

# THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

the subject.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

6

"Tell her?" cried itichard Carstone "Why, most certainly she ought to know She must know! My dear," he continued She must know! My dear,' he contained turning suddenly to his wife, "you are the person to do it. Women understand women best, You must manage it. I could not as an Englishman stand by silently while so cruei a wrong was perpetrated. The girl may be motherless, she may be friendless; it is our days to interfere "a duty to interfere." And, when Richard Carstone once became

onvinced that to do a thing was his duty, h did it.

I dread to undertake such a task." said Mrs. Carstone. "Suppose it is all right-she will be angry that we have suspected aughing ; so will he. She will be sure to tel And, on the other hand, if it be all wrong, what am I to do with her? She wil break her heart," "Nonsense !" said her husband, curtly

"This is no time for hesitation or to be in-fluenced by fine scruples. I hope you will make an opportunity for seeing Mrs. Ran-dolph to-day, and get to know, first of all,

doint to-day, and get to know, first of all, whether she anderstands her true position. Indeed you must lose no time about it. Try, to see her this morning." Fate favoured Mirs. Carstone. Lord Ryvers went to a neighbouring town to make some purchases, and .Violet, as she always did in his absence, came to see her new friend. The colour and light faded out of that lady's face when she saw her, for she did not like face when she saw her, for she did not like

"You are not well, Mrs. Carstone," said Violet after the first greetings were over. "" am glad that I have a few hours to spare this morning.' My husband has gone to purchase some wonderful paints."

some wonderful paints." "And you have come to spend your leisure time with me," said Mrs. Carstone. "That is really good of you. Shall we go out? The sun shines, but it is not too warm."

There was a little green square amongst the orange trees, where a large vine had trained over pretty trellis work, and little stands and chains had been view. the state of the s

manner-it was so nervous, so timid, so un-like Mrs. Carstone's usual kind, unconcerned way. And, above all other topics, Mrs. Car-stone chose to speak of her wedding day.

"We always keep up the anniversary of our wedding day," she said. "We have quite a httle fête. Do you, Mrs. Randolph? I think it is a very fice custom for all married people

"I have had but one anniversary," she re-plied, with a smile; "but I quite agree with you; it is a very pleasant custom. I must tell my husband that we also must plan a fête for next year." "My dear," said Mrs. Carstone, trying to

speak carelessly, "what- is your husband's Christain name?"

"Randolph," Violet replied-"the same as his surname." as his surname." "That is a strange thing-very unusual, I should imagine." observed Mrs. Carstone. "Yes, it is unusual," said Violet. "I knew a Philip Philips, and I have read of an Owen

"Speaking of names and marriage," said Mrs. Carstone, "what was your maiden

"Now, Mrs. Carstone, what is the mystranse?"
"Now, Mrs. Carstone, what is the mystranse?"
"Now, Mrs. Carstone, what is the mystranse?"
"If you are going to be angry with me," said Mrs. Carstone, and the old bal-ad :
"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Tamotal, and me?"
"There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Tamotal, and me?"
"And Mary Carmichael, and me?"
"And abs looked se diatressed that Vielet's heart smote her.
"I am not angry," she replied. "Why should I be? I am quite sure of one thing—you would not do or say anything knowingly to hurt me."
"I wish I knew how to tell you in such words that could not annoy you. Perhaps you will think it is not my business, and that I need not have apoken. Still it seems right

"I do not know. It is a subject we have never discussed, Mrs. Carstone," "A young husband is generally so prond to introduce his wife to his friends. It is one of the first things of which he would think. My husband was delighted, I remember to take me home." "I have never thought of it," replied Vio-let. "I should think my husband is very much like myself, almost alone in the world." And again Mrs. Carstone feit at a loss what to say. eyes. "When a rich young nobleman hides his rank and his name, assumes a disguise—acts, in fact as your husband has acted—there is but one interpretation to be placed upon his

nduct." "And what is that?" asked Violet, so roudly that Mrs. Carstone was almost afraid

And again Mrs. Carstone jeit at a loss what to say. "Do you think—have you any reason to think that your husband has married without the knewledge of his family?" she inquired. "No," laughed Violet; "I have not thought of his family, nor do I think that he himself has. I must ask him." "Would it ver you to find that he had done so ?" Mrs Carstone asked. "No, I do not think it would," replied Vio-let. "I should feel sure that he had some reason for it. If he had relatives living for whom he cared, he would have talked about produly that Mrs. Carstone was almost alraid to answer. "I had better tell you," she replied, "though I know you will be angry. I can-not help it. You ought to know; you must know. When a man acts as your husband has acted, the inference is that either he is not married at all, or that his marriage is not legal. Any one who heard the story would form the same onion."

CHAPTER XXIV.

form the same opinion." It was the white heat of rage that changed whom he cared, he would have talked about

"Has your husband always been an artist?" "Has your husband always been an artist?" the other pursued. "Yes, so far as I know. At least, he must have been; he is young now, and he has been studying all his life. He could not have been anything else." "You do not seem to know much of the past, my dear," remarked Mrs. Carstone. "Mrs. Carstone," the girl said, suddenly, "you have something to tell me. All these questions and suggestions make me feel quite sure of it. You are, as Mr. Carstone would say, beating about the bush. Now, tell me at once what it means." There was an energy, a vivacity about her,

It was the white heat of rage that changed the beautiful face of the woman who listened, into something almost too terrible to behold. Yet she controlled herself, though her lips were white, and quivered as she spoke. "Do you mean to tell me," she said, " that any one lives who dares throw even the least shadow of doubt on my marriage?" "My dear Mrs. Randolph, you must be calm and listen. Everyone who hears your story will draw the same conclusion that we have done." "Then the world is a vile, wicked place, and the people in it are vile, and wicked too

at once what it means." There was an energy, a vivacity about her, which considerably startled Mrs. Carstone, and made her feel at a loss how to continue

