THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

"I know that; but it would not do. I am

I should make a good companion. Will yuse your influence to find me such a situat

CHAPTER XLIIL

Violet had little difficulty in obtaining the situation to which Mrs. Carstone had referred. Mrs. Bersford made all the necessary arrangements for her, and it was settled that she was to go to Queen's Elm in the following

hers.

The granddaughter, heiress and beauty though she was, did not enter much into Violet's calculations; she did not spend much time at Queen's Elm, and would have nothing

CHAPTER XLIL

"Look!" said Violet—and she hald out a thin, white hand to Mrs. Carstone—"you see I have done it myself. If a judge or jury, or whoever tries such cases, can gay that I am not married, I can say so myself."

The hand she held out had no wedding ring on it. She had removed it, and seemed to consider that she had by that means in some degree released herself.

"My dear Violet." said the kindly mistress of Ingleshaw, "how foolish you are! Nothing so trifling can undo a marriage."

"I used to think so," replied Violet; "but if Lady Ryvers, with her lawyers and Queen's counsel, can manage it, why should not I?"

"I wish you would think differently of your husband," said Mrs. Carstone. "I do not wonder that you should be very angry with the dowager Lady Ryvers; but I see no cause for anger sgainst her son."

On every point visitor and hostess agreed, except this one. Mrs. Carstone admired Lord Ryvers very much, and could not see that Lord Ryvers had done wrong. Against his mother, for acting what she felt to be a cruel part, she was most indignant; the young husband, who seemed to adore his beautiful wife, was blameless in her eyes.

It was a happy accident by which Violet had met Mrs. Carstone.

"Where should you have gone and what should you have done," asked Mrs. Carstone, "if we had not met?"

"I cannot tell," she replied. "I am thankful to Heaven that I met you, Mrs. Carstone; I could not have found a kinder friend."

"I shall never rest," declared the elder

friend."
"I shall never rest," declared the elder lady, "until we are friends again with that handsome young husband of yours. I shall never forget the way in which he watched you

always."
"He has looked his last on me," said Vio

week.

She had resumed her maiden name; she would not assume any alias. Just as she had taken off her wedding ring and placed it away, so now she laid aside the name that she

"He has looked his last on me," said Violet.

She had refused to be called "Lady Ryvers"; she would not hear the name.

"My husband's mother wished to deprive me of it," she said scornfully; "I will give it up now of my own free will. I will be Violet Beaton for the rest of my life."

"You are very wilful, Violet," remarked Mrs. Carstone, "and some day you will most surely be sorry for the way in which you have given up your husband."

The mistress of Ingleshaw was much amused when she saw how untringly Violet poured over the newspapers. She, who had barely heard the word "divorce," now read most of the divorce reports which appeared in the newspapers; but amongst them all there was no dispute between husband and wife like her own. wife like her own.

Those days at Ingleshaw were not alto

gether unpleasant.
"How little I dreamed," said Violet to

message of the second of the s

could forget all about Ryversdale, Mrs. Carstone was an excellent hostess; her one one idea was to make Violet happy. No one knew her; she was always addressed as Miss Beaton. She was much beloved by all the household; her beautiful face won their hearts. Her manner was so kind and gentle. hearts. Her manner was so kind and gentle; they wished madam had such a daughter; they wished their young master would bring

in Violet's heart, no softening thought of her husband came to her—she did not miss his husband came to her—she did not miss his love, his caresses, his attentions; but after a time she grew restless—nothing more than that—restless in body and mind. She could not remain long in one place. She wandered from room to room, from house to grounds, from field to forest; she wandered on the terraces, in the picture galleries; there was never any peace or rest on her beautiful face. time at Queen's Elm, and would have nothing to do with her. Insensibly she grew interested in Mrs. Beresford's account of Queen's Film, one of the oldest manorial houses in the land, and which took its name from the fact of its having once been the residence of Queen Philippa's walk, a grand old oaken room with quaint tapestry called Queen Philippa's chamber; and the long mignificent row of elms, soms of which the royal hands were supposed to have planted, was called the Queen's Grove. It was the same with all her employments. If she sat down to the piano, she rose in a few and Mrs. Carstone thought she was going to read, the book would be laid down or exchanged for something else.
"Is it her heart or her conscience?" the

ksndly lady asked herself. She could not possibly think she had done right; yet she seemed to be upheld by some lofty sense of

ride.

¶Do you never think about your husand?" Mrs. Carstone asked her one night.

"Yes, of gourse I do," she replied.

"Do you miss him?" her friend pursued. "I do not wish to speak about him,"

"I do not wish to speak about him," Violet answered, quietly.

"He must be very unhappy," said Mrs. Carstone; "he loved you so dearly. And he does not even know where you are. He must be in great suspense and distress."

"I wish," cried Violet, impatiently, "you would not talk about him! Do let me forget him; you give me no chance. You mean most kindly, I know, but it irritates me,"

"Because, my dear," said Mrs. Carstone, with great complacency, "your conscience is not at ease."

When she was alone Violet began to reflect on those words. Was Randolph miserable? Was he in suspense? Was he always thinking of her and wondering where she was? Something seemed to rise in her heart and plead for him, but she would not listen to it. What if he had loved her with a love pressing the large of the words. neither opposition nor contradiction would be of any use.

