

THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text> Mother and daughter were standing to-gether when husband and wife returned. They saw a girlish, graceful figure draped in glistening folds; they saw white rounded arms, bare to the shoulder, dimpled and warm, clasped with costly bracelets of purple amethyst and gold; a beautiful white neck, gracefully arched; a peerless face, and a queenly head with a crown of golden hair. Purple heart's-ease lay in the fair hair and touched the white neck. It was the fairest picture of youth and beauty under the sun. A thrill of admiration went through the hearts of both women when they saw her-an almost imperceptible smile passed over the

an almost imperceptible smile passed over the face of the Counters of Lester, "I do not think my mother need fear," she

thought to herself. Perhaps the dowager Lady Ryvers did ex-

perience some little sense of relief when she saw how beautiful and graceful the girl was. But that was soon dissipated, and she was more annoyed than ever by the expression of intense love and fervent admiration she saw on her son's face. There was little chance of finding a flaw in

a marriage where the husband was so devot ad ! There was no flaw either in the manner or behaviour of the young girl who sat so per-fectly self-possessed, evidently expecting to be *fitted*, and to receive all the attention due o a bride.

The dowager had had some vague idea that she could make her feel how unwelcome her presence was by ignoring her in the calmly cruel fashion adopted by fashionable women; but there was no chance of it. No one could Ignore the beautiful, queenly presence; and, as the dinner progressed, a conviction came to the elder woman that this was a far more difficult case than she had thought. There were character and determination i

the beautiful face; there were pride and dig-nity, although of a kind differing from her own; there was principle; there was plenty of individuality. It dawned across her lady-ship's mind that this was so country girl to be crushed and quietly disposed of, but a rival who might possibly prove more powerful than

If Violet had been of her own class, her mother-in-law would have rejoiced in these characteristics. She would have said, "Here is one to de honour to the grand old race." Identified with one of whom, in her own mind she called, "a daughter of the peo-ple," they were distasteful to her. What right had the daughter of a country doctor to have such grace and dignity and beauty? What right had she to have such a clear, musical voice and refined accent? The more eautiful, the more attractive the girl, the les chance there was of getting rid of her, of hid-ing her from the world. Before dinner was over, the dowager Lady Ryvers saw plainly

enough that she had a rival to fear. "I am glad, mother," said Lord Ryvers, while dinner was progressing, "that you did not ask anyone to meet us. I was half afraid you would think it needful to have a dinner-

party." "It was hardly probable," replied the dowager. "I never move in the dark." Violet looked up with a sudden smile and

at it. "That is a good photograph," she said. "It is the one mamma likes best of Ran-dolph." Hearing the remark, the dowager went up to them. Violet held up the little picture to her, and, as she did so, she saw a spasm of

pain pass over the proud face. "Yes," said her ladyship, "that was Ran-dolph as a boy. A fine open face. I was proud of him then."

"Are you not proud of him now?" asked

оп:

care,

and title."

Violet. The elder woman shook her head.

"No; I am most bitterly disappointed in him," she replied, "His infatuation for painting has always been a keen source of trouble to me; and now you must forgive me if I say that my disappointment is complete

"I am sorry," said Violet, stiffly. "Sorrow will not mend it. I fear," remark-ed her mother-in-law. "He is the head of a noble family ane of a grand old race. I have nothing to say against you personally ; but my son's marriage is to me the keenest disapointment in the world." "Then Violet's face flushed hotly, and a

light that was not pleasant to see flashed in "It may be so," she replied ; "but I ques-

"I may be so, she replied ; " but I ques-tion the good taste of saying so to me." "There I differ from you altogether," said the dowagen. "I feel bound to express my disapprobation to you. I think you did wrong to merry my ace "

to marry my son." "I think," rejoined Violet, trying to speak calmly, "that your son did a far worse wrong in marrying me, Perhaps the circumstances

of that marriage are not known to you?" "They certainly are not," returned the elder woman; "nor do I wish to know

them." "Then would it not be better for your ladyship to suspend judgment until you do know them? You have spoken your mind; allow me to speak mine. Had I known that your son was Lord Ryvers, I would rather have died than have married him !" The dowager Lady Ryvers flooked at her with wondering even

The dowager Lady Ryvers flooked at her with wondering eyes. "Am I to understand," she asked, "that you did not know who my son was-that you did not know he was hen of Ryversdals?" "Ryersdale ?" repeated Violet, with soorn and contempt that almost annihilated her listener. "I did not know there was such a place; and I have been brought up to respect a man who makes a name for himself, rather than a man who is content to bear the name made for him ?" made for him !"

made for him !" "When he had hnished, she looked as him song and earnestly ; then she said : "Radical 1 What, could Randolph have been Gam the mariane ?" "Flaw!" he cried. "Certainly not. I took care of that. Why do you ask me such hands in horror. "If your ladyship wishes for any more in-formation with regard to the marriage," said Violet, proudly, "I refer you to your son." She walked away and entered the conserva-'If there had been," she replied, despair ingly, "I hate the marriage so much should have asked you to set it aside." She walked away and entered the conserva-tory with all the dignity and majesty of an insulted queen, leaving the elder woman petrified with astonishment. Never had any person so addressed her in the whole course of her, life. She remained standing for some minutes, with the photograph in her hand : then, recollecting herself, she crossed the roam to Lady Lester. "My dear Marguerite," she said, "do open your eyes. I think I shall go mad ; the affair is ten thousand times worse than I feared!" "Isit? Why, mamma? I was hoping you would find it better." "My dear, the girl is perfectly horrible. I shall decline to remain here with her. Ranshould have asked you to set it aside." Lady Ryvers had known her son only as sweet tempered and yielding, but she saw the other side of the picture now. She never for-got the anger that flashed from his eyes, the wonder and surprise that darkened his face. "Mother," he cried, "I will not believe that you mean what you say. It is will that you mean what you say: It is vile, horrible ! How you can utter such words I cannot imagine. If there were a flaw, you And from that moment violet had a strong partisan in the young Earl. "I cannot understand," he said to his wife, "why your mother makes such a fuss. She seems to hate the girl. I think she would do

