4 TORALL THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

"Yes—left him"—there was a passionate ring of scorn in the speaker's voice—"left him; but I must own that she seems to have had great provocation. Lady Ryvers had wanted me to be her son's wife; this marriage was altogether distasteful to her. The grl was very beautiful; but she was high-spirited and wilful. The dowager might have made matters much pleasanter, but she never tried. The Ryverses are all proud people. This girl was just as proud, but in the very opposite direction. She admired all that they disliked, she contemned all that they most admired; she did not abate one of her prejudices; she gave back coldness for coldness, pride for pride. Ah, me, I would not have done so had I been in her place!"

what would you have done? asked violet, wistfully.

She did not like this portrait of herself
drawn by another hand.

"I, for his dear sake, would have done my
best to conciliate them," she replied; "I
would have trampled all my own miserable
feelings under toot; I would have thought
first of him and his interests; I should have
studied him, not asserted myself, as she
did."

Again the warm blood rushed over Violet's

Again the warm blood rushed over Violet's face, and a mist seemed to hide the face of her husband from her view.
"True feeling makes all the difference," said Miss Marr. "I should have done all this because I loved him, she failed to do it because she did not love him enough."
Did she not? Was it love, hate, or jealously that sent that burning thrill through her heart, that made her long almost to check the very words that came from her rival's lins?

lips?

"It was or rather is a sad story altogether," continued the heiress, "I really think that, if the dowager had seen that the girl loved her son, she might in time have learned to like her; but she assured me that she did not love him. When she saw this, when she world is all a weariness to me. And it is a wearinest to me. And it is a wearinest what a fatal mistake the marriage was she, the dawager, took a desperate and, I think, most unjustifiable step. She tried to set the marriage aside. I do not know on what grounds or under what plea. I condemn the action altogether. Nor can I understand it on the part of a woman like Lady Ryvers, unless she were driven almost to despair; but she did it. She thought, that, as her son was not of age, some flaw might be found in the marriage, and it could be get aside."

"I call that wicked," cried Violet, with hurrying breath—"wicked and cruel!"

"I quite agree with you," said Miss Marr. "Nothing could justify such conduct. It had a fatal result too. Lady Ryvers wrote to London to consult a firm of lawyers about the validity of the marriage, and most unfortunately, through the mistake of a servant, the answer to this letter was taken to the young wife. She read it, and it drove her almost mad."

Taster and faster beat the heart of the

g girl. This was how her conduct to others; this was how others though

ooked to others; this was now others thought and spoke of her.

**She went to the dowager with the open etter in her hand. There was a terrible cene between them. She was proud and ndignant—the dowager cool, contemptuous. She deciared that she would save them all rouble, that she would annul her marriage corself. She left them: and they have She left them; and they have seen nor heard of her since. A story, is it not?"
st strange," replied Violet, with

"Most strange," replied Violet, with unvering lips.

"How many lives are spoiled by this unvering lips.

"How many lives are spoiled by this unvertuate marriage!" said Miss Marr. "Mine, or I never shall love anyone else; Lord Ryvers, when Violet, looking up theme. Lord Ryvers, when Violet, looking up theme, Lord Ryvers, when Violet, looking up with shy, sweet eyes as her companion, asked suddenly:

"What was the name of this young wife of his who no one loved?"

"What was the name of this young wife of his who no one loved?"

"One did love her. Monica loved her. She had never talked or love and lovers. She had been brought up to think of love as something rather to be despised rather than setemed. For the first time in her life she never mentioned her. The dowager would When I last visited there, Ryversdale did not seem like the same place. Lord Ryvers had gone away, vowing that he would never return until he had found his wife; Monica return until he had found his wife; Monica Ryvers, one of the sweetest and brightest of girls, was never without tears in her eyes; the dowager was quiet unlike herself. It was a most miserable visit for me, and I was glad when it ended. Of course, what must be, must be; but, oh, how happy we should all have been if he had chosen me!"

"It seems that the best thing would be for the young wife to die," remarked Violet, dreamly; "that would leave him free."

But Miss Marr shook her head.

"If would make no difference," she said. "If he did not care for me before his heart was filled with love for his young wife, it is not likely that he would do so now. Her death would make no difference to me."

would make no difference to me."

"If he loves her so very much, one would make that he would set to work to find her," beserved Violet.

"It would be useless to look for her. She

"It would be useless to look for her. She told her husband that, even if they met face to face she would neve return to him; and the dowager quite believes it. She says she does not believe that anything would induce her to "Is she glad of it?" asked Violet, impul-

"I do not think so. I believe she would

bound fast to the girl he had loved, and they were to be thrown, alive, into the sea. The man was delighted with his death. Perhaps he had loved the girl long and hopelessly—I cannot say; but he welcomed his sentence. He declared the supreme moment of his life would be the last. I think—I know it is a vain, foolish thought—I cannot help it—I think often, when I stand here, that I should like the same fate." "I do not think so. I believe she would be glad to undo all that she has done. She was most bitterly annoyed with regard to the marriage at the time; but, now that she sees how unhappy her son is, she would like to undo her part in producing the present state of affairs, if she could."

"Is he so very unhappy?" asked Violet, with a strange softening in her voice.

"Yes. He has gone to London, and his mother says he is giving himself up wholly to art. He shuts himself up; he sees no one, paints all day is losing all his grandlopportunities, will not hear of public life, and all for love of a girl who cares so little for him that she has left him. I would not have left him. If he had been the worst of criminals, instead of the best of men, I would not have left him. I would have gone with him to prison and to the gallows; I would have stood by his side on the scaffold. But then I love him, and she does not." like the same fate."

Violet shuddered at the words. It is the truest of love," cried the heiress; and the woman who cannot feel it does not understand even the nature of love."