"Then the world is a vile, wicked place, and the people in it are vile and wicked, too. My marriage was as legal, as honourable, and as secure as I had been a queen." "Then it has been a foolish thing to make all this mystery about it," said Mrs. Carstone. One thing is quite certain—your husband's friends know nothing of it. They have, if all be true that I hear, very different views for him. You know, of course, that there are some formalities in the marriages of noble-men under age. I cannot tell you what they are—I only know that they exist—and it is just possible that in your case they have not "You are so quick." my dear. said Mrs. Carstone. "You must give me time to think and to speak. You must not hurry me." ust possible that in your case they have not

omplied with "Then you have something to tell me!" oried Violet. "I felt sure of it, What is it, Mrs. Carstone ?" Why should any one think that? Why

wonderingly. And the kindly woman, who had found her ask so much more difficult than she had ex-sected, shrunk from the flash of the glorious

"Why should any one think that? Why suspect it?" "Because of the mystery," replied Mra. Carstone. "If all were as it should be, why need your marriage have been performed so privately? I do not say there is anything wrong; but I do think appearances are so much against you that those who have the truest interest in you should make inquiries, and see that all is right." "No one is interested in me," said Violet, "except my Aunt Alice; and she is far away." "I do not like my task at all. I would not have undertaken it, but that my husband and son insisted upon it." "Your husband and son !" said Violet. roudly." What have they to do with me?" "Nothing; but they felt that the mystery

ought to be cleared up." "What mystery? There is no mystery concerning me," said the young girl, more proudly still.

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Mrs. Car-ston, "we are all interested in you-my hus-band, my son, and myself. We are your true Unfortunately there is a very unmistakable mystery," replied Mrs. Carstone. Then Violet rose from her pretty garden chair, and stood, erect and haughty, before My husband was most indignant when your trace friends; we would do anything to serve you. My husband was most indignant when he heard what an imposition had been practised upon you. If you will give him authority he will sift the matter for you, and will give him self just as much trouble as if you were his own daughter. her companion. "You must say more, now that you have said so much," she declared. "To my mind, the very word 'mystery' is distasteful, and I am proud to say that there is none attached to me."

She stood erect and haughty enough, most "You are very kind," said Violet, proudly; "but I need no assistance; I have my hus-band. Nothing will ever shake my faith in hom " She stood erect and nangaty enough, most fair to see, her dress of pale blue sweeping the ground in graceful folds, the slanting sun-beams falling on her golden nair and ceauti-ful face—a face flushed now with indignation. The proud, sweet hps trembled, and the white hands toying with the vine leaves were not out a steady.

Let me find Mr. Carstone, and then he can advise you," and Mrs. Carstone. "We have been talking about you all the morning. I assure you that our only anxiety is to serve ot quite steady. "Now, Mrs. Carstone, what is the mys

"I am grateful to you. My husband will serve me. No, you need not send for either Mr. Carstone or your son. I was startled when you spoke to fine at first; I have repovered from my surprise. My trust is in my musband. I feel sure the whole story is a mustake—a case of mistaken identity, I should think.

"I am airaid you will not find it so." "I shall go to my husband at once," con-tinued Violet, heedless of the interruption. "I have never heard him speak one false

THE WEEKLY NATL, TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1884; have told you on proper authority," said Mrs. Carstone. "Ask yourself why your husband should live in such conclusion. There must bes reason for it; there must be a reason for his avoidance of all English people." "I will not believe it!" reiterated Violet. Yet, when sheremembered how he had in slit truth avoided in mixing in English society, her heart sunk. "I must tell you frankly," continued Mrs. Carstone, seeing that hints and Allusions were all in vain, "that my husband and my son are afraid of you." "Afraid of what?" asked her companion, wonderingly. teaching of my whole life; you have demefalse to every instinct of my own rt; you have married me by frand. I li leave you; I will not remain with

"There is no reason in it," she replied, owing more angry as she saw him grow are pained.

ing ?" "How should I know ?" "I will tell you," she cried, with a burning blush that rose even to the roots of her golden hair. "I am ashamed to repeat the words, but I was compelled to listen to them. I, the girl you affected to worship, have been exposed to insult; I have sheat to listen when those who knew of your disguise wondered whether my marriage were legal or not. Do you think I shall ever forget that disgrace or recover from it ?"

you think I shall ever forget that disgrace or recover from it ?" His face grew perfectly white, and a look such as she had never seen upon it before spread overit. It was deeper than pride, more bitter than contempt; it was more of outraged dignity than anger: it was the ex-pression of a man mortally wounded. "Who has spoken so ?" he asked. "Those who found out your disguise," she realied.

"Who are they, Violet ?" asked Lord.

what use is a title to a man who is not a

"Do you mean that I am not a gentleman Violet ?" he asked

I repeat that no gentleman would behave in such a manner to the girl he loved."

"I have not consciously or willingly exposed you to insult," he wild, slowly. "The

disperses vapour. Violet, believe me they are not worth resenting. It is only people like the Carsfones who would think of such

"Your own friend evidently had his idea

""You have married me by fraud," she re-ated..." you who have professed to be the ost honourable, the most loyal of men !" "Will you listen to reason, Violet?" he

if I had brought you to poverty or to worse, if I had offered to yog a tarnished name, you could not be more angry."
"The chances are I should not have cared so much," she replied.
"But, my darling, this must not be," he said, earnestly :" you must forgive me. You cannot be so cruel as to punish me my whois life long for one act of deception, when thist deception was practised solely and entirely for the sake of winning you."
"You could never be the same to me again," she replied, coidly. "I could hever like you as much as I did."
"I will not believe you," said Lord Eyvers.
"You cannot change in one day from a loving gentle-nearted girl, into a cold, heartless woman."

more pained. "You speak as though I had injured you," Violet, he said. "You have done so. You have injured me in a way I shall never forget. You have taken from me my own self-esteem ; you have made me talse to all my thoughts, ideas, and instincts ; you have placed me in a false posi-tion ; you have exposed me to almost unbear-able insult and comment. Dc you know what those who know your secret are say-ing ?"

