W ENOR L THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the drawing room at Ryversdale Lady Ryvers sat, awaiting what in her heart she called her doom. Monica had done her best; but, finding that all attempts at consolation only made her mother mother more irritable, she left her alone. Lady Lester was expected and the youngest daughter trusted much to the influence of the elder one, to her calm wisdom, her serene manner of dealing with all difficulties.

Hard thoughts must have been in Lady Ryvers' heart, for they were written on her face when her two daughters entered the

room.
The Countess of Lester had just reached Ryverswell, and was anxious to know what was the matter. She went up to her mother and embraced her.

and embraced her.

"I am afraid you are in trouble, mamma," she said, calmly, so calmly that her words contrasted curiously enough with her face and manner. "You must be, or you would not have telegraphed for me. Arthur wanted very much to come with me; but it was impossible. I had to travel with Fisher. What is wrong, mamma? You are not ill yourself, I am glad to see."

'Did you think I was?" asked Lady

Ryvers.

At times like these, when she felt irritable, the calm serenity of her fearless daughter tried her just a little. There was enough resemblance between Lady Ryvers and the Countess of Lester to show they were mother and daughter. They had the same dark imperial beauty, the same grand carriage, the same delicate brows and exquisite profile; but the character of Lady Ryvers' beauty was pride, that of Lady Lester's, serenity. Lady Ryvers was a wonderfully preserved woman, who looked ten years younger than she really the looked ten years younger than she really

On this morning Lady Lester looked especially well. She wore a graceful Indian silk and neat Parisian bonnet that rendered

silk and neat Parisian bonnet that rendered her if possible more charming.

She had been summoned to meet her mother; but she stood there, calm, unruffled, no wonder in her lovely dark eyes, few questions on her lips, ready to hear anything and not to be surprised. If she lived to be seventy, there would be no wear and tear of emotion on her smooth face, no wear or tear of passion; the calm unmoved loveliness would be the same when she lay in her coffin. She had come to listen to her mother's troubles; but she was careful how the folds of her dress fell, as though she were posing for a statue. It was wonderful to see the face of Monica, who stood watching her with some-

Monica, who stood watching her with some-thing between a sigh and a smile.

"Shall I ring? Will you go to your room first, Marguerite, or will you wait?"

"I will wait, msmms. I am anxious to know why you sent for me."

"To tall you my dear the worst news."

"To tell you, my dear, the worst news you ever heard in your life," cried Lady Ryvers—"the very worst!"

Not an eyelash on the beautiful face quivered, the dainty, delicate bloom undervent no change.
"Bad news, dear mamma? It it anything

about Arthur.
"No; what could I know about Arthur? You have just left him strong and well, I suppose. It is much worse, much more important. Briefly, Marguerite, it is this. Your brother Randolph, my only son—Heaven help me!—has married without my knowledge; I

"Manual by the state of my consent."

"Randolph married!" cried Lady Leater—and for once the delicate brows were arched—"married without informing you, manual for married without informing you, manual forming the state of the

"I knew you would feel it, Marguerite, although you are not given to displays of emotion; I knew you must feel it. Monica persists in attempting to comfort me; you will not try. You know such a blow as this has has shartered me!"

Then Monica came forward. If she loved anyone on earth, it was her brother Randolph, with his beautiful face and poet's soul. She formed a complete contrast to her stately mother and sister. Monica Ryvers was not tall; she had a slight, girlish figure, about which there was nothing remarkable except its supple grace. She walked well, danced well, moved well. She had not the statusque values are that distinguished Marguerite Councillaments that distinguished Marguerite Councillaments that distinguished Marguerite Councillaments. weil moved weil. She had not the statuesque elegance that distinguished Marguerite. Countess of Lester. She would have flown through fix rooms while the stately beauty crossed one. Her charm lay in her quick, light, active movements. She was the very child of impulse. She was not beautiful, in the common acceptation of the weed. common acceptation of the word, although she had Irish eyes, and hair that was black and waving. Hers was a face that, without being noticeably lovely, yet flashed intelli-gence, was full of sparkle and of fire, full of gence, was full of sparkle and of life, tall of wit and humour, and capable of any amount of pathos. With smiles and tears always close together, she was a girl whom it was impossible for her lady mother to under-

"Why do you laugh?" she would ask her at times; and again, "Why do you cry?" she would say, when the girl's face flushed with passion or paled with emotion.

Lady Ryvers would have found it easier to have read a Greek volume or translated Hebrew than to have understood her charming, impulsive, gifted child. She came forward slowly now; that constant reference to her attempt at consolation troubled her.

"Mamma, dear, if I knew what better to say, I would say it," she said.

"It is better to be silent than to give utterance to foolish platitudes," returned Lady Ryvers. "How many times this day have you told me what cannot be cured must be endured?"

"It is perfectly true, mamma," said the

"It is perfectly true, mamma," said the girl.

"So it may be; but that is no earthly reason why you need repeat it."

"Monica," said Lady Lester, "it would be better for you to be silent; you never did understand mamma,"

"I only want to comfort her. I cannot bear to see her so unhappy."

"But I tell you there is no comfort!" cried Lady Ryvers. "Oh, Marguerite, my heart is broken!"

"Nay, mamma, let us hope it is not quite so bad as that," said Lady Lester.

But she asked no questions as to who her sister-in-law was, or anything about her.

"It is bad as can be, Marguerite, He has narried some poor obscure girl, without birth, fortune, or anything else to recommend her."

"Except beauty," put in Monica.

"Yes," allowed Lady Ryvers, with some irritation. "except beauty. Now what is to be done? It is our social ruin. He is the head of the House of Ryvers.—What is to be done Marguerite?"

When that most serene of women did utter an opinion, it was very often what her sister, with some justice, called a "crusher." The located to court her. The Duchess of Inversary, one of the most exclusive queens of society, eagerly sought Lady Ryvers, and said openly how much she should like an alliance between the two houses; and Gwendoline Marr, the most beautiful and wealthy helress of the day, had more than once shown her preference for him.