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sume of my wife. Every word you utter in praise of her will be sweetest music to my ears." Then Lady Byvers laid down the pretty pen with which she had been busy, and, push-ing aside her writing desk, went to her son and stood by his side. She laid her hand on his shoulder, with a gesture that with her think of my wife. Every word you utter in

"that no girl in the world ever had less. It seems to me that you have everything your heart can desire." "Haw little people know of each other after all !" said Monica, with a sigh. "We live in the same house, breath the same air, hear the same name, and yet we are further apart even than those who have great seas be-twen the same the same and yet we are further apart even than those who nave great seas be-

and stood by his side. She had der hand on his shoulder, with a gesture that with her meant a caress. "My dear Randolph," she answered, slow-ly, "I do not like your wife at all. I am sorry to pain you. After the entire devotion of my life to you, I hoped you would bring me a daughter-in-law somewhat to my taste and one whom I could love. It is not so?" She never forgot the little cry of pain that came from his lps, nor the haggard expression that seemed in one moment to crush out the beauty of his face. "I will not reproach you," continued the dowager, "although I am quite at a loss to know why you acted as you did. I think after I had devoted my life to you and your interest, the least you could have done would have been to consult me in the choice of a wife; you failed to do co." "My dearest mother, I fell in love," he said, as though I should do such a thing." "I never thought I should do such a thing." "I would have been just as easy to have fallen in love, as you phrase it with a girl in your own rank of life." "My dearest mother, Violet is a lady," he remonstrated

bear the same name, and yet we are further apart even than those who have great seas be-tween them. I live with you, yet how little life that everyone knows and sees. You live with me, and it is just the same. You know the Monics Ryvers whom you meet in the society of others; but you do not know the real Monics Ryvers." "It is perfectly true," answered Violet." "I have thought of it before. I did not, for instance, think it was reasonable for you to weep; you seem so bright, so animated, so different in some respects from other girls that it would have been unnatural to think of your indulging in grief." "The Monics Ryvers you know never dare make any display of her feelings; it is the real Monics who sheds hot, bitter tears with good reason. The real Monics has a love story."

your bwn rank of life." "My dearest mother, Violet is a lady," he remonstrated. "There are ladies and ladies," Lady Ryvers rejoined, sententionsly. "You cannot say that she is a gentlewoman. Even granted that you fell in love Randolph, you should have consulted me."

"You had no sweetheart, no admirer, no one who ever made love to you?" "You had no sweetheart, no admirer, no one who ever made love to you?" "You never had a love story?" cried Monica. "Why of all people in the world, you must have had a love story?" cried Monica. "Why of all people in the world, you must have had the sweetest!" "You are mistaken," said Violet. "But do you not eall my brother's roman-tic wooing of you a love story? Had you ever a lover besides my brother?" "No, never." "You had no sweetheart, no admirer, no one who ever made love to you?" "No," repeated Violet. "My brother was the only man, or rather is the only one," replied Violet. "There were no young men where I lived; and, if there had been any, they would not have come within one hundred miles of my aunt." "Then Violet?" said Monica, solemnly, rely upon it that what I am going to tell you is true; my brother loves hun. It anone to

s true; my brother loves you a thousand imes better than you love him. It seems to see that he fell in love with you, but that now____" The "now" was suggestive enough; but Lord Ryvers would not notice it. She went you, not having been accustomed to men, and not knowing much of life, did not know the

ifference between fancy and love." "I am not so sure of that," answere iolet.

"I tell you quite candidly, Randolph, your "I tell you quite candidly, Randolph, your marriage is the great disappointment of my life. Your father's death was a sorrow that was bearable; this is unbearable. I shall be ashamed to take my place in the world again. You might have done so well, and you have done so badly. Your marriage will make you the laughing stock of all our friends." "I do not think so, mother; but even if the world laughs until it is tired, I do not care." "I am," declared Monica. "I have I am, declared Monica. "I have thought so ever since you have been here. If any great trouble came, I do not think you would take his side." "We will not talk about it," said Violet. "I should not like to wake up as from a dream, and find that I had married a man I did not love

did not love. "I should not be much surprised at that

"I should not be much surprised at that happening some day, Violet," averred her sister-in-law. "I am a good judge of love, because I am so much in love myself-more than you have ever been," she added, with a wise little toss of her head. "For the man I love I could go through anything-fire and water. I would walk to him evor red-hot ploughshares; I would give my life for him. You would not do so much for my brother; I know it. You cannot even bear with mam-ma for his sake. I look at you when mamma is what I call awkward or spiteful, as she is to you at times, and I see that you do not love Randolph well enough to bear it for his sake. care." "I do," declared Lady Ryvers. "It is true that Violet had no money, no position; but those are trifles compared with her beauty and her grace. Then I loved her--I loved her! My life would have been all dark." he cried, "but for her. You will find that when Violet takes her place in the world she will be one of its queens; she has in her all the elements of a grand and noble womanhood. It is not as though she were ignorant or badly trained; you speak of her as though she were entirely uneducated. I care very little about the laughter or approval Randolph well enough to bear it for his sake. If I might but even live in the same town of the world, mother." There were deep lines on lady Ryvers' for-