The only thing was to let her take her own way—and that Violet did. She reached Queen's Elm on a fine September evening, when the old place was all aglow in the sunset, and as her eyes fell on it she wondered if, after all, there was not some merit in antivuity. Surely nothing could be more lovely than the fine old house, the grey atone almost covered with ivy, the growth of centuries. It was worth a whole mile of modern palaces all gilding and stucce; no money, no art could impart that air of antiquity. And, in spite of herself, in spite of all the ideas that had been instilled into her, she found herself wondering whether it were the same thing with men as with houses—whether there was as much difference between an aristocrat and a parvenu as between an old house the home of many centuries and one built in the most modern style. And there came to her mind as the thought occurred to her, the recollection of two men, perfect types of each—Oscar Carstone the parvenu, the son of the "self-made man," with the outward polish and manner of a gentleman, and her husband, Lord Ryvers, with innate nobility in every thought and word.

For the first time in her life she paused to think if it were possible that the training of Aunt Alice could have been a wrong or mislove passing the love of man? What if he had been willing to give up the whole world for her? What if he had surrounded her with loving care and sweet observances? In her anger against him she would not remember these things. He had deceived her, and he had brought the great shares of her life. She hardened her heart against him; she

For the first time in her life she paused to think if it were possible that the training of Aunt Alice could have been a wrong or mistaken one. Then the memory of all she had suffered at Ryversdale came to her, and once more her heart burned with hatred toward the class she had been taught to despise.

When Violet arrived at Quen's Elm, she was ushered at once into the presence of Mrs. Ingram. She found her very old and feeble, but dignified and slightly haughty in manner. She was sitting in a large, old-fashioned drawing-room, dressed in a thick, rich black brocade, with point lace at her throat and round her weists, her appropriate with

Mrs. Ingram looked up when Violet entered. She seemed to bring with her an atmosphere of youth, grace, and beauty.

"You are my new companion," she said, in a sweet old voice that had in it a far-off ring and must once have been like music itself. I am very glad to see you."

She seemed surprised at the fair beauty of Violet's face, and she looked at her intently.

tently.

"You are not much like the usual type of companions," she said, gently. "I have had so many!"

A weary little sigh followed the words, and Violet's heart was touched.

which he would not approve," answered Violet, earnestly, so earnestly that Mrs. Carstone smiled to herself, and felt more hopeful of a reconciliation than she had yet. "I must work for myself," the girl continued. "I should have been compelled to do so if I had not met my husband. There is no great hardship in doing it now."

"Perhaps Lord Ryvers may not like it." said Mrs. Carstone. "To my own mind, that seems much worse than living with us."

"He worked himself—worked hard at painting!" she replied. "I must do something. Even if I could, I would not live on your charity, Mrs. Carstone.

"You should not, my dear. If you will remain with me as my companion, I will pay you just the same as anyone else, neither more nor less, and I will be very kind to you." A weary little sigh followed the words, and Violet's heart was touched.

"I have had so many," repeated the old lady; "and none of them stay long. When the natural companions of one's life are gone, all seems gone. I have lost husband and children. The only relative I have left is one grandchild—one beautiful grandchild. Ah, my dear, what companions could fill the place of those I have lost.

"None," answered Violet; "but I will do my best."

"Thank you, my dear," she replied. "I think—I am sure you will please me. You have a sweet voice and a beautiful face; but you are young and hopeful. This life will be dull for you."

dull for you."

Violet's fair face shadowed as she remembered what life had done for her.

"I do not like what people call life," she answered. "I shall be bestoontent here with quite sure that, if ever it came to my husband's knowledge, he would not approve of it.

Help me in another fashion, dear Mrs.

Carstone. Try to find a situation for me. I could not teach—I do not know enough; but I should make a good companion. Will you It seemed like a haven of rest, this gran

old house with its surroundings, its old-fashioned magnificence, and its faint odour of dead rose leaves. Violet looked at the

"Do you really mean it?" asked Mrr. Carstone, looking at her.
"I do indeed," Violet assured her.
"Then you may consider the situation as already secured, for Mrs. Beresford, who called here yesterday, told me that she had been asked by a friend of hers, who has been a companion and who is giving up the situation, to find a successor."
"What a strange thing!" said Violet, never guessing that it was the pointing of the finger of Fate.

fashioned magnificence, and its faint odour of dead rose leaves. Violet looked at the mistress of the place.

"I had better tell you frankly," she said, "that I have never been out as companion before, and that I am quite ignorant of the duties of one. If you will but tell me what to do, I will try my best to do it."

"I can sum up the duties of a companion in very few words," said Mrs. Ingram. "Have you a mother living?"

"No," replied Violet.

"Try to imagine what it would be if you had; and what you would do for your mother do for me."

"I will try," said Violet, gently.

"If I am cross or irritable—and old age is full of crotchets—bear with me; if I am ill, be kind to me. I live in a world of shadows. My lost husband and my lost children are always with me; do not startle me suddenly from my dreams. The most merciful part of my iffe now is my dreams. I want you, "she continued, "not to be always with me, but always near me. I do not rise until late, so that the morning hours will be all your own; my maid attends to me then; but when I am downstairs, I shall wish you to fread to me, to walk out in the grounds with me, to drive out with me, to receive visitors for me, to answer my letters. You will find plenty of employment, and I hope you will be happy."