Not only were all these triumphs ended, but a series of terrible mortifications had begue the sacries of terrible mortifications had begue to a series of terrible mortifications had begue the two houses; and Gwendoline Marr, the most beautiful and wealthy helress of the day, had more than once shown her preference for him.

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When that most serene of women did utter an opinion, it was very often what her siater, with some justice, called a "crusher." This was the sort of opinion she uttered now.

"It is a mischievous affair," she said, "and I cannot see how it is to be mitigated. I always thought, "she added, slowly, "that Randolph meant to marry Gwendoline Marr."

"He ought to have married her," replied Lady Ryvers. "Marguerite I will never face the world. I shall leave England, and never return."

return."
The Countess of Lester sat for some time in silence, and, curiously enough, this silence was more consoling to her mother than all Monica's well-meant efforts.

of it; and I shall have to own that it is all true."

For the time the proud lady almost hated her son; and she hated with double bitterness the girl he had married.

Seven o'clock had struck, and every minute she expected the carriage. It had been sent to Ryverswell railway station, and the three ladies awaited its return. Lady Ryvers would not have owned such a thing for the world—she would have cacild it theatrical and ill-bred—but she had chosen the great drawing-room in which to receive Randolph's wife, hoping the sight of its grandeur would annihilate her. For the same reason she had chosen her richest dress of black velvet, her finest point lace, and some of her most superb diamonds. She looked majestic and magnificent, yet in her heart she half despised herself. What did it matter, after all, whether a creature so utterly insignificant were crushed or not? Lady Lester looked beautiful as a dream. She wore a dress of pale Monica's well-meant efforts.

"Mamma," said Monica, as though she had just made a sudden discovery, "you may rely upon it, Randolph has married for love." "Then he ought to be doubly assemed!"
ried Lady Ryvers. "The head of a house
ke ours, and to take such nonsense into conideration! He has acted no doubt like some
intaught and untrained schoolboy; he has
seen charmed with some rustic blooming face,
and has married the girl without any conideration as to how we should like it, or any
thought of his own position. Oh, Marguerite,

te, what shall I do? My sense and taot fail

what shall we do? It is the first low marriage in the family."

"You cannot call it a low marriage, mamma," put in Monica, "'Low' means something disreputable, does it not? Randolph said she was a doctor's daughter. She must be educated and refined."

"A country doctor!" groaned Lady Ryvera. "And the professions in these days are thrown open to everyone. Oh, Marguerite, what shall we do?"

"I cannot see that there is anything to be done, mamma; the affair is hopeless," said Lady Lester. "In this case a young man married is indeed a young man married. Randolph has ruined his career."

"Another crusher," thought Monica, who would fain have uttered a word in praise of her brother."

"Beauty," she said, "as you know, mamma,

With half-closed eyes Marguerite, Countess of Lester, lay back in her chair. She held a richly jewelled fan in her hands; and the family crisis, as Monica irreverently called it, had not troubled her. When Lady Ryvers spoke, the elder daughter opened her magnificent dark eyes.

"Do not trouble, mamma," she said.
"Let me use one of Monica's platitudes—what is to be will be. You have anticipated the worst. It is just possible that we may have an agreeable surprise."

"My dear Marguerite, "cried Lady Ryvers, "I must kiss her. If I do not Randolph will be mortally offended. Yet how can I? I wish they were here, and it was all over."

"Mamma, shall you go into the hall to meet them?" Monica asked, a short time afterward, when the sound of carriage wheels was heard.

"Certainly not," replied her ladyship. "Why should I? That is Randolph's voice. Oh, Marguerite, how my heart beats! It has not beaten so quickly for years."

In the agitation of the moment the three ladies drew together. They formed a striking group. The door was opened—they never knew how or by whom—and Randolph entered the room. They saw the tall figure and the bronzed, handsome face; they saw that he led by the hand a graceful girl, whose face was hidden by a travelling veil. It seemed for a moment as though they were all paralyzed; then the cheery voice broke the spell. "Mother, Marguerite, Monica—all here! How good of you."

The next moment the graceful figure of the girl was seen standing alone, and Randolph had flumg his arms vehemently round his mother.

"Oh, mother," he said, as he kissed the "Beauty," she said, "as you know, mamma, goes for something in these days. I read yesterday that one of the peculiarities of the

not?"

"Beautiful women are not so rare in our family," answered Lady Ryvers, musingly.

"Randolph has plenty of taste," said the Countess of Lester. "I do not think any rustic beauty would charm him."

"He has married for love," remarked Lady Ryvers, piteously; "and love is proverbially blind." mother, "he said, as he kissed the haughty, handsome face, "it is good to see you again! Marguerite, I am delighted!"—and he kissed the Countees of Lester. "Monica, my darling!"—and that was the warmest greeting of all.

Then, with a look of pride on his face and a bow such as a courtier would have made before a queen, Lord Ryvers atepped back. He took the hand of his wife and led her to Lady Ryvers.

blind."

"Randolph was never blind," said Monica.
"Mamma, do not be so unhappy. Wait until you see her."

On some wretext Lady Ryvers sent Monica from the rain.

"Marguerite," she cried, hastily. "I want just one word with you before she returns. I have been wondering if this marriage be legal." Ryvers, "Mother," this is my wife, Violet; Violet

"Mother," this is my wife, Violet; Violet
—my mother, Lady Ryvera."
She lacked all her accustomed grace and
dignity when she said:

"I bid you welcome home." It was a
great effort to say it. The voice was cold and
hard; there was no smile on the face, no light
in the eyes; but she held out her jewelled
hard. "Releases home." and

I have been wondering if this marriage be legal."

"Legal, mamma! I should say so, Randeiph may have been very imprudent, but he would take good care of that."

