

"I tell you I must have more, and that by to-night."

"His tone was brutal and sullen in the extreme, and Mrs. Windale's as she answered him, had lost every echo of its exquisite sweetness."

"I tell you I have but twenty pounds left, I am in debt to my milliner to the extent of eight hundred, and—"

"They moved out of hearing again, and Mrs. Archtrave paled with astonishment, and trembling with curiosity was fain to wait until they again approached her, then she caught the broken thread again."

"Would you have me rob him?" Mrs. Windale's voice this time, and then Darwyn's broken by a laugh of mockery such as Eblis might utter in the ear of his victim.

"Why, what else have you been doing since you married him? What a price his jewels would fetch now if he were necessitated to sell them! By the way what a vulgar prejudice it is against spinsters, when even their own can't discover the lie!"

"Hush," entreated Mrs. Windale, in a tone of concentrated agony, "you are mad to speak this. Oh, sometimes the thought enters my heart that it were better to tell him all, and die!"

"From his arms to mine? Well you are the best Judge of that," interrupted Darwyn laughing again, "but until you decide finally, pray remember that I have Danvers to keep quiet, here the thread dropped, and Miss Archtrave whose teeth were chattering like castanets with the intensity of her excitement, thought the minutes hours until they passed again beneath the window."

Darwyn was speaking.

"Then you will bring the five hundred to the old house to-night. I know he has it for I saw him draw it from the bank at Blankfort yesterday."

"Yes," said Mrs. Windale, "while they are at supper I will come to you, but how or we may be observed. You may depend upon me." Her voice was singularly calm and quiet, and Darwyn, lounged carelessly away, whistling to a terrier that followed at his heels, while Mrs. Windale stood motionless looking after him, one bare white hand dropped at her side, the other stealing up and resting over her heart.

Miss Archtrave with a sudden fear of discovery moved away from the window, and when in the possession of a few moments she ventured cautiously to look out again, Mrs. Windale was no longer there, and the long terrace lay quiet and deserted in the lazy sunlight.

Miss Archtrave was usually spoken of by her motherly attendant as "a nervous subject, with a well developed terror of spiders, frogs, of eels, but there was not a tremor in her wily frame as she seated herself to consider at leisure how she should possess herself of the secret which lay between Mrs. Windale and Darwyn. Her meditations were long, but at length she arrived at some satisfactory conclusion to judge by the expression of her face, and she descended in her manner when she descended to luncheon, was even more buoyant and airy than usual, for though thirty-five summers had passed over her, she still affected an extreme girlishness of demeanor, modified however by a deep tone of sentiment.

Mrs. Windale, still in the blue and gold walking dress was as brilliant as ever, and was eagerly arranging with a group of men the preliminaries of a great archery tournament to be held at the Towers during the coming week, and as usual Darwyn was lounging at her side, and with a keen interest to the subject on the tapis, and a much keener to the ground plan before him.

Miss Archtrave managed to place herself directly opposite her hostess and while apparently devoting herself to cold chicken, stole many a sharp glance at the perfect fairness of the table, and with the honor light on the subject she possessed the Honorable Godine read aright the varying scarlet in the creamy cheeks, and the restless brilliancy of the Peruvian eyes.

There was a very fine ring in her silvery laugh, as she bowed courteously to Colonel Martin, who was rolling out compliments to her, in a voice like that of a lute, and she let to over-indulgence in turtle and port wine.

"I'd be willing to risk a pony, Mrs. Windale, that you're as good a shot with an arrow, as my friend Windale is with those pretty little toys of his. Jove! I'll be Diana and her nymphs over again."

"You've made a good hit for once Colonel," remarked Darwyn lifting his eyes for an instant from the contemplation of his plate. "Mrs. Windale took the gold bracelet from four corners at the public tournament last year. She can hit the bull's eye at a long range, I can tell you. Eh! what's the matter?" For Windale, to whom a servant had just whispered some intelligence, had risen from his seat at the foot of the table, and with some agitation, was beckoning Darwyn out.