That evening when Violet had retired to her room and the mantle of night and silence had fallen over the house, she felt a vague longing—for what she was hardly conscious. She was young, every pulse beating with the

away, so now she laid aside the name that she disliked and resumed that of her parents.

The dowager and her children wanted to annul her marriage, and they should be gratified; she would annul it herself. Deep down in her heart lay the him conviction that no human power could undo a marriage, that it could be dissolved only by death; but, if the dowager and her children liked to speak of marriage as though it were a ceremony to be set aside at will and pleasure, let them. She would adopt the same view, and so free herself. onging-for what she was hardly c She was young, every pulse beating with the full tide of youth and life; she feit shut out of the world. This quiet house amongst the trees did not seem to be part of the world she had living in.

It was barely nine o'clock, and yet every

It was barely nine o'clock, and yet every light was out except hers, everyone asleep but herself. The moon was shining brightly. From the great windows of her room abe could see the park and the trees, and the brook that ran its winding course. She could see the lovely alley called the Queen's walk; the moon shone full upon it, silvering the great trunks of the trees and throwing weird shadows of the grass.

A queen had walked up and down there, watching the moon perhaps with sad, passionate eves, watching the sun with longing too great for words. How many hundred years back was it since she did so, and what was Philippa of Hainault like? Had her hearts burned, like the hearts of other women, with love? Had it been forn, like the hearts of other women, with love? Had it been forn, like the hearts of other women, with gradous?

"Oh, dead queen," asked Violet, "did you suffer as I have suffered?"

But the white moonlight lay where Philippa of Hainault had walked, and the trees had no secrets.

What was her husband doing on this moonlight night? Then looking at the hand which bore no wedding ring, she said to herself that she had no husband, yet fell asleep to dream of her artist-lover as she had seen him first in the woods of St. Byno's.

Violet looked slightly perplexed.
"It will not be forever." she said. "I shall work my way back to my own class in

to dream of her artist-lover as she h him first in the woods of St. Byno's,

The situation promised well, Violet was to act as companion to an elderly lady, Mrs. Ingram, of Queen's Elm, who had lost her husband, and wanted someone to be constantly with her. She had neither sons nor daughters living, only one grandchild. Of this grandchild Mrs. Beresford knew nothing, except that she was very beautiful, and would be a great heiress, as all the accumulated wealth of the Ingram family would be hers. Three weeks had passed since Violet came to Queen's Elm. The stately spirit of the place seemed in some measure to have entered into her. There was a dignified precision into her. There was a dignified precision about everything which was new to her. All was so old; there was almost sacrilege in the thought of anything modern. The servants were old, and had grown grey in the service of the family; they were servants of the old fashioned type, full of respect and reverence for their superiors, proud enough of the state of life to which they had been called, proud of being good servants and serving good people; there was no absurd aping of their betters, but a quiet reliance on themselves and their own claims to consideration.

Everything was so old, with such an-out-ofthe world glamour, that Violet's youth and Violet's beauty seemed almost out of place. Nevertheless she was soon beloved and worshipped by the whole household. They told her that her face was like sunshine; and they

queen.
"Thank Heaven," said the mistress of Queen's Elm to her one day, "that you are a lady, my dear."
Violet started at the words, much as though

From the number of elms about it the place had taken its name. They also gave the name to the pretty county town of Elm Green, which lay at a distance of five miles from the old manor house. The scenery was very beautiful; there were deep streams, green hills crowned with trees, fertile meadows, and fruit laden orchards.

It was the end of September when Violet reached Queen's Elm. She had been fiercely independent up to the very last. She had refused any assistance from Mrs. Carstone; she refused any assistance from Mrs. Carstone; she refused any escort, laughed at the idea, and seemed to take the keenest delight in ignoring every aristocratic tradition.

Mrs. Carstone had long since ceased all remonstrance; the saw sufficiently clear into Violet's character to be quite sure that neither opposition nor contradiction would be of any use.

The only thing was to let her take her own she had received a blow in the face.

Mrs. Ingram went on:

"No one knows what it is to live on imate terms with a person who is not a lady.

I have suffered much from it. Of course, all
those who have been with me have had a
certain amount of polish; but in many cases
it has been like the veneer on common

those who have been with me have had a certain amount of polish; but in many cases it has been like the veneer on common wood."

"I am not a lady by birth," stammered Violet. "My father was only a poor doctor; my aunt, who brought me up, had very little to live upon; she was only a governess."

"Pardon me," said the old lady with a smile, "you are a lady; you have refined thoughts, your ideas are all beautiful, dainty and fanciful; you have principle, you have courage; you can enter into the thoughts, the hearts, the lives of others; you are sensitive to the very tip of your pretty fingers, my dear; you never jar upon one in any fashion. I say that you are a lady."

"Now why," thought Violet, "should she judge me so differently from Lady Ryvers who called me vulgar and ill-bred?"

