HOW I WAS TEMPTED.

BY DR. CASCADEN.

Standing there, the bright sunlight about me, the terrible temptation of my life came. Not for my own sake was this temptation strong; but when I thought of her, my little baby girl, there came to me the knowledge that I would yield.

Yield—and to what?

To be the wife of a man whom my soul loathed, while my darling, the one love of my life, lay under the dark blue waves.

I would not believe this terrible story they told me—this man who sought me for his wife, and the coarse, ill-bred woman who now seemed to be mistress of the Grange, where for that short bright year of my married life I had reigned as a queen.

The terrible words burned in my brain—the words they had spoken to me, or rather, Vance had spoken; for though I felt there was some secret understanding between the new housekeeper and him, outwardly they were distant enough.

This is what he told me:

I had not been my darling's legal wife, for far away in another land another wife had claimed him, a wife who died—at least, so he proved to me—six months after my marriage.

Oh, Heavens! how could I believe it. Believe that my love could be guilty of such a crime!

This man, Vance Eldridge, whom I so hated and despised, and my husband, Guy Ashton, whom I had worshipped, were second cousins, and both had been my lovers before I had chosen Guy.

When Vance had asked me to be his wife I told him I had already given my promise to Guy, who had spoken two days before him.

His face had grown black.

"I will not give you up to him!" he cried. "You are mine by the passion of love I bear you. What does he know of love?"

The next moment he had caught me in his arms, and, despite my struggles, had kissed me on my lips and brow.

"Coward! Shame? Disgrace to your name!" I cried hotly. Then I half pitied him, his face had grown so pale.

"Violet, I cannot ask your pardon, for I would peril my soul for those two kisses. The day will come when all your kisses will be mine, for I have sworn it, and I will manage some way to keep my oath."

The next moment I was alone, the terrible dread of Vance Eldridge, which never left me after, conquering every other feeling.

Three months later I was married to Guy, and then Vance left the home that had sheltered him from childhood.

I had never spoken to Guy of that scene, nor of the kisses that yet made my soul burn with anger at the remembrance of them. The offense had never been repeated, and on my wedding day he went abroad.

Then one year passed—a year whose brightness lingers with me now, so full it was of passionate bliss and days bright with love's glory.

Merciful heaven! could it be that the lover-husband, who kissed my lips with passionate tenderness and surrounded me with every sign of love, the husband who had seemed to idolize me, had made me—

No, no, no; it could not be!

"I will not believe it," I cried in my agony. "He was my husband. I was his wife."

Even this I cried aloud when Vance, who had come home shortly after the news of Guy's death, held before my eyes the terrible proofs of his story—the marriage certificate of Inez Vanessa and Guy Ashton.

"You were not his wife, Violet."

"Not his wife!" I repeat, staggering blindly towards a chair; but before I reach it, Vance leaps to his feet, my senses leave me, and then—then I know no more.

When I opened my eyes again, I am lying on the sofa all drenched with cologne-water, and Vance and the housekeeper are bending over me.

"She is better," I heard Vance say, as I opened my eyes, and then I closed them again, but I had seen the expression of relief on his face.

"She is as fragile as the flower whose name she bears," he says; "but—"

I heard the woman say "Hush!" then something is held to my lips, which I drink without opening my eyes.

One week later my temptation came to me, when Vance asked me again to be his wife.

"Your choice is this, Violet," he said, "to leave the Grange with your name a by-word—for the truth must be told if you go—to leave it with your nameless little one in your arms, and his, Guy's, name a word of dishonor and reproach, or to become my worshipped and honored wife, and bury the terrible story from all human knowledge."

The temptation was terrible, and I yielded—yielded for my little yellow-haired baby's sake—the baby who looked at me with its father's eyes, and smiled with its father's smile—for her sake, my little Leoline, and for his as well—for Guy, who had wrong'd me so, but whom I had loved, nay, did love still, though he slept beneath the wave, with my heart and soul.

For his sake and the sake of his child I would sacrifice myself, that his name might rest in peace, not be remembered with dishonor.

Near the Grange, or, rather, below it—for it was built on an eminence—was a little Gothic cottage, owned by a gentleman who lived at some distance from it.

The cottage was exquisitely furnished, and the owner willing enough to let it, but found it hard to get a tenant it would suit in size, considering the rent.

One day, however, I was passing, and at one of the windows I saw a dark, beautiful face, whose rare loveliness almost startled me.

As her eyes met mine she drew back, but not before I saw a strange interest—strange at least for one who I believed had never seen me before—dawning in her eyes, while I looked up, attracted by her manner.

A few days later I happened to be in one of the rooms of the Grange quite alone, for Leoline was sleeping, and with a deep pain at my heart I looked over the broad lands that I had believed my child's inheritance.

