

brides had never flagged, and invitations to Jane and her husband to visit the Henrys in Manchester had come regularly every Christmas and every Easter, and had been as regularly refused by Raymond, who had a great dislike to "parvenus." Now, however, Jane declared that she would no longer hear of her dear Ellen's kind requests being declined, and if Mr. Raymond did not choose to accompany her, he might either stay in his house or share the companionship of some of his "dissolute" acquaintances.

"I will," was Raymond's only answer.

A couple of days after, husband and wife were severed, and mutually rejoiced thereat. It was then that took place the awkward episode which the hero had himself told to his friend Welman, and which widened the breach between the two.

Give any woman an arm against you and she will pitilessly use it when she fancies it can help her purpose. Jane Varney's was admirably served by her husband's escapade; she made every possible use of it, drove him wretched by her incessant jealousy, by her continual reproaches. She complained of neglect, of coldness, of being ill-used.

"It is because I have no one to see after my interests," said she, "that you tyrannise me."

Which tyranny meant the most abject subjection. Raymond had so keenly felt the dishonour of his very slight affair with "the lamenting Helen," that he thought it his duty to prove his repentance by complete obedience. Yet the sense of honour and duty in man cannot, though exerted to the utmost, prevent his sinking below the continuous blows of injustice and wanton cruelty. So George began to think that he had paid sufficiently dear for his incursion into forbidden realms, and told his wife so one day.

"Enough, Sir," replied she, with a look of fiendish hate which startled him. "Enough; I know now what life awaits me."

Her words had precisely the contrary effect to that she had expected and wished for. By the utter indifference with which they were received, she judged rightly that all her influence on Raymond was gone. He evidently had made up his mind for a scene such as she was commencing. Jane was too clever to waste time in mere