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## THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

CHAPTER XLV .- Continued.

She went away to give the orders, and to ill the housekeeper to have everything ready tell the housekeeper to have everything ready for Miss Marr. The inousekeeper looked delighted when see heard the intelligence. "It is always a bright day for us when Miss Marr comes," she said. Violet scrutinized her eagerly; she longed to know more and hear more about her rival, but it is impossible to ask. The house-keeper read the question in her eyes. " "She is a lovely lady, our Miss Marr she continued. " and she has more lovers. I

continued, "and she has more lovers, I should think, than there are days in the

"She cannot love them all," Violet re-ied, smiling. "Does the little crowd of plied, smiling. "Does the admirers follow her here ?" No; when Miss Marr comes to stay with

our mistress, she devotes all her time to her. We have no visitors at Queen's Elm."

A hundred questions trembled on Violet's ps, but she would not ask one. It was so After all, it was perhaps as well. Now she would see what her rival was like, the girl om Lady Ryvers so vehemently

should marry. y she was restless ; she could not full and undivided thoughts to what e was doing. She repeated over and over ain to herself, each time with fresh wonder, that she was in the home of the only woman who had ever been her rival. What would her husband say if he knew? To what complication would it give rise? She was not much surprised to find that the order of the house was somewhat changed. The dinner was later, and some magnificent silver was disinterred; there was a general air of ex-

station. Violet could have counted the beats of her heart; even Mrs. Ingram's worn, placid face was moved as though with some great pleasure. It was after sunset when Violet heard nd of carriage wheels. She absented self on some pretext, not caring to be prethe two ladies met. She was the frightened by her own emotion ; she id not quite understand it. Was it love or the size distriction of her heart with such

When the dinner bell mang, she went in e drawing room, wondering why Mrs. In-ram had not sent for her as usual; and then she saw standing there a woman beautiful as tall and stately, yet not proud-a graceful, gracious woman, with an exquisite ce and eyes soft and dark as night Miss Marr went up to her with white outtretched hands.

etched hands. "Mrs. Ingram has been speaking of you," e said. "I am pleased to see you; you she said.

are a great comfort to her." And so the hands of the two women whose two lives cmossed so strangely met for the

#### CHAPTER XLVL

There was no previous knowledge of Violet on Miss Marr's part; the name of "Miss Beston" told her nothing. She looked long, and lingeringly at the beautiful face before

The heiress' warm, genial manner had touched Violet's heart; and then, to make her welcome complete, the lovely brunette drew Violet down to a seat on the couch by

"You must find life very dull at Queen's Elm," she said ; "You must have plenty of courage to bear it."

ing in the fair face told the wealthy that perhaps it was not so bravely born r all; there was a restlessness and a lon upon it. Miss Marr smiled as she co

ing to Queen's Elm always seems to me like coming to queen's Lim always seems to quaint, so quiet, so out of all the other grooves of life. The first week I tolerate it : the second, I begin to feel dull; the third, I am tired; and the fourth, I count the hours antil I get away. I generally come at this time of the year and remain for a month.

"Yes, it has," said Miss Marr, sadly. "I have no real interest in snything. I co through a certain amount of what is called gaisty. I dance, sing, play, ride; I take my place in society; I receive the flattery and hcmage of I cannot say how many admirers; I hear myself called beautiful, a great heirers, a oveen of society—and all the time my heart is dead, dead as the leaves that fall in autumn. I never thought," she continued, dreamily; "If I had, things would have been different Because her words flattered the secret desire of my heart I believed them. If I had reflected, I should have had less faith in her." than her years. Love often lies dorman until something quickens it into active life Violet might have lived for years withou knowing whether she loved or hated her hus band most, but for the jealousy that spring into his when she found that another woman loved him. She had neve been jealous; she did not know what he feiling was like. The pain was quite new to her, but none the less

When Violet entered the gates of Queen's Elm, the love that she had for her husband was weak and feeble. Jealousy was the wind that fanned the smouldering fire into fiercest

blaze. She had noticed more than once that Miss Marr always wore a gold locket. In the morning it was half hidden by the folds of her bodice, in the evening if shone on her fair, shapely neek; and Violet wondered why her hand sought it incessantly. Whethershe sat reading, talking, or thinking, she nearly al-ways beld it in her hand. If anyone addressed her suddenly, if any mexpected noise startled her, her hand sought the locket or clasped it more tightly still. The morning it so happened that Violet went to Miss Marr's room with a message from Mrs. Ingram. She found her atanding by the window, with the locket is her hand. It was most elaborately and exquisitely chased, with a most magnificent diamond in the centre. Violet saw in a moment the cloud upon her face, and asked hurriedly: "I am in trouble," she said; "will you help me? Something has gone wrong with the apring of my locket—it will not close. Will you look at it, Miss Beaton?" Wielet took the chain from her hands ; and then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing the set of the hands is the then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing the set of the hands is the then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw with her hands is and then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand. She saw the langthing has gone wrong with the she she saw the langthing has gone wrong with then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-hand the she She had noticed more than once that Miss

"I am an only child," began the heiress, "My father, Sir Randal Marr, was a very wealthy man. Late in life he married my mother, Jean Ingram, who died soon after I was born; and I am the sole representative of the two wealthy and powerful families—hard enough for one solitary girl, is it not? When grandmamma here dies, many thousands will come to me: but, oh, Miss Beaton, money will not bring me any happiness—all the