He obeyed the signal, and in a few moments it was known that his woe, a dark-browed Spaniard, who had accompanied him from Spain, had been flung from a horse in the stable yard, and was lying dead on the pavement, with his neck broken.

The men made a rush for the stables, and the ladies followed to witness the catastrophe, according to their different temperaments, with two exceptions, and these were Mrs. Windale, and Miss Archtrave.

When the news was made known, the latter who would on ordinary occasions have made the roof ring with her shrieks turned her eager, green eyes on Mrs. Windale, and watched her with lynx-like intensity.

Alaxara turned very white, and then a tide of crimson rushed to her very brow, and then left her pallid as the dead, but with a strange smile fixed in marble lines round her white lips, and without paying the least attention to her agitated guests, she left the room, pausing for an instant at a buffet to pour out and drink a glass of wine.

Miss Archtrave followed her, and Alaxara went directly towards the stables, with feet that seemed winged, and cost Miss Archtrave, need in the tightest of corsets, no little difficulty to keep her in sight, and yet not attract her attention.

Before they reached the spot, they encountered the gentlemen slowly returning, with the exception of Windale who had remained behind to give some necessary orders, and Miss Archtrave, as Mrs. Windale turned and joined them, heard her whisper as she swept past Darwyn.

"I defy you now."

Darwyn started violently and looked after her with the dark glance of a demon, as she accepted Colonel Martin's proffered arm.

Miss Archtrave watched unflinchingly, and went to bed that night convinced that the contemplated interview at the old lodge, between Mrs. Windale and Darwyn, had not taken place.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. ARCHTRAVE AND NEEMESIS ARE SATISFIED.

"His back to earth, his face to Heaven—no lies, his unclosed eye—yet lowering on his enemy—of the hour he sealed his fate—surviving left his queneches his fate."

The day was exquisite, and so was Mrs. Windale's toilette. The tents fluttered with parti-

colored streamers, and the band provided by the officers from the neighboring garrison town discoursed most elegant music from a grove of laurels. The targets were set upon a broad greenward, as level and smooth as velvet, and more than a hundred guests in addition to those staying at the Towers, straggled to and fro in costumes as brilliant as the autumn flowers gleaming in the parterres, or stood watching the shooting which had been going on for some time.

Among the latter was Miss Archtrave, her tall, thin person arrayed in a green silk robe, in which she bore no small resemblance to a gleaming serpent, and more than one remarked, "How very fond of archery Miss Archtrave must be!" She has never left the neighborhood of the targets?" which was more remarkable, as Miss Archtrave did not shoot.

But, perhaps, had the speakers had her inventive to such a course, they might have clung to it as tenaciously as she did.

Mrs. Windale was, of course, the presiding genius, ably assisted by Colonel Martin and Darwyn, who acted as umpires, distinguished by knots of blue ribbon fastened to the buttonholes of their coats.

As yet the score was nearly equal between Mrs. Windale and a little county beauty, Bianca Holmes, and when luncheon time arrived they were in technical language, "de-see."

It was a general remark that Mrs. Windale had fallen off in her shooting, shot wildly, and appeared to trust more to chance than skill, and a few "turf" men who would have wagered as to the probable longevity of their respective grandmothers, risked dozens of pairs of gloves on the probable result of the shooting after lunch, the interest of which had centred in the trial of skill between Miss Holmes and Mrs. Windale, and when they returned from the tents to the targets, the partisans of either lady formed a dense ring round them, and as Mrs. Windale, Miss Archtrave's glancing green robes conspicuous among those nearest to the stand, and her keen eyes alert and watchful.

It is not to be supposed that for one instant she had relaxed her espionage over Darwyn and Alaxara, and though her watchfulness had not been as yet crowned with success, she saw that for some reason, during the past week, Mrs. Windale's manner towards Darwyn had altered considerably. It was defiant for a time, but to-day a new change had come, and a dark horror seemed dwelling in her eyes whenever she glanced at him.