"I am not so sure," said Lady Ryvers, thoughtfully. "There are many formalities, many things needed to make a marriage legal—I do not know what they all are—such as residence in parishes, consent of parents, guardians, and many other things."

"But mamma," cried Lady Lester, "yon would not surely part them if there should be any flaw." in the eyes; but she held out her jewelled hand in greeting. "Welcome home," she repeated; but her voice was frigid.
"Mother," said Randolph, "she is my wife and your daughter. Have you no wramer greeting for her than this?"
The lips with which she touched, not the girl's face, but the veil that covered it, were white as the lips of death; but Randolph seemed content. Then he led his wife to the Countess or Lester.

"Most certainly. I would part them to-day if I could find the least flaw in a marriage which is perfectly distasteful to me."
"That would be wicked, mamma," said the seemed content. Then he led his wife to the Countess or Lester.

"Marguerite," he said, "I bring you another sister."

The beautiful Countess, with the most serene expression possible on her face, and with a most innocent expression in her eyes, made a courtesy that would have done honour to a princess. She did not commit herself either by a frozen kiss or a touch of the hand, she murmured a few words that were quite inaudible. Violet never knew whether they were of praise, blame, welcome, or rejection, but she felt that her welcome was of the statehest possible kind.

"Monica, my darling sister," said Lord Ryvers—"my wife,"

No words could describe the proud exultation of his voice, the ring of tenderness and "That would be wicked, mamma," said the Countess.
"Not at all, my dear, I consider the marriage wicked. I would undo it if I could. It is monstrous and unnatural—the head of a house like ours to marry in this underhand fashion a girl of that kind and that class! It is enough to make his father rise from the grave."
"My dear mamma, what a dreadful idea." My dear mamma, what a dreadful idea!" "My dear mamma, what a dreadful idea!" said Lady Lester.

"I sent for you, Marguerite," continued Lady Ryvers, "Because I know that, although you are so quiet, you understand the world. I want to consult you. Do you not think we had better keep this unfortunate matter quite quiet, for a few weeks at least, until we see what she is like, and whether there is any chappe of undoing the mischief

No words could describe the proud exuita-tion of his voice, the ring of tenderness and passion; and Monica, for her brother's sake— she thought only of him—flung her arms round the young girl's neck and kissed her

until we see what she is like, and whether there is any chance of undoing the mischief done?"

"I should think it would be as well not to make it public for some time at least. But, mamma, I will have nothing to do with the undoing of the marriage, I do not believe in it. I cannot think that the want of some little legal form can render invalid a religious ceremony."

"If you take high grounds, certainly not," said Lady Ryvers.

"There are no other grounds to take," returned the Countess, serenly, "But I should certainly advise you to keep the whole story quiet so long as Bandolph will allow you; and in the meantime, if she spends some few weeks here with a manual three meantime, if she spends some few weeks here with a manual three meantime, if she spends some few weeks here with a manual three meantime, if she spends some few weeks here with a manual three meantimes are more than the young girl's neck and kissed her warmly.

Then there was a pause. Lady Ryvers and Lady Lester made a mental comment on the young wife's dress. "Worth," said the Countess to herself, "and Worth at his best." The travelling down the pound with a slight edging of fur—and it fitted the girl's figure perfectly, showed the beautiful lines, the gracious curves, the fine contour. It was the dress of a lady; they felt it instinctively.

Violet did not raise her veit; she stood perfectly still; but, when her husband turned to her, and said:

"Darks was a pause. Lady Ryvers and Lady Lester made a mental comment on the young girl's neck and kissed her warmly.

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"Darling, you are welcome home at last!"
a quiver ran through her.
She thanked him in her heart; but she

spoke no word.

"You are tired, probably," said Lady Ryvers; and try as she would, she could not take the pride and hauteur from her voice.

"I am very tired," said Violet; "we had a

in the meantime, if she spends some few weeks here with you and Monica, you will see what she is like, and whether it will be possible to do anything with her."

"I wish, Marguerite, you would stay; you would be so much more useful than Monica. Arthur would come if you ask him."

"I am sure he would, and I should like it, mamma. I know that I could be of use to you."

And so it was arranged. CHAPTER XXX.

It was seven o'clock—dinner had been ordered for eight—and there was a subdued air of excitement in the Ryversdale household. It had been found needful to tell the servants that the young lord was bringing home a wife. Lady Ryvers would fain have kept it from them if she could. Her one idea was to keep it secret from all the world. In spite of all that conscience said about the matter, she was quite resolved that, if it were possible to find a flaw in the marriage, it should be annulled.

How keenly she suffered no one could guess. She had been so proud of her son; she had been so contemptuously pitiful to other mothers whose children had made wretched marriages. In a perfectly refined and wellbred manner she had boasted of her son, and she had been much courted for his sake. There was no doubt that Randolph, Lord Ryvers, was one of the best matches in England. His mother knew it. On the strength of it she had patronized duchesses with large families of daughters. True, she was a very popular member of society on her own account, but she was doubly so on account of her son. Princess Saxon, who had four plain daughters all unmarried, never ceased to court her. The Duchess of Inverary, one of the most exclusive queens of society, eagerly sought Lady Ryvers, and said onealy

CHAPTER XXX.

this story about your son's marriage, dear Lady Ryvers? I have not believed one word of it; and I shall have to own that it is all

"I am very tired," said Violet; "we had a rough passage."

"You will like to go to your rooms," said Lady Ryvers, "Have you brought a maid with you?"

"No," replied Violet.

"I thought you would be kind enough, mother, to recommend one," her husband interposed. "Violet has not had much experience in that way,"

"I have never had a maid," said Violet, "and should hardly know how to engage one."

"Never had a maid!" repeated Lady Ryvers; and her accent was one of undisguised horror.

Ryvers; and her accent was one of undisguised horror.

The Countess of Lester smiled the smile of one who was learning strange things.

"My maid Fisher would not perhaps mind," said Lady Ryvers, doubtfully. "ahe is clever; but one hesitates in these days to ask favours from servants."