Violet took the chain from her hands; and then she saw within it a portrait of her hus-band. She saw the langhing blue eyes; so sunny and so true, the cluster of fair hair round the noble brow, the beautiful month, so firm, yet with the sweet and gracions curves that belong to a woman. A sharp, /bitter pain went through her heart; for one moment she stood bewildered; her face lost all its colour, and a mist came before her eyes. come to me: but, oh, 10185 the set of the will not bring me any happiness-all the money in the world cannot purchase love, and it is love that I want! I have too much it is love that if want! I have too much with " and the cirl sighed wearily. "You wealth;" and the girl sighed wearily. "You see, Miss Beaton, I have not had that which

see, Miss Beaton, I have not had that which is of the greatest value to any girl, the train-ing of a good mother. I have lived amongst my relatives, all good, kindly, worldly people. I have been spoiled from the very day I was born. I have never had what people call a home. I made my *début* in the fashionable world when I was just seventeen; I am twenty-two now, and far more tired of life than many a woman of sixty. You see, I had not the one great desire of my life granted eyes, Her husband's portrait! Yet this other woman wore it, and cherished it, clasped it Do you see where the spring is injured ? not the one great desire of my life grant

and kissed it !

not the one great desire of my life granted. "I was very young, very happy, and light of heart when Lady Ryvers invited me to Ryversdale. She had said little about her son, but just at that time he was at home. I remember how and where I first saw him-this man whom I love so well. Loos, Miss Beaton-his eyes seem to smile into mine. He is called Lord Ryvers of Ryversdale, and by nature he is a poet and an artist. I saw him first on the broad terrace at Ryversdale. I shall always picture him to myself as I saw him then. He was watching the sun set over Her voice was so faint and weary that the heiress, in her warm, impulsive kindnes took the locket and chain from her hands. "How cruel I am to tease you," she said. "You are tired." Then with a quick, sudden gesture, she opened the locket again, and went on : "I heard you say yesterday that you were

s good reader of character from faces; tell me what you think of that face." It was a curious situation, those two wo-men---the fair face of the one white with

the broad, beautiful river; there was a glorious light on his face as the sun's rays fell jealousy and pain, the face of the other flushed with emotion-holding between them the por-trait of a man beloved by one and husband of glorious light on his face as the sun's rays fell upon him. My heart went out to him before he had seen me. When our eyes met, when he spoke to me I knew that he was the one man in the wide world for me. My heart seemed to have found rest, to have gained its home. Lady Ryvers introduced us, and then proceeded to tell me before him how amazed she was that he would persist in painting.

"Tell me," repeated Miss Marr, " what you think of it ?"

you think of it?" "It is very handsome." "Oh," interrupted the heiress, "that is the least of it! I am not speaking or thinking merely of its beauty, although to me it is the most perfect face in the wide world. What do you think of the "He is never happy away from his palette and brushes,' she said ; do you think of the expression in those eyes ?" "They look as though they loved someon thing with the eyes of a painter, instead of with the eyes of an ordinary man; he sees

which the eyes of an ordinary man; he sees nothing but colour and form.' "At it is a theat, Miss Marr,' Lord Ryvers laughed 1. the difference between the eyes of an artist and those of an ordinary man, as my mother expresses it, is that the artist sees "They look as though they involuterily. -"Ah! Would to Heaven that is someone were myself !" oried the hereis." Then her head drooped and a crimson flame burned her face. "I did not think what I was saying."

"'Do not let him beguile you, Miss Marr,' said Lady Ryyers, smiling at me. 'He seems pleased to see you : but he is studying your colouring ; he thinks you are like the work of a Titian or a Velasquez.'

him in his ram roods ; but it was never to make love to me, nly to talk of the colouring of the leaves and "Oh, I hopt not !" cried Violet, involun tarily. "Yes, it has," said Miss Marr, asdly.

buly to taik of the colouring of the leaves and the springing grasses. We spenthours by the beautiful reach of the river, by the well in the grounds; and, when we returned, Lady Ryvers met us always with the same smile. But I knew he had never made love to me; we had talked of various thrugs, but never of harry him if she knew his name and position. He kept both secret from her, Lady Ryvers irst suspected that she knew it, and en-rapped her son; now it seems quite certain the was ignorant of every fact connected with

he story is that she is what you seldom find

young a girl to be, a real Democrat. She as brought up, it seems, to detest and con-mn all aristocrats; and Randolph, who un-ratood this, new well that she would never

pt that he was an artist.

managed to keep his socret for some time. In the end she found it out. Lady Kyvers says that she never liked him afterward." "It was a gross deceptiou !" cried Violet, suddenly. "It was nothing of the kind," said the heiress, with flashing eyes. "Look at his face there; is is open as the day. No man with a face like that could be deceitful. It

But I know he had asseer made love to me;
griety. I dance, sing, play, ride; I take we had talked of various thrugs, but never of low.
"I have myself called besatiful, screather we had talked of various thrugs, but never of low.
"I'h was during these hours that I found out that Lord Ryvers was one of the most if dead, idead as the leaves that fail in autumn, inever though," she continued, dreamily, "If I had, things would have been different because the words fattered the secret different of my heart I believed them. If I had, row have had less faith in her."
"Bat," said Violet, "I do not understand how anyone could have decived you in a matter of that kind. I should neve thought," she continued me, "I have anyone would interest me more."
"My own heart Would have spoken."
"My eakness. When I weigh all the circus has solice of his woise sent all the tell tale biodo to my isce, he would say i had changed into a Greuze ; but he neither have solecting the circus have for him."
"My eakness. When I weigh all the circus have for him."
"Heart R XIVII
"I am an only child," began the heiress."
"My father, Sir Randal Mar, was a very as thoit Castle hast tal dy Ryvers was thoit castle hast hast heires here would 'low."
"I was at Hoit Castle hast Lady Ryvers was thoit castle hast heir It was not decent. I will tell you what it was —the graceful poetical fancy of an artist, the whim of a man who wanted to be loved for himself and married for himself; and I say, let who will declare to the contrary, that there was no harm in it, no shadow of guile or deceit. What do you candidly think your-