If I might but even live in the same town with my lover, I would bear all that twenty mothers-in-law could make me suffer." Violet's beautiful eyes were fixed upon her in untoid wonder. The two girls had gone out together to feed the peacocks, which were sunning themselves on the lawn. Violet had been at the castle for three weeks now, and ther had castle for three weeks now, head, lines her son had never seen there be-fore. He stooped down to kiss them away, and for half a minute she clung to him with a softening of her proud face. "Your wife tells some strange story about not having known you wer Lord Ryvers," she said, presently. "She even declared that she said, presently. "She even declared that she would rather have died than have marand they had certainly not been three weeks of bliss. To make matters worse than they had been, the Earl of Lester was invited; and

ried you had she been aware of your position his mother-in-law took him into her confi-dence, and fold him all she thought and felt "She is such a Radical," he said, shiling. "It is perfectly true, mother. I am sure, if she had known that I was a nobleman and a

dence, and told him all she thought and felt on the subject of her son's wife. But, when she confided to him her intense desire to annul the marriage, if possible, even the Earl of Lester felt shocked. "I do not think it possible,"he said ; "and even if it wave, I do not think it would be rich man she would not have married me. You have no idea what a perfect little Demo-

You have not all yourself with crat she is." "How strange for you to ally yourself with a Democrat ""said Endy Ryvers. "And then Lord Ryvers gave his mother a full account of his love affair and his marriage, full account of his love affair and his marriage.

"There is no right or wrong in the mat-""There is no right or wrong in the mat-teror" arbid that dowager," passionately. "The whole adar is a huge mistake; the sooner it is ended the better." "But on what ground can you seek to annul the marriage?" asked the Earl, "al-most as much surprised as Lord Ryvers had been. "You cannot attempt to dissolve it become the girl has no fortune and no from the time he had sung to himself in the bonny woods of St. Byno's of "June's palace paved with gold" until he stood before her. When he had finished, she looked at him long

Lord Ryvers who happened to have an appointment to meet his steward, and Lor Lester, who would have followed them by Lester, who would have followed them by that his wife was keeping guard over him They sat down near where the silvery spita fell into the marble basin, making soft musi as the tiny drops fell; about them the pigeon fluttered, but on this morning Violet's who attention was given to her companion, an not to them. "I have had a letter," said Monico "which is backing my heart. Widdet h

"I have had a letter," said Monick, "which is breaking my heart. Violet, be patient with me while I cry; all the morning the tears have been lying behind my eyes, until even my eyelids ache; and mamma wanted so many things, and Marguerite was so tiresome—I think it is a great infliction to have a sister a counters! Oh, Violet, let me cry!" and Monica laid her head on the marble basin, and wept as if her very heart would break.

Voilet spoke no word ; as she saw that whatever the trouble might be, words would hot touch it.

hot touch it. When the paroxysm of weeping had ended, Monim looked up with half-drowned eyes. "I am ashamed," she said, "but I cannot help it; I cannot, indeed. I must give vent to my feelings. He is going away, and I shall never see him again." "Tell me about it," said Violet, her heart warming to the girl who seemed so un-happy.

happy. "That is just what I want to do," returned Monica ; "I know you will keep my secret. I must tell you first, Violet, that when I was sixteen mamma left me with my governess, Miss Rowley, while she went to London with Miss Rowley, while she went to London with Margnerite for the season. It was then that the Earl of Lester fell in love with my sister, although they were not married until some time afterward. Miss Rowley was very clever and very conscientious, but during mamma's absence she was not well, and I had plenty of time on my hands for the mis-chief I found to do. Every day I had a cer-tain quantity of work allotted to me, which I contrived to get through as speedily as possi-ble, so that I might have more leisure for my-self. One morning I went to St. Michael's Well, and there, seated on one of the great mossy stones, was a young man wearing the

Well, and there, seated on one of the great mosay stones, was a young mad wearing the uniform of a cavalry officer. "I must tell you," went on Monica, "that the Rector of Ryverswell belongs to a very old family—the Caerlyons of Caerswell. The family is so old and so honourable that even mamma respects and esfeems them, and speaks of them as people of some consideration. The rector, the Honourable and Reverend Hugh Caerlyon, is one of the younger sons of a younger branch of this great family ; but he is, to use mamma's expression, wretchedly poor, having nothing but his income as Rector of Ryverswell—and that is not mnch. Mrs. Caerlyon is dead ; I never heard anything of Caerlyon is dead; I never heard anything of her. If there had been a mother living, I should not have fallen into such mischief." "You must understand, Violet, that the rector often visited us. Mamma in some re-spects considered him her equal : she forgave his poverty on account of the antiquity of family. He came often to dine with us. am not sure whether mamma knew that he had a son. No one ever mentioned him, until one day the rector told us, with great glee, that his son had been presented with a comthat his son had been presented with a com-mission in the famous regiment of the Black Lancers. After that, nothing more was said of him. It was this very son, this Paul Caer-lyon, whom I found by St. Michael's well. His regiment had been ordered to Queenshow, a large garrison town not far from Ryvers-well, and se spent a great deal of his time at his father's Mouse

his father's youse. "He knew me although I did not know him. He did not seem to be at all embarrassed, but

told me what a favourite spot of his St. Michael's Well was. We became very good friends. Ah, no, that is not the truth ! We were never friends ; we were lovers from the first moment we met.