"I am only taking example by you !" she ried, angrily. "In one day you have hanged from an honest artist to a dishonest nobleman! Am 1 worse than you?"

CHAPTER XXVL

CHAPTER XXVI. Lord Byvers went up to his wife. She was standing with her hands clasped; he took them gently in his own. She would have resisted, but in any struggle, however alight, she would hauelittle chance. So now she merely turned away her face. In spite of his sorrow and dismay he smiled. It was so exactly the action of a forward, willful child. "Yon will not let me look into your face, Violet?" he said. "Come with me. You need not stand like a sentinel at the door. Come and let me talk to you."

need not stand like a sentinel at the door. Come and let me talk to you." He took her to the great bay window, where they could see the grand sweep of water and the blue sky above it. Perhaps he thought the golden sunshine and the song of the birds might soften her heart; but they do not

the birds might state, "will you forgive me? "Violet," he said, "will you forgive me? This is my only sin against you, and it was committed solely for love of you. You see there could have been no other motive. Will you forgive me?" She raised to his a face as white as snow

"I have told you," she said, "that you can

Ryvers. And she told him the whole story as it had been related to her. He listened attentively. "My old schoolfellow Forest-Hay !" he said. "A stone thrown by the hand of a friend cuts doubly sharp. Why did he not come to me? Could he possibly imagine that there was anything in common between such people as the Carstones and me?" "Such people as the Carstones do not marry under false names." she retorted, "Of what use is a title to a man who is not a "I have told you," she said, "that you can never be to me the same again." "But will you forgive me." he persisted. "I am sorry now. If the time were to come over again, I would not do it. I see now that it would have been much better had I told you the truth and left my fate in you hands; but it did not seem so to me then. Violet, my darling wife, will you forgive me?" "I may forgive you, "she said; "but you will never be the same to me again—never. I have lost my faith in you; it will never re-turn."

"Not in my eyes and you never will be again," she replied, angrily. "You have de-ceived me and subjected me to insult; you have placed me in an otterly false position. "How cold you are to me, my wife ! Still I love you the more. I know that most girls would be overwhelmed with delight at find. would be overwhelmed with delight at find-ing themselves mistress of Ryverswell. I bow to the nobility of character that passes all such advantages by. I love you better, angry, indignant, and scornful as you are, than if you had cried out for joy. But do not let this part us. We have a long life, I hope, before us. Forgive me." Still there was no softening in the violet eyes, and the lines around the mouth grew more firm. She was thinking to herself how he must have laughed at her when she had been anxious concerning money. when she suspicions you have named would arise only in coarse minds. One word from me will disperse all these foolish doubts as the wind

been anxious concerning money, when she had called him to account for lavishing valu-able presents on her. The thought of it brought a flush to her face and made her eyes aah angrily. "You must have found me very easy f

you would be whenyon learned who I really and "You must have found me very easy to deceive."
"I am so angry," she oried," that from this time all is over between us I consented to be the wife of an artist, of a man equal to a be the wife of an artist, of a man equal to be the wife of an artist, of a man equal to be the wife of an artist, of a man equal to be the wife of an artist, of a man equal to a list of the day. I add the article is a core I left school. He fell in love with one of the most beautiful gils of the day, Lady Maud Trevor, and they were married. He worshiped her; but soon after their married. Lord worshiped her; but soon after the article for him, that she had loved a penniless young aptin in the army, and had married Lord worshiped her; but soon after the word, he will be a word, therefeigh for his money. He was a gentle, sensitive, loving-hearted man, and it broke his heart, Violet; 'he could not recover from it. He tried to take his place in the world, he tried hard to live for other things, but it was impossible; and, when he was dying he sens form of a sense to may good-bye, he had always been so fond of me. The doctors had given some long Latin name t

# WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Three Fair Faces Three fair faces, fairer than all others, Such the fairest when alone in thought, launt me in my dreams of day and night. fears pass : new faces come and old ones go, but none usurp the places of these three, hud if I would I could not banish them.

one's brown eyes look out reproachfully drop, And say I wrong her when I doubt her love— A gentle, modest girl ; she loved me once, And loved me well—but that was years ago,

The second face is round and pink, with full r The second race is route that which the out or two lips. And broad, high forchead, with a curl or two Eyres, blue and clear, are always questioning m And asking if Tm lover, friend or what? It does not matter now—I love the face, And it will never be less fair or pure to me.

A small, dark face, with features regular, And black eyes, always loving when they This one comes oftner than the other two. And every visit leaves a new warmth in heart

heart No truer, gentler wife than she e'er lived-My wife-an angel now, if angels be,

Fashion Notes. Fedora ruches are not popular. Black stocking are used with any dress. The long suede gloves will be very popular Butterflies will be used in clusters on bon Lenten blue is the name of the last Tulle veils of all colours, dotted with steel are new. ms are used in the trin Mushro ing hats

Bonnet strings tied in cravat bows are very The Byron collar is always nut A great deal of ribbon velvet will be

n spring costumes. Surplice waists are used on the sses of young girls.

Mushroom coloured cashmere is one new colours for spring. The postillion basque will be much used for

ingham and white suits. Handsome paste buckles and clasps avourite bridal ornaments.

Basques will not change their shape much rom those worn all winter. Flower and leaf fans are among the novel

ties for Easter balls and receptions. They are still making dresses with the back readths massed in a cluster of plaits. Porcelain blue is a colour that will be mu

sed on bonnets, with ecru lace or net. Turkey-red calico will be much used next ummer for children's morning dresses. Long paletots, with pointed sides and shor

backs, ate the fashionable spring wraps. Chenilie fringes in two kinds, the leech and the caterpillar, divide fashionable favour. A great deal of jet will still be used connets, but we find few coloured beads. Daffodils and violets are considered the cor rect flowers for corsage bouquets in Lent. The Hamburg embroidery is outlined is lelicate colours to match summer dresses.