"I should not ask favours; I should issue commands," put in Randolph, at which a faint glesm of approval was visible in the eyes of the Countess.

"Mamma," said Monica, timidly, "if you permit me, I will take"—then she paused for a moment, as though at a loss for a word—"I will take Lady Ryvers to her rooms."

She saw by the sudden flush that covered her mother's face, the sudden, angry light that flashed in her eyes, that she had done wrong. It was almost more than proud Lady Ryvers could brook to hear the name she had borne so long given to another.

"If you wish, you can show your brother's wife to her rooms, Monica, she said, stiffly.

"Which rooms have you given to us, mother?" Lord Ryvers asked, anxious to make a diversion:

"The white suite in the western wine, inst

mother?" Lord Ryvers asked, anxious to make a diversion.

"The white suite in the western wing, just for the present; you can make your own choice afterward," she replied.

Lord Ryvers did not know whether to be pleased or angry. The white suite, as the beautiful set of apartments was called, was generally set apart for visitors; but there were handsomer suites in the house.

"Thank you," he said, simply, "I am sure we shall find them comfortable."

For the whole world his mother could not have refrained from a slight toss of her head. If those rooms were not good enough for this young person from the country she would like to know what were.

"Monics saw the danger signals, and hastened from the room, taking Violet with her.

Then, on the three left behind there fall.

her.

Then, on the three left behind there fell a strange, uncomfortable silence; Lord Ryvers was the first to break it.

"You were surprised to hear of my marriage, mother," he said.

"I was something more than surprised," she replied. "We had better not discuss it yet, Randolph; I have not recovered from the shock."

yet, Randolph; I have not recovered from the shock."

"I ought to have written, I own frankly mother, that I ought to have consulted you; but love must be my excuse. You will try to love Violet for my sake,"

"I can make no promise, Randolph. I would rather not discuss the matter yet. It has been a terrible blow to me. I must recover from it."

"Marguerite," said the young man, his voice full of passion and tenderness, "you will be kind to my wife?"

The Countess looked at him.

"I think mamma is right," she said, gently; "we must have time. You see Randolph, this young lady has belonged to quite a different class from ours, and it will be some time before she will understand us or we shall understand her. You have made an experiment; you must patiently await the result."

His mother held up her hands. "Do not

ss the question," she cried; "I cannot "At what time do we dine," asked Lord

"Eight o'clock. The first bell will ring is a few minutes; you will be late, Randolph, replied his mother. And that was her welcome home. CHAPTER XXXI.

The two ladies left alone, the dowager sunk

curiosity. I do not think that she saw even the beauty of the room. A vulgar girl would have shown some surprise, if merely to gratify you."

"You are very kind, Marguerite. Certainly, there is some comfort in what you say. But, my dear, I trust Monics will not be familiar with her; if she is, she will undo all the good that we can de."

"Monica is very impulsive," said the Countess. "No one can ever foresee what she will do or say."

"She is neither an Aiton nor a Ryvers," complained Lady Rywers. "I feel Marguerite, as though I should nover get over this trouble. How little I thought that the coming home of my son's wife would be like this! I had a dream of some great pageant, of a wedding exceeding all others in magnificence, of a coming home that would be remembered in the country for many years, of a daughter-in-law after my own heart. Do you know Marguerite, one of my happiest anticipations has always been the thought of presenting Randolph's wife to the queen."

"It may be realised, mamma," said the Countess. From the roughest marble a skilful sculptor shapes the most beautiful statues. You cannot tell what change a few months of your training will make."

"My dear," returned Lady Ryvers, with some irritation, "I shall not have patience. I shall never be able to control my dislike to the girl. To think of the difference between what might have been and what is!"

In the meantime the two young girls had made their way to the white suite of rooms, If Violet felt startled at the magnificence of the house, at the beauty of the paintings and statues, she said nothing, and Monica admired her reficence. The real thing that oppressed her and lay heavily on her mind was that one day this must all be hers. Monica Ryvers little dreamed what was passing in the mind of her companion. Her eyes fell on the crest, on the coat of arms, on the hundred and one insignia of that patent of nobility which she so completely and thoroughly despised. Monica felt almost shy with this tall, stately girl who was so silent. "Mamma sel

own now."
Violet bowed. There was no pleasure, no Own now."

Violet bowed. There was no pleasure, no elation in her manner; and Monica wondered more and more what manner of girl was this who saw so much beauty and so much magnificence, yet was quite unmoved by it. She opened the door of a room the luxurious appointments of which might have extorted a cry of admiration from a Stoic. A fire burned cheerfully in a bright grate, the soft light of innumerable wax tapers filled the room. No word came from Violet. She had made up her mind as to one thing hefore she entered the house—nothing should draw from her one word of admiration; her husband's relatives should not think her overwhelmed with their grandeur.

"I will adopt the all admirari system," she said to herself. "They will fancy that I shall be averathelmed by their grandeur and magnificence. I would sather have my old home at St. Byno's;"

"I hope," said Monica, "you will find everything comfortable and as you like it."

Violet glanced round carelessly.

"If I require anything more, I will ask for it," she said.

A gleam of appreciation came into Monica's eyes.

"That little speech was worthy of the

eyes.

"That little speech was worthy of the Countess of Lester!" she said to herself.

"We shall have a lively time of it at Ryvers. Then Violet went to her and laid one hand

on her arm.

"I thank you," she said, "for the kindly greeting you gave me—I shall never forget it—also for the kiss. Your kindness touched my heart." She was about to add, "I thought nothing would ever touch it again;" but she refrained. Better to keen her own secreta locked in he Better to keep her own secrets locked in her

Then Monica, with kindly hands, unfastened the thick veil and the pretty travelling bonnet. She was was fairly startled at the marvellous beauty of the face beneath; yet beautiful as it was, there was something of sadness in the violet eyes and in the sweet, proud lips. It was not the face of a brilliantly happy young bride or of a well-contented young wife.

young wife.

