Pride and Prejudice

OR

THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

CHAPTER LIV.—*Continued.*

The dainty purchases were all packed. There was no more shopping; they could remain no longer at the hotel.

"In ten days more," said Mrs. Carstone, regretfully, "I must leave you. My husband and son return from abroad, and I must join them. Will you come home with me?"

"No. I thank you with all my heart, but I could not do that. Think for me—I cannot think for myself; find some place for me to live in I can die."

"Die! What nonsense my dear! Why should you die? 'Hope on, hope ever.' Let us think what it is best that I should do for you."

She thought for some time, while Violet sat by her side with a white despairing face. Suddenly Mrs. Carstone looked up.

"I know the very thing!" she cried. "I have an endless array of poor relatives, and my husband is very generous to them all. I have a cousin, Miss Mary Marsoton, by name, who lives in a pretty little house at Weston-on-Sea. I will take you there, and you will stay with her until we can see more clearly what better we can do. You must do your best to gain health and strength. I can come there to see you very often."

"You are so good to me!" sobbed Violet with a sudden burst of tears.

So it was arranged. Nothing better could be done; and on the day following, the two ladies left the Great Northern Hotel and went to the pretty little house at Weston-on-Sea.

Miss Marston received them with open arms and Mrs. Carstone told what she thought necessary of Violet's history. Miss Marston promised to take the greatest care of the beautiful young lady. And there within sound of the restless sea, Violet lived for many weeks. She never guessed the truth that the letters sent to Ryverswell had fallen into the hands of the dowager, who, feeling that Violet would write as some time or other, had ordered all letters sent to Ryverswell to be forwarded to Athelstone. Her son had been too wretched, too indifferent to give any directions with regard to his letters; he did not expect any from Violet. The dowager opened both letters, read and burned them—then thanked Heaven that the danger was past, and hoped that the girl's word would come true, and that she would soon die.

One morning, Miss Marston, going into her lodger's room, found her lying with her face on the ground and a newspaper crushed in her cold, white hand.

CHAPTER LV.

The fair sweet month of May, bringing its own fair crown of hawthorn—the fairest May that for many years had blessed the land. It came with smile of sun and song of birds and sweetest bloom of flowers. Over the land lay a veil of tender green, the sea shimmered beneath the glorious sun.

To one heart the sunlight, the song, and the flowers brought no joy, no happiness, no hope, nothing but the chill of despair. For the long weeks had passed without bringing to Violet intelligence of or from her husband. Mrs. Carstone had been several times to see her, and found her on each visit looking paler, more languid, and more ill, each time more hopeless.

"I shall never see him again," was the burden of her cry. "I must not blame him. It was all my fault. When I had his love I did not value it; now that I have lost it, I am dying for it. It is strange, loving me so dearly, that he should not have sent me one word."

"Do you think it possible that he may never have received the letters?" asked her friend.

"No; had there been any mistake in the address, they would have been returned to me. It is that he will not come; I have tried him too far. It is best perhaps as it is. I shall die; and he will be free to marry the girl his mother has chosen for him."

And Mrs. Carstone this time had no cheering words. She agreed with Violet that he had lost patience and cared no more for his wife. She was terribly anxious concerning Violet, for the girl had clung to her with kisses and tears, imploring her not to tell anyone, either friend or foe, where she was, threatening that, if she did so, she would go where no one could follow her or find her; and Mrs. Carstone knew that she would keep her word, so that to neither husband nor son could she say one word.

"I am sure I shall die," Violet would say to her quite calmly, her woeful eyes looking over the restless sea; "and then they will all be happy. I shall be out of the way, and no more trouble to them."

"But what if you do not die?" asked Mrs. Carstone, anxious to rouse her.

"You are a good woman," said Violet, "and Heaven hears the prayers of such. Pray for me that I may die!"