Satin waistcoats covered with plaitings of lace are very fashionable on black silk dresses Ruby velvet wraps have white bead leave vorked on each side of the front and on th ack.

The velvet ribbon dog collar is still worn where the dress is made to show the throat or neck.

The high aigrette is still seen springing rom the side of a bonnet where roses are

For and About Women. The only place where women care to v is at a baby show. Of women who never marry there are m blondes than brunettes.

The only large thing about the newest styl of spring bonnets is the price.

The young fellow who proposed and was refused, afterward alluded matchless affair.

the friends of the young people. Photographs were exchanged, and the compact was made. The bridegroom forwarded a power of attor-ney, and the ceremony of marriage was per-formed by a priest at Fayal, marrying the young girl to a man thousands of miles away. When they met in the cabin the girl blushed, the husband smiled, and they prosaically shook hands. Both were apparently com-pletely satisfied with their venture, and the husband bore his young wife proudly away.

A Joke on the Queen.

A Joke on the Queen. One evening at Windsor, in the drawing-room, the Hon. Amy Lambert danced a Highland fling with one of the young equerries, much to the delight of the Queen, and she said :---"Why, Amy, you dance charmingly ; ask what you will, and you will have it." The young lady instantly and wittily re-plied :----"The head of Mr. Gladstone upon a charger." The Queen applauded the saying with her hand, and said :---"At least you may have the charger." and sent immediately may have the charger," and sent immediately and had fetched a gold waiter which was standing upon a sideboard in the dining room, and then and there presented it to the fair

Parasols, The demand for harmony, not to say uni-formity, in the toilet, is unperative. The bonnet must match the rest of the suit, and bonnet must match the reat of the suit, and it is becoming altogether the thing to have a parasol for every street and carriage dress. Thus the gingham parasol is no longer the symbol of poverty, but when made to match the suit, whether plaid, plan, or striped, is decidedly chic. It is not a difficult thing to re-cover an old parasol for this purpose, pro-provided one is clever at needle-work and has the requisite patience. For this, rip the old cover carefully apart, taking the utmost pams not to stretch it. Then press each piece with equal care and cut out the new cover exactly by the old. Baste carefully right side out and try on. The seams in basting should be taken deep enough to allow for a Freneh fell. When it fits, stitch up on the right side, out-side of the basting thread, which is then to be pulled out, turn, trim the seams close and stitch once more—hem, and fasten on to the stitch once more-hem and fasten on to the frame. You may probably thus be able to makes very pretty gingham or sateen para-sol, but it is scarcely prudent to attempt richer materials-the true economy is to leave them to professional hands.

### Frightened by a Kiss.

Senoritas have but a faint idea of kissing-Senoritas have but a faint idea of kissing-that art from which so few possess the 'capa-city of extracting the most available ecstacy -and I one day endeavoured to show a dark-eyed, raven-haired young lady how los Americanos performed the act. She laugh-ingly agreed-it is unnecessary for me to say that the male members and dgenna were out of the way-and I advanced upon her; my left arm encircled her waist, extending over the right shoulder downward; my right arm bent at the elbow, afforded my hand an op-portunity of accumulating her dimpled chin. bent at the elbow, afforded my hand an op-portunity of accumulating her dimpled chin, Gently folding back her head and throwing a rapid series of looks of unutterable noth-ings into my eyes, I gazed clean through her's for a moment, and then with a long-drawn breath I tapped her lips. It was a revelation to her; she quivered visibly, but, instead of returning my kins, she borke away away from my embrace and ran off to look herself up, frightened, pleased, but astound-ed. I was satisfied that I had done myself and country justice, although, to be candid ed. 1 was satisfied that 1 had done myseir and country justice, although, to be candid, it was merely a mechanical operation with me, done for the sake of effect, as I did not really care for the girl. I think she remained

in maiden meditation for two days, but at last I saw her, and she told me, with a deep blush, that she wished she had been born an American, to be kissed like that, To a Cold-Footed Lady.

To a Cold-Footed Lady. Madame, allow me to prescribe for yon. I have had a long experience in the manage-ment of delicate women, and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet :--First-Procure a quantity of woollen stock-ings, not such as you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm in spite of wind and weather.

AGRICULT

We will always be please of enquiry from farmers or ing agricultural interests, given as soon as practicable

WHITE LEGHOR!

STAFFER-Would you through the columns of t where I can get a setting horns stating price per 13. Correspond with E. Hod or F. J. Grenny, Brantfor

HALTER CH

LEAMINGTON-I have a ho chews his halter rope or line post. What is the reason, post. for it?

Chewing the halter is me it over with a solution of bitter substance.

A BARN'S CAL

CAMDEN EAST-Will you k columns of the WEEKLY measuring hay in the barn? Find how many cubic for barn, which is done by mu by the width, and the procheight, and then dividin represents the number of timothy hay will occupy.

RIGIDITY OF THE WOMB.

OAKWOOD-I had a fine he

It is difficult to state wh

dition referred to, but the

no means uncommon. Re afforded by a surgical o under the direction of a vi person accustomed to the

MILLS-I have a colt, four y 1,300 lbs, who has windgall a above the fetlock. They can Windgalls are caused h sprains, and are of a simili-spavin. Reduce your col apply a blister to the enlar ceases to act give a run weeks. If there are no be

weeks. If there are no be

region of the joint, comp laxative diet, and the appl

time, will reduce the enla

REMOVAL OF AF

A correspondent in Chat

I notice in THE MAIL that

I notice in THE MAIL that procure a remedy for rem have had considerable expe great many remedies, but fo so well as the following, a d I have tried it for years, an once. Take from a half pin best whiskey; mix it with a li to the cow as soon as pos livered. If the cow has bee half pint will besufficient, h take cold I always give a pi invaluable, and I recomment to try it.