And Miss Marr fixed her eyes on the pale, agitated face, and waited for an answer. "What do you candidly think yourself?" what do you candidly think yourself?" she repeated. It was a crucial question, a trying moment. For the first time since she had found out her husband's secret, she felt that she had judged him too hardly, and had not given sufficient consideration to the motives which actuated him. "It matters little what I think," said Vio-

let. "The girl locked at it from her point of view, the man from his," "The girl wanted shaking !" declared Miss "It was at Holt Castle that Lady Ryvers opened her heart to me. She told me that her dearest wish was that I should be mistress of Ryversdale, that she was sure Randolph leard me. "The girl wanted shaking !" declared Miss Marr. For a few minutes Violet was quelled by the heiress' sudden outburst. Hitherto she had felt that the wrong and injury were all on her side. She had taken no tolerant view of her husband's conduct. But to be told that she "wanted shaking" was a shock to her which brought a fluck of column to her loved me. She was equally sure that, when he was of age, he would ask me to be his wife. She told me that he had peculiar ideas of marriage; but 1 have discovered since then that they were of a very different kind from

"Which brought a flush of colour to her fair face and light to her eyes. "Why do you say that?" she asked coldly. "Why, anyone could answer that ques-tion?" declared Miss Marr. "Here is a girl what I expected, "Lady Ryvers was very cruel in talking to

what I expected. "Lady Ryvers was very cruel in talking to me after that fashion. She would speak of the time when I should be mistress of Ryversdale as though it were a certainity. One day I ventured to say to her: "You speak as though I were engaged to your son, Lady Ryvers; whereas, he has never said one word of love to me-never one." living quietly living quietly in the country,

living quietly living quietly in the country, without expectations of any kind, and a gentleman falls in love with her. He does not love and ride away, as many men would have done; he does not play fast and loose with her. He marries her, he gives her the richest dower that a king could give to a queen, the first, best, and truest love of his heart. What more royal dower can man give to woman than that? He gives her one of the oldest names in the land and one of the most stainless. He gives one.

" 'He will do so,' she said, smiling, 'when "The will do so, she said, summing, when the right time comes." "Then I asked her shyly why she was so anxious that I should marry him, and she told me frankly that ever since she had neard of and seen me, she had wished me to be her

land and one of the most stainless. He gives her wealth, luxury, every comfort and every son's wife. " Not for your money, dear,' she said,

""Not for your money, dear,' she said, "altough a fortune like yours gives influence and has great advantages—it will help Ran-dolph to make a position for himself second to none in the land. It is because you are in every way fitted for him. You have every one of the gifts and advantages that I desire for him; you have not one of the drawbacks that would have grieved me." "It was very consoling; but I should have valued one word of love from the son more than all these overtures from the mother. We were together three weeks at Holt Castle; adding those to the seven I spent at delight that any woman could desire. I maintain that she ought to be grateful to him. I should have been. I only wish to Heaven he had given me one tithe of the love he has given to be " given to her !" A world of wistful longing shone in the dark, beautiful face, a world of passionate love and pain. "Why do you think she is not grateful?"

asked Violet, gently. "I know she is not ; the dowager told me "I know she is not ; the dowager told me about it. She, this young wife, really Lady Ryvers, although she seems never to have used the name, was brought up in some ex-traordinary fashion to hate, without rhyme and reason, all aristoorats ; and, when she found that she had married one of the class she hates, all her love seemed to die. Lady Ryvers assured me that she believed honestly that all the love was on his side. Was that being grateful? I think when she found what his marriage had cost him she ought to Avera together three weeks at Holt Castle; adding those to the seven I spent at Ryversdale, I count in my life ten happy weeks. Some have ten happy years, some have a whole happy life; I have had ten parfect weeks?

have a whole happy life; I have had ten perfect weeks." "But you may be happy yet," said Violet; "you will not spend the whole of your life in lamenting for one who did not love you." "It sounds like lunacy," said Miss Marr; "but what am I to do? I have given my love; I cannot recall it. It is not my failt. There are some things irresistible, and this is one. I would free myself from this bondage of a terrible love will do for me?" "No," answered 'Falls, wonderingly, "It will kill me, some or sisce. Mo one can live long with a broken heart; and mine is surely broken." what his marriage had cost him she ought to have been doubly grateful to him, she ought to have loved him more than ever. I should in her place. Lady Ryvers said he never looked quite happy. Then, after all, she left him."

is surely broken." Then Violet wondered more and more

This was how Monica had spoken. She asked herself if Randolph had left her, had gone

"Left him?" repeated Violet, mechani

(To be Continued).

away from St. Byno's without tell loved her, would her heart have STRANGER THAN FICTION. ling her he

# On Sunday, April 27, Mr. Peabody yielded THE FAIR SEX. In Sunday, April 27, Mr. Peabody yielded to the solicitations of two of his children to "take a walk," and by chance they went in-to these same woods. When passing the place Mr. Peabody thought he would look where the pin was lost, and, taking up a tick, commenced to push aside the leaves. Almost ashamed of himself for looking he propped the stick and turned to go, but some-hing impelled him to look argin. He did so

hing impelled him to look again. He did s ook up his stick, brushed aside some mo

leaves, and there isy the pin in good cond. tion, but a little tarnished.—Narraganset Weekly.