At a recent reception given by one of the first moment we met. "Yes, lovers! I was sixteen, but he was more than twenty. Oh, Violet, how hand-some he was! His complexion was dark, and he had dark-blue eyes and black hair. I know every line of his face by heart, because, you see, I worship it. He had a slight, dark mustache, but it did not hide the full, firm lips. Looking at them when they were closed, one thought he had the tenderness of a woman. He had ridden over from Queen-show after some regimental exercise, and had walked from his father's house to see his favourite spot. There, by the side of the deep, dark water, by the cool, mossy stones, in the shade of the tall cliff, we met on fats of the period some avalue in the some regimental exercise, and had walked from his father's house to see the favourite spot. There, by the side of the deep, dark water, by the cool, mossy stones, in the shade of the tall cliff, we met on fats of the gent contry has more or less of them. The most efficient preparation for less fats the same staple and be contry has more or less of them. The most efficient preparation for less and heaving the stape and obvious gradations as in the Old Country.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Margery's Tryst. Merry of heart, pretty Markery Payne, True to her tryst tripped down the lane; The autumn borghe laced overhead, Crowning the hedge rows brown and red Wild flowers smiled beneath her tread, Greeting sweet Margery.

As over the prairie her bright eyes swept, Chill shadows of ill round her young heart The rectory through the eims showed dim But no one rode—no sign of him. "He will not come ! My life is grim." Sighed pale Margery.

She looked in the swift running brook as it sp And plucked from the clover its petals of red. "He loves me not ! Oh, fate ill fared; I gave him all ! The world I dared; Yows are sweet lies; he might have spared," Tear blinded Margery.

"Tis she that has stolen his love from me, The rich city cousin beyond the sea; My face and ways are country bred. Not meet with his college gioss to wed; Better for all that I were dead." Despairing Margery.

A lingering glance at the far off town, Then in the clover she fell face down ; Her dread thoughts turn to the brook's clean flow, Rushing to ocean's depths below ; "Yes, there will come release of woe." Hope lost Margery.

Through the willows a face appeared, One lithesome bound and the brook is cleared; One whispered word all her sorrows quell; One lover's kiss all her doubt dispels, And her fond heart echoes the marriage bells. Thrice happy Margery.

For and About Woman.

"A Wife's Greatest Trial" is the title of a new book. We have not read it, but suspect that it is her husband.

A woman in Maine has formed 530 intel-ligible words from the letters of the familiar word "incomprehensibility," The girls in Brittany are not allowed to sell their hair. In this country the girls don't have to, as it's a sell itself.

The Mendon (Mich.) Globe is edited by a woman, and all the compositors are women They don't miss any gossip of the town.

Many men owe their success in this world by having learned to say "No" at the pro-per time. Remember this when the girls make leap-year proposals.

Christine Nilsson says she never goes on the stage without trepidation, and when she has as much work-or rather as many heads -as she can attend to, and her customers feels weak or has an important part always kneels down and says her prayers. pay her fifty cents a time, and usually have her "do" their heads twice a month. An

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake anxiously inquires :-- "Is it a crime to be a woman?" "No, it isn't a crime, but it is mighty un-handy when a necessity arises to dress in a hour is the most time that she needs to spend with a customer. It may seem odd that such frequent shampooing should be deemed necessary, but as the present fashion is to wear only the natural hair and to have that big hurry."

"I love her still," sang the serenader And then a married man passing along on the opposite side of the street solloquized: "Yes, you're right. I'd love my wife still, dry and wavy, it requires washing every fortnight at the least to keep it fluffy. A girl who washes six heads a day earns \$3, that is \$9 a week, or \$468 a year, and, allow too, but she won't be still."

ing for the absence of her patronesses from town or illness, she must earn little short o "Avoirdupois sociables" are the Pottawattomic county, Iowa. Each young lady is weighed on entering the dining-room, and her escort pays for her supper at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a pound on her weight. \$300 a year, a pretty good income considering that it is one requiring no brains. Some of these women increase their earnings still further by cleaning kid gloves and doing up

In China it takes three days to perform the lace, though since dark gloves and linen collars have prevailed for all but the most dressy occasions, and even then in the case of marriage ceremony. If a man survives this test of his powers of endurance he is regarded as being fully able to cope with a mother-in-law and hold his own tolerably well. gloves, the incomes have fallen off in this

law and hold hown tolerably well. "'Ma," said a bright little boy, "is it naughty to kiss?" "No, my son, it isn't naughty." "Then, ma, what made our ser-vant girl call pa a nasty mean thing when he kissed her?" The boy haan't got an he kissed her?" The boy haan't got an Fut an American gift by the side of her English sister and the contrast is as instructive as the jealonsy of the English matron is edify-ing, says the London World. Our conven-tionalities have not sunk into her being, and answer to his last question yet, but, gracious, didn't his dad catch it when he came home ! she is shrewd enough to, discriminate what part of them has a real and what a pretended

At a recent reception given by one of the Rothschilds in Paris a noted beauty wore white satin with tunic studded with double

noto a berth with a man who was doing a good deal of shoring. She stuck her head in and said : 'William; is that you, William?' The man grunted, when she foked him one in the ribs; and told him to lay over. But in the ribs; and told him to lay over. But the man didn't lay over—he grabbed hold of her and yelled 'Thieves! Conductor! Porter! There's a thief here! Porter!' Of course he roused everybody in the car, and heads were popped out of all the berths. There was the poor woman in her night-dress and the man in the berth holding tight to ber and yelling at the top of his voice. I interfered as quick as I could and told the man I guessed if he would calm himself he would find his wife instead of a thief. 'It's a lie!' he shouted; 'my wife is in San Francisco.' 'Madame,' I says, 'you have undoubtedly made a bad mistake. What made you think that man was your husband?' She was just ready to was your husband?' She was just ready to cry, but she managed to say :- 'I-I--didn't think there was another man living that could anore like my William !".

into a berth with a man who was doing

I Doubt It.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your • own, With no one to gossip about it, Do you pray for endurance to leave them alone(Well, mebby you do-but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize, With a velvety softness about it, Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze? Well, mebby you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm, With a wonderful plumpness about it. Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and tha harm? Well, mebbe you do-but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart, With a womanly sweetness about it, Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the good

American and English Girls,

Put an American girl by the side of her

cept in the narrow Puritan circle at Boston,

uiet in the world. Repose and dignity are

lien to them ; smartness is the ideal.

