

. THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

though she did not ask him to stay. Lord Lester was amiable, and interested ; all the ladies praised him, and said how handsome ladies praised him, and said how handsome he was. And it struck me—it may have been my fancy, but it struck me that most of them smiled just a little when they glanced at me. He lingered, poor boy, but no invitation to remain for Inncheon came. When he bid my mother good-by, she smiled at him—Violet, how can people smile when they do cruel things?—and said : "'Wilt you tell your father that, if he is riding near the Castle to-day, I wish he would call ? call ? "I should imagine the honourable and Reverend Hugh Caeriyon took those words as a royal command, for he came that same aternoon. I learned afterward from Paul what she had said to him. She congratu-lated him on his son's good looks, and on his prospects, and then added with a smile-oh. Violet, my mother's smiles make me tremble at times 1-that she had something very expecial to say to him. ""Your son must not come here, my dear Mr. Caerlyon; he is far to handsome. Although I admit that he is brave, gallant, and, in fact, as fine a young man as one might wish to see, as fine a young man as one might wish to see, still you quite understand that he would not here with me whose mothers have trusted them with me, and I must not introduce an ineligible young Adonis like your son. Be-sides there is my own daughter.' "The good rector knew nothing of our mad love affair, so that he did not look in thy least degree guilty. "Perhaps you are wise,' said the rector ; "at the some time, you are rather hard. It seems that my son's good qualities are the cause of his being deprived of your

"Have you ever wr Violet answered "No." "I you had," said the girl, simply, "you would know that it would be the most diffi-cult thing in the world to write a cheerful one in circumstances like mine."

CHAPTER XXXV.

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tion with the person you have brought as your wife, we may civilize her, if poss is born with every lady; it is not given to as your wife, we may civilize her, if possible. I myself do not think it possible ; she is more obstinate even than she is ignorant. I beg you to wait until I have left Ryversdale. The grounds and gardens of Ryversdale Castle have been my pride all my life. I could not endure to see them out up, or even disturbed, to gratify the whim of an ignorant and vulgar woman." If Lord Ryvers had been there, he would have indignantly silenced his mother, who was speaking in her haughtrest tone of

KLY MAIL, TOBONTO, TEURSDAY, MAY 15, 1884.

"I consider it a criterion," she said. "One may always know a lady by her taste in dress." "Your ladyship's remarks are leveled at me," said Violet, "and would seem to in-dicate that you do not consider me a lady. I think consideration for other people's feelings far more an indication of nobility than taste in dress."

woman." "Mother," said Randolph, trying to speak calmly, "you must know that this is intoler-able to me. You may not like Violet-Heaven knows why l-but you do not think her ignorant or vulgar ; you merely say it to annoy me. My wife must be respected." "Then do not let me be annoyed by seeing any nonsense of the kind proposed. If fu must be done, let it be when I have left the castle." "Your ideas are provincial," replied the dowager. "There is no more to be said." "How I hate her !" cried Violet, afterward, in the solitude of her own room; and her hared grew with every hour. The dowager never lost an opportunity of making her feel her position. In her son's presence her ladyship exercised some little control over her words, but not when he was absent. She then made no attempt to con-ceal her bitter disappointment with regard to her son's marriage; she never lost an oppor-tunity of taunting her with it, lamenting the run of his prospects, the utter spoiling of his lite.

must be done, let it be when I have left the castle." Monies glanced at her brother. "Let it be, Randolph." she said. "for a short time. I am very sorry I spoke or inter-fered. Mamma will excuse me; I had for-gotten her prejudices." "Do what you will to Ryversdale when I have left it," said her ladyship; "but for the present, for the few weeks that I am here, let everything remain as it is." And in her heart she wowed again that she would do all that was possible to annul this horrible marriage. If yiolet had been docile, yielding, deferential, it might have been more bearable; but this girl was proud as any Ryvers ever born.