As she spoke she wrung her hands with a gestue of despair. She had given up hope. Once or twice she thought she would go home to Aunt Alice, and ask to die near the bonny woods of St. Byno's where Randolph had first met her. As her strength decreased a terrible languor came over her. Her brain and mind were ever employed. In imagination she was always with Miss Marr and her husband. She was sure that they were together. The dowager's influence had prevailed; Randolph had learned to look upon her coldly, had almost forgotten her. Oh, welcome death that would take her from such a troubled life!

One morning she felt strangely ill and weak. She went down to her pretty little parlour, where breakfast was prepared for her. Lately a craving for news had possessed her, and she had ordered two or three fashionable journals, hoping to see her husband's name mentioned, hoping to find out where Miss Marr was. This morning she was rewarded, for one little item of fashionable news ran thus:—

"The Earl and Countess of Princethorpe have been entertaining a large and select party of guests at Princethorpe Manor. Amongst them were Lord and Lady Kintail, Miss Marr, Colonel Morton and many others."

"Miss Marr," "Princethorpe Manor." She wrote the words down, not knowing why but in obedience to some unaccountable instinct. Presently she came to a paragraph that seemed to her her death warrant.

"We understand that proceedings have been taken by the members of a noble and powerful family to set aside the marriage of the head of the house, under the plea that it was contracted while the nobleman was a minor. The case is likely before long to occupy the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe."

It so happened that the paragraph referred to the marriage of the young Marquis of Conmara, who eloped with his mother's waiting maid, and not to Randolph, Lord Ryvers. But to Violet's jealous heart it seemed as though every word was meant for him and for her. This was why her husband had not answered her letters or been to see her. He must be a consenting party to it or it could not be done. They would annul her marriage, after all; yet she would be the mother of the heir of Ryverswell. Randolph would marry Miss Marr. There came to her disordered mind a vision; she saw her husband standing before the altar with the heiress, as he had stood with her, his fair head and handsome face bent over her.

"He is mine, he is mine!" cried Violet; and then she fell with her face to the ground.

Miss Marston found her so, and her first proceeding was to telegraph for Mrs. Carstone, and her next to send for a doctor.

It was barely noon when Mrs. Carstone arrived.

"Tell me the worst!" she cried, when she saw Miss Marston's pale face.

"I found her lying in her room this morning, with her face to the ground, and the doctor fears the worst."

Pale and trembling, Mrs. Carstone sunk into the nearest chair.

"Let me see the doctor," she said, "before I see her."

But he only confirmed Miss Marston's words. Then Mrs. Carstone went up to Violet. A white face framed in golden hair lay upon the pillow, two beautiful eyes, shadowed with pain, looked at her wistfully as she entered, a white hand, thin and fragile, beckoned her.

"Ask him," she said, "if I shall see my baby before I die."

"You will not die, Violet," answered Mrs. Carstone; but none of the old hope shone in her face.

Not long afterward came the terrible struggle between life and death.

More than once they had been forward, believing she was dead; but suddenly arose on the calm summer air a little cry, faint, feeble, wailing cry, the sound of which brought a faint colour to the white, beautiful face. Mrs. Carstone had never shed such tears in her life as those she shed when they placed the little heir of Ryverswell in her arms.

A faint whisper came from the white lips.

"Shall I see my baby before I die?"

"Can you not save her?" cried Mrs. Carstone. "It seems so horrible that she should die now!"

"Heaven may save her—I cannot," replied the doctor, more moved than he cared to show.

"How long have I to live?" asked the weak voice. "Days or hours?"

"Hours, I fear," was the grave reply.

And then they placed the tiny child in the falling arms that clasped him with such unutterable love.

Violet did not think much of her husband in that hour of desperation and pain—only of the child, the little child she must leave.

"Can you not save me? Help me to live!" she gasped, with white lips.

It was—so the doctor said—merely a matter of hours. Who would take care of her child? She thought of Miss Marr, the noblest woman she knew in the world. Ah, yes! She should die more at peace, happier, if she knew that her child was with Miss Marr.

With difficulty she made Mrs. Carstone understand that she was to telegraph to Princethorpe Manor.