A BATTLESNAKE AT A DISADVANTAGE

Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. James Halford, accompanied by their two-year-old child, visited John Carhart, of Spring Creek Pre-cinct. During the afternoon their attention was attracted to the child, who was tugging

COULDN'T FIND A POCKET.

A fire broke out in a dwelling-house

nen get so excited and nervous in tim

METHODICAL ANTS.

ONLY ONE CENT.

1 change, which he had received and

failed to return twenty years ago, the to baccobeing only 9 cents. He further stated that he had joined the Dunkard Church, and his conscience would give him no rest until he had returned it, with full interest.

A DOVE IN CHURCH.

fire .- Norristoron Herald.

BRUNETTES NOT COOUETTES They say the bruncttes are arch coquettes That they break the hearts that love the But that eyes of blue are tender and true As the sky that bends above them.

Ah! but you will find that love is colour-blind And he comes with as little warning To hearts that lie back of eyes that are black As of those that are blue as the morning.

For he comes and goes as the free wind blows, That asks not as it passes If it touches the head of the roses red, Or violets down in the grasses.

So all the coquettes are not the brunettes, Nor the maidens with golden tresses, They are those unto whom love never has come With his kisses and fond caresses.

was attracted to the child, who was tugging and pulling at some object with all his strength. Going toward him, his mother was horrified to find that the little one had both hands tightly grasped about the tail of a venomous ratilesnake, just above the rattles, whose furious rattling gave notice of the rep-tile's anger. While the child was pulling the snake was unable to get in position for strike

snake was unable to get in position for strik ing with his fangs. In an instant the fright ened mother comprehended the deadly dange of her child, and with a frantic scream that sufficed. caused the little one to drop his deadly play

when released the snake instantly coiled himself to strike. It was indeed a narrow escape.—Hebron (Neb.) Journal. small letters.

fourth time. His bride is twenty years old; he is sixty; she has good social position; he has \$10,000,000. It is a fair bargain.

A fire broke out in a dwelling-house the other night, and after the man and nis wife had safely reached the street the latter said that there was \$500 in the pocket of her dress, hanging in a second-storey back room. "I'll go for it," said the hasband, and he plunged into the burning building. The flames raged furiously, and the man did not return. At the expiration of an hour the fire was extinguished and the back build-ing caved. Firemen groped their way up the rear stairs through water and blinding smoke, and found the man in the closet still fumbling at his wife's dress, looking for the money. He was nearly suffocated with smoke, but had strength enough to say that he thought Just before a Hindoo woman dies a cow is brought in, so that she may hold its tail as her soul leaves the body. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and these women prefer to dwell in the bodies of cows to any ther animals.

had strength enough to say that he though he would have found the pocket inside of Japanese napkins and cover the basket with them, tie them with a ribbon round the top of the basket, and in the centre also, then let two hours. It never occurred to him t seize the dress and rush out with that. Som them hang full and free at the bottom.

By far the most fashionable colours to be employed by the modistes this summer, in conjunction with the white toilets which are to abound, are pale green, Persian mauve, and the many shades of yellow, from delicate primrose to deep ecru. White over pale-coloured slips will be very elegantly worn,

medium and low-priced goods that gay col-ours mostly appear; the rich fabrics are, for the most part, dark or delicate in hue, except-ing, indeed, the exquisite floral brocades, which are used for the fronts of elegant reception toilets.

### HOW TO COOK WATER.

n the sun; in other cases they poison the seed by biting it, so that it does not sprout ONLY ONE GENT. Twenty years ago James Hutchinson, of Springtown, Bucks County, Pa., gave an ac-quaintance 10 cents, and requésted him to bring a package of tobacco along from the store to which the man was going. He brought the package, and the affair was for-gotten until last week, when the man wrote to Mr. Hutchinson, enclosing 25 cents and a postal card, which he said was in payment of 1 change, which he said was in payment

DISPAIR OF LOVE. They had a little quarrel the night before,

They had a little quarrel the night before, and George was ashamed of himself. "When I think, dear," he said, clasping her fondly, "how like a brute I acted, I wonder if you will ever forgive me!" The girl made no response, but her frame shook with convulsive throbs. "What is it, darling?" he went on. "Tears? Ah look at me and tell me I am forgiven. "Yes, George, dear," she sobbed, "you are for-for-given, free-freely, but it is not our foo-foo-lish little quarrel that troubles me to-night." A DOVE IN CHURCH. During services in one of the Presbyterian churches in Ithaca last Sunday a dove en-tered the auditorium, and, after circling around once or twice, alighted on the shiny pate of a baid-hunded gentleman. The sym-bel of peace was rather unceremonionsly dis-lodged from its resting place, when it took wing and flew to a perch near the ceiling. Just after the communion service was fin-ished the dove floated down from aloft and lodged on a table in front of the altar and "What is it, then, darling?" he asked

sionately.

THE I

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AGRICUI

The square parasol is called the "ugly girls' parasol." It has had a great sale in

They have a ladies' brass band in Albion, Mich. The lady who plays the base drum has nine children and is considered an expert.