Standing there, I realized with full force the misery of the life that lay before me, as the wife of a man I actually shrunk from—a man who I felt was a villain.

Ah, women's hearts are strange; that word I shrank from applying to Guy, who had so wronged me, while this man, of whom I knew nothing actually wrong, it seemed the fitting term.

Somehow I spoke my thoughts aloud, and a voice behind me repeated my words.

"I will take back my promise," I said; "anything is better than an unwilling wife. He loves me, and he will have mercy."

"Ha, ha, ha! He loves you, and will have mercy. Ha, ha! If he does, Mrs. Nobody, I will not."

I turned, and was face to face with the housekeeper, whose vulgar face was almost purple, and appalling with the hideous expression that rested upon it.

"You fool" she said; "I know all the story of Guy Ashton's marriage; and even if Vance were fool enough to let you slip, I would publish it. Great Heavens, girl, if you knew how I hate you!"

At this instant a light footfall was heard, and we both turned round and stood face to face with the beautiful stranger of the cottage.

Mrs. Cassin's face paled slightly, and without a word she turned and left us.

"I only came in," the stranger said, "because I heard your cry of terror;" then she took my hand. "Child," she said—"for you seem a child to me—will you tell me your trouble?"

I burst into tears and told her all, then looked up in her face.

"There is the man I have promised to marry," I said, as Vance came up the pathway.

I will never forget the look that came into her eyes as she rose to her feet.

"I do not wish to meet him," she said. "Oh, God, that I could save you! But I am powerless—my hands are tied."

Without waiting for an answer, she slipped through the window that opened on the verandah, and was gone before Vance entered the room.

Late that evening I saw him and Mrs. Cassin, the housekeeper, talking earnestly together, and my heart sank within me.

An hour after that Vance came to me and told me that the next morn must see me his bride, or—

He said no more, but I understood. My baby and I would go, not only friendless, but nameless, into the world.

Despair seemed to seize me, but I gasped out my assent, then fled to my own own, and clasping Leoline in my arms, cried in passionate anguish:

"For your sake, my baby, and for your father's; but oh, my darling, if we could only die together!"

Perhaps, had death seemed near to me in any way, I would not have been so willing to go; but, despite my fragile appearance, I was young and healthy, and there was little danger just then of my wild wish being granted; but God knows I meant it at the time, for my anguish was more, it seemed to me, than I could bear and live.

My marriage morning dawned, and I knelt beside the altar; the words were spoken that made me Vance Eldridge's wife, and all the time there rose before my eyes the stately vessel that had gone down with Guy—my Guy, I called still, despite the terrible story that I had heard.

The ceremony was over, and white as my bridal robes I stood, and it seemed to me my senses were leaving me, and then in the midst of us stood the dark-eyed stranger of the cottage.

Haughty-looking as an empress she stood, and Vance's face paled, as clear and triumphant her voice rang out:

"I can speak now!" she cried. "My unhappy brother is dead, free from your power, Vance Eldridge, whom I knew as Guy Ashton. Child," turning to me, "you were Guy Ashton's wife, for he never put ring on woman's finger before he wedded you; but that man," pointing to Vance, "took his name, and under it married a child in years—a proud, passionate, loving child, whose very soul at the time went into his keeping."

Vance never spoke a word, but a sneering smile crossed his face as the woman continued:

"He tired of her, however, and deserted her, and she dare not push her claims nor follow him, and why? Because her brother, led into gambling by this same man, forged his name for a check, and the villain, who purposely lured the boy into the commission of the crime, held the proofs of it in his possession; but the unhappy youth is dead, and I am here to tell the truth.

"It is rather late," Vance said, "for this lady is already my wife; for, acknowledging the whole story true, my first wife, your sister, whom I married ten years ago, is dead almost a year. My marriage with this lady is perfectly legal; the story I told her—well, all is fair in love or war, and—Violet, Violet, my wife, you will pardon me for the love I bear you."

I shrank back, white and shuddering. I was his wife, yet triumphant through it all rang the thought, "Guy had not wronged or deceived me. Guy had been my husband."

In the midst of it all I thanked God for that. My child, my Leoline, bore rightfully her name. She was the legal heiress of the Grange.

The next instant there rang through the building the clear, musical laugh of the stranger and at the sound of that laugh Vance turned and looked at her.

"She is not your wife, my dear husband, for I am Inez Vanessa, instead of Assunta. Oh, man! could your eyes deceive you thus—could such a simple disguise make you a fool? Has six years so changed the girl you professed to love that such a flimsy thing as a crown of raven hair, a dash of olive paint, could mislead you? See!"

The next moment the black hair lay on the ground and a sponge had wiped the liquid off her face, and she stood before us like, yet unlike, the beautiful dark woman she had been.

