

PAUL VANE'S WIFE

CHAPTER I.

Lorraine Lisle leaned forward as the carriage rolled up the broad village street that Sunday morning, and looked with languid interest at the graceful, white-robed figure going in through the door of the ivy-draped oriel-windowed old stone church.

"A village beauty!" she exclaimed. "Who is she, grandmother?"

The handsome, silver-haired old lady on the opposite seat, who had just bowed to "the village beauty," answered, with a smile:

"She is Vivian Vane, the young wife of our new rector, Paul Vane. She is beautiful, as you say, and also very charming. I am very fond of her, and I hope you will be, too, Lorraine."

The beautiful dark face of Miss Lisle looked a little scornful at those words, but she did not say whether or not she would be fond of the new rector's wife. She arched her slender dark brows in surprise.

"So you have a new rector here. Where, then, is Doctor Goodwin?" she asked.

"He is dead. Have you forgotten, Lorraine? I wrote you of his death more than year ago," grandmother answered, with a glance of mild reproach.

"I had quite forgotten," Miss Lisle answered, as if it were a matter of no moment. She had been abroad with English relatives four years, and almost lost interest in the affairs of her old home in the village she had quitted an immature girl of seventeen, already giving promise of that rare beauty which at twenty-one had developed into the perfection of a dazzling tropical flower.

Yes, Lorraine Lisle was gloriously beautiful as she leaned indifferently back in the carriage, with the summer sunshine of her Virginia home full on her cream-tinted, oval face, with its low, broad brows shaded by silky waves of blue-black hair, and lighted by large, intensely dark eyes full of slumbering fire and passion, while full, dewy red lips, half parted in a smile, made one think of kisses that might be lingering there for some fortunate lover.

"I would I were laid on her queenly breast, at her lips," she thought.

With her warm hair wound through my finger-tips, she thought.

Draining her soul at one deep-drawn kiss," she thought.

"She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw," the rector's wife told him afterward when they were discussing the new arrival.

Paul Vane put his arm about his wife's waist and drew her before a mirror.

"Perhaps you have never seen yourself, my darling," he said fondly; and though a wave of crimson rose up over the white brow, Vivian looked as he bade her, and she saw a face and form that, though of a different type from Lorraine Lisle's, was no less lovely.

Mrs. Vane was of medium height, with a form as slender and delicately moulded as ever haunted an artist's dreams, and her movements embodied the very poetry of motion. Added to these charms was an enchanting smile, sweet and poignant in the same breath. The complexion was exquisitely fair and flushed with a sea-shell glow on cheeks and lips. The small, straight nose was arch in spite of its regularity, the large eyes had a golden, purplish blue of summer violets, and deep within them lurked a mischievous gleam that matched the roguish daintiness in cheeks and chin. She had dainty hands and feet, and the graceful head was covered with short rings of hair that in the sunlight were "pure golden gold," and lent to the piquant face, with its innocent white brow, an expression of extreme youth, though she was quite twenty years old. She was clothed almost always in pure, simple white, and it made her so lovely that surely Paul Vane was excusable for his incontinence over another woman's superior loveliness.

"My darling, she could not be more beautiful than you are," he said, taking her in his arms and kissing the fair, frank face so many times that its lovely, delicate blushes deepened to a crimson glow. She flung her white arms about his neck and clung to him in an ecstasy of love, although presently she returned to the subject by saying:

"Yes, I know I am pretty, Paul, in a babyish kind of way; but Miss Lisle is different. She is like her portrait up at Arceady, only older and more beautiful. She has a warm, southern type of beauty—large black eyes, rich, dark hair, a full red mouth, like a flower, a face full of serene and graceful beauty, and I am afraid of her, and I am almost sorry I promised her grandmother that we would call this week."

"Nonsense!" laughed the rector, who in his way was quite as handsome as his wife, tall and slender, with a full, soft brown hair, splendid dark grey eyes, regular features, and a silky brown moustache that must have been his pet vanity from the tender way he often caressed it with his fingers.

He was thirty years old, and had brought lovely Vivian to Lisle a bride just one year ago.

CHAPTER II.

But in spite of his amusement at her fears, lovely Vivian was nervous that day when they started on their walk to Arceady to call on the heiress of whom such rumors were afloat that the villagers were quite dazed over her arrival. She was as proud as a queen, and utterly heartless, they said. Whispers had come across the sea of her conquests and her conquests. She had refused a hundred lovers, and out of them there was one who had gone mad and slain himself for love of her hating beauty.

Vivian had thought of this that peaceful summer morning, when in her low bow to the great lady of the neighborhood, Mrs. Lisle, she had caught the glance of those passionate dark eyes fixed on her happy peaceful face. She had shivered, although she was not cold, and whispered to herself:

"Is there then no dishonor in the smile of a woman, when men, can shudder and say: 'Is that smile is a grave?'"