MILLS-My colt had thru that cured, but is coming

A horse with the thrush doors on a plank floor, furn dry straw bedding. Keep

colt as clean as possible, a cleft of the frog. Dress da with carbolic acid and wat tion of one part of carbo

parts of water. Sometime to cure bad cases of thr

patience and perseverance

MUNSTER-I have a valu has something wrong with about five weeks ago he seen or something in the throat, deal. That has stopped, and the at the eves, and has

the breast and one front starting to run he will turn me know what is the matter

Your dog is suffering

chorea, a result probably

bromide of potassium in

giving it for five days. If continue repeat as before.

NETHERBY-Will you be know in your agricultural d the cause of the lees and toos covered with a thick hand in nates in killing the fowl? If it, and what is to be done?

the Dominiques, the commodhered much with it.

The name usually applied disease is scaly leg, but i elephantiasis. The disease capable of cure if taken at

stage, but some strains hereditary tendency to it,

attention to prevent its sp the affected fowls, but also

said to be infectious, to The most popular remedy

cation of coal oil, but oth

sulphur ointment on the

ternally half a teaspoo

SUBSCRIBER-Please info

columns of your valuable post time to prune fruit trees

If the pruning is for t

moting fruitfulness it sho

tree in leaf and while favour a free growth of th it should be performed v leafless. It is generally a

mer pruning tends to a m wounds but sho unless the trees are in a and then but small prop cnt away. All severe should be done in winter or

should be done in sap in spring. If perform out and injures

wounds made in winter with paint, tar and w in alcohol, the last nam

Unless pruning has been a trees are young, very little

Putting rings in pigs'

rotting is a needless p

animals are to run in an o

trees. What rooting is d orchard will not destroy a

and the trees and fruit w

A correspondent asks ho

A correspondent asks no ging an old sow or a youn raw potatoes, and wheth produce milk. Raw pot duce much milk, and we d would eat enough of them at any time. We know o

they should be directly Rural.

Almost any form of

One-eighth of the abov

ling moth worm gener apon after it drops, or hogs, sufficient for

which may be repeated e

Sheep are one of the be keep in orchards. After a will pick up fallen fruit and this is often very imp

LIVE STO

sap runs out and

become older.

for it.

PRUNING FRUI

sulphur.

SCALY LE

daily, and continue for

the eyes, an

DOG WITH C

THRUSI

bandages, repeated

WINDGAL

could not calve. On exam of the womb was almost close Can you tell me the cause, remedy is such cases ?

song or not." Still Mrs. Carstone felt that she was n

nearer the knowledge she wished to obtain. "I was married at St. John's, in the City," she said. "Where were you married, Mrs. Pandelydi." she said. " Randolph ;"

Violet, who knew of no necessity for keep-ing the circumstances connected with her marriage a secret, answered readily enough : "In one of the pretiest of old churches— at St. Byno's where I lived.", "Then she was married." thought Mrs. Carstone. "Tell me about your wedding," she continued ; "I like to hear about love stories and weddings." But her hands trembled as she snoke and there was great stories and weddings." But her hands trembled as she spoke, and there was great

"There was nothing very remarkable at-tending my wedding," said Violet. "Mr. Randolph and I were married on the 22nd September, and it was one of the loveliest days that even a poet could imagine." And you were very happy, my dear," she

said, gently.

"Yes, very happy. The only drawback to my happiness was that my aunt, with whom I had always lived, detested men, love, lovera, and marriage. She prophesied the most to rible things for me."

"None of them have come true, I hope ?" "None of them have come true, I hope " said Mrs. Carstone." "No," laughed Violet, blithely, "not one of them; and they never will." "Your ant went to your wedding with you, I suppose?" said Mrs. Carstone. "You have use present. but as Mr. Ban.

"Yes she was present; but, as Mr. Ran-dolph said afterward, it was like a Death's-head at a feast. She never smiled, and she looked profoundly miserable all the time."

looked profoundly miserable all the time." "It must be all right," thought Mrs. Car-stone. "This aunt was evidently a keen woman. If there had been any flaw in the proposal, she would gladly have seized upon it. Certainly there must have been a mar-rage. The only question that remains is whether it was a legal one." "Why did you marry an artist?" she ask-ed, as though the idea had suddenly occured to her.

But there was no consciousness on Violet's face as she answered : "It must have been my fate."

Evidently she had no idea that her husband was anything but an artist. "You must forgive me if I say that, with your beautiful face, you might have done much better. You might have married a lord."

"A lord !" cried Violet, with indignant scorn, "I would not have married a lord to have saved my life."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Carstone

ingly. "I hate all aristocrats!" cried Violet. "So did my aunt; she brought me up to hate them." 'How strange !" said Mrs. Carstone.

But she never thought of the connecting link. It did not occur to her that perhaps Lord Ryvers had hidden his name and title Ink. It did not occur to her that perhaps ford Ryvers had hidden his name and title to vin his wife. She looked at the beautiful sce that would have graced any station. "Do you know, Mrs. Randolph," she said, "you are quite an original character? You are unike any one I ever met." Then her doubts assailed her again. That mariage could not have been legal, or why out or Ryvers kept its o secret? "I do not see that I differ from others," Violet replied, "except that I have stood with replied, "except that I have stood the replied, "except that I have stood with replied, and I am true to thew." "In Caristone did not believe that shok a thing was possible as a true dislike to the maring was legal or no: "Ho you visit your husband's family at al?" she said, trying to speak as though the idea had occurred to her quite sceidentally. "No," was the girl's reply. "I do not know anything of them. My husband has never spoken to me of them." "That seems strange, such Mrs. Carstones; "but of course they know he is married."