In some vague way the picture took possession of Violet. She could see her tall, fair, handsome husband on the brow of the hill, the glint of the sunlight on his hair; she could see him with his arms clasped round this woman, who loved him so well; she could see them fall together over the brink, down through the seething, foaming water, undying love in the woman's eyes. A cry came from her lips, as of one in pain; and Miss Marr looked curiously at her.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked, And Violet, startled, answered truthfully:

s not." her burning blush, more quick beating ost fell from Violet's hands. she asked

and the heiress sighed despairingly.

And the heiress sighed despairingly.

"I cannot tell; I cannot even imagine.
In general misery, I should think. The
dowager will never be happy again."

"I do not think she deserves to be," remarked Violet, quickly.

"Perhaps not; but we must make allowances for her wounded pride and her bitter
disappointment. Her whole heart was fixed
on her son. Then it is terribly sad for him.
His mother wept bitterly one morning because His mother wept bitterly one morning because he would have no son to succeed him. The title and estates both go to people who are al-

Violet had never thought of that; all through the matter she had thought more of reself than him.

"There could be no more cruel blow for a woman like the dowager than that," said Miss fair, "and there can be little consolation or her; it is her own fault. The person who will suffer least will be the young wife here. er; it is her own fault. The person who suffer least will be the young wife her. She will return to her own class of peoand probably forget all the havoc and sy she has caused. I am not hard-heartnut I do detest her. I should have loved a she had stood bravely by him."

Le did not stand bravely by her, it seems a "commented Violet. "Why did he his mother to do such a cruel and wicked ""

Violet turned away, still holding the locket

CHAPTER XLVIIL

for it. He did not give it to me."

Violet felt a great sense of relief when she

tiful old story of the two lovers who were drowned by a royal decree?"

"I do not remember it," answered Violet.
"It impressed me," said Miss Marr, her dark eyes lingering on the white, leaping waters; "and, strange to say, I always think of it when I stand here. A great king sentenced a man to death. What do you think that death was, Violet? He was to be bound fast to the girl he had loved, and they was to be through alive.

"I do not call that love," she said; it

fully:
"I was picturing the scene, I saw you go

over the fall.

over the fail.

The heiress laughed.

"I may some day," she remarked; "but Lord Ryvers will not be with me. It is strange that one woman should value so little what another would give her life for. I wish that Lady Ryvers could see her husband with my eyes or that I could see him with hers."

involuntarily. "It is a thousand pities that Lord Ryvers did not love you."

'It may be all for the best; he will learn what indifference is like, which he would never have done had he married me."

'I am not sure whether that is any advantage, "said violet.

'I have thought," continued Miss Marr, "that I would try to find this wife of his, and, if I succeeded in doing so, use all the eloquence I could command to persuade her to go to him and beg his pardon."

Violet looked up with flashing eyes.

"To do what?" she cried.

"To do what?" she cried.

"To do ra sa I have followed the story "said."

find out a flaw in his marriage? I do not be-lieve that he knew his mother had written." "It seems to me," said Violet, "that the blame lies wholly with, the dowager Lady

"So far as I have followed the story," said Violet, "it seems to me rather that it is he who should beg her pardon."

"There I cannot agree with you," said the heiress. "I think she had cause for anger and annoyance, but nothing could justify her in leaving him; she ought to beg his pardon for that. I fear I shall never be so fortunate as to find her; but if ever I do I shall try to persuade her to go to him and acknowledge the wrong she has done. My dear Miss Beaton, why are you looking at me with such flashing eyes?"

"I am thinking," Violet replied, "what this unfortunate young wife would say if she Ryvers."

"Quite as much rests with the wife," declared Miss Marr. "She left him very easily. It did not seem to cause her any pain; that was what his mother and sisters felt. After all his accrifices for her, it was a poor return. She really seemed glad of an excuse to get away. If she had quarelled with his mother, no one could have felt any surprise, but I cannot see why she left him."

This was how they judged her—they thought she cared little for him, little for her marriage yows; no one knew that the dowager

marriage vows; no one knew that the dowager had stabbed her to the heart by telling her that her husband was aware that she had written.
"It is a miserable story," she said; "there does not seem to be a glimpse of happiness in it anywhere."

"No. Love is a marvellous thing," remarked the heiress. "I have often read that love wins love; it is not true. I loved Lord Ryvers well enough to have won love in return; but it never came. It would all have been so different if he had loved me;" and the girl stretched out her arms with wistful, passionate longing that went to Violet's heart.

"I am thinking," Violet replied, "what this unfortunate young wife would say if she heard you."

"If she were sensible, she would say I was right. I can understand her passion and her anger, but I cannot understand how she could talk of such nonsense as annulling her own marriage,"

"The nonsense of those who wanted to annul it for her is far greater," said Violet.

And Miss Marr made no reply.

Violet could not forget what her triend had said, that the young wife should go to her husband and beg his pardon. She, who had always been queen and mistress, who had left him with a sense of injury, who had felt herself wounded and hurt, to beg his pardon! The idea was decidedly novel to her.

One evening the two ladies were seated in the drawing-room. Mrs. Ingram had gone to her own room, for the night was chill. Outside a drizzling rain fell and a cold wind blew; inside all was warmth and comfort. They were startled at times by the cerie sound of the ivy-branches tapping against the window panes.

"This room is the picture of comfort on a "How will it end?" she asked herself, "How can it end?" And she could read in the future no answer to the self-put question.

"I wonder," said Miss Marr, suddenly "why I have opened my heart to you, Miss Beaton? I have not told this trouble of mine to anyone else. Lady Ryvers guessed it, but then she knows how it is. Grandmamma does not know. She wonders why I care for no lovers, why I refuse all offers, why the world is all a weariness to me. And it is a weariness. I am ashamed to say that 'my days are dreary.' I am young, and I have everything to make me happy; but happiness and I have parted forever. I am glad that I have told you; my heart feels lighter. I am impulsive, you will say; but may heart warmed to you the first moment dreamy you."