tunity of taunting her with it, lamenting the ruin of his prospects, the utter spoiling of his lite. All these taunts seemed to set Violet's heart against her husband. He found her one morning in her room, her beautiful syes half drowned in tears, her lovely face pale and troubled. He caught her in his arms and clasped her to his breast; he kissed the white eyclids and the quivering hps. "You have been crying, my darling." he said. "Tell me why: I well know. You shall not shed any tears. You shall not be troubled, or vered, or grieved. What is it?" But she would not tell him. Tortures would not have dragged the truth from her. She had been nobly loyal to her resolve. She had uttered no complaint of the mother to her own ourage in keeping her resolve, al-though there were times when some scathing word from the dowager, some cruel insult would send her, flushed and quivering with rage, from the room. "You shall not be annoyed, Violet," cried Lord Ryvers. "I insist upon you telling me what is the matter. You are the dearest ob-ject in life to me: your happiness is my first thought, and always shall he." Tor once the girl's pride and courage broke down utterly. "Oh, Randolph," she cried, bitterly, "why bearable ; but the girl was proud as any Ryvers ever born. Long after Randolph had quitted the room the dowager sat brooding angrily over her bitter disappointment. If her son had mar-ried Gwendoline Marr, what a different mat-ter it would have been ! To have pleased a great heiress like Gwendoline Marr, she would have been willing to see the Ryversdale grounds undergo a complete change; but he grounds undergo a complete change; but ho change abould be wrought to please Violet; not one plant should be removed to gratify her. If possible, Violet herself should be re-moved; and she longed heartily for that day

CHAPTER XXXVL

Ryversdale looked very beautiful in its autumn dress. The chrysanthemums were all in flower, the Castle gardens being famous for them. Long before their bloom had faded, Violet, Lady Ryvers, had owned to herself that she was very unhappy. The dowager had kept to her resolve—no visitors had been asked to the Castle, no invitations issued as yet. Very little was known of Lord Revenue. had kept to her resolve—no visitors had been asked to the Castle, no invitations issued as yet. Very little was known of Lord Ryvers' marriage, very few people had heard of it. The newspapers were silent regarding it, and most of the persons to whom it was mentioned declared that it could not be true, and refused to believe it. The young lord rebelled against this state of things. Still his mother had asked him as a distinct, personal favour, to keep his marriage a secret ior a short time, al-leging as her excuse that she wished Violet to associate with herself and her daughters be-for she took her part in the world. Lady Ryvers had pointed out to him many little deficiencies in Violet which could be rectified only by attention and training. "You must not take her and yourself too. If you introduce her junt as she is to the world, every one will know you have made a mesolliance." "What is the matter with Violet, mother, that you are always finding fault with her?" asked the young lord. "Your wife's greatest fault is that she is perfectly and undisguisedly natural," said her ladyship. "She has not been trained in any way; she does what she likes, she says what she thinks." "And why not?" asked Lord Ryvers. See-For once the grit s pride and courage broke down utterly. "Oh, Randolph," she cried, bitterly, "why did you marry me? You knew the difference which existed between our positions m life ; I did not. Why did you marry me?" she reiterated. "To make you happy—and I mean to do "To make you happy—and I mean to do 80," "To make you happy—and I mean to do so," he answered. "Violet, every tear of yours is rending my heart." "Why did you marry me?" Why did you bring me here? I hate it all h I shall never be happy! It was a cruel thing of you to do. You must have known that your mother and sisters would never like me ??"

isters would never like me ! THOSE HORRID MEN.

tears." "What is it that you like about that girl ?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply. He would not marry her because she had false teeth. But when his wife keut him awake for nights with toothache and neu-ralgis, he wished he had. A philosopher writes :-- "Do once in a while let your husbard have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you." And yet they say Solomon was the wisest man. thinks." "And why not ?" asked Lord Ryvers. See

wisest man.

If a man wants peace to reign in the house-hold he should sount ten before speaking at times when he feels as if hie clothes don's fit him. And on days when the kitchen stove doesn't draw he should count 480.

"I am disposed to think that we should be

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

What He Said, What He Said. Oh. yes, I'll tell you the story— The very words that were said. You see the supper was cooking. And I was slicing some bread. And Richard came into the pankry; His face was exceedingly red. He opened his half-shut fingers. And gave me the guinpse of a ring; And then_oh, yes, I remember. The kettle began to sing. And Fanny came in with her baby— The cunningest bit of a thing. And the biscuit were ont in a minute— Well, what came next 1 Let me sec-Oh 1 Fanny was there with the baby, And gear at flowed over her glasses So queer at Richard and me.

nd grandma looked over her glasses So queer at Richard and me.