I need not have spoken. Still it seems right that you should know. Mrs. Randolph your husband is not what he seems to be." Violet's face grew paler and prouder. "In what way?" she asked, "I will be-

"H what way 's are asked, "I will be-lieve nothing but what is good of him." "He is not what he seems to be." repeated Mrs. Carstone, "He calls himself 'Mr. Ran-dolph,' and he professes to be an artist, in both respects acting untruthfully. Your hus-band's name is not 'Randolph,' neither is he an artist."

in artist." "Who and what is he then ?" asked th

girl, in a low, hoarse voice. It seemed to her impossible that he should be anything but the gallant, loyal lover she

be anything but the gallant, loyar lover she had always known. "He is Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, one of the welthiest men in England." The effect Mrs. Carstones words produced was quite different from what she expected. The beautiful face before her grew white to the very lips, and the light died from the windt even. have deceived her ! It was absurd !"' She had an hour to wait before Lord Ryvers came in, and, as she sat watching from

by vers came in, and, as she sat watching from the window of her room, she thought of all that had happened; and at the end of that time her faith was so far shaken that she felt it would be a pleasure to hear his denial. Suddenly she saw him coming. She hastened to meet him. "Come straight to my room Pandolph !" violet eyes "I do not believe it !" the girl gasped, at

length. "I will not believe it! I should hate him if it were true!"

hate him if it were true !" "It is as true as that the sun shines in the heavens," replied Mrs. Carstone. "I will not believe it !" Violet repeated. "It is most positively true," said Mrs. Carstone. "He is Randolph Lord Ryvers, and he belongs to one of the grandest old families in England : he is a thorough aris-townat."

tocrat. "An aristocrat !" cried the girl ; and the word, as it came from her lips, was worse than a sneer. "I-I hate them !" she gasped. "I will not believe it."

"It seems to me that, if I had told you your husband was a thief, or a forger, instead of a nobleman, you could not be more angry," said Mrs. Carstone. "I should not be one half so angry," de-clared her commanion "Yon carpotingder

CHAPTER XXV. Lord Ryvers wondered at his wife's strange haste and excited manner; she was pale, trembling, and agitated. When they had entered her room, she closed the door care-fully behnd her, and then stood against it. He held out his arms as though he wished to embrace her. She repelled him by a proud gesture that startled him. "You must not touch me !" she cried. "I have something to ask you which is more im-portant to me than life or death. Tell me, tell me," she continued, with eager, flashing eyes, "was my marriage with you perfectly legal and in accordance with all the forms necessary?" "I should not be one half so angry," de-clared her companion. "You cannot under-stand; you have not been trained as. I have been. Hatred of all such runs with the blood in my veins," "It is very foolish," Mrs. Carstone said, astonished; "there is no sense nor reason in it."

astonished;

it." But Violet flashed a look from her grand eyes which almost silenced her. "You cannot understand," she

legal and in accordance with all the forms necessary?" "Most certainly it was," he answered. "I did not doubt it!" she exclaimed. "Always remember that I did not doubt it. Others have done so; I did not. That doubt and myself would never have lived one minute. You have answered me one question; answer another. Are you Randolph Ran-dolph, an artist painting for your daily bread, or are you Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, a noble and wealtby baron? Answer me." But he was so startled that he shrunk a few loftily. And Mrs. Carstone felt that she spoke the truth. Such sentiments as Violet had uttered were beyond her comprehension. The girl-ish, graceful figure was drawa to its full with the flagure was drawa to its full

height ; the flashing eyes looked down upon "Why do you say this of my husband ?" she asked. "And who has told you?"

But he was so startled that he shrunk a few aces from her : his face, usually so bright and she asked. "And who has told you?" Mrs. Carstone repeated the storyjexactly as she had heard it. An old college friend of Lord Ryvers had recognized him, and had gone away lest any complication or unpleas-antness should arise through his recogni-

debonair, grew white and lowering, his eyes filled with an angry light. "Why do you ask me in this fashion? What do you mean ?" he asked.

tween them.

CHAPTER XXV.

'hat do you mean ?" he asked. "That is no answer to my question," she plied. "Are you an artist or a nobleman ?" Her eyes were fixed intently on him. They "I do not believe one word of it," declared med to hold him so that he could not look

away from her. "I am both," he said, drawing a deep ath. 'You are Lord Ryvers ?"

"I am Lord Ryvers, my darling; but I am your true lover and true husband in spite of that." "Then it is true !" she cried, with a gesture

"Then it is true!" she cried, with a gesture of despair. "It is true—and I swore it was faise! If you have deceived me in one thing you have doubtless deceived me in more." "I have not deceived you. Violet, darling. Do not look so horrified. There is nothing the matter. I merely suppressed the truth. I told ng its."

"I see no difference," she declared. "If you would do one thing, you would do another."

tion. "I do not believe one word of it," declared had finished her recital. "He has been de-ceived by Mr. Kandolph's resemblance to some one else he knows. Such a thing interestion one of the second second second second second taken than to doubt the honour and integrity interestion one of the world mis-taken than to doubt the honour and integrity while ahe was defending him, she cared more think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured think of it," the said. "I he more sured the trace was defending him, she cared more it is out at their true liking and affection for yon that my husband and son desire that to the secret fashion, that he is living here it here is living here. "I he can have no motive," replied Violet: "You "Y "Be reasonable, Violet, I have "Be reasonable, violes. I have done you no harm," he said, gently. "You have done me harm ; you have de-ceived me. If I had known you were Lord Ryvers E would not have married you. You have made me faise to the habit and training

rd. I will repeat to him all that you have long as the world stands there must be as long as the world stands there must be different grades of society." "I acknowledge no such thing," she replied. "I never disguised my sentiments from you, and you ought to have respected them." "Violet," he said, with gentle patience she would have admired in anyone else-"Vio-let, darling, listen to me. I was your faith-ful lover from the happy day in June when I first met you dear, until the day in Septem-ber when you became my wife. Was it not told me, and ask him to let me know the truth. He will not deceive me."