A stress M. Violet wondered whether she tyjuini have liked her at sight had she known who she was.

panes.
"This room is the picture of comfort on a winter night," said Miss Marr. "I wonder why it is that we all love crimson and scarlet winter?"
"Because they represent warmth," answered Violet,
After a minute's pause, Miss Marr sighed

After a minute's pause, Miss Marr sighed deeply.

"I should think one London house must be very dull," she said. "I cannot help picturing Lord Ryvers shut up by himself."

"You are always thinking of Lord Ryvers," remarked Violet, not knowing whether she manamused, sorry, or pleased.

"That is quite true; it is a habit of which I shall never now cure myself. I wish almost that I could. I cannot help grieving. I picture the bright, handsome face all sad and worn, the light heart and high spirits, the noble, artistic fancies all drooping and dying. I have heard a great deal of pathos about deserted wives; there seems to me to be much more pathos in the idea of a deserted husband. If I could but pierce the distance and see him! If the same rain be falling in London, and the same chill wind blowing, he will be and the same chill wind blowing, he will be sitting there all alone, listening to the dreary sounds, his face hidden in his hands, tears probably very near his eyes, and he will be thinking of days that will never come back to

"Hush!" said Violet. "You make me feel She had never thought of him as lonely, or desolate, or sad at heart, but always as an aristocrat living in luxury. She had not realized yet that the greatest hunger of all is hunger of the heart. Still from that hour the tender pity born of love lived in her heart for him.

violet feit a great sense of rener when each heard that.

"I wish he had," the heiress went on. "I should like to treasure something that he had given me. If he touched only the withered petal of a flower, it seemed clothed with new life to me, You seem surprised. You have never loved anyone in that mad fashion, have you." No; that I certainly never have," she And Miss Marr laughed a mirthless laugh CHAPTER XLIX. that did not suit her youth or beauty.

From that hour they were the truest and

was brought into contact with a passionately loving woman; for the first time in her life she heard a woman speak of love. She had discovered what love was like to a woman. No matter how deeply a manloves, he cannot say much about it, he speaks but little; a woman has her love always on her lips, as she has it always living and burning in her heart.

She was, I believe, devoted to her, but she never mentioned her. The dowager would not allow it. Monica told me that she believed her sister-in-law was far more sinned against than sinning. And, as for Lord Ryvers, he loved the very ground on which she stood. Lady Lester, the other sister, was simply indifferent. The dowager was the only one who actively disliked her, and she would not, as I have said, allow her name to be mentioned. I think she generally called her 'that girl.' I do not remember to have heard what her Christian name was."

During nearly all the hours they spent together they had but one subject of conversation, and it was Lord Ryvers.

They stood one morning on the brow of the hill watching the waterfall that dashed into the basin below. The heiress turned to her companion. Violet might have lived and died without knowing her own powers of loving, had not Miss Marr, with her passion and eloquence, brought them to life; and now she was beginning to realize a truth that puzzled her. She was rapidly falling in love with her husband after a fashion in which she had never loved yet. During that wooing in the summer woods of St. Byno's, the love had been rather on his side than hers. She had fallen in some degree under the glamour of it. The cand after a hashoot in which she had never loved yet. During that wooing in the summer woods of St. Byno's, the love had been rather on his side than hers. She had fallen in some degree under the glamour of it. The wooing of the handsome young artist had been a pleasant novelty. When she married him, she did not know that there was a higher, deeper, truer love than that which she felt for him. Now she was beginning to understand that she had not really loved him. She knew it by the difference in her own feelings toward him. She had heard his loving words with pleasure, but the heart had not beaten the more quickly for them. She had taken his caresses as a matter of course; she had accepted all the love, the homage, and devotion that he lavished on her without thinking anything of it. She had never understood what jealousy meant. As for being jealous of her husband, she would have laughed the idea to scorn. Now it was a different matter. Her heart beat with a new passion, a new pleasure, a new pain. She stood face to face with a great truth at last. She loved her husband—loved him with a love quite new to her, that had been called into existence by the devotion, the passion, the elo uence of another woman.

She hardly admitted to herself that she missed him, but she did, He had cared for her so that she herself had to take care of thers. No one knew or cared if she was out in the cold or damp, if she felt ill or well, if she was blythe or sad; no loving eyes followed her going out and coming in, no loving words greeted her. She found the difference between being a beloved wife and a paid companion. If she felt tired, no one pitted her. She could not help remembering the days abroad, the balconies laden with flowers which hung over the blue moonlitses; if she was tired then, loving arms folded her, her head was pillowed on a loving breast, every comfort and luxury were found for her. Now Mrs. Ingram, although always polite, looked annoyed if her companion seemed tired; and of late she had not felt well. The firs

with my eyes or that I could see him with hers."

Another morning they stood on the lawn at Queen's Elm feeding the robins. The heiress had been relating to her attentive listener some of the incidents of her late visit to Ryversdale. She added, suddenly:

"It is really a terrible thing for a grand old race like that to become extinct, all through a mistaken marriage."

Violet looked at her curiously.

"If you could rule destiny," she said, "if you could control circumstances, what would you do? Would you let the young wife drift away—die—and marry Lord Ryvers yourself, or would you like them to meet again and be happy together?"

"I have often asked my own heart that question," replied Miss Marr. "Whether I am a noble woman or not I cannot say; but mine is a noble love. I love him better than my own. He loves her; all his life is centerd in her; he does not love me. So that he may have the highest happiness and highest bliss he can ever know, I wish that they may meet again and be happy together."