A Brooklyn young woman wants a divorce from her husband because he beat her once a month with a cane. Foolish man! If he had used a baseball club once a year would have

The Philadelphia Directory contains the name "Carrie Kilgore, lawyer," in large letters and underneath if the name of "Damon Y. Kilgore," her husband, in very

Two female burglars were recently cap tured in London. They could have got away with their swag had they not stopped in the house to try on some new bonnets they found in a dressing-room

"Lucky " Baldwin, one of San Francisco's

A simple way to decorate a waste-par

By far the most fashionable colours to be The Texas agricultural ants go to work a methodical manner. They make a nest b neath the ground and raised several inchabove it, and clear away a space on either side of several feet, from which branch through the grass several roads. Curiously enough this grass about the nest is all of one kind. All the other weeds are cleared away.

Quiet, dark colours are worth on the street by the best dressers ; indoors the colours may be as bright as one likes. It is, nowever, in Some people say the ants plant the grass seed. However, they do gather it and feed to the young, and store the grain-houses un-der ground. Here you see another evidence of intelligence. The seeds stowed away would naturally spront after a rain, but in some cases, when they become damp the ants take them to the surface and dry them in the sun : in other cases they noisen the

# How TO COOK WATER. "Few people know how to cook water," Charles Delmonico used to affirm. "The secret is in putting good fresh water into a meat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and aimmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron dregs only left in the kettle, bah 1 that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all."

time of the year and remain for a month; then I find myself recruited for Christmas." Miss Marr talked on purposely, because she new confusion and embarrassment in the face panion. Why it should be so she ould not think, being a perfect stranger to

"How strange it must seem to have no men in the house i" the heiress said, laughing. "Three ladies all alone—I cannot imagine mything morequiet and tame. We shall not be able to get up even the faintest attemnt at be able to get up even the faintest attempt at sensation of any-kind. Still I may be

"That girl has a story," said Miss Marr to herself, when she was alone; "she has a story of no common kind written on her

Violet, on her part, watching the heiress, came to the conclusion that, with all her outcame to the conclusion that, with all her out-ward brilliancy and brightness, she was not really happy. When Violet went suddenly really happy. , she would find her sad, very often with traces of tears on her face. When she was off her guard, the heiress did not apbe the same brilliant woman the world judged her.

me days after her arrival she was ittless, and seemed to be buried in deen thought, and she took little part in the con-

arsation going on around her. "Gwennie, you have lost your high arits," Mrs. Ingram said to her one day; you do not laugh and talk as you used to "I am growing old and steady, grandmam-

may Life loses its sweetest illusions as the years pass.

'Keep them as long as you can," said Mrs. "Once gone, they can never be recalled.'

"I am not sure that I would recall mine if said Miss Marr. "Miss Beaton could." nave you had many illusions ?"

Violet paused for a moment before she nswered. Had she? They said illusions were sweet. Had she found any part of life

Yes, when she first knew her brave, handsome young lover, when he had wooed her in "June's palace paved with gold," when she had first believed in him and his genius, before she knew he belonged to the class she de-tested. Yes; she had had her illusions.

"Yes," she replied, "I have had some; it they are dead." And, strangely enough, the sweetest illu-ion of both had been love of the same

Days passed on, and the two women un-

sciously drew nearer to each other. The ress liked the beautiful, golden haired-woman whose fair face told a story that no on yet had read; and Violet half liked, half yet had read; and voter han liked, han feared, the lovely brunette who should-so her family said -have been her husband's wife. Was it love of her husband that shadowed the face of Miss Marr? Why did

she sit hour after hour with such a listless expression on her face, with such a far-off look ip her dark eyes? Was it for love of him? Was it for love of him that this girl seemed to live in the world, but not to be of it?

in the morning, when the letter bag was bened, it was amusing to see how many tters were addressed to the heiress. None

me to Violet. What a number of letters, Gwennie !" said Mrs. Ingram once. "Some are begging letters," explained her

And some love letters !" interposed Mrs.

Yes," replied the girl, with a dreary sigh, are are many love letters ; those are the tiresome of all."

could not have thought so at your id Mrs. Ingram.

ler than my years," sighed the

dered if it were love for Lord Byyers, that made her older

She broke off abruptly. Violet looked at her; her whole face quivered with pain. "I never part with it," resumed Miss Marr

"I have given my love, my heart, my peace of rind, my life itself, and all I have in return is this portrait—nothing more. Was there ever, do you think, a fate like mine? Men say I am beautiful. I have almost every gift this world could give me, and yet I cannot win the one thing for which I would give them all—the love of that fair-faced man. I would give my wealth, my beauty, my life, if for once and one minute he would take me in for once and one minute he would take me in his arms and say that he loved me. I have wearied Heaven with my prayers. I think it no shame to ask for the gift of a good man's love, and I have prayed for it; but I have never won it. The world is empty to me," she continued, "because this man does not love me. It is strange what capricious, wil-ful, miserable mortais we are. I have every-thing one would think to make me happy; yet the poorest pessant woman married to

learned to love.

yet the poorest peasant woman married to the husband she loves is happier than I. "Lady Ryvers deceived me by continually fixed my heart on one thing, and I have not attained it. I have prayed one prayer; it has been denied me. All Heaven and earth are dark, void, and dreary to me, because the desire of my heart has not been accorded to

And Violet, as she listened to these passion ate words, could only repeat over and over 10 80. again to herself. "The man whom she loves is my husband

and I have left him." "Now," said Miss Marr, with a quick look at her companion, "you would think it un dignified, perhaps, to love any man after this

"No," answered Violet, gently; "I cannot udge.' "I am not all to blame," continued the

heiress. "I admit that I loved him the first momentI saw him ; but, if I had felt sure he did not and never would care for me. I should have tried to trample my love under foot, and have avoided him. But I was deceived."