"Say that Violet Beaton wants her, and begs her to come at once. Shall I live," she asked, wistfully, "until she comes?"

"We will do our best for you," said the doctor; but he had no hope.

CHAPTER LVI.

Miss Marr obeyed the summons promptly, though she wondered greatly why Violet Beaton had telegraphed in so sudden and peremptory a manner for her.

Mrs. Carstone received her, and the two looked at each other curiously.

"I am Mrs. Carstone," said the millionaire's wife—"Mrs. Carstone of Ingleshaw," she added, with a faint hope that the glories of that most ancient place had reached the aristocratic ears of the lady before her.

But no gleam of recognition came into the proud face.

"Is it I who telegraphed to you, Miss Marr," she continued. "The poor lady is dying, and her one wish was to see you."

"Dying?" cried the heiress, startled from her usual calm. "You do not mean to tell me that Violet Beaton is dying?"

"I fear so. The doctor says it is but a matter of hours; and I am sure she has sent for you because she wishes to leave the little child with you."

"The child! What do you mean?" cried Miss Marr.

"I speak of the child whose birth is to cost its mother's life. Miss Marr there can be no more secrets now. Do you know who Violet Beaton is?"

"She is Violet Beaton, I presume. I know nothing more about her."

"She is Lady Ryvers!" cried Mrs. Carstone with a burst of tears. "It is useless to keep her secret any longer. Lord Ryvers must know of the death of his wife and the birth of his son.

"Lady Ryvers!" cried the heiress. "Lady Ryvers! Do you mean that she is the wife of Randolph, Lord Ryvers?"

"I do. And the friends of Lord Ryvers have driven her to death!"

But Miss Marr could not believe what she had heard.

"Pardon me," she said, "you are wrong. Violet Beaton has been living with a relative of mine. That is how I know her; that is why she has sent for me."

"I assure you, Miss Marr, that the young lady dying upstairs is Violet Beaton, who married Lorn Ryvers. I have known her and her history for some time. It was with me she took refuge when she left Ryverswell."

"And who," cried the heiress, sinking pale and trembling upon the sofa, "did you say you are?"

"I am Mrs. Carstone of Ingleshaw," repeated the millionaire's wife.

A sudden gleam of recollection came to Miss Marr; she had heard the name often enough.

"Your husband is the millionaire who bought Ingleshaw?" she said.

And in spite of the sorrow hanging over them, Mrs. Carstone's face was a picture of complacency as she answered "Yes."

But the heiress could hardly comprehend the other intelligence, that Violet Beaton was Lady Ryvers, the unhappy young wife who had left her husband.

"I have known and loved her," continued Mrs. Carstone, "ever since we met abroad. She came to me in her distress and despair when she left her husband; or rather I met her by accident, and took her home with me. She would not remain, she would work for herself; and a friend of mine found her an engagement with a Mrs. Ingram of Queen's Elm."

"That is my grandmother. I met her there; I spent some weeks there with her." Suddenly Miss Marr remembered all that she had confided in her, how she had told her the story of her great love for Randolph, and how she intended to win him for herself, if she could. She stood dismayed, bewildered, tortured by the recollection. How little she had dreamed that she was speaking to Randolph's wife! She clasped her hands with a bitter cry. "If she dies," she said, "it is I who have killed her! But I did not know—oh, Heaven, I did not know!"

"I should say that Lady Ryvers has killed her," remarked Mrs. Carstone.

"It is too horrible!" said the heiress. "And you say there is a little child born today?"

"Yes—a lovely little boy."

"Heir of Ryverswell!" said Miss Marr. You must send for Lord Ryvers at once."

"It is useless," replied Mrs. Carstone; "his wife has sent for him twice, and he has refused to come."

"I will not believe it!" cried the heiress. "If ever a man worshipped a woman, Lord Ryvers worshipped his wife. From the time she left home, he shut himself up, and no one has seen him since. He would have given the whole world to find her; but she told him she would never return. He would have flown to her if he had thought she would even speak to him."