"I have an idea," naid Mrs. Ingram, impressively, "that after all, the aristocracy is but the jest of nature. The world has divided men into different classes; but nature has done the same thing, and in a far more startling manner. Men are not equal in fortune; they are still more unequal in gifts of body and mind. To my thinking, the noble by nature surpass the noble by birth; the two combined should produce perfection. I repeat that I thank Heaven that you are a lady, that your ideas are all beautiful, dainty and refined. Few can understand many things, and to see there was as much difference between a nature like Mrs. Ingram and that of Lady Ryvers as there is between cotton and silk. Lord Ryvers was by birth a lady; Mrs. Ingram was a lady both by birth and nature.

"You remind me," said Mrs. Ingram, "of a gentleman who said that the cawing of a rook, which was not music perhaps, in itself, formed part of the grand hammy of creations. In like manner, to form a perfect world, there must be in it peo-

One warm bright day in autumn Mrs. In-

spect and honour, She learned many things,

One warm bright day in autumn Mrs. Ingram asked her to go with her to the churchyard at Elm Green.

"I want to see my husband's grave, Miss Beaton. I wonder if other people have the same sensation that I have—that being near the grave of one beloved assems to bring that one beloved nearer?"

"I cannot tell," replied Violet. "Since I have been old enough to understand, I have lost no one by death."

Quite suddenly, as it seemed to her, a great storm of emotion swept over her heart and soul. What if "he" died, the one man who had so completely changed the course of her life? Would she care to sit by his grave that she might be nearer to him?

"I am always asking myself questions that I cannot answer," thought Violet.

She had poetry enough and sympathy enough to note the beautiful expression on her companion's fine old face as they drew nearer to the churchyard.

"My husband has been buried twenty years," said Mrs. Ingram, "yet each time I go to his grave it seems to me that I am nearer to him; and in my fancy, as I grow old, my memory of him grows younger. When he was buried, I remembered him as old and feeble; now I find myself thinking of him as young, strong, vigorous, and handsome. My dear, which shall I find him in Heaven? Will he be the old man with white hair who died full of years and honours, or will he be the handsome young fellow who never gave me any peace from the moment he met me until the hour he married me? I often wohder which it will be."

"Heaven seems to me the home of eternal youth, "remarked Violet, reverently.

"Think of the old and the feeble, the weary and aged, who find refuge there," said Mrs. Ingram.

"Death gives back youth and vigour," returned Violet.

"How little we know, child, even the wissest and eleverest amongst us!" cried Mrs. Ingram.

"Death gives back youth and vigour," returned Violet.

"How little we know, child, even the wissest and cleverest amongst us!" cried Mrs. Ingram.

And they came to the pretty churchyard.

"The Ingram

true to one love and one husband leaned on the arm of the beautiful young wife who had so impulsively and impatiently flung aside her obligations and duties. A large white marble cross stood at the head, great elm trees shaded it, birds sung in the green depths, the fresh sweet wind swept over it, bearing the breath of many flowers; it was a garve that seemed to take the bitterness from death. On the marble cross was the simple record of the man's life and death.

"You see, my dear," said Mrs. Ingram, "there is a space left for me, and we shall sleep together there, my husband and I, until the great day of doom. We shall stand together then, face to face, and there will not be the sound of any angry word between us. If ever you marry, my dear, marry as I did—from love."

marriage, the two great crowns, the two great mysteries of woman's life, will come to you. Think, when they do, of all that I say to you now. My husband lived, with me thirty years, and when we meet face to face there will not be the sound of an angry word between us. Think of that, my dear—think of that."

between us. Think of shat, my dear—think of that,"

And Violet did think. She remembered her fiery denunciation, her hot anger, her burning pride, her resentment against her husband—there would be far more than the sound of an angry word between them.

"A marriage such as ours was as heaven upon earth," said the old lady. "For thirty years my husband and I lived in the sweetest peace and harmony, and during all that time we never, Heaven be praised, had one angry word! But there was a secret in this, one that all sensible wives soon learn."

"What is it?" cried Violet, eagerly.

"Forbearance," she replied. "That is the secret of happiness in married life—to bear and forbear, not to have wide-open eyes for each other's faulta, and, what is better still, to love with a grand, generous, noble love

each other's faults, and, what is better still, to love with a grand, generous, noble love that loves in spite of faults."

"Its there such a love?" asked Violet.

"May Heaven send it to you some day!" said Mrs. Ingram. "That is the grandest love of all—not the love that idealizes and believes the object beloved to be perfect—that kind of love always ends in disappointment—but the grand, generous love that is not lessened by faults. My husband had faults; I loved him in spite of them. I had faults, and he loved me in spite of them. We both knew that we were ordinary human beings, and we made allowance for each other. The result was we never had one angry word. 'We have been married thirty years, and we have never had a quarrel, 'my husband said, when he lay dying; nor should we have had one had we lived together fifty more."

we have had one had we lived together fifty more."

"This differs from Aunt Alice's teaching," thought Violet, "and it differs greatly from my practice."

"I thought," she said, slowly, "that, just as there are always sharpest thorns beneath sweetest roses, so the longest thorns are hidden under the orange blossoms."

"That may be; but it is in the power of

hidden under the orange blossoms."

"That may be; but it is in the power of every sensible wife to blunt them; they need never wound. Remember that when you wear orange blossoms of your own."