But it wasn't till after milking That he said what he had to say. How was it? Oh ! Fanny had taken The baby and gone away— The funciest rogue of a fellow— He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum tree, And Richard said something low, But I was tired and finstered, And trembled, I almost know : For old Red is the herdest of milkers, And Brindle's so horribly slow.

And that—let me see—where was 1? Oh! the stars grew thick overhead, And we two stood under the plum tree Till the chickens flew up to bed— Well, he loved me, and we're to be married,-And that is—about what he said,

Fashion Notes,

Even for the little people there are dainty eamless and Robinson Crusce parasols. Reather in bloom will be a favourite gar-niture for the new Milan straws in cham-

pignon. Spring wraps are as ornamental as possible, frequently being combinations of three differ-ent materials. One of the fashionable cloaks for ladies

has dog-sleeves. This sort of a cloak must be highly convenient for carrying poolles.

A young bride claimed that her husband was a model man. And he was. His occu-pation was making dummies for clothing stores. It doesn't cost much to get married in New

Jersey. The license fee is only 12 cents. But six States, including Pennsylvania, have neither license nor fee.

Parasols are exceedingly rich and expensive. The handsomest in black are the bro-cade grenadine, and Spanish guipure lace covers with carved ebony handles.

Ladies who have a liking for hats worn over the forehead will be glad to learn that the old favourite, the English walking hat, is likely to be revived this spring. The brim is about the same as of old.

Daggers are the ferocious class of ornament most affected on bonnets this season. The handles are ornamented with crosses, cres-cents, crooks, etc., and many have Rhine-stone settings. Buckles and slides, however, still hold their prestige where large loops of velvet or velvet are used.

"When does a man resemble a seamstress ?" When he hems and haws and rips and

still noid their prestige where large loops of velvet or velvet are used. A hat that is certain from its jaunty ap-pearance to find favour with young ladies has a square crown and a wide brim, looped one side and faced with leaf brown velvet. Loops of velvet ribbon form a rosette in front of the crown, and two ostrich tips of the favour-ite beige with fall gracefully at the side. Short, compact styles are the fashion in earrings, with single stones set very lightly. Plain or frosted balls, small daises, butter-oups, etc., are quite popular. Heavy, long earrings are entirely out of style, and many ladies do not have their ears pierced, but fasten the ring with a small screw on the back.

back. The Mother Hubbard wrapper has become so firmly fixed in the affections of the femi-nine portion of humanity that it would be difficult to displace it, yet the Princess style is nester and more becoming for house wear. The Mother Hubbard, however, is cool and pleasant for summer, and can be belted in at the waist if desired, thus removing in a great measure its untidy appearance.

duam, or rather low in the crown, as may be becoming, while young ladies and misses often favour the jockey caps of velvet or of cloth, to match with the suit. A fashnonable riding habit complete can cost anywhere from \$100 to \$250, and good saddles are sold at various prices, from \$40 to \$125, with whip and bridle.

of an extinct volcano. "You hate him " of an extinct volcano. "You hate him?" "I do. I loathe him from my inmost soul. And, Ethel, darling, to-day comes the hour of my vengeance?" "What would you do? Oh, Angie, pause-"" "We start at loclock." "You do?" "At 12.30 I'll-"" "You'll what? Oh, Angie, you make me tremble. You'll-" "I'll eat five of the biggest, raw-est rankest measured for income monar can have est, rankest, ruggedest onions money can buy in Bradford !"

The History of a Kiss, "Johnnie," said a Second street girl to bashful company as they occupied remote ends of the soin the other night, "I see by the Derrick that a lady in New Jersey 104 years old, beasts of having been kissed

by Washington." "Yes," said Johnnie, "I saw it, too," "Suppose you were to become a great man like Washington ?"

like Washington ?" "Well ?" said Johnnie. "And I were to live to be 104 years old ?" "Well ?" said Johnnie. "I couldn't say of you what the old lady said of Washington, could I ?" Then he kissed her.

Old Fashion Courtship.