The next moment she had stepped across the threshold into the dim-aided church, and found, to her dismay, that she was late. She had let Paul go on while she had stopped to see a sick child, and now her stately husband, in his flowing white gown, was reading the litany over the bowed heads of the congregation, and the proud black eyes faded from her mind as, stealing softly to her pew, she sank to her knees and joined in the devout responses:

"Oh, God, the Father of heaven! have mercy upon us as miserable sinners!"

It was almost a week since then, and one could put off a duty call no longer. Vivian had pondered anxiously in her mind over the momentous question of what she should wear to Arceady, Mrs. Lisle's beautiful place.

Her bridal finery was a little passe, and her new black silk was rather too warm for midsummer.

"Anything I wear will look dowdy beside the Worth gowns; I shall wear a simple white, as usual," she decided at last; and she did not know how beautiful and poetic she looked in the classic white wool draperies and the broad-brimmed white hat, with its drooping, pale-blue plumes.

She dreamed some heavy-headed pink roses at her belt, and set off leisurely with her husband on their long walk, for Arceady was quite a mile and a half from the rectory at the upper end of the broad main street.

"I think you will be quite sorry that you put off your call so long," Paul Vane said, after a glance of keen approval at her tasteful summer costume. "I heard to-day that Miss Lisle intended to fill Arceady with summer visitors, and that a batch arrived yesterday."

"No matter, dear. I think I could face a whole regiment of guests as easily as those proud black eyes that looked me over so keenly on Sunday," she said, smilingly; and he thought, as he gazed in the frank, confiding face, that he had the fairest wife in the world. No one could approach her in beauty, and her soul was as pure and fair as her face. Surely, he had been fortunate above all men in winning peerless Vivian for his own.

"Call all your courage to your aid; here we are at the gate," he said, laughing, as he saw the strange that Vivian should grow pale a moment at those words—piquant Vivian, who had never lacked before for the most graceful self-possession.

Mrs. Lisle's hand trembled as she laid it pleadingly on his arm.

"You will have to talk to her, Paul, and let me talk to Mrs. Lisle," she exclaimed, lightly, but with latent earnestness in her musical tones.

CHAPTER III.

Arceady was one of the most beautiful country homes in all Virginia—a large, rambling, old stone mansion, with bay-windows and piazzas jutting here and there, and all embowered in picturesque ivy the same as the old stone church, for both were built at the same time, a period dating a little after the Revolutionary War. At first the two houses, Arceady and Forest Church—the latter of which was built by a Lisle for his family use—was surrounded by the "forest primeval," but now a pretty, thriving village had grown up quite to the park gates. The magnificent estate, however, covered ground so extensive enough for a city in itself, so its rural charm was scarcely impaired by the encroaching habitations of man.

The house of Lisle had always been aristocratic and wealthy; and even after the war between the States that had freed their slaves, the Lises were regarded as moneyed people. But the small family had dwindled down until only one remained, and her beautiful granddaughter remained to represent the old name. True, no news had ever come of the death of Lorraine's father who had been a lonely wanderer over the face of the globe for many years; but since no tidings came of him, it was believed he must be dead. Few could remember him now but his mother, whose dark hair had turned to silver while waiting and longing for the absentee, and living quietly at Arceady, a gentle, Christian lady, respected by all and loved by many—a typical Virginia gentlewoman.

Paul Vane and his fair young wife walked on up the remaining gravelled way that led through a paradise of green grass, trees and flowers, and presently they heard voices and laughter coming from the tennis court. When they came in sight of it they saw some ladies and gentlemen playing a game, and Mrs. Lisle sitting on a garden chair serenely watching them. She came forward with a cordial welcome for the visitors, saying:

"Oh, Mrs. Lisle, please let us stay and watch them. It looks so pleasant to see some under the trees," cried Vivian, eagerly; and the old lady assented gladly, for she had been hurt by Lorraine's refusal to come at once to the callers.

"You must excuse me to them, and I will come when I have finished my game," she had said, when her attention was drawn to their coming.

"But, Lorraine, it will seem rude."

"Nonsense! as if I could neglect my other guests for them. Why, in England we did not consider the clergy as ranking very high. My cousin, Lady Page, used not to invite them to her grandest affairs—only to small parties."

"It is quite different here in Virginia, Lorraine. The clergymen rank with the best. Their patient of nobility is from God himself."

Lorraine Lisle tossed her proud, dark head in derision.

"The Vanes are great friends of mine, and I should like them to be yours, my dear," the gentle old lady ventured, almost pleadingly.