"You are a noble woman a ried Violet," Marr.
But the thought of it, instead of giving a comfortable sense of resignation, flushed her face with anger. It was one thing the say to herself proudly that she would annually the say to herself proudly that she would annually another matter. her face with anger. It was one thing to say to herself proudly that she would annul her marriage; it was quite another matter to please them all, like a good Christian, by dying, and leaving her husband to the woman who loved him. No, she would not do that if she could possibly avoid it. She would do her best to keep strong and well. Hitherto she had enjoyed robust health; she had been so active and vigorous that she could not understand the languar and depression.

all the time with a great love, but I did not know it!"

Surely under that November moon there was no one so desolate, no young face so sad, no young heart so heavy. She wept as she had never wept before. That night seemed to bring a crisis in her life. She stood face to face with a strong passion and a terrible despair. She could never go back to her husband—that was certain. She had left him of her own accord, and she could never return.

The black curtain of despair seemed to fall over her. All at once the great love and great mistake of her life appeared to her in clear colours. She had put herself out of his life; she had separated herself from him; and she must abide by the consequences.

"Of what could I have been thinking?" she asked herself. She had, as it were, seen his face in the glass held by the fair hands of another woman, and its beauty dazzled her.

She knew that if she went to him he

another woman, and its beauty dazzled her.

She knew that, if she went to him, he would forgive her—he had never refused a wish of hers in his life; but her pride could not bend or lend itself to that. She would abide by what she had done. Even if she could have brooked asking him to take her back, she would never meet the dowager Lady Ryvers again. She had solemnly vowed never to re-enter Ryversdale until the dowager herself asked her to do so.

The new-born love for her husband struggled in her heart with pride, and pride gained the victory. She would not give in, whatever she had to bear; she would suffer in silence, die if needs must be, but never go back, never yield so sweet a triumph to Lady. Ryvers as to be seen, humbled and contrite, asking for her husband's love again. She had never thought to feel that longing for him which she felt now. She said to herself over and over again that she must be mean and dishonourable. Her husband had done all he could to win her love, and yet it had never seemed really to wake in her heart until jealousy aroused it. What love, devotion, and untiring affection had falled to do jealousy had done. "I am not a very noble woman," she confessed.

The clouds had passed over, the face of the moon seemed to her a type of the clouds that passed over her own soul. She wished that she had more love or more pride, that she could humble herself to go to her husband, or

passed over her own soul. She wished that she had more love or more pride, that she could humble herself to go to her husband, or that she could forget him.

The memory of all his goodness to her swept over her heart like a whiriwind. How little she had thought of it at the time—how little she had valued it! Oh, for one touch of that kind hand now, for one kiss from those loving lime! ose loving lips!

CHAPTER L

CHAPTER I.

The reign of King Frost had begun : silvery fringes hung from the trees and hedges. The robin redbreasts outside the windows were waiting to be fed, and Miss Marr stood watching them. She had read her letters, and there was a look of determination on her face, when Violet, looking very pale and ill, came into the room.

The heirees uttered a little cry of dismay when she saw her.

"Miss Beston, you are really ill, I am sure!" she exclaimed. "You should see a doctor. You have not been well for some time."

And in her heart Violet knew it was true.

"I have been asking up my mind to a vigorous course of action," continued Miss Marr—"most vigorous. Are you well enough to listen?"

"Yes," said Violet; but her heart weed an arms of coming

contracted with a sudden sense of coming evil.

"I have had a long letter from the dowager Lady Ryvers this morning," said Miss Marr, "and she begs me to go to see her. She has gone to her own estate, Athelstone—she was an Alton by birth, and very proud she is of the name—and Monica is with her. She wants me to spend Christmas with them. I think I shall go. I have an object in going," she continued. "I shall make a most desperate effort." she continued. "I shall make a most desperate effort."
"In what direction?" asked Violet. She tried to smile as she spoke, but her lips were

tried to smile as she spoke, but her lips were white and trembling.

"I shall try to reconcile mother and son," replied the heiress. "I am quite sure that they are both unhappy; they must be; they have never been at variance in their life before. The dowager seems perfectly wretched; she says that life has lost all its charm for her, that the numer has now fore than words each

she says that life has lost all its charm for her, that she misses her son more than words can tell, and she begs me to come, so that together we may contrive to bring about a different state of things."

No comment came from Violet. A "different state of things" must mean something that would affect her.

"I wish," said Miss Marr, thoughtfully, "that I could find that foolish young wife of his, and bring about a general reconciliation. That is impossible," she added, with a sigh; "but I think I shall be able to do something."

"Will Lord Ryvers be there?" asked Violet.

"I shall take a bold step, I think, and ask "I shall take a bold step, I think, and ask him to meet me there. You see they are my dearest friends. I love them all—the handsome, chivairous son, the stately mother, the placid Countess of Lester, and bright loving Monica. I love them all so well that I take the greatest possible interest in them. I would do anything to see them all happy together as they were before this unfortunate girl came amongst them—Lady Ryvers was a proud, happy mother and Randolph a most devoted son. I wonder what I could do?"

"It seems a very hopeless state of affaira," said Violet. "I do not see what anyone can do."

"Nor I, at present; but I am determine Nor I, at present; but I am determined to do something. Loving them gives me the right of interfering. I shall ask Lord Ryvers to meet me at Athelstone."

"Will he come, do you think?" asked

"Will he come, do you think?" asked Violet.

"I hope so. He said he would not look upon his mother's face again until he had found his wife, but I shall try my best to induce him to come."

"What can you do with him there? What is the use of it?"

"If I can only reconcile mother and son, it will be something," said Miss Marr. "Of course in the marriage question I cannot interfere; but I love the dowager Lady Ryvers, and I do not like to think of her as unhappy."

and I do not like to think of her as unhappy."