"I was with her when she wrote and posted the letters."

"Then there has been foul play," declared Miss Marr, "for I know that Lord Ryvers has never received one word from his wife since she left him. And you say she is dying?" Tears filled her eyes. "Let me see her," she said; "there is no time to be lost."

She grew pale as she entered the room and saw the beautiful colourless face of Violet and the tiny head of the wearing babe. She was so true a woman that at the sight tears filled her eyes. With gentle step she went up to the young wife and knelt down by the bedside.

"Violet," she said, gently, "do you know me? I am Gwendoline Marr."

There was a faint stir of the white eyelids. It seemed that by a desperate effort she was trying to bring herself back to life.

"She wants to speak to me," said the heiress, piteously. "Can you do nothing for her?"

The doctor came forward with a spoonful of strong cordial. Then the white eyelids opened.

"You sent for me, Violet. What can I do for you?"

"I want to give you this," she said, opening her arms that her friend might see her little child. "You are one of the noblest women in the world. Will you take him for me?" Then with one white weak hand she drew the dark, beautiful face down to her own. "You know my story," she whispered, faintly; "you know who I am. It seems to me almost that I have come back from the dead to see you. You know now that I am Randolph's wife."

"Yes; I know. Will you forgive me for all the pain I have caused you? If I had known that you were Randolph's wife, I should never have spoken of him."

"I know; but you love him still?"

"I shall love him forever," was the low reply.

"And you will marry him after I am dead? Everyone will forget me, and you will be happy together. I give you my little son—he will be Randolph's heir; you will love him and cherish him and care for him as if he were your own?"

"I promise," answered Miss Marr.

"How strange," said Violet, "That you should have both my husband and my son! You will love him? Do not tell him about me; let him think you are his mother. And tell Randolph I should like to be laid to rest in the old churchyard at St. Byno's. Mine has been a short, troubled life."

"Violet," said her friend, "would you not like to see your husband?"

"He would not come to me. I sent to him twice; he would not come."

"I am sure he would come to see you and his little son if he knew. Would you like to see him?"

Oh, the rapture of love and of longing in the pale face!

"I believe," she whispered, faintly, "that if I saw him I should not die. I should live in spite of myself."

"Then you shall see him," her friend declared. "I will go and bring him to you. Doctor," she said, hastily, "I am sure that Lady Ryvers is better; give me just one gleam of hope." The doctor looked up when he heard the rank and name of his patient.

"Give me one gleam of hope," she repeated.

"The best I can say is that Lady Ryvers is no worse, and that every hour she lives adds to her chance of living," he answered, gravely.

Miss Marr bent over the pale face.

"Violet," she said, "try to live. Try to think that Randolph is coming, and wants to see you."

"Randolph will marry you; you are best suited for him; they all love you. I am content to die. Oh, dear friend, love my son!"

And then the pallor deepened, the white eyelids fell.

"Is she dead," cried the heiress, in great alarm.

"No; she is only exhausted," replied the doctor.

Then kissing the cold brow, Miss Marr stole softly out of the sick room, and, hastening at once to the telegraph office, dispatched the following message:

"From Miss Marr, railway station, Weston-on-Sea, Kent, to Lord Ryvers, Athol House, Mayfair, London—Come here at once; your wife, Violet, is dying, and wishes to see you. I will be at the station to meet you."

What wonder, consternation, and bewilderment that telegram caused Lord Ryvers! That Violet, his beautiful, wilful young wife, should be dying seemed to him impossible. And why should Miss Marr be with her? Violet was dying—Violet, whom he found in the old woods of St. Byno's—Violet for whom he had given up the whole world, who had been so brightly happy with him, who had overwhelmed him with bitter reproaches and left him! Violet was dying; and Miss Marr, the beautiful woman whom everyone had wished him to marry, was with her!

Weston-on-Sea was not very far. He had reached the railway and stood with Miss Marr's hand fast clasped in his before he realized what had happened and where he was.

CHAPTER LVII.