It was difficult to read much in his pale, thoughtful face, but he could not control his spark of malicious triumph whenever his light eyes met hers, and when her arrows flew wide of the bull's-eye, a slow, scornful smile caused the blood to burn more hotly than before in Mrs. Windale's fevered cheeks.

After luncheon, Mrs. Windale's hand was steadier, and her partisans observed to each other with complacency that she was "getting into the swing of the thing, and was safe to win," and the excitement became intense.

Miss Holmes, a resolute little brunette, was no contemptible adversary, and Mrs. Windale was roused by the excitement to strain her powers to the utmost. She would have made a splendid study for an artist as she stood awaiting her turn, her long sweeping dress of lavender green velvet falling round her in waves and folds which were the perfection of drapery. The light fitting jacket was heavily embroidered in dead gold, and her bright hair was secured in massive coils and braids by an ornate-tipped arrow. A green satin Spanish hat, with a waving ostrich feather, completed her rather fanciful costume, and lighted by the soft sunshine, her white loveliness was never more striking.

A light quiver was slung over her shoulder by a gold cord, and in her gantleted hand she held her bow.

She was watching with some interest the forest Miss Holmes, who was preparing to shoot, and when the arrow struck the target she listened eagerly for the announcement from Darwyn of the result, as it was the last shot but one.

"Mrs. Windale and Miss Holmes ties again," called out Darwyn; "another shot to decide," and as Miss Holmes retreated Mrs. Windale walked slowly to the stand, and took up her position.

The sun was at her back, but she passed her hand over her eyes as though they were dazzled, and more than Miss Archtrave noticed how deadly pale she became.

Windale, ever watchful of her, hastened to her side and begged her to discontinue shooting; but with a smile, she answered gaily that she could not forego her last shot.

"I have not done myself justice to-day," she said to Miss Archtrave, who had hastened up with smelling salts. "I felt nervous all morning, but I think my hand is steady now," and she laid it lightly on the other's bow wrist."

Miss Archtrave started under the touch, which even through the kid gauntlet burned like fire, but there was no trepidation in it, though the same dusky pallor still pervaded cheek and lip.

She turned from Miss Archtrave, and placing the arrow, bent the bow and took aim.

The eager eyes of the gay crowd followed the flight of the arrow as it went twanging from the bow, and then there arose a simultaneous cry of horror not to be expressed in words, as a man in dark blue velvet, with fair curling hair and a pale regular face, fell headlong on the sward, the slight quivering deep in his broad breast.

A loud, awful shriek followed the sudden outcry, and from the press of men every eye turned back to the woman, who by some fearful mischance, as, with one exception, they all believed, had laid him low.

She was standing perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and the bow lying at her feet. Her husband shook her by the shoulder, but she only turned her gaze mutely on him for a second, and then with the same vacant expression stood passive.

With a glance of despair, Windale motioned Miss Archtrave to attend to her, and made his way swiftly to the spot where the wounded man lay.

At the sound of his deep voice, tremulous with agitation, the fluttering life revived for an instant, and Darwyn's eyes opened. With a tremendous exertion, he raised himself on his elbow and looked round the crowd of pallid faces.

"I never knew before," he said, in a voice which showed how that life was ebbing, "what a true aim my wife had. Windale, instead of leaving you a legacy, I must in dying deprive you of a treasure, though, perhaps, now that the only impediment is about to be removed, you will take steps to have your marriage legalized. Open my vest, I can't speak. It was in Spain, Danvers knew. The certificate—had it at my bankers until to-day. I am sorry for you, Windale, but revenge—"

He sank slowly back, caught the arrow, and in a convulsive effort to draw it from the wound, rolled over on the turf—dead.

With the utmost calmness, Windale waved back the horrified crowd, and procuring assistance, walked beside the dead man as they bore him to the house, giving as he passed Alaxara, one shuddering glance at her beautiful and guilty face, as she stood alone in the quivering sunlight.