American civilization seems destined to evol

A Corean Superstition.

COMPLETE TREATMENT SI.

antly relieves the most violent Sneezin ead Colds, clears the Head as by magic, s

A single dose of Sanford's Radical Cure in-

watery discharges from the Nose and Tres, pre-rents Ringing Noises in the Head, sures Nerr-rus Headache, and subdues Chilis and Ferer, n Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste, and hearing when affected, frees the head, hroat, and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, weetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of Catarrh towards Con-umption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhe Solvent and Sandford's Inhaler, all in one pack

age, of all druggists for \$1. Ask for SANDFORD RADICAL CURE, POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICA CO., BOSTON.

IS THE CRT

OF A SUFFERING NERVS

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eak and Worm

A superstition prevailing in some parts of

n inferior type of woman.

Well, mebbe you will-but I doubt it. Hair Cleaning.

hickens, seventeen and in their third we time Mr. Nunn put for incubator, from wh chickens. Mr. Nunn Elaborate hair dressing has long been out of fashion, but a kindred pursuit in which half a dozen deft-fingered women in Buffale earn a good living is that of hair cleansing or in his neighbour's cannot equal nature. ways been kindly spoke their praises have not b shampooing. There is one young woman, and there are probably more, whose hours from ed, as they excel all ot owing to the extreme Mr. Nunn says this has there are proceeding more, whose hours from eight a.m. to five p.m. are thus filled every day in the week except Sundays. She hurries from one customer to another and is often seen flitting through the streets with her fresh white apron gleaming under her shawl and her brushes and other parapher-nalia done up in a trim leather satchel. She as he has secured more from three hens than number in former year covers almost a quarter

A SUCCESSFUL Mr. L. L. Johnston,

Kansas, writes as

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Over a year ago I

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AGRICUL

"THE MAIL'S"

Some time ago in rep

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flower seed, and the de flower seed, and the de Mr. Rennie says the sal the past few weeks ha the combined sales for ye up to six bushels. A hought more than one

bought more than one shows that THE WEER

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BELIEVES IN NATI

Mr. J. Nunn, a well-h of this city, and one wh

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Cochin hen on 19 eggs.

dentally broken, but not set through a cold speil

any special attention,

a keen appreciation of the little alleg "Why did you smile?" asked the elder woman.

"Because I understand perfectly well what you mean," answered Violet. "You did not invite anyone to meet us because you were not sure whether I should be presentable or not.'

It was so exactly the truth, it was so exact ly the thought which had passed through her mind and which she had uttered to Lady Lester, that there was perfect consternatio for some few moments. A cannon ball falling in their midst could not have startled them In the international the internation of a gaunt let, which no one at first picked up. Lorr Ryvers hardly knew whether to admire hi wife's spirit or to regret that she had so spoken. The dowager recovered herself, feel-ing that it was a kind of crisis, and that, if she allowed it to pass by, she would in some measure have lost ground.

"You are quite right," she said ; "you are quick to understand. I certainly did think it would be better to wait a short time before conding out any invitations, I think so

"Did you like Paris ?" asked Lady Lester,

anxious to avert a collision. "Very much; there is plenty of life there," replied Violet. "Randolph likes solitude : I like cities; I like the great tide of human life to and fro. "You have an active, energetic, nature,

perhaps," said Lady Lester. "I am afraid I have a great deal of energy,

said Violet. And the Countess of Lester sighed, as though that were a thing deeply to be desaid Violet.

"You will want it all," said Monica suddenly. And, if au oracle had spoken they could not

have been more surprised. She flushed crim-son when she realized what she had said ; but the Countess, with unusual good nature, "You will indeed," she agreed; "and, if

Randolph does as we always wished, and turns his attention to politics instead of painting, you will not have energy enough. "In what way would that affect me?" asked

"The wife of a great politician or a great statesman has many cares," said the dowager. "It is not probable that you would under-

stand." "I do not see why I should not under-stand," said Violet. "Every wife is supstand," said Violet. "Every wife is sup posed to be more or less engrossed in the pur uits of her husband."

"I thought, having lived all your life in the "Living in the country," said Violet, with a smile that was both bitter and sweet, "does

not place a limit to anyone's intelligence,

"I do not know," returned Lady Ryvers, "I have always understood that it

"There is not, of course, so much to see and hear," put in Lady Lester. "I like great cities and the rush of life," said Violet; "but I think the finest, noblest, and most poetical natures love the country best, Randolph does, and he is as much poet

as painter." The dowager rose quickly. It was intoler-able to her that this girl should argue and hold her own with such self-possession. Monica saw that her mother was ruffled and

"You will not be long, Randolph," said her p, as she passed by her son. "As he sen to marry a girl of that kind he ertain her; I shall not," she said

Monica had her own method of managing Montes had her own method of managing her mother. The Countess of Lester neverat-tempted it; she allowed everything to take its own course. Monica placed her mother's easy chair for her. She knew exactly how

shall decline to remain here with her. Ran-dolph must have lost his senses. She is a Chartist, or scmething of that kind !" "That will not matter, mamma. No one will trouble about her opinions while she has at beautiful face." "She was positively rude to me, Marguerthat be

"Sne was positively rule to me, marguer-ite-rude-and to me! No one has ever spoken to me in such a fashion; and she says -listen, my dear !--she says that, if she had known Randolph was Lord Ryvers, she would not have married him. Do you be-

ieve it? "She looks truthful," said the Countess of

Lester ; "and has always had strange notions. It may be true; but, mamma, I would not, if I were you, come to open warfare with her. It will not he wise."