As they drove hurriedly from the railway station to the house, Miss Marr told Lord Ryvers all that had happened.

"And Violet was with you," he cried—"really and truly with you? How strange! It must have been the very hand of Heaven."

"I believe it was," said Miss Marr, quietly.

And then she told him of the birth of his little son. He was astonished and bewildered. All he could say was:

"My poor Violet! Pray Heaven that we may find her living! If I can but look in her face once more and tell her how much I love her!"

She was living and her life hung upon a thread. The question was whether his sudden appearance would snap that thread.

"She told me she should live if she saw you and I believe it," said Miss Marr.

There was another surprise for Lord Ryvers when he saw Mrs. Carstone and heard her story, how she had helped and befriended his hapless young wife.

"But you," he said reproachfully—"you should have sent to me. You knew how well I loved her."

But Mrs. Carstone had her own defence. Of what use was it for her to interfere when he had sent no answer to his wife's urgent prayer? Then he heard the story of the letters, and for the first time it struck him how negligent he had been, that he ought to have taken precautions. But he never thought that Violet would write. The letters must have gone to Ryverswell and fallen into his mother's hands. He told himself that if his wife died his mother would be the cause.

With quiet tread he entered the sick room. Death was not present, yet seemed very near. The beautiful face had grown even more colourless, the nerveless arms had almost relaxed their hold.

"Violet," said Miss Marr, bending over her, "can you hear me?"

But there was no answer. Again she spoke, but it was with the same result.

"I am afraid we are too late," she said. "Speak to her yourself."

Then he came forward and looked upon her, his wife, his darling, his only love, lying there so still and pale, with her little son in her arms. He did not look at the child, his eyes riveted were on her face. This was his Violet, whom he had found where "June's palace was paved with gold." A bitter cry, the cry of a strong man in despair, came from his lips as he fell upon his knees by her side.

At the sound Violet opened her eyes. It had pierced her heart, and stirred what little life was there.

"Violet," he cried—"oh, my darling, speak to me, look at me!"

A faint colour rushed to her face, a faint light came into the shadowed eyes, the white lips smiled.

"Violet, my darling, my dear wife!" he cried. "Oh, thank Heaven that I see those dear eyes once again! Violet, say 'Welcome!'"

"Welcome!" she responded, faintly.

And then he heard her whisper something about the baby. He stooped and kissed the tiny face.

"My little son!" he said, "May Heaven bless and keep my little son! Violet you must get better. You must live for my sake."

She drew his head down to her face and whispered in his ear:

"It will be better much better for me to die; then you can marry Miss Marr, and you will all be happy. I should be only in the way, and she will be kind to my baby."

"If you die, Violet, I shall die," he said. "There will be neither love nor marriage for me. I want not Miss Marr or another, but you, sweet, only you. Live for me, Violet!"

"You did not come when I sent," she whispered.

"I never received the letters; I never heard of them until to day."

And then it seemed to her as though the sting of death had been removed.

"I should have come at once. I should not have delayed one moment," he said. "Oh, Violet, live for me!"

Her eyes closed, and her head drooped upon his breast; she fell into a deep, sweet slumber, and those round her watched in anxious expectation. Over the face of the doctor came an expression of relief; Mrs. Carstone breathed more freely.

"If Lady Ryvers should recover," she said to Miss Marr, "it is you who will have saved her life by bringing her husband to her." Once the little child surred, and the nurse took it away; but Violet still slept."

"It is almost miraculous," said the doctor; "I believe she will live."

How long she lay in that deep, dreamless sleep, her husband's arm round her, her head pillowed on his breast, Violet never knew. When at last she woke, it was to find his handsome face bent over her, with an undying love shining in his eye.

"I know; but you love him still?"

"I shall love him forever," was the low reply.

"And you will marry him after I am dead? Everyone will forget me, and you will be happy together. I give you my little son—he will be Randolph's heir; you will love him and cherish him and care for him as if he were your own?"