"Yes, I shall think of you as a wife who had not one thorn in her wreath of orange blossoms," said Violet.

"Say, rather, a wife, my dear, who bent and broke the point of every thorn she found," rejoined Mrs. Ingram.

Violet had plenty of food for meditation as they drove home.

CHAPTER XLV.

Up to this time Violet had believed herself to be perfectly in the right, that the conduct of her husband and his mother had been injured and wronged, and that in throwing off her allegiance to her husband and trying herself to break her bonds, she had acted bravely and nobly. But the hour spent in the churchyard rather changed her ideas. Love was not a matter of caprice, nor marriage a matter of whin; it was the most solemn of obligations. Certainly no woman could do as she had tried to do—break her own bonds.

She began to doubt herself—she who had been so confident in her might and right. What if she had done wrong, after all?

She could not torget Randolph. The handsome face, the kindly voice, the lovelight in his eyes, his constant care for her, his devotion to her; and his mad, passionate love for her, haunted her as they had never done before. She had hardened her heart against him; she had exaggerated her own wrongs; but she could not deaden her memory.

In those days Violet was a study. She was sure of no one feeling or emotion; her brain, mind, and soul were in confusion. Love, revenge, tender memories of by fone days, hatred of all that her husband loved, took

ion of her by turns; she could not tell r she loved Randolph or hated him, possession of her by turns; she could not tell whether she loved Randolph or hated him, whether she wished most to keep sway from him or longed most to see him again. She tried to understand herself, and could not. Was it love of him that kept her awake at night, thinking of him and going over in fancy every hour they had spent together? Was it love that kept the sound of his voice ever in her ears? Was it love or hate? She could not tell; she did not know.

"I cannot understand my own heart," she said to herself; "much less could anyone else understand it."

One morning—she had dreamed of Randolph all night—Mrs. Ingram asked her why she looked so thoughtful.

"I have been trying," answered Violet, "to solve a problem for myself, and I cannot do it. I was wondering whether in any oircumstances whatever a wife ought to leave her husband."

"Certainly not," was the stern reply,

"Certainly not," was the stern reply,
"No matter whether she be in the right or
in the wrong, the world shows its estimate of
such women by ignoring them."

"But suppose that man is cruel to his wife,
ill-uses her, abuses her—what then?"

"I should say that a woman in fear of her
life might be justified in leaving her husband;
but even in that case I do not quite approve
of it. I think this, that, let a man be bad as
he may, his wife should have patience with
him, and try to make him better."

"You would think very badly, then, of
any wife who let her husband for a smaller
matter than ill-usage?"

any wife who lett her husband for a smaller matter than ill-usage?"

"I should despise any woman who thought lightly or acted carelessly with regard to the greatest obligation and the most sacred tie life holds. Women have so much in their power; they have two great weapons, patience and forbearance."

"You have seen only the bright side of marriage, Mrs. Ingram," said Violet, sadly.

sadly, "I have lived many years, and I have seen a great deal of life," replied the elder

woman.

"Suppose that two people did not really agree," Violet went on—"that the husband liked one kind of life, the wife another, and that they had no one thought in common, that the wife hated what the husband loved, and vice versa—would you not think that a reason for leaving each other?"

"No, indeed, I should not, Leaving husband or wife for such trifles as those I should consider madness or wickedness," said Mrs. Ingram.

Ingram.
"Suppose," said Violet, rushing boildly to her fate, "that a man married a girl beneath him in rank, and that, when he took her home, his friends treated her unkindly, even tried to prove that her marriage was not legal—would she not be justified in leaving him?"

legal—would she not be justified in leaving him?"

"Certainly not. Any wife in such a position as that, if she had a particle of common sense, would try conciliation, would do the best to please her husband's family."

"Go one step further," said Yiolet.

"Suppose that the husband had grossly deceived the girl, beguiled her into marrying him by telling, or rather by acting, a deliberate lie—what would you say then?"

"I should still say her duty was to remain with him. The sanctity of the marriage tie is too solemn to allow of its being broken; and, if it were broken on one pretext, it would be on others. There is but one course, and that is to keep it invielable."

Violet carried those words in her heart for many long days.

That same evening a surprise was in store for her. Mrs. Ingram sent for her earlier than usual to her room.

She seemed unusually excited,

"Mydear," she said, "I want you. I have a letter from my granddaughter; she is coming to-night. It is very kind of her. She is so beautiful and so brilliant that she has many invitations; she has given up se retal to come to me."

has many invitations; she has given up se reral to come to me."
"What do you wish me to do?" asked Violet, gently.
"Give orders about her rooms. Gwendo ine is very particular; and, indeed, she is quite right to be so; her life is most pre-

Only one word in Mrs. Ingram's answer struck Violet, and that was "Gwendoline," a name that was so uncommon, yet horribly familiar to her. The very sound of it seemed to bring the dowager Lady Ryvers before her, she who had spoken so often of Gwendoline Marr. She turned suddenly white about faint, and trembled; yet surely they were many Gwendolines in the world! Why that awful spasm of fear? She must know who this girl was and that at once.

awful spasm of fear? She must know who this girl was and that at once.

"What a pretty name—Gwendoline!" she said. "An old English name, is it not?"