"She will not be easily crushed," replied Lady Ryvers-"I can see that."

Not one word more was exchanged that vening between Lord Ryvers' mother and is wife. Violet's heart was heavy with inevening his wife. dignation, hot with anger. - She said to her-self, over and over again, that she could not

sell, over and over again, that she could not bear it, that she would not bear it. She said nothing that evening to her hus-band. He looked so bright and happy, she would not trouble him; but in her heart she hated it all — the luxury, the magnifi-cence, the grandeur, the the ceremony —hated it all, and longed even for her old home at St. Byno's

ome at St. Byno's. There was no one to whisper a warning that unless she were careful, in learning to hato her husband's surroundings she might learn to dislike him.

CHAPTER XXXIIL

"Mother," said Lord Ryvers, "do you like my wife? I should be pleased to know what you think of her. She is very beautiful what you think of her. She is very beautitui and graceful. All her perfections will be doubly dear to me if you admire them." It was the morning after their arrival. The dowager Lady Ryvers had excused herseli from attending the breakfast table under the plea of a headache; but her son, hearing that she was now writing letters in her bondoir,

she was now writing letters in her bondoir, had gone to see her. He was anxiously await-

ing his mother's verdict. He had been delighted with Monica, who gave her unqualified approval, and who, with a rapturous flash from her eyes, and a warm kiss, had cried out: "I love her, Randolph; she is so beautiful! I shall love her and fight all her battles for

"I hope there will be no battles to fight," he answered.

he answered. "There will, and plenty, too." she said. Those words had made the young lord anxious, and he had gone to see his mother. She looked very stately and very handsome that morning. She wore a tight-fitting dress of some black material, with rich ruffles of point heast the write and at the threat heast.

point lace at the wrist and at the throat; her white hands shone with jewels; the point lace on her hair was instead with a golden arrow.

She looked up with a doubtful smile when her

cannot imagine. If there were a flaw, you may believe me that I would very soon have the ceremony performed a second time." "I may as well say all I think," said the dowager, looking very white and desperate. "I hate the very idea of your marriage, and I would do anything in the world to see it an-nuiled. From the first moment that I heard of your imprudent match I hoped that some formalities had been omitted that would ren-der your union invalid. You may call the hope vile, wicked, horrible, what you like:

but I-I am desperate ! Oh, Randolph, if there be any chance, let this horrible mésal. liance be ended !" "Mother," he answered, "I think you are

mad ! I am a gentleman; I have wooed and won one of the sweetest and purest girls for my wife. What wickedness is it that you suggest? Can a man play with his own monour? Can be trifle with the fair name of the woman he has married? Oh, mother, wish you had never uttered such horrible

words !" "I repeat them ! You will mar and spoil your own life; you cover me with humilia-tion and shame. If there be a chance to set aside this foolish marriage, seize it; you woru

only a thoughtless boy. The same thing happened to young Lord Bardwell. The family solicitor discovered a flaw in the mar-riage; it was annulled, and he married the great Grafton heiress. Surely you may do what he has done ?" "Not I. Mother I am a gentleman and an

honest man. I would rather die than be guilty oi so foul and horrible a deed. I have already told you that, if there were any flaw in my marriage—and I feel sure there is not

-I would marry Violet again to morrow. I will be satisfied on this point; I will take legal advice upon it." "'So will I," said Lady Ryvers. "I will not see a chance lost if I can help it." "Oh mother," he cried, "what a bitter sorrow it is to me to hear you say such words!

and the set of the set of a system words! I thought you so noble—so above all this." "And I am equally disappointed in you," declared Lady Ryvers. "I have only said what every mother with sense and reason would say." taken the very opposite side to the one she intended him to take.

intended him to take. The family was pretty well divided now, and, as Monica said, there was every chance of "a lively time." The dowager Lady Ryvers and the Countess, her daughter, were against the Earl of Lester and Monica, the cause of dispute, of course, being Violet. Monica and Violet were thrown very much treather. On this morning when they here would say." "Heaven help the sons of such mothers !" exclaimed Lord Ryvers. "Mother if you wish to keep what you have always had, my affection and respect, you will never speak of would say. together. On this morning, when they had gone out to feed the peacocks, Monica had

this again." "I see," said Lady Ryvers, "that you are not in the humour for listening to me with attention. If you were, I should suggest that for the present at least, nothing be said about your marriage-that is, no introduc-tions should be made. Let the girl remain with us in returement until she has caught some of the well-bred and graceful manner

that distinguishes your sisters. It will be a sacrifice for me. She was so rude to me last evening I had resolved not to remain in the nouse with her."

house with her." "I should like to remind you, mother, that the house is mine," he said, "and that my wife will always remain in it"-words which redoubled the dowager's hatred for about it."

CHAPTER XXXIV. "Yes, you have caught me in tears, and .

am ashamed of it," cried Monica Ryvers; "but I cannot help it. No girl in the world has more cause for grief than I have."

shade of the tall cliff, we met our fate position." "That is true. My objection would

The Countess languidly opened her eyes.

It was something quite novel to hear her hus-band speak as earnestly. "You seem to have suddenly grown very

of friends; and the strongest ally Viol in the house was the Earl of Lester. H

dest of us all-she is nearly three-and-twe

looked after them

When he spoke to me, my heart went out to him; and oh, Violet, Violet, it has never come back to me ! When I looked at him a that he was not of age when he married, and could not marry legally without my con-

new light came over the earth and sky, a sud new light came over the earth and sky, a sud-den sense of gladness and beauty thrilled my whole being ; all at once I seemed to know and understand a hundred things that had been mysteries to me before. Violet, did you feel this when you saw my brother first?" "No, I did uot. I thought more of his picture than I did of himself, as far as I can-"It would not hold," replied the Earl. "It would not hold," replied the Earl, "If you will take my advice, Lady Ryvers, you will not stempt anything of the kind. You have no chance of success, and your son will never forgive you." "I shall certainly try my best, whether I succeed or fail," she declared. And from that moment Violet had a strong

"Then most certainly you were not in

love," said Monica. "I have always told you so. You married Randolph because he was the ave always told you first man who made love to you, or who ask

seems to hate the girl. I think she would do her any and every possible injury. She is without doubt, one of the most beautiful and charming girls I have ever seen. I do not, as a rule, believe in unequal marriages; nor do I call this one. Violet has beauty enough and distinction enough to make up for all defi-ciencies." ed you to marry him." Do you think so ?" questioned Violet, gravely.