Old Fashion Courtship. A writer in the Home Journal believes that the old fashion courtship is passing away, and after asking what are to be the regula-tions of courtship during the transitional epoch, answers as follows :-- "Nominally and theoretically, the man still does all the court-ing, but really and practically women are taking the matter in their own hands. Enough of the restraint of chivalry has re-mained to prevent them from openly pro-posing marriage to the object of their choice; but fibere are a thousand ways in which a lady of tact may woo and yet not transcend the bound of etiquette. The present method is a hybrid between the one-sided courting of knightly days and the custom which will prevail when women have' their proper position in the perfected society in the inture. In a word, courtship is now evidently drifting womanward, by which we mean that the ladies will constantly take a more and more active part in it, until in the day when woman shall have her rights, the most impor-tant of which is marriage, it will be as com-mon for women to offer their hands to mer as it is for men to propose to women. O lucky day for bashful bachelors !"

Riding Habits. Of course neat hobits can be made at home in any of the varions kinds of cloth that sell at reasonable prices, but to be elegant and stylish the habit should be made by a tailor to secure needful strength of finish and per-fection in fit. The material of which it if made should be either broadcloth, kersey, castor, or English meiton, in black, navy blue, or hunter's green, and costing anywhers from \$4 to \$15 a vard.

blue, or hunter's green, and costing anywhere from \$4 to \$15 a yard. No trimming is used upon the most stylish habit, but it can be bound with braid, corded or stitched, and the buttons are either of ivory or in lasting. The riding skirt is much shorter than it was a year or so ago and is cut graduating, so that the longest portion is where the length of the skirt is taken up in the saddle, making it haug the same all round Trousare are



ÁMHERSTBURG.—Is th manufactured } If so p facturer's address. Address Patterson

SEEDS F

MEAFORD, Can you to seeds are? I got some bought this winter, and are wild tares, and will wild oats should I sow and oblige.

The seeds sent are o usually found in wild are not careful they w able annoyance.

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THE MESSEN

Mr. Miles Langstaff

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issue :-- " Messenger land to the State of] vear 1800. An unc

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The Philosopher and His Wife.

A writer in the Home Journal believes that

Riding Habits,

society.' "Precisely so,' said my mother. Those same good qualities render him a great deal

same good qualities render nim a great deal too charming.' "But, Violet, before the rector reached home my lover's patience had give away. He had written a long letter to my mother, telling her how dearly he loved me, and ask-ing if he might make me his wife. "The most terrible moment in my life was when my mother came to me, her face dark with frowns, and that letter open in her hands.

nds. "Will you follow me, Monica?" she

"I knew that tone of voice well. It froze the blood in my veins. Still, in my happy ignorance, I said to myself that no one could who would be added to myself that no one could part me from my lover ; no matter what any-one edid, or said, or thought, I could not be parted from him. My mother led the way to her own boudoir, the same presty room you would have looked less terrible to me. There she was, so proud, so tall, so stately, her eyes have so parted rook the same presty room you would have looked less terrible to me. There she was, so proud, so tall, so stately, her eyes have so proud, so tall, so stately, her eyes have looked less terrible to me. There she was, so proud, so tall, so stately, her eyes have looked less terrible to me. There she was, so proud, so tall, so stately, her eyes have looked at me for some minutes in size. I remember, Violet, the very square of corpet on which I stood; I remember the window, whether looked at me for some minutes in size. "I am trying not to be angry. Monics; I was you tell me the meaning of this." "She placed my lover's letter in my hands. My tears fell upon it hot and fast. It was so bouching, so beautiful. I wondered that she have sight, eager young life was wrapped up in the sight, and your, ' neneated my mother ' too'.

me. "I am trying,' repeated my mother, 'not to be angry. We must not be too hard on the faults and folies of youth. How this boy found the audacity to write this letter I can-not think ! I do not blame you ; I shall not sven ask you any questions about it; but, understand, the nonseate must be ended as once. Read that letter through." "I read it through my fast-falling tears. "I read it through my fast-falling tears. "Mo use,' said my mother, haughtily, 'how far the young man's presumption leads him. A young ponniless soldier, and yet he asks for the hand of my daughter ! Thinking

''And Violet," continued Monica, with a simile more sad than tears, "strange to 'ay, and just because I did not want to make conquests, I had a crowd of suitors. How I hated them—savagely almost! I could never find words cruel enough for them; and they liked it. They said I was original, piquant, clever. They made me the rage and the fashion, while I hated them. My mother was delighted. She said her daughters would marry better than any other girls. And, Violet, you cannot imagine what kind of men fell in love with me. It would seem like vain boasting! I tooltyou. A duke proposed for me. Only imagine—I might have been a duchess! Mamfa almost shook me when I refused. A great American millionaire made me an offer, and she went nearly wild with delight that I tell her each time that a fresh suitor comes to me that I shall live and die true to Paul.