The proud beauty, who was looking incomparably dazzling in a tennis suit of scarlet and cream color, made a moue of disdain.

"Goody-goody people are the last ones I should choose for my friends," she declared. "They weary one with their saintly airs; and, after all, I assure you, grandmothers, they are generally no better than other people, when one finds them out. Why, I could flirt with your rector, if I held out my little finger to him!" she laughed, mockingly, and her grandmother turned away with another another word, in silent displeasure at the girl's levity.

The heiress went back to her soldierly-looking partner, Colonel Fairlie, and related the great words of her cruel words.

"I have shocked my dear, simple grandmother by some new whim every day since I came home," she laughed. "She is dreadfully old-fashioned and goody-goody. Do you know, I have a mind to flirt with her saintly Paul Vane, just to see her dismay."

Colonel Fairlie smiled; but he lowered his voice, and replied:

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eye, the curved red lips that his wife had compared to a flower. He could not gainsay—Miss Lisle's sensuous, luring beauty.

"They will soon finish the game, then I will introduce you to them," said gentle old Mrs. Lisle; and she pointed out the members of the party.

"The pretty brunette in green and white is Miss Freda Nardyz, of Philadelphia. The one in pink is Beryl Meddison of New York. The tall girl in black and white is Mrs. Aubrey, a young widow, also of New York. The gentlemen are Colonel Fairlie, Willie Benner, a poet, Gordon Hall, and the other one, Frank Barrett, is from Philadelphia."

Vivian gazed with interest at the handsome players, but she thought that Colonel Fairlie and Lorraine Lisle were the handsomest couple on the grounds. The colonel was tall and broad-shouldered, with a soldierly face and form, and grave brown eyes that even here in this arcaidian scene had a look as if they had gazed on sadder scenes. A well-shaped head, with brown hair closely cut, spiculated features, and a drooping brown moustache shading a half-stern mouth, made up a most attractive ensemble, and Vivian decided that he must be as old, if not older, than her husband.

She wondered if Colonel Fairlie was Lorraine Lisle's lover, and if she would return his devotion or if she would share as she had done so many others. A sigh breathed over her lips at the thought, for it seemed such a pity for so noble-looking a man to suffer at the hands of a heartless coquette.

Mrs. Lisle went on to tell Vivian that these friends of Lorraine were rich, fashionable people, whose acquaintance she had made when they traveled in Europe the preceding summer.

She said they would spend a month at Arceady, and then, but here her confidences were broken up, for Lorraine approached with a queenly air, and the next moment the rector and his lovely wife had received an introduction to the heiress. Her guests followed in a waltz, and Mrs. Lisle, who had been admiring her on Vivian, who certainly looked as fair as the realization of a poet's dream, Mr. Benner, the dark-eyed young poet, who adored blondes, gazed at her with rapture, and whispered to pretty Miss Vandy that his "one eye" was "blue as summer violets."

Some new whim had come over beautiful Lorraine. She laid aside her air of hauteur and chatted brightly and pleasantly with Paul Vane and the "village beauty," as she called Mrs. Vane. She talked to them of her travels and her residence abroad, or, rather, she talked to the rector, for Vivian said little. She let her husband talk to Miss Lisle, as she had threatened she would, and listened in smiling silence to the pleasant conversation, which soon became general and social, and almost before she had realized how it came about, Vivian found herself engaged in playful lawn tennis with the tall, dark-eyed Colonel Fairlie, while her husband had Miss Lisle for a partner.

Old Mrs. Lisle looked on, well pleased at Lorraine's condescension, and concluded that her granddaughter had only been teasing her by her cruel words a while ago.

"I want them to be friends," she said to herself, anxiously; and certainly it looked as if she would have her wish.

The soft breeze sighing through the tall pines, spoke to her ears in a foreign tongue when it whispered that this golden July day was the beginning of a tragedy in three lives—the lives of proud, willful Lorraine, Paul Vane and lovely Vivian.

No one heard that weird whisper in the pines that sighed: "Woe, woe, woe!" Their gay words, their happy laughter, drowned the sound. Vivian was fond of himself, and Colonel Fairlie made himself very interesting when he chose. He chose now, for certainly it was worth while exerting himself for so fair a partner. And how quickly the color came and went on her cheeks; how her eyes sparkled with pleasure and keen appreciation of the moment and the pleasant things he knew so well how to say! He said to himself that he had never known before how bright and arch blue eyes could be. While she looked at him, he recalled a familiar poem:

"Sweetest eyes! How sweet in flowings
The repeated cadence is!"

Though you sung a hundred poems,
Still the best one would be this,
I can hear it.

And the earth noise intervene—
"Sweetest eyes, were never seen!"