"What a pity it is," remarked Violet, with a great bitter sigh, "that Lord Ryvers did not marry you."

"So I think" returned the heiress. "Men very seldom marry the right women, I believe. He has not done so; but he has paid a heavy price for his mistake. I think I snall go to Athelstone to-day, Miss Beatou. The only regret I have is not leaving you in better health."

"I shall soon be well, I hope," said Violet.

"I shall soon be well, I hope," said Violet.

But there was a wistful, frightened look in her eyes that frightened Miss Marr. She took Violet's hand in her own.

"Miss Beaton," she said gently, "you are in trouble? You have been so kind, so full of sympathy for me; you have listened so patiently to all my long stories. If you have any trouble of your own, tell it now to me."

"I have no trouble in which any human being can help me." Violet declared. "I have a trouble known only to Heaven."

Ah, what a tangled web of fate she held in her hand! It seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in that modular training and the seemed to Violet in the seemed to Vi

heiress knew that she was Lord Ryvers' wife she would probably detest her.

"We shall have a brilliant Christmas, no doubt," said Miss Marr. "The dowager Lady Ryvers is not one of those who parade their sorrows before the world. I do hope Lord Ryvers will come. Bad as things are, there is no use in mother and son quarreling and keeping apart, both wretched."

"No," replied Violet; "there is no sense in that."

in that."

"I shall go to-day," repeated Miss Marr.

"I have been some time with grandmamma, She will be quite happy with you. But, my dear Miss Beaton, are you quite sure I can do nothing to help you? You have been a good friend to me; I should like to help you if it be possible. I wish I were leaving you with more colour in your face, with a light in your eyes. I shall think of you with great anxiety."

She could not real think of you with great anxiety."

anxiety."

She could not understand the look, half wistful, half fearful, of Violet's eyes, for she had no key to what was passing in her

she had no key to what was passing in her mind.

"I never make any protestations," continued the heiress; "but I do say this to you, Miss Beaton, that I like you better than any woman I ever met. There is the charm of originality about you."

"You make me very happy by saying so," answered Violet. In her heart there was a wild cry of wonder as to whether she would like her if she knew who she wus.

"Come with me to my room," said Miss Marr—"I like to superintend my own packing, I will finish what I was about to say, though. Let us make a compact of friendship, Miss Beaton. Let us be friends always."

always."

"You are a rich heiress, and I a poor paid companion. Is it possible, do you think?" asked Violet, gravely.

"We are both women," cried Miss Marr, "and we care much for each other! Why do you hesitate in giving me that promise?" She looked not only surprised, but hurt.

Violet laid her hand on her companion's arm.

"I do promise," she said, "to be your most loyal and faithful friend, so far as our different circumstances will permit. I wonder if you will ever repent having asked me this?"

"No," said the herress, kissing the pale, sweet tace so wistfully raised to her own, "I am sure I never shall. What a fanciful girl

you are!"
"No, it is not fanoy. I know all your life; you have told it all to me. I know your secret—your love story; and you know nothing of me—less than nothing. I too have a story; you have not heard it." Her eyes were full of tears her face quivered with emotion.

emotion.

"I do not wish to know it," said Miss Marr. "I love you for your beautiful face which charms me, for your independence and originality, for your noble ideas and the harmony I find in your character, tastes, and sentiments. Most of all," she added, with a smile, "I think that I love you because I have trusted you." "That is very likely," answered Violets simply. "You will find me faithful and loyal; but I am afraid I can never be of any

use to you."

"I am the best judge of that," said her companion. "You have been of the greatest use to me, as you express it. How patiently you have listened to all my love troubles!"

"They interested me," replied Violet.. "I should like to add one thing more. If ever in the future, you should hear anything of me that surprises or displeases you, you will remember it was the knowledge of what is in my own heart which made me hesitate to

member it was the knowledge of what is in my own heart which made me hesitate to promise what you asked me."

"My dear, one need look no further than your face, "said the heireas, laughing: "your whole soul shines there; and it is a very honest soul, loyal, sweet, and pure. Now that we are friends, I shall write to you and tell you how my mission fares. Come with me now."

The two women who could never be thoroughly happy because of each other went to Miss Marr's room, where the onerous business of packing was to be performed. There were such treasures laid out there—lac velvet, brocades, jewelled fans, ornaments every kind, suits of shining gems—that Violet was bewildered. The heiress laughed a her amazed face.

"The paraphernalia of a professional beauty," she said.

In vain did the warl!

In vain did the wealthy heiress offer Violet one thing after another. She would have lavished gifts upon her, she would have given her the richest lace, the most costly jewels; but Violet would accept nothing. She felt alightly embarrassed when she remembored the treasures shut up in her wardrobes at Ryversdale—nothing like those belonging to the heiress, but beautiful enough in their way. way. She marvelled at Miss Marr's continual

She marvelled at Miss Marr's continual reference to Lord Ryvers; she seemed to have no other thought. She took up a beautiful bracelet and said:

"I wore this when I met Lord Ryvers at the French Embassy."

Her white fingers seemed to caress a rich piece of lace, as she said:

"Lord Ryvers admired this."

She lingered lovingly over one of her dresses, and said:

"The first time I wore this I danced twice with Lord Ryvers."

with Lord Ryvers."

At last Violet could stand it no longer.
She looked up at the loving, impetuous patiently; "you think of nothing else, you speak of nothing else; every incident in your fife seems to have taken its colouring from him."

"You are right," said Gwendoline. "In-

deed it is a worse case than that. My life takes its light and darkness from him, but it takes its light and darkness from him, but it is almost always dark."