'I am sure of it. You had better try fall in love with your husband; you certainly did not with your lover. The world was never the same to me from that moment; it will never be the same again. That is fallin in love-the world, your own life, everything changes ; you could not get back to your own self if you tried." "Then I have never been in love-at least,

not in your fashion," Violet said, thought ully.

"I cannot tell you," continued Menica, "how long we talked. If I had been a young queen instead of a school girl, he could not

"You seem to have suddenly grown very fond of your sister-in-law," she said. "And no wonder," rejoined the Earl. "She has more life and animation than twenty ordinary women put together." "I am very glad that I am an ordinary women, and relieved from the trouble of be-ing so animated," observed the Countess. "My dear Marguerite," said the Earl, "you are perfection itself in your way. Animation would not suit your imperial style." The Countess of Lester had never been jealous--site had always been so serenely con-fident of her own powers of pleasing--but just the smallest tinge of jealously coloured her thoughts, and caused her to shun Violet more than she had done before. The Karl was most attentive to her. They under instead of a school girl, he cold not have treated me with greater respect. He walked half the way home with me. It was such a sweet, mad folly, Violet—so sweet while the spring-tide lasted. Do you know that the colour of the hawthorn turns me faint? Even now it brings back those happy days very forcibly to me. It was such a days very forcibly to me. It was that spring as comes only once in life. It lasted from the second day of May, when I first saw him, until the middle of June, when my him, until the middle of June, We met The Earl was most attentive to her. They The Earl was most attentive to her. They agreed and quarreled, laughed and disputed the whole day long. Lord Lester was amused at her notions. He called her a Democrat, a Radical; and ahe, with all the eloquence and earnestness of her nature, denonnced him as an aristocrat. He delighted in drawing her out, in rousing her, in debating with her, and the result was that they became the greatest of friends; and the strongest ally Violet had in the homes was the Earl of Lester. He hed sometimes in the park down by the ruins we used to sit by the old arched windows where the great clusters of blue bells grew. I know it was wrong. I know that having met him once by accident I onght never to have met him again. I know that I deceived my mother, my governess, and everyone else but I have suffered. Oh, Violet, I have paid but I have suffered. Oh, Violet, I have paid a terrible price for my folly! I have to live and pretend I am happy while my heart is breaking. I do not remember that we actu-ally made any appointments; it seemed to be an understood thing that we should see each other every day. Every day my handsome young addier rode over from Onescher and He had no patience with the dowager Lady Ryvers or with his wife. Why they could 'not ac-cept Violet as one of their own he could not think. More than once the dowager had regretted sending for this son-in-law who had young soldier rode over from Queenshow. at last-at last he told me he loved me, and asked me if I would be his wife.

To be continued.

EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMFORT-ING. —"By a thorough knowledge of the natur al laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition and by a careful applic 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 i gone out to lead the peacocks, Monica had taken a letter from her pocket; and it was over this that Violet had found her crying, "Violet," said Monica, suddenly, "come down to the fountains with me; I must tell you my stary. I must talk to someone or my heart will break. You will think I am very young to have a lover. Marguerite is the close of the all, she is nearly three and time It is by the judicious use of such articles of that a constitution may be gradually built up that a constitution may be gradually built up nntil atrong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladnes are 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 up Packets and Tins (4. b) milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins (4 lb and lb) by Grocers, labelled—" JAMES EPFS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

eldest of us all-sne is nearly three and twen-ty; Randolph, you know is one-and-twenty; I am nineteen. But, Violet, do you know, I had a lover when I was sixteen? It sounds almost absurd, but it is true. I must tell you There was a square in the midst of the rounds whereon stood three fountains made rom the finest Carrara marble, sculptured by

A rural debating society recently discussed the question :---* What is the greatest mystery in the world ?* We suspect the con-clusion reached was in favour of ** Hash ?* but all the same, the greatest mystery in the world is why a poor man with half a dozen small children will keep three dogs. the hands of the great master of the day. Seats and shrubs and flowering plants had been placed around them, so that the whole presented a most picturesque appearance. It was thither the two girls went, and two

1. The aration for robbing hair of its colour is the peroxide of carbon. It is only a question of a short time, however, until the hair breaks off, falls out or the patient grows silly.

Rabbi Gotthiel, in his lecture on "Young Men and Maidens," said : "I think a young man ought always to fall in love six times or more before he is twenty ; and every maiden ought to feel a little fluttering in her heart more than once before she reaches the same the contrary. The English girl, though tem-porarily collipsed by her rival, need not de-spair. Her qualities will tell in the long run. age. If I were a young maiden and a young man should get down on his knees and swear The apparent distinction and tact of the American girl is asshowy, and as smart and as little part of her, as her Parisian dresses. Real refinement is the attribute of a leisured class. This does not exist in the States, exthat his lips never had touched those of an-other maiden I wouldn't have him; I shouldn't want anything to do with him."