"What a beautiful sister you are!" cried Monica, enthusiastically. "Randolph told us you were beautiful; but I did not think you would be like this."

"I am glad you are pleased with me," Violet said; quietly. There was no resisting the honest, tender sympathy in the bright young face.

Then Monica woudered even more, for, in removing the bonnet, all the thick mass of luxuriant golden hair fell over Violet's shoulders. A cry of admiration came from her

"What magnificent hair!" she cried.
"Why, this is the very colour of colours.
Some of the fashionable ladies of London
would give half their fortune for it. How
long, how thick, how splendid it is! How
well you dress in!"
"I spend very little time over it," said
Violet, to whom hairdressing was a
mystery.

"You must let mamma's maid come and helpyou," said Monica. "She is an adeptat hairdressing. She can make the poorest head of hair look magnificent. You can guess what she will do with yours. I shall go and

what she will do with yours. I shall go and coax her to come."

"Pray do not," requested Vielet, hastily.
"I can do as I always do."

But Monica left the room before she had time to say more.

Presently Lord Ryvers opened the door; he stood for a moment in dazed admiration before the beautiful figure half covered with the veil of glittering golden hair.

"Violet," he said, in a low tone of voice, amongst your various dresses, have you a nice dinner dress?"

"I should suppose so," she answered, carelessly.

"My darling," he said, earnestly, "do try to look your best! You are always beautiful and bewitching. I want you to look more so than ever to night. So much depends on first impressions."

so than ever to-night. So much depends on first impressions."

He saw a faint gleam of contempt on the exquisite face. He kissed it, for he was gentleness and patience itself.

"You promised Violet," he said.
She relented and looked at him with a smile. It was almost impossible to withstand his patient good, humor and aweet temper. Violet always admired it. Once indeed she had said:

"Randolph, you have the best and sweetest temper of any man I know; but you are a sleeping lion, I believe. If you were ever roused to anger, you would be much more angry than a worse tempered man."

"Why do you think so?" he asked, gravely.

"Why do you think so?" he asked, gravely.

"I imagine it from a look that I have seen once or twice in your eyes," she replied.

She thought of those words now, as he stood so patiently and gently kissing away the frown from her fair face. There came to her a wonder as to whether she really appreciated this great love of his, whether he would ever tire of her; and, while these thoughts were passing through her mind, his honest, frank eyes were looking smilingly down into hers.

"I will do my best. Randelph. I have

pretty dinner-dress whi h I think will suit the occasion. It is composed of white silk and white lace, and it is trimmed with rich purple heart's ease. I am quite——" She paused, hearing something or someone at the door. Husband and wife stood together, and both turned to see what it

was.
Fisher, her ladyship's maid, the disagree-able and spiteful but clever lady's-maid, stood there. Lord Ryvers felt vexed that she should have seen him kiss his wife, and he

spoke sharply, "Do you want anything, Fisher?" he asked. asked.

"No, your lordship; but I understood this lady needed my assistance."

"I shall be glad," said the young husband with some dignity, "if you will help my wife, Lady Ryvers, until her own maid arrives."

"The most beautiful creature I have ever seen in my life!" was the woman's mental comment. "She is fairer than the Countess." comment. "She is fairer than the Countess."
"I will do what I can for her ladyship,

she said, advancing into the room.

Violet would have given much to beat a retreat. She was far more alarmed at the lady's maid than she had been at her

well.

"You tell me how you like them all afterward," he said, in a low voice. "I must get down now."

"Oh, Randolph, take that horrible locking

"Oh, Randolph, take that horrible looking woman away with you!" whispered Violet. She is worte than any of them."
"She is a necessity, my dear," he answered.
With an anxious eye Lady Ryvers watched her husband's retreating figure.
"What can I do for you, my lady?" Fisher asked, approaching and curtseying, but there was a tinge of insolence in her manner.
"I do not know," said Violet. "I have never had a maid of my own. Do for me what every other lady's-maid does for her mistress."
There was no resisting this; the simple, quiet dignity of the answer awed the maid.

quiet dignity of the answer awed the maid "Shall I brush your hair first, my lady?

"Shall I brush your hair first, my lady?" she asked, more respectfully.

"If you please," said Violet.
And in a few minutes more the maid held the golden waves of hair in her hands, admiring the length and sheen.

"I have not seen such hair as this, my lady," she said, "since the time I left the Duchess of Hetherly. She had just the same, but her face did not correspond with it. It was all freckled and brown, the queerest complexion any lady ever had."

Violet made no remark. She was determined not to encourage gossip, yet just at present she could not summon courage to bid the woman to be silent.

"It took me nearly an hour every day to paint the Duchess' face. She was kind enough to say that I had an artistic touch. She was difficult to please; she liked her face to vary every day."

Fisher frowned when she saw how cooly her gossip was received.

Fisher frowned when she saw how cooly her gossip was received.

"I was sorry to leave the Duchess," she continued; "but she was very cross and 'uppish' with me one morning when I was painting her face. She said something to me, and I told her, if she repeated it, I would leave at a moment's notice. She did repeat it, and I left her immediately, with half her face painted. She could not find anyone to paint the other half; no one could match it. She sent to offer me anything in the world if I would go back to finish it."

"I think that was a very ill-natured trick," said Violet.

And from that moment Fisher was the most bitter enemy Violet had in the house. Yet the woman was an artist in her way, and she could not resist the temptation of performing her task to the best of her ability.

Then Lord Ryvers came for his wife.

"Have I pleased you?" she asked, her beautiful eyes all alight.

"You have indeed!" he said. "I am proud of you, my lovely wite!"

He took her hand, and led her to the drawing-room. In one sense he was leading her to the west seedled bestel said.

ing-room. In one sense he was leading her to the great social battle-field, for here her new life began, and the first wound from the thorns in her orange blossoms was to be given to her that night—a wound that would never onite heal

To be continued. THOSE HORRID MEN.