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"If you die, Violet, I shall die," he said. "There will be neither love nor marriage for her and give her a hearty welcome to Ryverswell? Oh, mother, do this for my little son's sake! Your heart will relent to the mother when you see the child."

There was a short, sharp struggle in the dowager's proud heart before she answered. Then she put her arms round her son's neck, and said:

"I will go."

On the evening of that same day Violet sat watching the sun set over the sea, when her husband's mother entered the room, and, going up to her, kissed the beautiful face.

"Violet," she said, "I have come to make friends. For baby's sake forgive me all my unkindness; forgive me, dear, and let us bury the past."

But it was not for "baby's sake" that she grew fond of the girl she had persecuted and hated; it was for her own. She made her submission with queenly grace. She asked Violet to return to Ryverswell, and let the past be forgotten.

Before they had been three days together, Violet took heart of grace.

"Lady Ryvers," she said, "I want to ask a great favour of you; so great a favour is it that, if you grant it, not only will the past be obliterated from my mind, but I shall be grateful for it that the whole devotion of my life will never repay you."

"I should hardly have thought that it was in my power to grant you a favour," replied the dowager. "What is it, Violet?"

"Let Monica marry Paul Caerlyon," she said, boldly. The dowager looked as though the sky had fallen at her feet. Then Violet told Monica's love story. She shed many tears over it, and at last, slowly, reluctantly, but in the end graciously, the dowager yielded; and Monica's joy was as great as her sorrow had been.

Paul was invited to Ryverswell; and nothing would please Lord Ryvers until the family from Inglesbaw had been asked too; and then followed such a triumphal home-coming as has seldom been witnessed. How the people cheered when they saw the little heir and his beautiful young mother! How they talked afterward of "the string of carriages!" Lord and Lady Ryvers were in the first, with the dowager and Monica. Then came the Earl and Countess of Lester; then Mr. and Mrs. Carstone. Paul Caerlyon and Oscar Carstone rode. There was such cheering and feasting, such merriment and revelry, that the day is still spoken of as one to be reemembered.

So long as they lived, Lord Ryvers did everything in his power to show his gratitude to the millionaire and his wife. He introduced them everywhere, and he spoke so highly of them that everyone was anxious to know them, and in that way he amply repaid his obligations to them. Oscar made a grand match—he married the daughter of an impoverished earl, of whom his parents stood greatly in awe during the remainder of their lives.

Violet, Lady Ryvers, took courage and wrote to her Aunt Alice, telling her of the birth of her little son; but Miss Atherton was Spartan to the last. She never answered the letter, and remains to this day quite indifferent to the fact that her niece is one of the most beautiful, most popular and admired women in England, admired all the more for the little bursts of radicalism in which she indulges. Since she is the mother of the future Lord of Ryverswell, she cannot consistently dislike the aristocracy.

Beautiful Violet had found amid her orange blossoms many thorns. She has none now; the crown of perfect wifehood, perfect motherhood, sits on her queenly head. All the romance of her youth goes with her through life, and she never tires of telling her children how her husband wooed her in disguise and married her for love.

There was just one shadow to the sunny picture. Miss Marr went away, passed out of their lives. It was better for all three, she said, that they should not meet. She made her home in Italy; but her house was desolate, just as her heart was empty, because she loved the wrong man.

Violet, Lady Ryvers, laughs gaily now as she says, "Better a wreath of orange blossoms with hidden thorns than no orange blossoms at all!"

THE END.

CONJUGAL INFELICITY.