live and die true to Paul. "This morning I have had a letter from him, and he says there is a rumour that his regiment, the Black Lancers, will be sent to Africa. Oh, Violet, how am I to bear it, dear? I may never see him again. I would rather look once into his face and die than live fifty years without seeing him. There is one consolation for us, which is that, though we are parted we have ample faith in each other. My trust in Paul could never die; his in me, I am convinced, is equally firm. Caa you imagine what it is to love one man with your whole heart, to have no other interest, yet never to see him, never to hear his name, to be with him only in dreams? Way, Vio-let, my life is full of pain, one long torture of auspense! I have no hope. Mamma will never releat, never no hope. Mamma will never releat, never no my marriage with Paul. Only one thing could be of any use to us; but it will never happen. If someone to us; but it will never happen. If someone would die and leave Paul a large fortune, she

would withdraw her veto at once.

would die and leave Paul a large fortune, she would withdraw her veto at once.
"A year ago Paul wrote to me and suggested that we should get married at once; he said that when it was done and beyond recail my mother would forgive us; but how could I say 'Yes' and gnoil his career? How could he keep a wife who would not bring him one shilling, he who has difficulty enough to keep himself? His father has little money to spare; he can help him only every now and then. Do you not see, Violet, I should he only a drag and a burden? In fact I love him too well to accede to that wish.
"I have no money of my own," Monica went on plantively : "manma has all. She can either leave me a fortune or deprive me of one. She would not, of course, give me one shilling if I married Paul. For myself I do not mind poverty at all; but I cannot drag him down into the depths. It would be selfish and I love him better than myself."
"It seems a sad story," said Ylolet, "and I do not see what can be done to help you."

do not see what can be done to help you." "Nothing can be done," Monica answered. "It is doubly hard far me. Just be-cause I want no lovers and do not want mamma 'to think of matrimohy in com-nection with me, I am overwhelmed with offers; even our beautiful Marguerite never had so many as I have had; and every track offer makes my mather so anory never had so many as I have had ; and every fresh offer makes my mother so angry. Only last week that tiresome old Sir Thomas Macintosh, who is said to be one of the rich-est men in Engined, wrote to mamma, and told her—oh, Violet, I have not patience to repeat it. I have not indeed !--told her that he wanted to marry me, and that he was so anxions to make me his will be would settle half his fortune on me if I would consent. Mamma implored me to say 'Yes.' And in some way, I cannot tell how Paui has heard of it, and has written tome. He knows that I shall be true to him. If ever a girl means to be true to her love, and is true. I am that girl, I shall write to Paul to-day. But he seems so disheartened. He nears these rumours of my lovers, he hears rumours of his regiment going abroad, and he seems half dis-tracted."

"Write him a long, chearful love letter,"

it seems that that was her chief delight." Lord Ryvers remembered it so well that his face flushed. It had been a very paradise to him, and he was pleased that she thought of it

him, and he was present that are shought of it. Monics went on : "These great gardens here do not seem to give her much pleasure. She has been saying how much she would like a piece of ground all her own, to grow what flowers and fruits she likes. I think it is very natural ; ieally our gardens seem to be made more for our gardeners than ourselves." "Of course she can have what ground she likes, and do as she likes with it, and in it," said Lord Ryvers.

said Lord Ryvers. "She will like to work in it herself," re-

marked Monica. "She likes to cultivate flowers and take care of them."

flowers and take care of them." "I will go out at once and and select a por-tion of the garden for her exclusive use," said Lord Ryvers. "I know exactly what she wants and what will please her. I am so glad you found it out, Monica." "If your wife wishes also to keep a dairy." broke in the dowager, "you will make ar-rangements for it, I presume? It is quite a new thing for the ladies of Ryversdale to work on their own land !"

new thing for the ladies of Ryversdale to work on their own land !" "How bitterly you speak, mother !" cried Randolph : while Monica looked away with a shrug of berahoulders toat was far more ex-pressive than words. "I speak truthfully. I say that it is a mis-fortune when the mistress of a house like this has such excessively plebian tastes; it is more unfortunate still when the husband en-courages them."