The hand, as yet unaware of what had taken place, was pointing farth the strains of a lively gallop, and the fresh breeze was fluttering the

gay streamers of the tents, and Windale closed his eyes for a second, as the very anguish of desolation swept over his soul.

In a few moments more he knew all. He held in his hand the deposit of Danvers, taken on oath, that four years before he had been present at the private marriage of his master with the daughter of General Ogilvie, then travelling in Spain for his health, and since dead, and giving the name of the priest who had united them. There was also a letter in which, though unnamed, Windale too well recognized the writing of Alaxara, defying him to prove their marriage, and advising him to plan out another future for himself, for when too late she found that her ambition would not be gratified by her marriage with Darwyn, who, as we have seen, was totally dependent on his uncle, who would have once discarded him and his sword of his entanglement with the penniless daughter of a retired officer.

Had any proof been wanting, Miss Archtrave's statement, which, sealed with primrose-colored wax, and written on pink perforated paper, was handed to him late at night, would have substantiated anything.

Alaxara was not the woman to survive the defeat of her dark scheme, and when they went to seek her in the morning, she lay dead in her velvet robes, in the grey and sulken dawn.

Windale has one souvenir of his brief happiness—the scar in the gold setting of his ornately broken signet ring.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A BALLOON capable of a certain degree of guidance through the agency of a rudder and screw worked by four men, has been constructed at Paris by M. Duval de la Riviere.

That railway axes break less frequently in summer than in winter is shown by the recent report of the German Railway Association, in which it is stated that during the summer half year fifty-five axes were broken, whereas during the winter half seven broke, although the traffic was less.

The restoration of the writing on manuscripts charred by fire may, it is said, be accomplished by separating the charred paper into single leaves, immersing them in a solution of nitrate of silver (forty grains to the ounce of water). The operation is best conducted in the dark, and the writing is sufficiently legible the excess of silver solution should be washed out with distilled water and dilute solution of hyposulphate of soda.

The spectrum of hydrogen has been recently made the subject of experiment by Prof. Auerström; he states that it is a double line, and considers that the other spectra that have been given are in error from the presence of impurities. He also examined the spectra of atmospheric air under different degrees of rarefaction, and found that at first it was that of air; then of nitrogen; then of oxygen; and when the examination had reached its utmost limit the spectrum obtained was that of sodium and chlorine.

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A flock of fowls such as is used on farms, will in most situations, if rightly managed, yield more in value annually (either gross or net) than a good cow. But a farmer expects that a cow can be milked a year and her fodder raised, and housed, without considerable work. Fowls, if allowed their freedom, are managed with much less labor, than when they are yielded, but in any case a great deal of time must be spent in raising chickens in sufficient numbers to keep the stock of the laying stock always fresh, which is not only a laborious and unprofitable success. It may be remunerated, but is more profitable than table fowls, except in case of early chickens.

Boiling Vegetables.—Why should soda be boiled with greens, cabbage, brood and turnip greens? because the oil which all these vegetables contain, more or less, is destroyed, and the greens are sweet and wholesome; but the water is, after boiling the greens with soda, most unwholesome, perhaps poisonous. How, then, then it is to eat greens not boiled with soda. A piece of soda, dissolved in water, is sufficient for a very large quantity of boiling water. Turnip greens have scarcely any oil in them, but are nevertheless, much more wholesome for eating when boiled with a little soda. From the seed of cabbage the oil of oil is manufactured. Why should turnip be eaten across the fibre in rings of less than half an inch in thickness? For three reasons:—First, the usual manner, thick and unwholesome; secondly, by scattering them the fibres are cut across, so that however old the turnip is, it is never starchy; thirdly, they require only a few minutes to boil in plenty of boiling water, and after this they are as good as the turnip is preserved, also they can be more easily washed. The thinner the circles of turnip are, the quicker they cook and the less labor they will have.

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HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

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