The Sad Story of a Young Wife's Troubles

MONTREAL, June 26.—A deplorable case of conjugal infelicity that is exciting not a little comment in society circles here at present is likely to be shortly ventilated in the Superior Court, as the friends of the young wife are urging her to apply for a legal separation from her husband for his brutal treatment. A few nights ago two or three gentlemen living in the most aristocratic quarter of the city above Sherbrooke street were startled out of their slumbers by the cries of a lady in painful distress in a house contiguous to theirs. The disturbing sounds continued for a considerable time—one gentleman says fully an hour, another householder an hour and a half. Feeling a delicacy in going to the house to personally interfere, the head of the family in the next dwelling dressed, went out, and taking a cab from the nearest stand drove hastily to the mansion of the brother of the man who was violently assaulting his wife. After relating the lamentable story and expressing her fears for the lady's life, the brother of the ungoverned and cruel husband immediately left with his friend and proceeded to the scene where the trouble was even not then ended. The wife implored her brother-in-law to conduct her with her child to his home for protection. On hearing her complaints of the terrible beating and choking which she had been subjected to, without her husband denying any part of the narrative, the brother-in-law took the distressed and ill-treated lady with her child to his home in another street not a great distance away. The husband of the lady is a man of wealth, having inherited an independence, as well as other members of his family, from his late father, who was a highly successful and respected wholesale merchant here until his death some years ago. Both husband and wife are young, neither being over 30 years of age, the latter, however, being the junior by several years. The former is described by those who have known him most intimately, and for a long time, as being possessed of a taciturn and morose disposition which leads to his horrible and contemptible treatment of his wife, as if she were a mere appendage to his establishment. The lady is the very reverse in temperament of her husband, being as lively, amiable, and affectionate in her manner and attention to her frigid lord and master as she is young and attractive in personal appearance. It is said by some that the harsh treatment that has been meted out to the lady by her husband proceeds from a feeling produced on his distempered imagination by the green-eyed monster. This, however, is emphatically denied by others who are in a far better position to be aware of anything connected with the domestic life of both parties, who give the assurance that the wife stands above and beyond all suspicions. Her deportment has always been most circumspect and lady-like to a degree that my informant's assert that they have never known to be excelled and seldom equalled. The brutality practised is attributed to the crass, undisciplined, and

UNGOVERNABLE TEMPER

of the husband, which often shows itself to those who have only a limited acquaintance with him. It is said that almost from their nuptials, which were celebrated about three years ago and many months before they assumed what should have been the happy duties of house-keeping by themselves, the lady had to suffer painful annoyances in silence from her husband's abhorrent and contemptuous treatment. For a long time she bore up under his disdain with the most perfect forbearance, in the hope that her partner in life would come to relent and see his absurd folly by amending his wayward career, but instead of doing so he has been getting worse and more disagreeable. A climax has now been reached, and however painful it may be to the lady to adopt extreme measures, yet she is determined, it is stated, to free herself from intolerable bonds or bring her husband to a frame of mind that will ensure their mutual happiness hereafter. Matters have not gone so far, I am assured, but a reconciliation may not be effected, but in the meantime the lady with her tender infant is residing with her brother-in-law's family, and will not return until a full understanding is arrived at. Unless some kindly influences are brought to bear and right soon, a formal separation, however, is inevitable. The husband is not engaged in settled mercantile business, but often enters into enterprises of buying and selling that yield him very liberal interest on his capital only temporarily invested.

These facts are supplied by parties who are interested in the family, and have the most amicable feelings towards them, and it is hoped that the publication may prevent the matter going into court.

TEA-TABLE GOSSIP.

TRIOLETS.

HE.

"Will you have me, Jeanette,
Though I ain't an Apoller?
I'm old, too, and yet
Will you have me, Jeanette?
My money you'll get,
And you haven't a dollar.
Won't you have me, Jeanette,
Though I ain't an Apoller?"

SHE.

"My answer is—yes.
And I blush when I say it;
But still, I confess,
My answer is—yes:
For gold will redress
Defects and allay it.
So my answer is—yes.
Though I blush when I say it."

Most married women think bachelors ought to be taxed. Most bachelors who go into society at all are taxed pretty heavily.

A correspondent asks:—"What shall I get for moths?" There is nothing that gives a moth or a lady greater pleasure than a sealskin sack. Suppose you try it.

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH.

Some go to church to weep,
While others go to sleep.
Some go their wives to please—
Their conscience others try to ease.
Some go to tell about their woes—
Others go to show their clothes.
Some go to hear the preacher—
Others like the solo screecher.
Boys go to reconnoitre—
Girls go because they ought-ter.
Many go for sage reflections—
But precious few to help collections.