A Wise Man's Foolishness. There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
Whene'er a woman looked at him
He shut up both his eyes.
He knew they were deceitful things,
Those women whom he met.
And when they passed and smiled at him
His eyes he'd always shut.
Cne day while walking Bleeker street
He ran against a post. Une day while waiking Bleeker street
He ran against a post,
His eyes were bunged most frightfully,
His sight entirely lost.
And thus he lived a life of peace,
Until his race was run,
But though he died a happy death,
He never had much fun.

When a clothing shop gets on fire some of the clerks spring over coats and some fall over coats, and nearly everyone pants when

The cheapest-feeling man in New England is the one who ran for a school office in a New Hampshire town and was defeated by his opponent by aix votes, the latter being his wife. A gentleman was examining an umbrella and commenting upon its fine quality. "Yes, said a person present, "he fancies everythinhe sees." "And," added a third party, "inclined to seize everything he fancies."

A Dakota lawyer was recently arrested for stealing wood, but such was the power of his eloquence that he made the jury believe that he was only walking in his eleep and thought that he was placing flowers on the grave of his fear wife.

his first wife.

"I belong to one of the first families of the city," said a boasting youth. "Yes," was the reply of the tailor. "Your family, I have been informed, is always the first in asking credit when a new storekeeper starts in your neighbourhood."

A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

"My dear," said a sensible Dutchman to his wife, who for the last hour had been shaking her baby up and down on her knee:—"I don't think so much butter is good for the child." "Butter? I never give my Artie any butter; what an idea!" "I mean to say you have been giving him a good feed of milk out of the bottle, and now you have been an hour churning it!"

"Why do men always want to pick out their own cigars?" asked a reporter in a cigar store. "Well" said the acceptance.

"Why do men always want to pick out their own cigars?" asked a reporter in a cigar store. "Well," said the proprietor, "because men are fools. They have strange fancies about cigars. Some men will hunt over twenty boxes of cigars for a cigar marked with little white specks. One man that comes in here won't smoke any other kind of cigar than such a speckled one. He would smoke a cabbage leaf, I suppose, if it only had his magic specks on it. I don't know just what causes the speck, but I guess some worm has eaten through the leaf. Anyhow, it doesn't make a particle of difference."

temper. Violet always admired it. Once indeed she had said:

"Randolph, you have the best and sweetest temper of any man I know; but you are a sleeping lion. I believe. If you were ever roused to anger, you would be much more angry than a worse tempered man."

"Why do you think so?" he asked, gravely.

"I imagine it from a look that I have seen once or twice in your eyes," she replied.

She thought of those words now, as he stood so patiently and gently kissing away the frown from her fair face. There came to her a wonder as to whether she really appreciated this great love of his, whether he would ever tire of her; and, while these thongats were passing through her mind, his honest, frank eyes were looking smilingly down into hers.

"I will do my best, Randolph, I have a "Epps's Cocoa.—Grateful 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 our selves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Soid only in Packets and Tins († land lb) by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES Epps "London," EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COM

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

You are perfect—you're divine?

Eleanore;
And your loyal heart is mine
To the core;—
As the robin's song in May
Is your practite when at play,
And I love you every day
More and more.

It was from the heart of June,
Eleanore,
That the shallop of the moon
Lightly bore
You scross the harbour-bar,
And a night-bird sang afar,
And from heaven fell a star,
Eleanore:

And a flower of June-a rose-Eleanore,
Did a single bud unclose,
Though it bore
Ne'er a blossom, till the morn
Of the day that you were born
Gave a crown unto its thorn,
Eleanore.

In the azure and the gold. Cleanore, Of your eye and hair is told O'er and o'er Your life-voyage, I surmise, Where, from bluest seas and skies, Golden suns will sink and rise Rivermore.

May the blossom of your hear Eleanore—
Be a rose whose petals part
But to pour
Sweets of love;—and if there be
Tears as well as smiles for thee,
May they be the dew that He
Doth restore. So a kiss before you go,
Eleanore,
(Reaching up to me tiptoe
From the floor;
With the gold around your head,
And your dimpled cheeks so red.)
There—be off with you to bed,
Eleanore!

Fashion Notes. Gloves are still worn long. Buttons remain small and round. The size of bustles is on the increase. Feather trimming is worn on spring wraps. Some vests are covered with narrow gold

Chenille pelerines will be much used for the A new spring material for suitings is the Striped silks promise to be largely worn for

High collars and high coiffures are seen verywhere. The Scotch fashion of large stones in buckles s in favour. The Henrietta cloth is still used for mourn-

this summer. A new lace pin has a high hat, which is at-Fedora ruchings are seen in bright red and range silk mulls. Collars and cuffs of white pique are to be

White dresses will be more worn than ever

A great deal of jetted lace will be used on Berthas of fine, small flowers are extensively worn with ball dresses. Flowers in the hair are almost exclusively Tamise cloth, made in tailor style, is used such for travelling suits.

The tan-coloured Swede glove will be the nost popular this summer. Balayeuses, plastrons, stomachers and waistoosts are all the rage.

Flower fans are used with ball toilets to match the corsage bouquet. For seashore dresses get light cashmere, nun's veiling and India silk.

When s cult is used on a leastume, it is nearow and of simple design.

For ladies the loose vest will be more worn in the polonaise than basque.

A new yellowish sett drab colour is called "champingon" or meshroon. "champignon" or mushroom.
When an evening toilette is elaborately trimmed jewels are sparsely worn. orn with white suits this summer. Pompadour flowers are sewed all over the material which covers some bonnets.

Flowers and feathers figure largely in the new evening, dinner, and ball toilets. Popping the question is often easier than uestioning the pop.

Giris, it isn't safe to marry a man who is in love. He has a heart affection. love. He has a heart affection.