"I do not see how you can call the cultiva

"I do not see how you can call the cultiva-tion of flowers a plebeian taste," said Lord Ryvers. "Why, mother, I have seen you yourself busy in the conservatory-busy, too, amongst your "avourite roses!" "You have never seen me stain my hands with gathering fruit, or soil them by weed-ing," said Lady Ryvers, "If your wile in-tends to work in a garden as she seems to have done, she will never be presentable. It is quite a new idea to me. I thought only peasant women used the spade and the hoe."

peasant women used the spade and the hoe." "Yon wilfully misunderstand, mother," declared Randolph, angrily. "If either of my sisters had expressed such a wiso, yon would most cheerfully have acceeded to it." "It has nothing to do with me" said the dowager, sharply. "The land, the grounds, the house and all belonging to it, are yours. It does not concern me in the least. You can do wnat you like with your own. I merely warn you that your wife's tastes are plebian, and that, if you begin to yield to them, you will not know where to stop. I advise you to refuse to gratify them, and try to elevate them."

"You are not fair, you are not just, mother --indeed you are not," returned the young husband, gravely. "You look with preju-diced eyes at everything that Vielet wants

and wishes." "Violet would have been much better left where you found her," said Lady Ryvers, contemptuously. "You might as well at-tempt to graft cabbages on rose trees as to make a lady of a person who has been ac-customed to work in gardens and darries." Randolph rose hastily from his seat. This was more than he could bear. He relt that his indignation was rapidly mastering him, and that words might be said which nothing could recall. and wishes.

and that words might be said which nothing could recall. "Stay, Randolph !" oried her ladyship, in a voice of authority. "You are going of course to select a piece of ground to gratify this absurd whim of your wife." "Most certainly, mother," he replied, "Any wish of Violet's shall be gratified so far as I am concerned." The dowager rose from her chair, with a gesture of proud intolerance which struck dismay into the heart of her son. "Not while I am here !" she cried. "I am staying at your request ; your sisters are stay.

staying at your request; your sisters are stay ing by my request, in order that, by associa

much nearer Heaven than we are now," re-turned Lord Ryvers. "Do I understand you rightly, mother, that my wife is not fitted for society until she has learned to move artifi-cially, to speak untruthfully, to conceal her thoughts?" "You wilfully misunderstand me," said her ladyship. "I repeat that your wife is not fit to go into addicty until she understand.

that he is single. "Yes," said Fogg, "Dr. Pillroller is a brave man, no doubt, but he carries his bravery too far. He is foolhardy, sir; never saw so rash a man. Called him to see Mrs.

"You wilfully r isunderstand me," said her ladyship. "T repeat that your wife is not fit to go into society until she understands its laws and rules." "And those, you and my sisters are to teach her?" said Lord Ryvers. "She can learn them from us, if she chooses," answered her ladyship, proudly. "I shall not condescend to give her lessons. Marguerite is considered a perfect model of good manners; Monica, too, although some-what animated, is very charming. When did Marguerite ever hurt anyone with an un-pleasant truth, or disturb the polished surface of society by one word out of place? Did you ever hear Marguerite express any raptures of joy or give way to any outburst of sorrow? She has her feelings perfectly under control. Let your wife try to copy her." aw so rash a man. Called him to see Mrs. F. to-day, and he actually asked her to let him see her tongue! Fact, sir. I wouldn't have believed that any living man would have had the courage to meet that tongue of have had the courage to meet that tongue of hers." At a large dinner party in a certain city lately, frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about co'd feet. "Oh, surely Mrs. —, you are not troubled with cold feet?" said a lady opposite. Amidst an awful pause she naively answered. "Yee, indeed, I am-much troubled—but then, they are not my own."

Let your wife try to copy her." "My wife might as well transform herself into a marble statue," said Lord Ryvers. "The very beauty of Violet's face is the change of expression, the light that comes and goes in her eyes, the rose bloom that changes in her face. Her eyes fill with tears of pity, her lips laugh sweetly when she is pleased, a hundred tender thoughts at times speak in her face, her very glance denounces all things mean—and yet you wish her to be like Marguerite! You may say what you will and think what you will, but I am quite sure that the world—at least, the men of the world—will never look at Marguerite when Violet isnear. On tires in time of even themost beautiful marble statue; one never tires of a beautiful, intalligent, animated woman."