Mantillas and Coats,

Dressy wraps are shown in black and colours, and may be made of one fabric or a combination of several velvet figured grena-dines; heavy corded Muscovite silk, taffeta and faille silks brocaded with velvet figures The feverish pushing and striving and bar-barous ostentation of the men must re-act upon their sisters. And, indeed, American women are the most showy, restless and unare all used for vest mantles, scarf wraps and are all used for vest mantles, scarf wraps and short dolman cloaks. The trimmings are poinponette chenilles in heavy clusters of many strands, sleek fringes of pressed Spanish lace, and on the richest wraps wide flonnces and draperies of real Chantilly lace are used as garniture. The newest shape is a high-shouldered mantilla, very short and close-fitting at the back and long in front; the back of these wraps has two narrow form are they physically equal to the overshadowed English girl. Far from evolving a superior, back of these wraps has two narrow forms,

and an inside belt fits them to the figure.

Europe that Jews still practise human sacri-fices finds a parallel in Corea, where, accord-ing to the Japan Weekley Mail, the lower classes believe that the Japanese bleed Corean girls and children to concost medicines, and Parasols and Fans, also offer such Coreans as they can catch as sacrifices to the spirits of the Japanese mur-The richest materials are chosen this season or the parasol. Fine faille in delicate colon dered in the country. Thus the Coreans heartily dreaded the recent anniversary of the rocaded with velvet in dark garnet or blue, Venetian satins in changeable effects, dotted with dark velvet dots, and antique taffeta silks in pale ecru, banded with white stripes attack on the Japanese visitors to the penin-sula, and, as the girls were believed to be of bright coquelicot red or emerald-green velvet, are all used for parasols. They are specially threatened, many maidens fied away, and others married the first comer so lined with gay changeable silks and mounted on natural sticks tipped with a ball of ham-mered silver or studied with silver nail-heads. Dressy parasols may be made in coaching shape lined under the ribs or in flat Oriental as to provide themselves with a protecto Again, the Japanese are charged with havin caused adrought by hoisting their national flag with the device of the sun, while the music playing at the Japanese Legation furshape, with a border of lace and a lining shirred with a wide band on the edge. Some of the most elegant parasols are finished with wide borders of sleek chenille fringe; others ther drove away the wind and the rain. This was clearly proved to Corean minds, as when the Japanese were murdered last year and the malign influence was removed the drought are in star shape with a border of uria broke up at once. lace and jabote of lace set on in shell-shape as a heading.

1. A New Hat.

A tall hat in helmeted shape is trimmed with a heavy roll of brown velvet in autumnal shade, which is caught to the straw by spikes shade, which is caught to the straw by spikes of gold and fluished by the head, brilliant neck and tail feathers of a golden pheasant. A high, square-crowned hat, with a straight brim, wide in front and short at the back, is faced with bright popy-red velvet and trimmed with folds of velvet and clusters of tips. A stylish Henry II. hat of black Milan braid, in that avoisitely light consists of inverted that exquisitely light quality of imported straw which is sewn with the needle, was restraw which is sewn with the needle, was re-cently exhibited; the crown was square but low, and the rolling brim was jauntily tipped up at one side in a style familiar on portraits of the English king. Two milliner's folds of black velvet surrounded the crown and were finished at the side by a heavy cluster of ostrich tips in solid black, and an ornamental spike of gold, set with a tretoil of Rhine stones.

A Wife's Mistake.

A Wife's Mistake. "One of the funniest incidents I ever no-ticed," said the sleeping-car conductor, "was a woman looking for her husband. She got on at Fort Wayne late in the night, and said her husband had telegraphed her he would be aboard and she should come to his section. I told her there was no man of that name on my car, but shewouldn't believe it. She plainly intimated that I was lying to her in order to sell another section, but finally she settled down and got in her berth. About 2 o'clock in the morning I saw her get out with only a in the morning I saw her get out with only a shawl around her shoulders and tiptoe to the other end of the car, where she tried to climb

and obvious gradations as in the Old Country. Therefore, the fair adventuress, with a little manceuvring, may shroud her exact antece-dents in mystery, and find herself credited with a fabulous dowry founded on Chicago lard or Denver beetle poison. Indeed, the popular belief that American women bring their English husbands large fortunes dis their English husbands large fortunes dies very hard, in spite of all demonstrations to

with having

in one year could place dependence if they won from Mr. Bain, which three cent stamps and once. Take my word the business, and any hatcher I speak of.

INVOLUNTARY

STEVENSVILLE.-I have faster than a walk it cau too frequently. Can you Give 2 drach ms of se and half a drachm daily. Continue for 1

POULTRY

BAYFIELD.-What gar most benefits from poultr it be mixed with any oth The value of the man tood given fowls. As a are fed well their manu unless it is mixed with equal proportions. Suc beneficial to any vegeta

SWELLER

RENLIS. How should I badly-swelled head? The in the under jaw, and ext her head. It has become and hurts her breathing. Apply a blister con mercury two drachms, be well rubbed into the ford temporary relief.

NAVICULAR DIS

INVERARY.-1. Will you and how to blister for what parts of the feet? 2. What will cure corn l. In blistering for n out the hair off for four of the hoof, then apply well into the parts. to act poultice the feet then repeat the blister. 2. For corns, cut the shoe with a short or a soft pasture ground is



ORTHPORT,-Kindly able paper how I may re is a thoroughbred Holst

is a thoroughbred Holste to grow just as well as if I seen a way of raisin paper, but I want to know is such. The information give 17th is the best we take the place of milk, in all other respects, artificial means. paper alluded to is as g tained.

LIVE S

Owing to the corn fa farmers will grow barle their hogs this year. I food for pigs in Englan be grown.

Few farmers realize

w feeding young cal but what would they

fant only twice in tw calf has necessities as

every dairyman that w feed the calf at least t

A vicious heifer can