With a sudden pang Violet looked up at er. Who had decieved her? Had Randolph, who had sworn to her over and over again that he loved her and her only-had he tried to win the loving, passionate heart of this beautiful woman before her? She did not know that life held such a terrible pain as

"You were deceived ?" she questioned.

slowly. "Yes, but not by him-never by him," "There is no

Miss Marr replied, hastily. "There is not the faintest shadow of guilein his fact. Look at it. There is none in his eyes. Look at them. There is none in his heart. Heaven bless him! He would not know how to deceive anyone," And Violet, as she listened, almost gasped

for breath. She had accused this same man of deceit beyond words, because he had concealed from her the rank and title which he knew she hated. She had left him ; and here was this other woman, who loved him so well, bearing testimony to his stainless honour and truth. Who was right, and who was

wrong? Violet was puzzled and bewildered ; her faith in herself was shaken. "Who deceived you," she asked, "if i were not this man whom you love ?" And Miss Marr little dreamed that the

ed the answer. "It was not he," answered the heiress

"It was not he," answered the heiress, with a loving glance at the photograph : "it was his mother. I could not say with truth that she told me in so many words that he loved me and wanted me to be his wife; but she gave me that impression, she led me to believe that, the great hope of his life was to win me—and all the time he did not care for me. I do not even think he was much in-terested in me." 'Why did she mislead you ?' asked

"I cannot tell. She is very proud and very

"I hed met no one like him. True, I had seen plenty of men, some handsome, some clever, some accomplished; but this one seemed to be perfect. He was a nobleman, gentleman, scholar, poet and artist combined ; add to that the charm of a handsome face and graceful manner, and even then you have but

'he looks at every

faint idea of Lord Ryvers as I knew him. "Alimt files of Lord Lyvers as I knew him, "Alimy heart went out to him, and, alas, it has never come back to me! Perhaps, had I been more like other girls, had I had home, parents, sisters, I should not have trusted all my life to one venture; I should before he settled in life, that he not have been so quick, so eager to love. "The knowledge that I was to be in the

house with him for some few weeks filled my whole soul with happiness. My present self looks back to that bright young self as to another person. With my dead heart, I think I can never be the girl who, found the very light of the sun changed because she had learned to low.

repeating little phrases to me that her son had used in speaking of me, and she gave to them a different meaning, a different inter pretation from that which he intended. to not believe now that he ever said he loved me, or expressed any desire to make me his wife

but she gave me to understand that he did do so. "' My son thinks so much of your taste, Miss Marr ;' My son will not decide until you have given your opinion, Miss Marr,' was what she was always teiling me.

"To me she made no secret of her own ishes. 'I should like you for my daughter-

in-law,' she would say; 'and I have every reason to hope that my wish will be gratified. My son is not of age yet; but when he is he will say in words what he now thinks.' Miss Beaton, what should you have drawn from M188 such words ?"

"A certain conclusion that Lady Ryvers wished you to marry her son," answered Vio-let, "but not that the son himself had the same thought."

"You are quite right; it was my own love that misled me. If the same thing had been that misled me. If the same thing had been said to me of anyone else, I should have been most indignant—indeed, I would not have listened to it. It was but second-hand woo-ing at the best. Lady Ryvers was so clever, so skiful, that, without clothing the idea in words, she gave me to understand that her son loved me, but that he did not think it mudent to aay anything of love or mention

prudent to say anything of love or marriage until he was of age. I was blind. I gave myself up to fool's paradise. I ought to have known that love and prudence are as far apart as the poles. I have paid the penalty of my

blindness with the happiness of my whole What the heart wishes it soon believes. Deceived by Lady Ryvers, I really believed that Lord Ryvers cared for me, and that when we were both older he would ask me to be his wife. True, there was nothing lover-like in his manner. He talked to me about pictures because I loved them; and, when I found

that painting was the one thing for which he cared most I studied it. Not that I tried to cared most i studied it. Not that I tried to paint; but I read the lives of great artists. I read of what clever men wrote of them, so that when he spoke of anything I could under-stand all his references. He was delighted. He has sisters; but they either did not care for such subjects or it had been an express wish of Lady Ryvers' that they should not encourage him in the matter of a thought of the second seco girl's whole soul was in suspense as she await-

encourage him in the matter of art, the only time when she seemed to tolerate painting was when Lord Ryvers discussed it with me."

Again a pain that was both keen and bitter went through Violet's heart. How much better this woman had loved him than she herself had done ! The rich heiress had studied the things he loved, while she had never dreamed of so doing : she had even at times felt impatient with his devotion to art. The contrast struck her most forcibly. "I know," continued Miss Marr, "that

Small Wonders and Roman in short Chapters. Would she have felt as though all life were ended? And this time there was a thrill of HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

both pain and pleasure in her heart as the answer came. She was beginning to think differently of her hashand, viewing him in the Henry Wheeler, one of the oldest of the residents of Cherokee county, Indiana, has lived on the same land for half a century. He light of another woman's love.