MAKING IT UP ON CIDER.

"It's no use, Mary," he said, as he got off the train at a station in New Jersey, and found his wife waiting to drive him home to the farm.

"What's happened?"

"Why, down in York the bulls are predicting a big wheat crop."

"Well, isn't that what we hope for?"

"Yes, but the bears say that England won't buy a bushel of us this fall."

"Oh, well, Samuel. I shouldn't worry over it," she said, as she surrendered the lines. "If wheat is big and prices low we'll make up for it on the cider. You know we water that almost half, and sell all we can make."

IN HIS OWN COIN.

Railroad Magnate—"See here, sir! this won't do. You sell me that sugar at ten cents a pound, and I have just found out that you have been charging my son fifteen cents for the same brand."

Grocer—"But you see, sir, your son lives in the next square, close by, while you reside a mile away, and I have been afraid that if I did not sell it to you at a low price you would prefer to buy at some grocery nearer home."

R. M.—"I can't help that. You have no right to discriminate against my son in that way because he lives near you."

G.—"Well, I will stop it."

R. M.—"And let him have his sugar at ten cents?"

G.—"No. I will charge you fifteen cents."

THE RIGHT WAY TO DO IT.

Said He—"Yes; of course you are tired. You tramp through the crowds on the hot streets and have your very life jostled out of you. You don't know what fun is. You need a male guardian to show you how to enjoy life."

Said She—"What shall I do?"

Said He—"You just go with me and I'll give you a good time!"

And he immediately took her on a crowded elevated train to the battery, where they embarked on a still more crowded steamboat and rode to a resort where the crowd was thicker than the sands on the beach, and had lots of fun.

WHY SHE THOUGHT HE WAS OF UNSOUND MIND.

A married man was before an inquirendo de lunatico court and the testimony of various witnesses was being taken. Finally the hired girl in his family took the stand.

"Well, Bridget," asked the judge, "do you think the gentleman is of unsound mind?"

"Faith, sur, Oi can't say phat is the mather wid his moind, but Oi'm sure he's that crazhy he doeshn't know nothin', sur."

"How long has he been crazy?"

"Oi don't know that, sur."

"Well, what first led you to think he was crazy; I mean, what did he do to make you think so?"

"Oi can't tell jist when it waz, sur, but wan day several weeks ago, sur, the pore gintleman was sittin' in the room wid his woife boi the foire, an' all uv a seddint loike, he notished that the coal scuttle waz impty, an' instid av tillin' the lady to go to the shed an' fill it up, he took it in his hands an' done it himself, sur. When he done that, sur, Oi knowed that something hed happened the pore gentleman."

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins (½ lb and 1lb) by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most pathetic is that given by a young lady, who says:—"A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

CATARRH

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE,

The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, Etc.

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

PAIN IS THE CRY OF A SUFFERING NERVE

Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster instantly affects the Nervous System and banishes Pain. A perfect Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents. It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one hour for the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS.

His Outspoken Opinion.

The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's SAFE Cure, published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know, and reading their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is, the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Mr. H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.

Dio Lewis

TO HORSE OWNERS!

GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM

THE GREAT FRENCH VETERINARY REMEDY!

Prepared by J. E. GOMBAULT, ex-Veterinary Surgeon of the French Government Stud.

Has been in prominent use in the best Veterinary Practice of Europe for the past Twenty Years.

A SPEEDY, POSITIVE & SAFE CURE

For Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, all Skin Diseases, Parasites, Thrush, all Inflammations, all Throat Difficulties, all Lameness from Spavin, Ringbone, and other bony tumors. Removes all Bunches or Blemishes, and many other diseases and ailments of Horses and Cattle. Far superior to a Blister or cauterization in its beneficial effects, never leaves a scar or blemish.

WE GUARANTEE that one tablespoonful of CAUSTIC BALSAM will produce more actual results than a whole