"Yes—one much used in the Marr family. My granddaughter is Gwendoline Marr."

For a few minutes it seemed to Violet as though the ground were opening beneath her feet. Of all the strange fates in the world, it was the strangest that was bringing her hither. Not until this moment did she recognize how jealous she had been of Gwendoline Marr, the girl whom the dowager Lady Ryvers and Lady Lester loved, the girl whom they had all wished Randolph to marry. It had been a smouldering fire, and now suddenly it broke into a burning flame. She was bitterly jealous of her. How they would have welcomed Gwendoline Marr! How they would would have welcomed Gwendoline Marr! How they would would have feld and caressed her. What strange fate had brought them together? Violet knew well that the one great desire of theldowager Lady Ryvers' heart was to find her marriage illegal, so that Gwendoline Marr might take her place.

It seemed strange to her to find Mrs. Ingram still talking.

"Gwendoline Marr will be one of the richest heiresses in England. She has all the Marr estates, and she will have all that I have to leave her. Gwendoline is beautiful too. You will admire her; everyone does. She has many suitors. She will marry well some day. She is all that I have left living in the world."

Still Violet stood motionless, saying to herself over and over again:

vorld."
Still Violet stood motionless, saying to herself over and over again: "I had but one daughter," continued the

"I had but one daughter," continued the old lady, "my beautiful, bonny daughter Jean, and Jean married Sir kandal Marr. She died many years since, when Gwendoline was quite a little girl; yet, although I have so much money to leave her, they would not let my grandchild come to live with me. Lady James has educated her, Miss Beaton. When she has nothing better to do, they let her come and spend a week or two, with me, my bonny Jean's daughter."

Violet did not wonder much that a young, brilliant, and beautiful woman should avoid Queen's Elm if possible,

"I am always well pleased when she comes, she brings so much sunshine and brightness with her. Now, Miss Beaton, will you attend to the rooms? Tell the house-keeper to have good fires made in them. Tell her to prepare the blue suite; Gwendoline likes it."

It seemed to Violet the very irony of fate

her to prepare the blue suite; Gwendoline likes it."

It seemed to Violet the very irony of fate that she should stand there listening to orders as to how Gwendoline Marr was to be made comfortable. She was prompted more than once to cry out that she would not do it. Why should she do anything for Gwendoline Marr, whose name had been made an instrument of torture to her? Then curiosity to see the girl whom the dowager Lady Ryvers wished to take her place reigned supreme.

To be continued.

EPPS'S COCCAC.—GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourisbed frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins () Ib and Ib) by Grocers, labelled—"Jakes Epps & Co., Homosopathie Chemists, London."

THE FAIR SEX. A TOUCHY YOUTH.

A maiden coy, and tall, slim boy
Sat cooing on a stile:
The boy's lip wore a light mustache
The girl's lip wore a smile. "I love thee," quoth the boy, and stroked That faint and downy line; "And I." the siren softly signed, "Would dyo it were it mine."

He left the maiden like flash, A minute to the mile.

Ah! trifle not with youth's mustache
When sitting on a stile. A deserted waste-the old maid's.

Mrs. Plunkett, of Boston, has writte ook urging women to become plumbers. The square parasol is called the "ug' The wife who sits up until 2 a.m. for her

frolicsome husband to come home is for the fast male. The widow of Tom Thumb is being wooed by John Spencer Coyne, a five-foot mining operator of some means. "What is wanted in this country," said

the bride, as she examined the wedding pre-sents, "is silver service reform. That set is plated." "Yes," said a young lady, who had been thumping on a piano for two hours, "that baby is the next house fairly sets me wild

with its noise."

Bertha Clear, the Philadelphia girl who was divorced from the "living skeleton" soon after marrying him, didn't know when she was well off. He died the other day and left

s fortune of \$50,000. A Boston woman warns train boys throng the Globe that "if they throw any of Colone Ingersoll's lectures in my lap I shall certainly throw them out of the window."

The bridesmaids now give presents to the bridegroom, instead of the opposite, as formerly. This insures the groom a full supply of ten-cent neckties before starting.

Stylish young ladies are wearing little gold kangaroos on their watch chains. Oh! the artless things. The moment a man sees a kangaroo he can't help but remember that it

A Brooklyn woman wants a divorce ber she found another woman's false teeth in her husband's pocket. A female must love a man dearly when she will loan him her false eeth to crack nuts with.

"I would die for you," she exclaimed, pil-lowing her head upon his shoulder. "Oh, no you needn't, daring," was the quick reply, "I like red hair."

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep" is the title of the latest song. It is intended, we suppose, as a pointer for young men who take their girls to church Sunday evenings. An old lady was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whiskey. She replied:—"I would make it into starch to stiffen the backbone of the tem-A young lady in Boston owns a dog who

favourite amusement is to tear pieces from the silk gowns of ladies it meets on the street. There are suspicions that the dog's mistres has got the crazy quilt manis, and has traine him to do this very thing. "Do you believe that a woman nowaday: would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the Benediet, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't auit her."

"Can you tell me, sir," asked a young lady at the book store, "in what order Thackersy wrote his books?" "No, lady," replied the gentlemanly sales gentleman; "but, don't yer know, I guess, it was in order to rethere the sales."