"The strangest part of the story is yet to come," said Miss Mark. "Lady Ryvers wrote to me in the month of April, and told me that her son had asked, as a special favour before he asthed in life that, he might have has never had to buy a bushel of corn or a pound of meat in his life. The first dollar he ever earned was a silver one. He punched a hole through it and fastened it in his clock with a screw, where it now is. He has nine teen children and 102 grandchildren and might have one year for a sketching tour. He had progreat-grandchildren. mised her that, if she would continue h inistration of his estates, and extend her WHAT CAME OUT OF A STUMP. There was published in Lawrenceville, b

reign until the expiration of that time, he would willingly attend to the duties she was fore the war, a paper called the *News*. In 1862 the proprietor, Colonel J. R. Simmons, now of Atlanta, enlisted for service in the Confederate army, and as a soldier did not most anxious to urge upon him. That was in April. In June I went to Ryversdale. Of course he was absent, and the difference wa as great as between night and day. Still Lady Ryvers talked to me in the same fashion have much use for a printing press and type he left the office in charge of Judge Terrell, -of what I should do when I went to reign who on the approach of the Yankees removed it out to his home in the country, and the type and material were hid out in the fields over the grand old house where she had bee safety. After the war it was gathered up

mistress so long, what plan of life she wished Randolph to pursue." Again came the mingled sense of pain and for salety. After the war it was gathered up and sold to a Cartersville paper, but it seems that all of it was not found. Last week Tom Ethridge was burning off an old field, and a stump caught fire, and as it warmed up Tom's pleasure, so new to Violet, at the sound of her husband's name on her rival's lips.

"This autumn," continued the heiress, stump caught fire, and as it warmed up Tom's eyes glistened with a new light as he saw a stream of melted silver, as he supposed, pour-ing out on one side, while a hasty glance in-side presented great bars of gold lying tempt-ingly in the hollow. He hastily put out the fire and got reavy to take charge of his find. was staving with some friends near Revers dale, and I heard strange rumours about the young heir. At last I saw Lady Ryvers, and she prayed of me so urgently go to Ryvers, dale that I could not refuse. But, ah me, what a different place it was! A blight seemed to have fallen over it. Lady Ryvers But the silver turned out to be old type that looked like a woman pressed down by some terrible sorrow, and, after a while, she told it had carried the news of the great secession movement and the opening guns of the great war between the States, while the glittering to me. It was a strange story, but, knowing her son's romantic nature, I cannot say that it surprised me." It was by a supreme effort that Violet regold was simply brass rules.—Lawrence (S. C.) Heraid.

frained from speaking ; she felt that it was A curious instance of forgetfulness occurred her own story she was about to hear, and for some inexplicable reason, she dreaded

A curious instance of forgettiliness occurred in this city last week. It is a confutation of the saying :-- 'Can a mother forget her child ?' Two ladies, with an infant appar-ently two years, called at a carpet store, and after the usual inspection of patterns selected one to suit, the busy clerk attended to other curstomers, and the budy most onto This hearing it. "It seems," continued Miss Marr, "that Lord Ryvers always bad a dread of being married for money or title, that the great wish of his heart was to marry for love. customers, and the ladies went out. This was about one o'clock in the afternoon. At That was his dream, just as some dream of a seat in Parliament and others of the Victoria three o'clock imagine the surprise of the clerk when he found an infant calmly sleeping in a Cross. It was the desire of his heart, the one great ambition of his life. As I have told woke and began crying. Thinking that she soon woke and began crying. Thinking that she might be hungry, the clerk was sent out with her to a restaurant, where her little ladyship's good humour was restored by a dainty reyou he went on a sketching tour. He would have no valet, no servant ; he left all ceremony and formality behind him. He droppe even his name and title for a time; he wanted to realize to its fullest extent the freedo past. As they were on their return to the store one of the forgetful ladies came hur-riedly up, and, with "Where have you been and charm of an artist's life. It was his whim his fancy, his last real glimpse of liberty be-fore he entered upon public life. No one can say that he was to blame. While he was on with my child ?" she seized the neglected infant and hurried away without a word o this sketching tout, be Mind, my dear Miss Beaton, you are letting my locket fall !" -- for the treasure had slipped from the white thanks. - Hartford Times,

trembling hands. Miss Marr raised it, and touched it with he

370 mars Noting her companion's action, Violet's face flushed with anger. Her husband had kissed her face a thousand times with passion-ate kisses, and her heart had not been stirred -she had taken them very much as her right; but now, as the beautiful lips of Miss Marr touched her husband's pictured face, something rushed through both heart and brain, leaving her taint and bewildered. The heiress put the portrait into her hand,

"During the sketching tour he met some "During the sketching tour he met some beautiful country-girl, quite uneducated, I believe. He fell in love with her. Neither his name nor his rank did he disclose. He

his name nor his rank did he disclose. He wooed her as a poor artist. Lady Ryvers does not seem to think that she cared very much for him : but I do not believe that. Why, in that case, did she marry him ? If one does not marry for money, if one does not marry for money, it must be for love. I should think this young girl marrird Lord Ryvers, believing him to be an artist work-ing for his daily bread. The strangest part of, politan.

- NEW COLUMN TO THE TANK

began eating the remains of the satar and began eating the remains of the sacramental feast, but it was not allowed to enjoy itself any longer than it took a devout deacon to cover the distance between his pew and the table

Pottstown Leader.

An Obstinate Patient

The story of the clever physician and obstinate patient is worth relating. The lat-ter, who was a West-of-England Bishop, and a notoriously staunch Conservative, had for ome time been very ill, and with other pre scriptions the doctor advised that at regular intervals a small dose of brandy should be administered. To this, however, the prelate had a decided objection; he obstinately re-fused to taste a drop of the intoxicating iquor. The physician insisted, nay, even implored his patient to take a small quan-tity, but the bishop as firmly and politely de-clined. Here was a dilemma. The proba-bility was that his obstinacy would be the cause of his death. Few, in the same posion, would have been struck with the idea as the doctor. Quickly walking to the bedside of the sick man, he said :---'' You are aware that Russell is in office, and a Whig will be your successor to the bishopric." That touched him in a weak point. Slowly raising himself in the back he said '' Erech the himself in the bed, he said, "Fetch the brandy, doctor; if necessary I will drink quart.