The man in the San Francisco mint who hires the girls rejects all homely applicants. Elizabeth Dean, a New Jersey woman, has just died at the age of 84 from the effects of tight lacing. The wife who sits up until 2 a.m. for her

frolicsome husband to come home, is waiting for the fast male.

It is said that among the wives of Utah there may be found women from nearly every nation except France.

Artistic ladies are painting their parasols, fans, and bonnets in floral designs to accompany dressy spring suits.

pany dressy spring suits.

Love is the eternal problem that in all times people have had more happiness in studying than in resolving.

The reason why faint heart never won fair lady is because fair lady objects to being one. She'd rather be a better half. May is the proper month for weddings. At least we think so now. But perhaps when May comes we will think June preferable.

Miss Latham, who paid \$10,000 to act in the Star theatre, New York, is Miss Samuels when at home with her Israelitish parents.

"I thought you were a flame of Miss Bulhon, Mr. Dood," said Slim. "I thought so too," said the other, "until the old man put me out one night."

me out one night."

No girl is allowed to have a beau in Norway until she can make bread. When she has proceeded thus far in her culinary education there are plenty of fellows loafing

A Philadelphia young lady who ought to know says that leap year privileges are more in romance than in reality. She proposed to two men, and both took it as a sure sign that insanity runs in the family.

A Bradford girl gave a half-suppressed yawn while kissing her beau, and nothing saved him from falling in but his broad shoulders. If the yawn had not been suppressed in time the fate of the young man would have been harrowing in the extreme.

The following marriage announcement is from the Lampasas, Tex., Dispatch:—Bob McDonald and Sue Mitchell have decided to slide down the cellar door of life hand inhand together, and consequently have taken out a license to wed.

An English physician apprehensively asks:

"Are our girls becoming too muscular?"
That's just what is beginning to bother us a little in this country. The general prevalence of bald-headed men would seem to indicate that there is a dangerous tendency in this direction.

A Woodhaven, N.Y., hotel-keeper, who has just been sued for a breach of promise of marriage, puts in the extraordinary defence that the plaintiff deceived him by telling him she was 39 years old, whereas she is only 29. He avers that, being a middle-aged man, he wanted a wife of corresponding years.

The papers have broken out again against women's corsets, but this is about the regular time of year for that. Women have lived and loved and had a right nice time in corsets for many happy years, and they do not propose to give them up at the dictum of any man or set of men. However, if it does the men any good to talk about them, why let them keep it up and enjoy themselves.

One of the prettiest members of an opera company wanted to know of the stage manager what the telephone was. He told her it was a talking machine, and she teckled

it at once. She called for Mr. Letcher, whom it at once. She called for Mr. Letcher, whom she had noticed in the audience, and chinned away for half an hour. Every once in a while she would send a kiss and finally closed by telling him to watch for her, as she was just going on to sing her little solo. The young man, who had his best gri with him, was considerably embarrassed by her glances, and she was greatly piqued at his indifference. She had been talking to the engineer down in the cellar.

"Are you as happy now as you were before you married? asked Mrs. Yeast of young
Mrs. Crimsonbeak." "Yes, indeed," replied
the lady, "and a great deal happier."
"That is strange," suggested the philanthropic wife. "Not at all strange," came from
the young married woman. "You see, before I was married, I used to spend half my
time worrying about what dress I should wear
when Daniel called." "But don't you try
just as hard to look well when your husband
returns home at night?" interrupted Mrs. returns home at night?" interrupted Mrs. Yeast. "Well, you see," went on the bride of two summers, "I don't worry any about it now, as I have only one dress to my name."

A Girl Architect,
Miss Laura White, an American girl, has been admitted to the Special School of Architecture in Paris. The Citoyenne says that several Frenchwomen have already distinguished themselves as builders and house decorators. The exquisite carpenter's and cabinet-maker' work in the mayor's house at Passy was executed by a lady. Buffalo is not behind in the race. She has a most efficient woman architect, and there are fifty women who in planning the interior of their own houses with an architect's aid have shown themselves capable of excelling in this direction were they to devote themselves to it seriously. As Elizabeth Boynton Harbert said in a recent issue of the Chicago Inter-Ocean: "Practical architecture or the profession of the architect is one that offers brilliant opportunities to women." A Girl Architect.

How the Hair is Worn.

The facts about the present styles of dressing the hair which the reporter had gathered a few hours before naturally come to his mind in this connection, and the preachers words are as a gentle, dreary hum that helps his reverie. The Langtry knot, as every sort of neck coiffure, is decidedly unfashionable, although with it the curly fluff, that rightfully belongs to the low style of hairdressing, is though with it the curly fluff, that rightfully belongs to the low style of hairdressing, is still allowed to reign rampant upon the forehead. Two or three bands of velvet encircling the head, after the manner of the Greek madens are sometimes worn, but accompanying an elaborate tournure is quite unbecoming. Combs and jeweled pins are thrust into the coils of hair. Steel ornaments, too, have been left aside long enough to be resumed again as something new and striking. The been left aside long enough to be resumed again as something new and striking. The har done up high and gracefully and gracefully arranged on the top, is a most becoming coffure to many ladies. The style is more picturesque and stately with evening dress than where the hair is simply coiled low in the nape of the neck, Diamond ornaments, feather tips, flowers, and other decorations are certainly much more effective in coffured arranged high. All, however, cannot suitably or becomingly dress the hair thus. The piquant class of beauty is enhanced by it, but it detracts from the classic. A successful compromise with many is to arrange the hair in coils both high and low, thus leaving not one portion robbed to dress the other.

A Russian Ruse. A Russian Ruse.