In Violet's heart the flame of jealousy burned so fiercely that she could have stamped on the laces and jewels that had been worn to charm him. There was a curious ring of suppressed passion in her voice

as she said : "It seems a great pity to waste so much Miss Marr seemed slightly surprised.
"Longfellow says that love is never wasted.
Do you know those beautiful lines:

" Talk not of wasted affection Affection never was wasted'!

"Yes; I know them. But not even Long-fellow will change my opinion that it is a sad, pitiful waste of love."

"I would rather waste it on Lord Ryvers than receive the fullest return from another," cried the heiress, passionately.

And Violet had to use more self-control than she had ever used in her life before to keep back the itot, angry words that rose to her lips.

To be continued.

To be continued,

Application has been made to the Custor Application has been made to the Customs Department to allow the importation of an article called tea dust. An analysis of this article shows it to be composed of particles of tea, a plentiful admixture of sand, and other ingredients. The people of Canada do not use that sort of stuff any more than the people of the United States, the authorities in which country refused to allow it to be entered there for consumption. The Inland Revenue Department decided that the article was deleterious to the public health. It will accordingly be left out in the cold and not admitted into Canada.

Epps's COCOA.—GRATEFIL AND COMPOST. EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMFORT

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING.—"By athorough 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 secape 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 (4 lb and 1b) by Grocera, labelled—"Janes Errs

WOMAN'S KINGDOM

Thy Little Hand, uq of 10 Thine is a little hand—
A tiny little hand—
But if it clasp
With timid grasp
Mine own, ah! me, I well can und
The pressure of that little hand!

Thine is a little mouth—
A very little mouth—
But of ! what bliss
To steal a kiss,
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South,
From that same rosy little mouth! Thine is a little heart—A little fluttering heart-Vet is it warm
And loves me with its whole untuic
That palpitating little heart i Thou art a little girl—
Only a little girl—
Yet art thou worth
The wealth of earth—
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold, and pearl—
To me, thou blessed little girl

Fashion Notes ngled fans are again in fashion. The favourite shades for Suede gloves are shroom browns. New Moliere vests of jet beaded lace are

Mushroom-coloured lace in the piece is used for the puffed petticoats of shot silks that have blue, red, and green chameleon

Gowns of shot glace silk are made up in combination with velvet striped silk, and worn with a mantle of velvet of the colour of

Dresses of black sewing silk grenadine are profusely trimmed with escurial lace flounces and have a vest, and a petticoat front placed Copper-red is a favourite colour for the crepe de Chine, and silk jersey waists that are worn with skirts of white wool or of black

Brooches for bonnet strings and larger hair pins for holding on the bonnet are made in the same designs and are brilliant with Strass stone that can scarcely be distinguished from

The Carmen hat with stiff brim and square crown moderately high, is worn by young ladies. It is of light mushroom brown straw, trimmed with fine feather tips and an aigrette of a darker shade. Fine folds of velvet encircle the crown.

Foulard dresses of pale China blue satin, in a flowered design, are trimmed with ruffles of creamy lace and oxydized silver buttons. The small bonner is of fancy straw, trimmed with the same soft shade of blue satin and a little

the same soft shade of blue satin and a little russet brown velvet.

Black tulle is studded with jet or gold beads, or with chenille in large boullionée barred across with rows of the beads. Golden chrysantheniums and a gold aigrette are the high trimming of the front, and the strings are formed of a beaded lace bow.

Wash dresses are made with either a yoke or a vest of white embroidery, and have short shirred overskirts that are readily laundered. Percale and gingham are the favourite cotton goods. Tucked skirts and blouse waists worn with a ribbon belt are pretty for simple muslin dresses for morning wear. in dresses for morning wear.

Dressy mantles are short, scant, and high shouldered; more useful wraps for travelling purposes are long, double-breasted ulsters, with dolman sleeves and full pleated back. They are lined throughout with striped taffets silk, and the favourite shades are silvery grey and mushroom brown.

with dolman sleeves and full pleated back. They are lined throughout with striped taffeta silk, and the favourite shades are silvery grey and mushroom brown.

Mushroom tweed and cheviot dresses, with short jackets to match, rounding shorter toward the back, are made by fashionable tail ors for seaside, mountain, and travelling suits. Braid of tinsel, in many layers, is placed on tan-brown velvet for side panels, vests, cuffs, and an officer's high collar.

With the return of the silvery mohairs for travelling cloaks and costumes, bonnets of the same shade are worn, either.

With the return of the silvery mohairs for travelling cloaks and costumes, bonnets of the same shade are worn, either in capotes or small round hata. The rolled brim is covered with velvet laid in loose folds, and the usual rosette, or an arrangement of bows, is placed on the left side, with either an aigette or a pair of the pins above described. Turbans are also used for travelling; velvet, ostrich tips, on aigrette or pompons of feathers, wheat and humming birds, or a cluster of mushrooms peeping from a fan-shaped bow of velvet—the bonnet and trimming of the same mushroom shade—are each appropriate for travelling.

In addition to mohair and alpaca, pongee, checked tweed, cheviot, and English rough cloth are preferred for travelling costumes and cloaks. The shapes depend upon the tastes of the wearer, and the length of the journey. For convenience the easy Raglan, with its loose shape is recommended. The half-loose, shirred pelisse is another favourite, or for a short trip out of town a combination of the Grantnam basque and the Richmond skirt is graceful and appropriate, made of the rough bison cloth combined with velvet.

The Gorham Company; E. J. Denning & Co.; the Parisian Flower Company; Aitken, San, & Co., and Mme, Demorest, will please accept thanks for attention.

Head-Gear.