 FASHIONABLE.

 Mrs. Flamley attempts to be fashionable.

 The other night, when she dressed prepara-tion to attending the threatre, she appeared with a silver spoon on her breast.

 "Margaret, what in the world do you call that?" asked her husband.

 "This was my grandmother's sance spoon.

 You know that it's fashionable now to wear old family plate."

 Thanley said nothing more, for he knew that it was unecessary to argue with his wife. The next night he asked his wife to at-tend the theatre with him, and again she put on her spoon. After awhile Flamley came out with an encormous butcher-knife, on his shirt front.

"Your sister should be flattered," said the dowager, haughtily. "I have given you the best advice I can; you must please yourself about following it."

shirt front. "My gracious, Henry, what is that ?" "This was my grandiather's butcher kn It's fashionable now to wear-" "I'l take off the spoon." "All right. Off goes the knife."

best advice I can; you must please yourself about following it." Partly because he wished to conciliate his mother, and partly because he thought there might be some little truth in what she said Lord Ryvers consented that some weeks should pass before his marriage should be made public. He repeated of this concession to his mother's wish most bitterly afterward. Her ladyship was possessed by the notion that the marriage could be annulled ; her idea was to gain time. She fervently hoped to prejudice her son against his wife, and, if she could not do that, she had made up her mind to a certain course. She would write to one of the most famous lawyers in England, and ask if there was no flaw in the marriage. If there were one, she would make her son take his choice of annulling his marriage or giving up his mother. "If he can do it, and will not," she vowed to herself, "I will never ase him or speak to him again. If it cannot be annulled, I shall insist on living with them, and she shall never have any authority in this how." <text><text> EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMPORT

house." And in the meantime she made Violet suffer as much as possible. If she could have guessed at the thoughts that went through the girl's mind, she would have been more merciful. The smallest thing, the lightest word gave her some pretext for cruelty to Violet. As a rule, the girl resented it, but showed her anger by proud silence; at other times, when she felt tired or unhappy, she would weep bitterly.

times, when she felt they or unhappy, she would weep bitterly. She came down to breakfast one morning in a fashionable morning costume purchased in Paris, but it was not becoming to her. "I do not like your dress, Violet," said the

"I do not like your dress, Violet," said the Countess of Leeter, who, according to her light, was endeavouring to form the mind the taste, and the manners of her sister-in-law. "It does not sait your style." "I hardly knew I had a style," langhed Violet, " when that was sent home. I should not have kept is if I had known as much of dress then as I do now." "I always thought the instinct for true and correct taste in dress was borh with every lady." and the Counters.

and correct taste in dress. Lady," said the Countess. "You are right," put in the dowager. "It

FASHIONABLE.

(To be Continued).

tears."

dear," he stammered : "Guess not, my dear," he stammered : "don't seem to miss anything but the (hic) keyhole." A close observer tells us that when you see a man operating with a needle and thread on a trowset button you can easily tell whether he is incle or mercial. Clara Barton has reached New Orleans, having distributed great stores of aupplies to flood aufferers all along the Mississippa. While her arms were in the suds the other day a Rockland, Me., washerwoman second the welcome news that she had inherited a fortune of about \$15,000. he is single or married. If he uses a thimble he is married, but if he pushes the end of the needle against the wall and pulls it through the button with his teeth, you may safely bet

A traveller notes that Chicago ladies are proverbially pale; that the lake winds do not produce a healthy colour, but seem to blanch the complexion. There is more bloom even in the east winds of Boston, he says.

"I think I shall educate my daughter "I think I shall educate my daughter for an actress," said a fond mother. "I know she will be grand in emotional scenes. Why, you ought just to hear her rave when some triffing thing occurs to anger her." A French philosopher says a woman may love or hate, but she can never beindifferent. Gness he has never seen the look that comes over a woman's face when her husband asks if there is such a thing as a shirt-button in the house.

if there is such a thing as a shirt-button in the house. A young lady who is learning music says that she heard that fish is a good dish for people who write stories, and wants to know what would be -a proper dish for a person studying music. We should say a note meal diet would be excellent. The Swiss embroideries this season are ex-quisite in design on the first and there ex-

The Swiss embroderies this season are ex-quisite in design on the finest and sheerest of fabrics. Floral designs seem to be the favourite patterns and are brought out so natural as almost to become worthy of a place among the fine arts.