"You know me now—I am Inez, your wife, and the ceremony between you and that child there is neither more nor less than idle words, for I can prove my identity. It was Assunta that died a year ago—not I. When I came here I learned your plans, and in this disguise I watched you, but I dared not speak till to day, but today I have thwarted you."

"Curse you!" he cried, as he drew a pistol from his pocket and fired straight at her heart.

I know not what impelled me, but I sprang between them.

I felt a sharp pain in my side, and then I knew no more.

When I woke to life again—oh, the joy of that awakening! for Guy, my own, my husband, was bending over me.

Was it only my senses that deceived me, or was it true?

I closed my eyes. When I opened them he was gone.

"Guy! Guy! Guy!" I cried.

Then Inez's beautiful face was bent over me.

"Ah, tell me, did I only dream?"

Something in her face made the question die on my lips.

"Keep quiet, Violet. Can you—"

"Guy lives! He was saved! Where—where—"

"Here, my love—my darling wife!"

I was in the arms of my husband.

When I grew a little stronger they told me all—the story of Guy's escape, and of the long months he had lain helpless in a far-off land, and I listened to all with Leoline in my arms, my head on my husband's breast.

Then they told me another story—that Vance was dead and buried, and before his death Mrs Cassin had confessed he was her son, whom she had put in the place of little Vance Eldridge, whose nurse she had been, and who had died in his infancy.

They told me he had died by his own hand, and I listened, pale with horror, but—ah, the world is selfish, and I as well, for am I not in my husband's arms, and the past seems already fading away.

As time passed the one temptation of my life was almost forgotten, and another child came to keep my Leoline company.

A dark-haired boy is now almost as tall as my yellow-haired girl, and the last little one that came to me I have called Inez after the beautiful woman who ever since has made the Grange her home.

Her home it will be for a little longer still, but only for a little, for last night a slender ring glittered on her finger. When she told me his name I bent and kissed her.

"There never was one of his name unworthy of woman's love," I said; and Guy, who has known him all his life, repeated my words when I told him.

The Strategy of Silence.

From the New York Truth.

English journalism differs from ours mostly in what has been called the strategy of silence. When anything disagreeable happens that the pride of Englishmen prefers should be suppressed the English press scrupulously suppresses it. Had we had a scandal in this country like the marital relations of Lord and Lady Lytton as just revealed in England, the newspapers would have been full of it. On the contrary the great English journals have strangled it by silence. But even in England there are plenty of newspapers to tell the tale, and so the strategy of silence is after all only a pretence.

Delights of Country Life.

From the Somerville Journal.

"Now, then, farmer," said the denizen of the city, after he had made arrangement for the board of himself and family for a fortnight, and paid the bill in advance, "I suppose we'll live in clover while we are here—plenty of good butter, and all that, eh?"

"O, yes, sir."

"No danger of starving, eh?"

"Oh, no, sir; the peddlers from the city come this way twice a week with vegetables, fruit, and such; the milk train stops and leaves a can every day, and the butter, cheese and eggs man comes round every Saturday as regular as clock work. You needn't fear but you'll have plenty to eat."

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—is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is the great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious and permanent. Sold everywhere.

A lady of the Sacrament valley displayed a collection of jellies and preserved fruits at the state fair so perfectly prepared and tastefully arranged that she not only swept the board in the way of premiums, but a San Francisco banker paid her $500 for them, saying, "I bought them as a surprise to my wife, and to show my respect for woman as an industrialist."

Weather Probabilities.

—Foretelling the weather is a useful science, but relieving the effects of its sudden changes is a better one. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs and colds incident to sudden changes. 246

Hu King Eng, a Chinese girl 18 years old, comes to this country to obtain a medical education, that she may take charge of an hospital on her return to her native place. She will enter the girl's department of the Ohio wesleyan university at Delaware, O., and then take a regular course in the Philadelphia women's medical college.

—If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Give it a trial and be convinced.

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant." "But," objected his friend, "You'd be howling around nights all the same." "Yes; but now nobody cares, and it would be such a comfort to know that somebody was at home mad about it."

—Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says: "I have suffered severely with corns, and was unable to get relief from treatment of any kind until I was recommended to try Holloway's Corn Cure. After applying it for a few days I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch—no pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from corns."

"Will your mother ever marry again?" he inquired. "Not with my approval," she answered; "such is my opinion thus far and not a step father."

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

"We must draw the line somewhere," remarked the washerwoman on Monday morning, "and I guess the back yard is the best place."

—Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

Miss Laura Fixen, the "prohibition queen" of Minnesota, has given a new name to whisky. She calls it "calamity juice."

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Mathew Arnold thinks that the American ladies he has met are engaging, well-posted and fine conversationalists.

—W. W. McLellan, Lyn, N S., writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

The Boston girl is considered quite accomplished when she can sneeze without dropping off her eye-glasses.

—C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

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A new English gladiolus has been named Mary Anderson.

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