Summer bonnets more than ever resemble the gardens of the Greeks, with their admixture of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. Cabbages are rather questionable taste even when called choux, however made charming with feather tips. Mushrooms are better served with beefsteak. Some of the most delicately beautiful of the summer bonnets of white lace, mull, or crepe are shirred in clusters on their white frames, made graceful with scarfs of lace and white clover blooms, lilies-of-thevalley, or snowballs. Exquisite softly tinted grey tulle or lace is made up similarly, and trimmed with hawthorne blossoms, forgetme-nots, or apple blossoms.

Vegetable foliage is made use of. A great success of Virot is an artichoke bonnet; the leaves of the edible are arranged in groups terminating in a choux of shot velvet ribbon. To the fact that ladies generally are not familiar with the foliage of vegetables may be attributed the success of something new. Shot bonnets correspond with the shot or glacé silk fabrics and are extremely small, scarcely larger than a cap; when in the guise of a little capote, they are covered with the airiest of fabrics, the delicate grasses, soft marabout feathers tipped with grass, brilliant insects of the butterfly and dragonfly tribe, half hidden in the transparent gause or beaded tulle.

The small Fanchon that looks like a half-

beaded tulle.

The small Fanchon that looks like a half handkerchief has returned after long ob-livion, and is like a bed of flowers. One of the most graceful is covered all over with violets, shaded from the palest to the most intense purple, and there are others blooming with the faint greenish yellow of masses of jonquils or crocuses from drifts of creamy lace.

Penitential Love Letters,

Penitential Love Letters.

Another kind of love-letter, penitential epistles addressed to offended ladies, will raise a compassionate smile on the reader's face. Among such the letter of James V. of Scotland to Mary of Lorraine may be mentioned. It is dated December, 1541, and runs as follows:

"I have received the letter which it has pleased you to write to me, for which I thank you humbly; but those who told you I would not quit this place have falsely lied, because I have no thought but of being with you on Sunday. And touching my mother's things, I will not forget. Entreating you not to be so thundering until you know the truth, praying you to be of good cheer until my return, which will be on Sunday, and praying our Lord. to give you good life and long, Your humble husband, James R."

Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton show somewhat of the same submissive spirit, alternating site sailor is littiguitate as classification.

the king. His "beloved Emma" has apparently expressed the desire to join Nelson, who is cruising about off the coast of France. He pleads that he is never well when it blows hard, that "it will kill you," and continues:—
"I, who have given orders to carry no women to sea in the Victory, cannot be the first to break them. . . . I know my own dear Emma, if she will let her reason have her own way, will say I am right; but she is very angry if she cannot have her own way. Her Nelson is called upon in the most honourable manner to defend his country! Absence to us is equally painful; but, if I had either stayed at home or neglected my duty abroad, would not my Emma have blushed for me? She would never have heard my praises and how the country looks up to me."

Good excuses no doubt. Another of Lord Nelson's letters is of a different stamp. It is a reply to one in which he has evidently been cautioned by his lady-love not to forget Nelson's letters is of a different stamp. It is a reply to one in which he has evidently been cautioned by his lady-love not to forget that in times of war letters may be captured and read by others than the person addressed. "I shall only say," he writes, "Guzelle Gannam Justem, and that I love you beyond all the world! This may be read by French, Dutch, Spanish, or Englishmen; for it comes from the heart of my, Emma, your faithful and affectionate Nelson and Bronte,"

Death is Dead. I saw in dreams a mighty multitude— Gathered, they seemed, from north, south, east, Gathered, they seemed, from norm, and west, and west, And in their looks such horror was expressed As must forever words of mine elude. As it transfixed by grief, some silent stood, While others wildly smote upon the breast, And cried out fearfully, "No rest, no rest!" Some fied, as if by shapes unseen pursued.

me laughed insanely. Others, shricking, said,
"To think but yesterday we might have died;
For then God had not thundered, 'Death is
dead!'"
They gashed themselves till all with blood were
red,
"Answer, O God; take back this curse," they
cried—

cried—
But "Death is dead" was all the voice replied,
—Philip Bourke Marston. Stupid Women,

Mrs. Lincoln, of the Boston CookingSchool, has just issued a volume of her receipts, in the preface to which she remarks that the reader may consider her unnecessarily minute in her directions, but that her experience has taught her that no detail is small enough to be left unmentioned, and, we might well add, that it is not safe to take even the possession of common sense for granted. This add, that it is not safe to take even the possession of common sense for granted. This may sound a trifle severe, yet it would probably be agreed to by anybody who should take the trouble to visit the cooking school and sit for an hour listening to Mrs. Lincoln's lecture and to the stupid and inane questions asked by well-dressed and apparently intelligent women.

It chanced that one afternoon some wooden spoons, such as Mrs. Lincoln uses, had been ordered by her for various ladies who had wished to buy them. The spoons were distributed to their various purchasers, and a moment of silent examination followed, then a lady inquired in a distrustful and pleading voice:—

voice:—
"Mrs. Lincoln, could-er-I use my spoon
to-er stir frosting?"
Mrs. Lincoln kindly gave her the required
permission, and she relapsed into contented

Another pupil was much excited by the fact that when it was desirable to increase the heat of the gas range, the jets in the chandelier were lowered.

"Why," demanded this bewildered female in an awestruck tone, "Why does she have to fry her croquettes in the dark?"

She evidently thought the frying of croquettes to be a religious rite which demanded a dim and mystic light for its proper pure

ed a dim and mystic light for its proper pur-Yet another intelligent

Mr. Robert Smith, Q.C., of Stratford has been appointed the fourth judge of the Supreme Court of Manitoba.

Spring Humors.

As a Spring Medicine, Blood Purifier,
A Diuretic, and Aperient, no other so-called blood purifier or sarsaparilla compound is for a moment to be compared with the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. It combines four great properties in one medicine, acting at once upon the digestive organs, blood, kidneys, and bowels. For those who wake with Sick Headache, Furred Tongue, Biliousness, Dyspepsis. Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, Piles, High-coloured Urine, Inflamed Kidneys, Feverish Symptoms, and other congested conditions requiring a speedy, gentle, and safe aperient and diuretic, nothing in medicine can possibly equal it.