"but, don't yer know, I guess, it was in order to make money."

A dash, a crash, 'thas awful rash, but the roller skates upset her. A slip, a rip, she cut her lip, but the next time she'll do better. A slide she tried; the skates were snide; they proved to be a fetter. No more she'll soar the rink all o'er, because her ma won't let her.

One of Detroit's pretty girls who was married recently received her wedding guests under a chime of bells modelled in flowers.

Two of the bells were white, one of pink On the larger of the bells the monograms the bride and groom were outlined.

"I trust your daughter is not one of thos tame, spiritless sort of girls that sometimes apply to us for situations and are too bashful to fill them," said a Boston shopkeeper to a father who was seeking employment for one of his children. "Sir," he replied, indignantly, "my daughter has red hair." That settled it.

An old lady from the country, who attended opera for the first time, entered the Academy of Music just as the trouge were all singing together in chorus:—"Ah!" she remarked, "they don't care now that they have our money. See, they are all singing together so that they can get through sconer."

Academic harmit woman died recently gether so that they can get through sooner."

An eccentric hermit woman died recently at Shirley, England, and among her effects an old piano sold for half a crown. It turns out to be of the year 1730, thirteen years after the making of the first piano in England, Offers of \$750 have been made for this antique, which is valuable in the history of wiscomaking.

mine making.

Miss Constance Bell, a handsome twelve-year-old girl of Boykin, S.C., came home from boarding-school and found Dr. Jasper Benson, an eighty-year-old stranger, sick in her father's house. She nursed the old gentleman, and at the end of two weeks, as soon as he was able to well. was able to walk, they were married, girl's parents giving full consent.

A young man who believes in self-improvement, having recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some questions frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative, and when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hay loft and was pulling the ladder after him. A KEEN REMINDER.

"There isn't a button on 'this shirt," dismally observed the young husband, shaking the garment before his wife's eyes.

"I'm sorry, my love: it might have been remedied if I had had time."

"Why, you've got nothing to do. What do you mean by saving if you had time?"

"I mean to say that if there had been no occasion for me to trim over a last spring's

occasion for me to trim over a last spring's bonnet for this spring's wear I would have had time to look after your clothes." SHE DIDN'T GIVE IN.

" I've had an awful discussion," said a Boson wife, coming the room where her husband was. "With whom?" he asked.

"With a woman over our back fence."
"What about?"
"The functions of transcendentalism; and "The functions of transcendentalism; we talked, and talked, and talked, and talked, and ted, and to det, and "Did she beat you?"

"No, sir, she didn't."

"Did you beat her?"

"Well—no—I can't say I did."

"You didn't give in, did you?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I gave out, and I are inselected.

"No, sir; I gave out, and I am just a limp as a dish rag after a hard day's washing, and she hung herself over the back of a chair

to recuperate. When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and she if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in frost works her feet around so they won't hurt her quite so misch.

takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better-half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and will never do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it and pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It is a very simple matter, indeed.

SAME OLD STORY. The frightful scream of a woman was heard in a York street house yesterday afternoon. Several men who were passing along rushed pell-mell into the house, thinking the woman was being murdered.

"What's the matter?" asked the man who

"What's the matter? asked the man who entered first.

"Oh, oh!" sighed the woman.

"Where is he? Where did be go?" asked another, as he rushed here and there.

"Oh!—in—oh!—that hole in the corner, I think." It was a mouse.

SHE DOTED, BUT HER FATHER DIDN'T. Miss Saffronhue is an esthete, and when some one quoted one of Oscar Wilde's im-becile verses the other night she raised her hands in admiration and murmured:— "Continue, on, do continue. I just dote on Wilde."

on Wilde."
"My child," said her father, who overheard the remark, "when I was your age I had sown my Wilde dotes."
It required five smelling bottles to restore Miss Saffronhue's equilibrium. SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

A dude who called on a young lady the other night for the first time showed not the alightest intention of leaving, although the young lady threw out various hints about the ipproach of midnight.
"Are not tight pants extremely unconcomfortable?" she asked, for want of some

ore entertaining expression.
"Not at all," he said; "I can sit down with the greatest ease."
"Yes, so I perceive; but I thought it was "Yes, so I perceive; but I minugate impossible for you to get up."

Then the dude jumped to his feet with such suddenness that he sawed his ears off on his collar and ruined the seat of his pants. He collar and ruined the future.—Scissors.