Lucy Hamilton Hooper and Olive Logan Sykes both are brilliant and spicy Paris cor-Lucy Hamilton Hooper and Olive Logan Sykes both are brilliant and spicy Paris cor-respondents, and one of them is the wife of an American vice-consul and the other the widow of an American consul; but they ver speak as they go by.

"Oh," said a Boston girl, "he sent me such a perfectly lovely bouquet. It was all tuberoses in the centre, with mignonette round that, and light pinks outside. Oh, it was perfectly lovely, and I kept it whole week, and then I put it on mother's grave."

week, and then I put it on mother's grave." "How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you zee," he replied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

A recent Boston widower, establishing communication with his deceased wife by means of a medium, asked her if she was happy, "Well, dear," the fair ghost is reported to have replied, "it is very charming and lovely and all that here, but of course, you know it in the shear." know, it isn't Boston."

know, it isn't Boston."
"I'll never speak to Emma again," said a spirited young lady. "Here I was preparing to make her green with envy by displaying a handsome new bonnet next week, and now the nasty, mean thing is parading about in a handsomer one than I can afford. I really believe she got it to spite me.!"
Mrs. Roebling, wife of the engineer of the Brooklyn bridges, sent a pair of \$3,000 earings to Tiffany's to be repaired. The Adams Express Company undertook to return them, but they were lost or stolen. The receipt was for \$50 only. Mrs. Roebling has sued both Tiffany and the Express Company.
"My darling, you do not bestow upon me so

both Lifnary and the Express Company. "My darling, you do not bestow upon me so much as you did betore we were married," remarked a pouting bride of four years to her husband. "Don't I?" "No, Charles, you do not; you pay very little attention to me," said his wife. "Well, my dear," ob-served the wicked husband, "did you ever see a man run after a horse car after he had caught it?"

"Are you not glad, Angie dear, that Will o drive you not gind, Ange dest, that Will o drive you to Limestone to-morrow " lad?" said the willowy maiden, while a k shadow passed over her Greeian fea-sa. "Glad? No, I hate him !" The al words were hissed from her ruby lips i flashes of lava from the blackened jaws Suits for Country Wear.

A suit for country wear may be of plais grey veiling, or the same material may be embroidered with designs of red flowers. The skirt is of plain veiling and plaited length-wise. A drapery of embroidered veiling forms the spron, which falls very long. The waist is of embroidered veiling. The back is tailleur shape. The front opens over a vest of the plain goods, which buttons straight down. Down the front and around the basque is a lace ruffle. The elbow sleeves are slightly full on the shoulder, and open on the out-side of the arm. On the inside is a bow. Around the neok is a very deep lace ruching. The round straw hat for wear with this suit has a narrow brim. The crown is covered A suit for country wear may be of plain The Found straw has for wear with this suit has a narrow brim. The crown is covered with roses and ribbon loops. A very dressy totlet is of mushroom-coloured Chinese satin. Down the front of the skirt is a large panel

Down the front of the skirt is a large panel trimming, over which are designs of embroi-dery in coarse thread. It is draped to form a point down the front. On the lower part of the skirt is a plaited satin flounce covered with guipure of mushroom-coloured thread. The long train, which is mounted very full to the lower part of the back, is rounded on the lower part, where it forms a fluted flounce. The satin waist buttons straight down the front. The lower part of the basque is cut in points as far as the dart, and then trimmed with thread guipure. The upper part of the waist of goods sewed on the inside, and trimmed with guipure of thread to match the other parts of the toilet. The back forms two fluited plaits. The elbow sleeves terminate in slight puffings of merveilleux, covered with lace and drawn in at the wrist.

"What does the minister say of our new

burying-ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbour. "He don't like it all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," says Mrs. Hines, "if the Lord spares my life, I will."



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condition. We once. our teams upon pure, mixed with cut hay, fectly healthy and per factorily. But we of upon one kind of grain because correspondences because oorn contain too little muscle forn always best to feed a ration. As a single fo and corn arestill bette ley, better still. And put of inseed.coil of linseed-oil punt of linseed-oil m will be found to pay dition. One of the food for horses, is 800 oats, and 100 lbs. of