THE HERITAGE OF WOE THE HERITAGE OF WOE.

Misery, shame, and agony, often bequeathed as a sole legacy to children by parents, is neglected Scrofula. To cleanse the blood of this hereditary poison, and thus remove the most prolific cause of human suffering, to clear the skin of disfiguring humours, itching tortures, humiliating eruptions, and loathsome sores caused by it, to purify and beautify the skin, and restore the hair so that no trace of the disease remains, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, diuretic, and aperient, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures and beautifiers, are infallible.

I HAD SALT RHEUM

In the most aggravated form for eight years. No kind of treatment, medicine, or doctor did me any permanent good. My friends in Malden know how I suffered. When I began to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES my limbs were so raw and tender that I could not bear my weight on them without the skin cracking and bleeding, and was obliged to go about on crutches. Used the CUTICURA REMEDIES five months, and was completely and permanently cured. Mrs. S. A. BROWN, Malden, Mass.

References:—Any citizen of Malden, Mass.

COPPER-COLOURED. COPPER-COLOURED.

I have been afflicted with troublesome skin disease, covering almost completely the upper part of my body, causing my skin to assume a copper-coloured hue, It could be rubbed off like dandruff, and at times causing intolerable itching and the most intense suffering. I have used blood purifiers, pills, and other advertised remedies, but experienced no relief until I procured the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which, although used carelessly and irregularly, cured me, allaying that terrible itching, and restoring my skin to its natural colour. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of this statement.

Milan, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1. SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DRUGAND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY For Infantile and Birth Humours and Skin Blemishes use Cutioura Soap, a deliciously perfumed Skin Beautifier, and Toilet, Bath, and Nursery Sanative.

NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Dominion Agents.

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IN OTTAWA.

We, the undersigned druggists, take Measure in certifying that we have sold Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for many years, and know it to be one of the oldest as well as one of the most reliable preparations in the market for the cure & Coughs, Colds, and Throat and Lung Complaints. We know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and we do not hesitate to recommend it.

OTTAWA, June 20, 1882.

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E. D. MARTIN, 25 Rideau street.
GEORGE MORTIMER, Market Square,
C. O. DACIER, 517 Sussey street.

AGRICUI

CLOVER

BRITISH COLUMBIA.— me if Limothy seed, which from the white husk being is good for seed? Yes, although for y prefer it without the s

PENOBSQUIS.—I have heifer that is near caivin very large and hard. W do with it? Will it hurt Bathe the udder w

GARG

and morning, and if i PLOUGH AYLMER.—Can you in columns of your paper on plough points that ca for 25c. each?

Goods under the val able. You could ge duty, but on four you duty is 35 per cent.

SORES ON PENOBSQUIS.—My hors belly with a sore that ru mor. This is the third He is in good order and To look at the sore it more than anything else, is and the best mode of t Give one drachm io and continue for twel sores a carbolic lotion

bolic "acid one part t

QUARTEL

ARTHUR.—Will you your voluable paper the crack. I have a stalio quarter cracked, and car made a clay stall for dait good? I keep it wet. The noof should be under the crack, and cleaned out nicely with If no lameness exists to take weight off the recommend you to congeon, as a personal ins

LUNGS PROBAL

MUSKOKA.—I have as feeding. I have given a grain, but he will not es not seem to be sick, but I gave him a dose of li do any good. I gave powders. He has a bad me what is the matter we cure him? Where cou doctor work and the pri Probably your hors cular disease of the lubest of food and give iodide of potassium Williamson & Co., be

CLYDESDALES. BURGOYNE-1. Are t

Bouldand registered in :
30, how long has stud by
2. Are the Norman an
the same? If not, what
1. The Earl of Du years ago, organized a the protection of Cl after the formation of which contained only lished. The registers to be very complete. &c., being given very
2. Normans and P

COFFIN JOIN

PETTISVILLE, Ohio.-been lame in her fore lind out where the stable, Her leg point tip-toe. She don't fincher, I have tried almost does any good. She is you can send a cure in you can send a cure in you can send a cure We think your m probably in the coff shoe, shorten the toe the heels, and then p

eral days. Follow the ceases to act turn the

STIFLE JOI HAGARSVILLE.-I ha that got hurt in the stiff months old. The join the colt lifts the leg and its weight on it. The weight on it. The vise the same, or would Your colt is suffer stifle joint, and it is however, from the composed of biniodide and lard four grachm of three or jour week

QUE SHEEP FARMING. through your columns the best on sheep far and oblige-MANITO CORN CHITIVATOR through the daily o any company in Ca Champion Corn Cult MISLAID. - A quer tion of root crops an been mislaid. The q

his inquiry. CONTRIBUT

FIREPROOF PAINT of May 22nd, under request to know v be got. I take the dard, and recomme bany street, Buffalo FRUIT EVAPORAT WERKLY MAIL of th Linton as to wheth manufacturing fruit J. A. & H. Barthole manufacture various WIL

MR. EDITOR,-In

MAIL I noticed t

wanted to know ho I will give you my had a few acres I thought I would s the last field I ploug I had done seeding plough down to the wild oats full bunches. I took left them in the turned and begar bunch by bunch a bunch. I would a order to shake the them on the grou had pulled all I co very hot everyone of I then ploughed the and had a good of sowing peas I would chance to come up, ripe I found ten or tr I at once pulled up. try this plan let b time it suits him. then put up hi cattle, sheep, or oats have been pulle has a large number of

number of boys to. before, put up l