She was hastening away, when she turned suddenly to Mrs. Carstone: "Whatever happens," she said, "I must thank you. You have done what you thought kind and wise. You mean to be friend me, but I am sure there is a mistake." She raised her ber when you became my wife.

had with the proud gesture of an insulted queen. "I shall come back to tell you what nonsense it is. I do not know whether my husband will laugh or be angry at the idea of being mistaken for an English noble-man." "Yes," she answered. " During that time, when, my darling.

your sweet sake, I gave up the whole world, when my life was but one dream of you, did man." As she crossed the grounds and re-entered the hotel, she laughed contemptaously at the idea. He who-loved her so, who worshiped her, who had tried so hard to win her-he to you see anything wrong in me, anything Almost reluctantly she answered "No."

"Did you find 'me untruthful, unfaithful, light of purpose, light of love, ungenerous, false, wanting in courage? Think before you

And again she said "No," "I thank you," he replied. "We have been married rather more than a year. Dur-ing that period have you seen anything in me to dislike, to despise, or contemn ?" "No," she replied, "I have not-honestly, I have not."

hastened to meet num. "Come straight to my room, Randolph!" she cried, eagerly. "I have something to say to you—something a thousand times more im-portant than life or death to me." Then husband and wife stood face to face with the great question of their lives at issue between them. "Until to-day I had your love and

"Until to-day I had your love and re-spect?"
"Yes," she admitted, "you had both."
"To-day you find out that I am a noble-man, and not au artist, and you withdraw all that you have given me, and intend to leave me. I am the same man I was yesterday— my moral and mental qualities have not changed in the least; yet, because I have more money than you thought, you talk of leaving me. Is it just?"
"You are not just," she replied. "It is not because you have more money than I thought that I—I shall leave. It is because you have deceived me. That is the thing I can never forgive." Btill be lost none of his gentle patience. "I loved you, Violet," he said. "The mo-ment my eyes fell noon your face you became the one woman in the wide world for me. I lost sight of everything else. I saw you, my

lost sight of everything else. I saw you, my darling-only you." But Violet listened unmoved. He had de-

But Violet listened unmoved. He had de-ceived her, and she was one of those who never forgave an act of deceit. "I loved you so much." he said. "that to have lost you would have been worse than death. Death is the end of all pain; life with an unhappy love is all torture. When I thought that I might fail in winning you. I could not work or eat or seleen or rest. Ob could not work, or eat, or sleep, or rest Oh Violet, believe me, darling, that no man has ever loved a woman as I love you !" asked.

"Still you deceived me," she reiterated, clear, cold tone.

"Answer me just one question, Violet," he said, pleadingly. "If you had known that I was what I most unfortunately am, Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, would you have mar-

Ryvers of Ryverswell, would you have mar-ried me?" "No," she answered, quickly; you know that I would not have married you." "Then you do not love me very much, Violet, after all," he said, sadly—" not half so much as I love you. Oh, my darling, I thought I had all your heart!" Some wives would have relented at once; but Violet's beautiful face grew colder and harder. Her heart was not touched in the least; her pride was aroused and all in arms. least; her pride was aroused and all in arms. She could think but of one thing—he had de-ceived her. There could be no extenuation of

ceived her. There could be no extenuation of that fact. "Violet," he cried, despainingly, "I did not think a young girl could be no cruel. I know women of the world often are; they en-joy the misery and torture of men; some of them walk through life over the bleeding hearts of men. One expects cruelty from such; but you, freen of heart as you are fair of face-one could not expect ornelty from of face-one could not expect cru

yon." "I am not cruel; I am only just," she re-plied. "Then may Heaven preserve me from such justice!" he cried. "If I had injured you,

been so tond of me. The doctors had given some long Latin name to his disease, and they said he was dying of it; but he was not; his ailment was a broken heart. He told me so-me, his little schoolfellow, the little lad he loved-when I went to see him. I was just eighteen years then, and it made a great im-pression upon me. I remember the expres-sion on his face, the pain in his eyes, the piti-ful voice; I remember the room and sunlight that came strough the window and fell upon the floor. He called me to him; his hands were so thin and white. He took mine in his. 'Randolph,' he said, 'my little school-fellow, I am going to die, and I have sent for the lad I loved so well to whisper one word of warning in his ear.' He drew my face down to his. 'You will be a rich man some day, Bandolph; mind what I say to you. Let no woman marry you for your money. Marry vith its noise.' The wife of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is a very charming deaf mute, who accompanies her husband to frequent receptions and is made much of by the best people in Washington Randolph; mind what I say to you. Let no woman marry you for your money. Marry someone who marries you for yourself alone. To be married for money, or rank, without love, is to be cursed; guard yours.' I never forgot the words, Violet, — I never shall; and from that moment I made up my mind, even if I never married at all, I would wait until I mat someone who cannot for monches. ociety. society. "I see Miss Fussanfeather has put on mourning," "Yes; it is quite fashionable now, I believe." "Oh, yes, but I think a great deal of the mourning now-a-days is affected." "Yes, I think myself there is a good deal of "There or " Monsigneur Capel says all women should marry or become nuns. All the unmarried ladies will doubtless agree with the reverend gentleman. They will all be willing to get met someone who cared for me alone. Lister to me, Violet. Women misjudge men because me poet has chosen to write

some poet has chosen to write : "'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart. "Tis woman's whole existence." Everyone believes that to be true; I say it is not true. Love is quite as much to a man as to a woman, often more; but men say per-haps less about it. Look at my friend ! He died because the woman he loved did not love him. You must not think that all the fret married themselves and let the other unr ried ladies become nuns. Mary Raspberry is the romantic, ruby, and fruity name of an ardent old lady who aspires to be in Atlanta what for many years Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines was in New Orleans. She sues the city for the recovery of 25 acres on which are 80 houses, claiming the pro-perty as inherited from an aunt whose will was lost or stolen. The lawyers will pick the Raspherry. him. You must not think that all the fret and the fever and the passion of love lies with women; it does not. Listen to me, Violet. You will not turn your face toward me. How won you be so cold to me when I love you so well? I began my life with this idea fixed in my mind, that I must be loved and married for myself alone. I went a great deal into society. It is true I was only a youth ; but I understood why people flattered me, why mothers courted me for their daughters. I will not say more ; I have a chivalrous love for all women, and I cannot bear to speak even against the worldly ones. It is enough to say that it was my wealth and title that were the attraction and not myself ; perhaps with one or two it may have been different. People said, but I never believed them, that Gwendoline Marr would have married me, even if I had been penniless. I cannot say she was not to my taste." Raspberry. Two ladies moving in the highest circles o Two ladies moving in the highest circles of Washington society, during a friendly meet-ing on the street, got to quarrelling about their age, and used very strong language toward each other. At length, as if to end the dispute, one of them turned away and said in a very concilhatory tone of voice :---"Let us not quarrel any more. I, at least, have not the heart to do'it. I never knew who my mother was; she descried me when a baby, and who knows but that you may have been the heartless parent !" A Boston letter, writer aves of Mar. Flim

