; she must marry the

old. He will have been her law, she could

not disobey, so, with wild despair, she

wedded the old lord, and her heart seemed to

die within her at the very altar.

From the church the old lord brought his

bride to the villa, but though she brought him

nothing but unhappiness, she brought her

tragedy which has not, and will never be for-

gotten herabout was enacted.

The old lord had left the villa one day for

a week's absence, and left the gardeners. They

were startled, and well they might be. Yes, it

had come to that; the noble lord employed

gardeners, who patrolled the grounds by

night and by day to see that the poor unhap-

py lady did not make off.

The old lord's horse fell lame when but a

day's journey had been completed, and he

was obliged to return home on foot for another

hour. He arrived at the villa at midnight.

I shall see how well the gardeners are per-

forming their duty, he said. When the cat is

away the mice will play.

Very cautiously he stole into the grounds,

creeping in the shadow of the wall until he

reached the western wing, in which my lady's

rooms were.

Not one of the gardeners had met him; he

was as cautious as a thief when planning out

the punishment he should mete out to them. He

would learn them that it meant to be directed

in their duty, believing him to be far away.

How placid the stone villa looked in the

white, bright moonlight. My lady's windows

were open; the night winds blowing the filmy

lace curtains to and fro. Suddenly, as he

was gazing, the filmy curtain parted, and a

young and handsome man stepped through the

window out on to the balcony, my lady leaning

on his arm, her arms about his neck, and his

eyes fixed on her face with a look of

ecstasy. He was not a man to answer rashly;

and there was something about this fair young

woman, stricken down so suddenly, who lay

before him, that warned him her's was no

common illness. When he had administered

restoratives, and the dark eyes had flashed

suddenly open, there was a look in them that

did not like, he read in them acute terror.

Emmond touched his arm again with a trem-

bling hand. You do not answer me, doctor,

he said, in a malignant fever, tell me

what it is, I cannot bear suspense.

No, responded the doctor, shortly, nothing

of that kind; the mind is diseased rather than

the body. She has suffered a mental strain

which has overpowered her at last; I believe

she has been fighting against this illness

now for long months. Have you any

new cause of her deep depression? he

asked, turning to the wondering young hus-

band.

Depression! echoed Emmond, why

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HON. J. W. LONGLEY,

Pays a Brief Visit to Frederic-

ton, and talks on Current

Topics with

THE DAILY HERALD.

The Hon. J. Wilberforce Longley, M.

P. P., for Annapolis, and Attorney Gen-

eral in the Nova Scotia local government,

arrived in the city Saturday evening to

spend Sunday with his friend Professor

Roberts, and during his stay was inter-

viewed on the leading questions of time

by THE DAILY HERALD. The reporter

found the general politician and lawyer