An ingenious lady, under the pretext of presenting a trousseau to a bride of lofty lineage but depleted purse, induced her friends to join her in the making of the necessary articles. The most fascinating patterns of under-garments were obtained from French artists. The corset cover, with the faintest possible excuse for a shoulder-strap, and ornamented in front with numerous bands of Vasicolemes lace and trimmed around the neck with an edging of the same lace, reposed in close proximity to the most coquettish of underskirts. Torchon lace in masses relieved the stiffness and angularity of the ordinary nightdress, which, made of the finest batiste, was composed in front of countless narrow plaits, divided from each other by embroidered insertion. A collar trimmed with lace and cuffs made of narrow plaits and

narrow plaits, divided from each other by embroidered insertion. A collar trimmed with lace and cuffs made of narrow plaits and embroidered insertion, placed in diagonal bands, and the whole edged with lace, formed an attractive model, especially as a train of moderate length pending from Watteau plaits in the back gave the dress a dignity more in keeping with the peignoir. Flannel skirts worked in coloured silks at the lower edge, and seductive frilled caps, to be worn either at night or for breakfast, were all represented in this tasteful collection of underclothing.

When the task was fully completed the lady gave a banquet to her industrious friends, with a gift at the plate of each guest of silver or porcelain, and then frankly acknowledged herself to be the recipient of the trousseau. This fraudulent device was in fact a piece of sentimentality on her part—a desire to have a souvenir from each of her friends. At first the explanation was coldly received, and the precedent thus established was declared to be dangerous and one to be immediately frowned down. But the tearful excuses of the lady and her flattering protestations of love, over which should be thrown the mantle of charity in the shape of flounced underskirts and embroidered night dresses, finally prevailed and she was forgiven. She was also a Russian, and Russian women are born to be adored and to be forgiven by both sexes.

"Beautiful Young Creature."

Snappish Old Maid—"Here, now; you clear out. Ring this bell again and I'll send for a policeman."

Book Agent—"I am very sorry to intrude but, believe me, this book I am selling is—"Old Maid—"Clear out, I say. What do I want of your old books?"

Agent—"But they are not old; they are new and—"Old Maid—"I wan's have Old Maid—"I won't buy a cent's worth." Agent-"But this is so appropriate and is

Old Maid—"Get out, I say, or I will slam Agent—"Get out, I say, or I will slam the door in your face."

Agent—"But you will please glance at it if only for a moment. Here it is—"Mother Martin's Advice to Young Girls'—just what you want, complete in twenty-seven volumes at \$5 a volume and—"

Old Maid—"Dear, dear! How high-priced it is "!"

Agent—"Yes, they come high, but no beau tiful young creature like you should be with



Sanford's Radical Cure.



AGRICULT

EARLY VEGET A correpondent in Nia following :- " For the inf MAIL and its readers, I beg agus fit for the table, air, was cut to-day (Ap farm of one of your subscr Green, at Niagara, Ont. In the peach trees in this dist after the severe winter, w rounding districts they from reliable authority, ent New Zealand flax, a most plant, is flourishing most I highly-favoured section of the above lady's farm. Fl article, and should be gro for making home-made r

purposes, being very tough from four to seven feet lon LUMP ON

Honeywood.—I have a co on her jaw. It broke and ru remains dry and hard, through THE WEEKLY MAI it, or if it is a cancer? The enlargement is of a

DRY COU VICTORIA.—I have a horse cough for about three mon for it? Feed on good clean oat erate allowance of hay.
iodide of potassium night

BOOK ON CATTLE

WELLAND.—I wish to pur Diseases of Cattle, Will yo the best one, and where I Woodruff Hill's work liamson & Co., King stree ply you with it.

INCIPIENT

KEPPEL—I have a young that swells in the hind legs of bog spavin eighteen n bistered him with recruit to all appearances. This again. I blistered, but The legs are broken out scratches. Turn your horse out to as soon as the grass is goo

LUMP ON HEI PRINCETON.-I have a ve got a'lump or swelling on le size of a teacup. It is on the jaw. Her eyes also seem to therwise she is in good he Would be obliged if you code for her. Have your heifer exam veterinarian, as she is evi some malignant disease.

A MARE'S FIL

NAPANEE.—Will you ple respondence column of Wi when a mare first feals, it lie undisturbed when it se and when it does not suck should be before giving it Do not give artificial foal is able to stand, el to get it to suck.

MILDEW ON GO ELORA.—As a reader Mail, would you kindly in edition the best thing t gooseberry trees? It is generally conc

mildew, and that some vare more likely to be A sprinkling of sulphur times has a good effect, ing with tobacco smoke. LEG INJ

UFFINGTON .- I have and when working her i struck her knee against th the sleigh tongue. It swe I have been rubbing it swelling does not seem to mare does not walk through your valuable par that will take away the sw Bathe the knee twice water. Continue this

a mild blister. BONE SPAVI KENSINGTON.—Will you bone spavin in a horse it have looked through a query bers but could not find thing be done to relieve disease of the lungs? Firing and blistering remedies for spavin. posed of one drachm and one ounce of lard. A and rubbing in daily h pure lard. Roaring is lungs, but is due to th

the muscles of larynx, a lished is incurable. LIVE ST There are very few gr fect food ration. Corn, for fattening, is too sta trated as well. If fed digest it perfectly. It a mixture with bran For diarrhœa in calv

ounces of castor oil, drachms of laudanum; thereafter, give a mixtu compound chalk powd drachm of powdered gen mint water, and three dision. Such a dose may thrice daily until the Change the diet.—Breed When any animal di else draw it off to the stray dogs can pick the Both of these are mista strychnine bedded in will destroy the prow will eat away both flesh vert them into a valuab months. Lambs and a die, even with the best

becoming an entire los For years, writes a country Gentleman, I he easily on animals, no by applying butter of ther two or three time or three days. If the I scrape them lightly dries the wart down to off without leaving tion. The best m I own I purchased of beef cattle on ac riority in having all points, and the discove literally covered with had no doubt was the

The common disorde is simply inflammatic affects the membrane is connected with the sur membrane is known Part of this membra serves the purpose of dust. When it become and protrudes from persons sometimes out relieve the inflammata popary remedy: but it

porary remedy; but in better way is to give med cine, and apply a sulphate of zine, one di