#### Wilkie Collins and His Work.

Wilkie Collins writes most of his novel with his own hand, bat now and then rhen natic gout gives him such pain that he can-not hold a pen, and then he employs an amanuensis. The greater part of "The Moonstone" was dictated, and Mr. Collins Moonstone" was dictated, and Mr. Collins says it is the only one of his works which he has never read. The recollections of the agony he suffered while dictating it deters him. "For a long time, while that book was writing," he says, "I had the utmost difficulty in getting an amannensis who would go on with his work without interrupt-ing himself to sympathize with me. I am much like a beast in many ways-if I am in pain. I must how!: and as I am much like a beast in many ways-if I am in pain. I must howi; and, as I lay in the bed in the corner yonder, I would often break forth in a yell of anguish. Then my amanuensis would urge me to compose myself and not to write any more. Between the paragraphs I would go along nicely enough having in my mind inst what I would enough, having in my wind just what I want-ed to say, and these interruptions would drive me mad. Finally a young girl, not more than seventeen, offered to help me, and I consent-ed that she should, in case she was sure she

AT THE END OF A LASSO.

FORGOT HER BABY.

Antonio Galves, a boy about 17 years of age, was out in the prairie known as Castillo, and in endeavouring to lasso a cow while on his horse, the animal that he was riding suddeniy became frightened at something and threw its rider just as he was attempting to throw the lariat at the cow. It so happened that Antonio's left arm was caught in the noose of the lariat, the other end of which was tied to the pommel of the saddle. which was tied to the pommel of the saddle. The terrified beast then started across the prairie as fast as it could go with its unfor-tunate rider dragging behind. It at last stopped at the ranch of Isadro Garza, about-six miles from the starting point, where the fatal lasso was removed from the arm of the then dead Galves, and it was found that his neck was broken.-Brownsville Cosmo-

AFTER TWENTY-NINE YEARS

J. A. Peabody, while in the woods getting J. A. Feadody, while in the woods getting birch-bark twenty-nine years ago, lost a nug-get of gold which he wore in his shirt bosom upon a pin. Having obtained the nugget in California in 1850, and highly prizing it, he searched for it carefully. Many times since he has visited the place and looked for it.

MARRYING A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

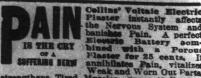
A very singular marriage was one which bk place at Leicester, in the eighteenth A very singular marriage was one which took place at Leicester, in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, between Thomas Filsby, a deaf and dumb man, and Ursula Bridget, a hearing and talkative spinster. As the prayer-book required that the promises of marriage should be exchanged in spoken words, the clergy and civil author-ities of Leicester were unable to say how this it is of Leicester were unable to say how this dumb man could be satisfactorily married. In their perplexity they appealed to the In their perplexity they appealed to the Bishop of London, who, with the help of an-other member of the clergy, devised a mar-riage service by signs. The bride made promises in the usual manner, and the groom did his part thus .-- "Having first embraced Ursula with his arms, he took her by the hand and put the nuptial ring on her finger. He then laid his right hand significantly upon his heart, and afterward, putting their palms together, extended both his hands to to Heaven. Having thus sued for the divine blessing, he declared his purpose to dwell with Ursula till death should separate them, eparate them. by closing his eyelids with his fingers, digging the earth with his feet, as though he to make a hole in the ground, and then moving his arms and body as though tolling a uneral heil."

An invitation has been received by Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education, from the Hon. T. W. Bicknell, President of the National Educational Association of the the National Educational Association of the United States, to be present and read a paper at the forthcoming meeting of the as-sociation, which is to be held at the city of Madison, Wis., from the 10th to the 18th of July. It is intended to make this session one of more than ordinary interest. Hon. Mr. Bicknell, in his note, said :--" It is proposed to make the next meeting of the association one of great national importance by reason of the topics to be discussed, the association one of great national importance by reason of the topics to be discussed, the speakers who are to address the meeting, and the assemblage that will gather in one of the most beantiful cities of our great North-West. In addition to the unusual attractions of a literary nature will be a national educational exhibition, which it is hoped will be made very complete in the several departents of its programme."



## Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head-Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly reileved. Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste, and hearing restored, and ravages checked. Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strenth and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., oured. One boule Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Sol-vent, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one pack age, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for SanPoren's RADICAL CURE, a pure distillation of Witch



CURE, a pure distillation of Witc Pine, Ca. Fir, Marigold, Clover Blos POTTEE DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.





could let me howl and cry out in my pain while she kept her place at the table. She did it, too, and 'The Moonstone' finally came to an end. But I never read it—never."

Hastings County Council have favourably Christian Association for a grant in aid of the erection of a hospital and home for the home for the ciendless. No change was made in the

EPPS'S COCOA. -- GRATEFUL AND COMFOR EPPS'S COCOA. -- URAFEFUL and CORFORMATING, -- "By athorough knowledge of the natur al laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application o the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa 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 to disease. Hundreds of subtle mainterver foating around us ready to attack wherever foating around us ready to attack wherever the subtle state of the subtle state o

floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our-selves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."--Civil Service Gazette.---Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only un Packets and Tins (1 lb and lb) by Grocers, labelled.--" James Epres & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

county equalization.