THE U. E. LOYALISTS

BY WM. KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

The war was over. Seven red years of blood Had scourged the land from mountain-ton to sea
(So long it took to rend the mighty frame
Of England's empire in the western world).
Rebellion won at last; and they who loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their

name,
Passed into exile; leaving all behind
Except their honour, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to king.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered

wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost; for they had been
The salt and savor of the land; trained up In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
The wine upon the lees, decanted when
They left their native soil, with sword-belts

drawn
The tighter; while the women only, wept
At thought of old firesides no longer theirs;
At household treasures reit, and all the land
Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King. Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came In exodus to our Canadian wilds; But full of heart and hope, with heads erect And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.— With thousand toils they forced their devious

Through the great wilderness of silent woods.
That gloomed o'er lake and stream; till higher rose.
The northern star above the broad domain.
Of half a continent, still theirs to hold, Defend, and keep forever as their own;
Their own and England's, to the end of time,

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves
Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear,
Put on their woodland state; while overhead
Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home
To the proud exiles, who for empire fought,
And kept, though losing much, this northern
land

A refuge and defence for all who love. The broader freedom of a commonwealth, Which wears upon its head a kingly crown,

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees, Proud caks and pines, that grew for cen turies—
King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted; and each one. one, With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made

Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
Into the open glades, unlit before,
Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped
The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light,
Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark

The world goes rushing by
The ancient laudmarks of a nobier time,
When men bore deep the imprint of the law Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained. Amid the quaking of a continent, Torn by the passions of an evil time,
They counted neither cost nor danger,
spurned
Defections, treasons, spoils; but feared God,
Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

To keep the empire one in unity
And brotherhood of its imperial race—
For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
Where losing was to win a higher fame!
In building up our northern land to be
A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea—
A land of labour, but of sure reward—
A land of corn to feed the world withal—
A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace;
Content and freedom both to speak and do,
A land of men to rule with sober law
This part of Britain's empire, next the heart,
Loyal as were their fathers and as free!
Nisgars, Ont. To keep the empire one in unity Niagara, Ont.

*From "The Hungry Year." A tale of the U.E. Loyalists. By William Kirby.



mediate Relier

arm of Catarrh. from a

arm of Catarrh. from a

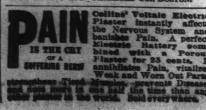
affuenza to the Loss of Smell, Tasse.

Cough. Bronchitis, and Incipient Conc.

Relief in five minutes in any and

Rothing like it. Grateful, fragrant

Nothing like it. G



AGRICUL

WANTS AN IN

Souris.—Would you ple I could procure an incubat able of hatching between 2 me hear through your i venient. Address F. J. Grenn whose incubators have be at our exhibitions. By vertising columns you this information.

GARG Vandecar—Will you ple your paper a remedy for a she calved is so that neith get any milk, the milk do down. The cow is young so before. She has been large bag. At first when sh of watery substance from

Bathe the bag mor moderately hot water. apply a liniment of Continue this treatment no relief apply jodine of

LICE ON C STROMNESS.—Will you at the best remedy for blue of them in my stock. If the animals are ha soap 1 lb., and blue oin thoroughly, rubbing we parts. After it has bee off with warm water and ointments should be use trouble is not strongly d oil will afford relief. In 13th was given a rec

stockman, who clai with failure. BONE SI STONEWALL.—I have spavin. He has had it for there a cure, and if so, wi two years is it likely to d

Ordinary treatment applications, continue and succeeded by b'iste of a seton, or by firing, to a blister may be thereafter. Subsequent age is beneficial. The mains the worse it

SWOLLE RUSTICUS.—I have a ho
ly swollen in one of his he
weeks ago. It was vernot bear any of his weigh
behind the hollow of th
lump formed, which appe
ter. I opened it, but there
discharge of a thin yell
Previously I had used wa
after opening it I app
blisters at intervals
blisters always gave tin, a day or two
be as bad as ever. The s
all left the joint, exceptin
the hock, both inside and
and there is no pain in an
the lameness is no better.
lous has formed in the pa
previously been. The ho
the most part with the la
behind the sound one. V
sore leg forward he invar
pastern. Will you kindly
of treatment I should pur
Blister again at intery
Blister again at intery

Blister again at inter keep the horse perfectly get over his lameness. siderable time.

LIVE S Pigs may be stopped ting out the gristly which they do the digg which they do the digg which they do that it w it is only slit it will gr

Even skim milk is tities to calves inten meal should take its pl at no time be stinted need not be expected. Cure for A writer in an exching cure for lameness matory fever in the f the assurance that it is

Clean out the botton

-hold up the leg so a of the hoof upward, h the hoof will hold th in what it will hold w ning over : touch the hot iron; this will so hoof firmly in positi Great care must be take on the hair of the h burned. If all the turpentine in each of speedily follow and the service in a short time. It is affirmed that a manner have been prone case, although suffer hours when applied, i

travelled some dista

appearing.

There is no other for made so profitable as The complaint of dogs ravages in the flocks i more sheep were kept dogs. It is something farm. If there were n nothing but weeds; but the weeds are kept so the dogs would be if every farm had while considering better to displace some as many sheep; for to where one pig is. The lamb for the farmer unknown; a good, sw ton; lambs, too, to and a score of fleeces many dollars. A ne sheep on his farm, daughter, who cares after the lambs, and

mulated from the profi still, as the farmer sa all over," and if she

will be able to run

flock of sheep as well New York Tribune.

Hay an It is a prevalent an that clover hay is not horses, and that it disease known as supposed that it is which produces the di sensitive lining mer tubes. This suppo take. Clover hay is a not nearly so much so it is ripe, in w blossom exists in th which, being partly irritating effect upon yet we are recommend hay to horses and k cows. Now, heaves and does not arise bronchial membrane membranes, with the them and consequent passages, produces roaring, or wheezy, n the heaving of the of the spasmodic actiduced by disordered in