have been the heartless parent !" A Boston letter-writer says of Mrs. Eliza-beth P. Peabody, now 80 years of age :--"She is almost fotally blind, but she is giv-ing the entire winter to writing personal letters to the Senate and Congress about the Piute Indian matter. She writes entirely by the sense of feeling, and seldom blots a sheet, and her penmanship is perfectly legi-ble. Her mind is as clear as if she were 18 natead of 80. She insists on knowing the events of the day, and old friends go daily to read to her the newspapers and special books which she designates."

Slowly enough the fair head turned, and the beautiful face was raised to his. There

was a faint gleam of interest in eyes. "Who was Gwendoline Marr?" Viole

asked. "Gwendoline Marr is a wealthy heiress, the daughter of Lord Marr of Marsland, and considered to be the most perfectly beautiful brunette in England." "Why did you not marry her ?"

To be continued.

Miss Emily Faithful, the English philan-thropist, said in her lecture at Utica on "Modern Shams and Extravagances," that EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMFORT EPPS'S COCOA. —GRATEFUL AND COMFORT-ING. — "By a thorough knowledge of the natur allaws 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 "Modern Shams and Extravagances," that in another fifty years at the present rate of progress there will be little left in social life that is genuine. "When ladies are not ashamed to be seen in painted faces," she continued, " and to dose themselves with choral to quiet abused nerves; when the novels which succeed are those which discuss men and women under the influence of bases passion or abnormal condition; when the play which holds the town is of the same character; when the public appetite craves for what is morbid and base, it has seemed to me that the hour had struck for plain to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may eccape 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. Sold only in Packets. and Tins († 1b and 1b) by Grocers, labelled----"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London." ne that the hour had struck for plai speaking.'

A young lady recently arrived at New Bedford, Mass., on the bark Veronica, from Fayal. This young lady was married at thi islands several weeks ago, yet, singularly, thi first glimpse of her husband was obtained through the cabin window of the Veronics, a he stood on Propaler whari impatiently waiting for the vessel to come alongwide thi dock. The courtship had been conducted by Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, in Eng-land, in 27 years has educated 652, 486 of whom are employed as pastors, missionaries, or evangelists in connection with the Baptist

which she designates.'

Modern Shams,

A Singular Marriage

nd-If you want to be thor A southern editor asserts that angels are all blondes, but blondes are not all angels. It is painfully apparent that his wife is not a them every morning, hanging the fresh once by the fire during the night. Third—Procure thick calfskin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the first of October till the first of May. runette.

Mrs. Upshur, wife of Col. Upshur, recently, in India, was standing on a rock while a tiger was raging round. The lady killed the tiger at first shot. Make frequent applications of some good oil blacking.

"Yes," said a young lady, who had been thumping on the pisno for two hours, "that baby in the next house fairly sets me wild

blacking. Fourth—Avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of large rubber boots, which may be worn for a lifetime through snow drifts or a flood of water. Fifth—Hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just be-fore going to bed two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands.

then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands. Sixth--Now, madam, go out freely in all weathers, and believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as a conse-quence of the good circulation in the lower extremities, your head will be relieved of all its fulness and your heart of its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved, and your health made better in every respect. Dr. Dio Lewis. Dr. Dio Lewis.

There died at Wicomico, Md., Mrs. Francis Hastings at the age of 90. She was the mother of 13 children, the grandmother of 67, the great-grandmother of 77, and the great-great-grandmother of three, mak total number of her descendants 160. king the



T is at this season, when the blood and perspi-ration are loaded with impurities, that Dis-figuring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Salt Rheum or Eczema, Psoriasis, Tet-ter, Ringworm, Baby Humors, Scrofula, Scrofu-lous Sores, Abscesses and Discharging Wounds and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most speedily Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most speedily

## IT IS A FACT.

Hundreds of letters in our possession (copies of which may be had by return mail) are our authority for the assertion that Skin, Scaip, and Blood Humours, whether Scrofulous, Inherited, or Contagious, may NOW be permanently cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Puri-fier, Diuretic and Aperient, Internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Curree and Beautifiers, externally, in one half the time and at one half the expense of any other season. her season.

## **CREATEST ON EARTH**

CUTTOURA REMEDIES are the greatest medi-inee on earth. Had the worst case Sait Rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTTOURA would have saved her Hie. My arms, breast, and had were covered for three years, which at the source or oursed until I used the CUTTOURA and the source or oursed until I used the CUTTOURA UTTOURA Soar externally, J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

**GREAT BLOOD MEDICINES** The half has not been told as to the great ours-are powers of the CUTIOURA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure paid hundreds of dollars for medicines to cure biseases of the blood and skin, and never found tiseases of the blood and skin, and never found Aid hundreds of the blood and skin, and heve iseases of the blood and skin, and heve sayshing yet to equal the CUTICURA REMEDIE CHAS. A WILLIAMS.

# CURE IN EVERY CASE.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES outsell all other medicines I keep for skin diseases. My cus-omers and patients say that they have effected oure th every instance, where other remedices H. W. BROCKWAY, M.D.

Sold by all druggists. Price-OUTHOURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1 ; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND DHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTY For Ron Greasy npies, Skin Bl