Yes, they were beautiful eyes—bright, and frank, and untroubled, with the sunshine of youth, innocence, and happiness shining in their depths. Colonel Fairlie, as he looked into them, felt that her soul was as fair as her face.

(To be continued.)

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MORE ABOUT IMMIGRATION.

MR. COCKSHUTT RETURNS TO THE ATTACK, BUT IS ROUTED.

Immigration Agent's Offer to Supply Mechanics—Proposal to Empty Crowded Tenements of Europe Into Canada.

Ottawa, Jan. 15.—The immigration policy of the Government was again under discussion in the House to-day, Mr. Cockshutt submitting a motion urging retrenchment. Mr. Oliver ably defended the policy of the Interior Department, and gave some striking illustrations of its success. Referring to the assertions that the Government was encouraging the importation of skilled mechanics, the Minister quoted an advertisement from an English newspaper which was signed by the London representative of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and which stated that the Government was offering to employ workers in all trades.

Mr. Porter's bill, to amend the inspection and sales act was read a first time. Its intention is to make the laws of the Dominion and of the Province of Ontario uniform in respect to the difference between them at present makes it difficult to enforce whichever law an information may be laid under.

In introducing his bill to amend the immigration act, Mr. Oliver explained that it was intended to prevent foreigners bringing in concealed weapons, and giving authority to the proper officials to deport, if deemed necessary the persons attempting to bring them in. Mr. Oliver read a number of newspaper reports showing the prevalence of the use of dangerous weapons by foreigners in various parts of the country in support of his plea that some measure such as he proposed should be adopted. The bill was read a first time.

Mr. Oliver, replying to Mr. Lavergne of Montmagny, gave the details of the bonuses paid on immigrants, and stated that the total paid since 1900 was \$690,600. To Mr. Smith (Nanaimo) he said complaints had been made to the Government by the contractors of the treatment of immigrants for Canada. The Government medical inspectors examined the ships as well as the immigrants, but not the food supplies, that being under the control of the Imperial Board of Trade. Mr. Cockshutt moved that in consideration of the great congestion that at present prevails in the labor market in various parts of the country it is highly expedient that assisted immigration, excepting only the agricultural and domestic servant classes, should immediately cease, and that no further bonuses be paid to individual agents or companies for sending or bringing in such immigrants; further, that the time has come for the Government to discontinue the policy that requires that only the financially, morally and physically fit shall be allowed to enter this Dominion as settlers.

Speaking to this, he took exception to some remarks in a speech made by Mr. Oliver, and in a letter to the Minister's reference to a letter forwarded to his department with an enclosure from one of Mr. Cockshutt's constituents. The Minister's allegation, based upon these documents, that Mr. Cockshutt had attempted to empty the tenements of Europe into the city of Brantford, could not, he argued, fairly be made on either the letter or the enclosure. He charged that the official of the Department of the Interior, contrary to the impression sought to be conveyed by the Minister, had assisted in bringing skilled mechanics to this country, and was not responsible for the conditions whereby a number of recent arrivals were out of employment. There were certain parties, he continued, who must accept responsibility for still attempting to bring out classes of immigrants for whom just now there was little work. In this connection he read an advertisement published in the British Emigrant and Colonial News and other English publications so late as December 13, 1907. This set forth that the manufacturers of eastern Canada were crying out for skilled workers in all trades, a number of which were specified. Girls also were wanted, according to the advertisement, which promised high wages, assisted passages to this country, and would up, "Apply, with references, to Lewis Leopold, official labor representative Canadian Manufacturers' Association, 15 Strand, London, W. C."

Mr. R. L. Borden.

Mr. Borden found that times had changed. The Government, who now declared they were not responsible for the conditions under which immigrants were receiving aid from charitable institutions, notably in Toronto, used to claim, in more prosperous times, that they were wholly responsible for the financial conditions. The letter read by Mr. Cockshutt, Mr. Borden thought, showed the Government had two policies on immigration, a secret one and a public one. Thus, while the Minister of the Interior was denouncing the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, his agents in Europe were conducting a propaganda to flood this country with skilled mechanics. The Government's policy of retaining immigrants in the country was not so successful as the Minister of the Interior tried to make out. During last year emigration from Canada to the United States was within a few hundred of 20,000. The Opposition leader detailed at some length the methods of dealing with immigrants arriving in the United States, including the imposition of a head tax. He was not prepared to say that the time had arrived when immigrants into Canada should pay a head tax, but he did believe the time had arrived when Canada should cease paying bonuses on immigrants. This country and its opportunities, which were just as good as those of the United States, would attract them. Attention should henceforth be directed to the quality rather than the quantity.

Mr. Johnston of Cape Breton took Mr. Cockshutt to task for not making

was welcome to any kudos that came to him as a result of his efforts.

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Mr. R. L. Borden.

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