## THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

CHAPTER XX.

Violet Randelph was standing in her pretty sleeping room, where the green vine leaves shaded the window, a picture of pleased wonder and surprise. A handsome ball dress lay spread out before her. She said to herself that it was a realized dream of what a ball dress should be—a rich white silk, draped with the most exquisite lace, and trimmed with lilies of the valley; and with it lay everything needful for a ball room tollet, even down to the white silk shoes, that might have been intended for Ciuderella. There was a superb fan, with lilies of the valley most exquisitely worked on the white satin, a soft, warm sortie du bal of rich satin, embroidered with lilies, a magnificent bouquet of white lilies shrouded in their dark green le ves, and a spray of pearls, shaped like lilies, for the hair.

Violet, as she looked at her treasures, thought more of their beauty than their cost. It was not in girl nature to keep the sight of these beautiful things to herself. She went to Mrs. Carstone, and 'sound that lady in a state of subdued cestasy, because her milliner had made a train of rich ruby velvet for her dress of white brocade.

dress of white brocade.
"Will you come and look at my ball dress." Violet said, after she had duly admired her friend's. "I should like to know if it is suitable. I have had no experience."

As the stately lady sailed along the corridors, she resolved to be very kind and condescending. She must praise the dress, no

dors, she resolved to be very kind and condescending. She must praise the dress, no matter what it looked like — that was imperative. No doubt it was some cheap pretty costume that Mrs. Randolph had bought. But all her condescension vanished in a mist of wonder when she saw Violet's magnificent toilet.

"It is exquisite," she cried, with upraised hands—"perfectly exquisite! You must let Barton, my maid, dress you." Then she examined the lace. "Wny, this is real!" she cried. "It is real lace, Mrs. Randolph!"

"Is it?" asked Violet, serenely, without the least idea of the value of real lace.

Then Mrs. Carstone looked fixedly at the beautiful, queenly girl before her.

"My dear," she inquired, in a strange tone of voice "what is your husband?"

"My husband!" echeed Violet, in a tone of wonder at the question. "He is an artist,

"My hushand!" echoed Violet, in a tone of wonder at the question. "He is an artist, you know, Mrs. Carstone."
"He must be a very successful artist to give you a toilet of this description."
"He is successful," said Violet, proudly. "How can he be otherwise with his talent?"

"He must make a great deal of money to purchase such things as these; and I—pray do not think me rude, my dear—I understood you to say that he had some little trouble about money. Do you know the cost of this bout money. Do you know the cost of this really magnificent present?"
"No," laughed Violet; "I have never

ought such things."
"Including the lace, which is real, and the "Including the lace, which is real, and the pearls which are very fine ones, your husband could not have paid less than two hundred pounds for it," said Mrs. Carstone. "I have a lace flounce, not so fine as this, which cost me over eighty guineas."

"Two hundred pounds!" cried Violet, aghast, "It surely cannot be!

"I should think it was more, i lanything,"

polied Mrs. Carstone.

Do excuse me for one minute," Violet exclaimed, heatily. "I will not have it. Ranoth must send it back again."

Then she flew, rather than walked, to her

bustond's studio.

\*\*Randolph," she evied \*\*Mrs. Carabbay says the things you have purchased for me have cost two hundred pounds! Is it true?"

"No," he replied; they "were within that

"'I am so glad," she said, her face brightening. "They are so beautiful, and I should like to keep them; but I would not if they cost that sum."
"Yes. I cannot tolerate him; but I admire his wife. None of us like him."
"Is no here?" saked Hubert Forest-Hay.
"Yes; he brought her. He would not let

'Where?" asked Oscar.

CHAPTER XXL

"Violet, never mind Mrs. Carstone; trust me. We attists have opportunities of purchase known only to ourselves. Wear your pretty dress, my dear, and rest assured that I have not in the least exceeded my means."

She was comforted, and hastened back to Mrs. Carstone.

"It is all right," she said to that astonished lady; "Mr. Randolph says I need not be in the least uneasy about it."

"Of course, my dear, he knows his business best," said Mrs. Carstone. "The dress is fit or a duchess, and you will look magnificent in it; but you must never talk about your husband having a money trouble again—never."

never."

"I will not," replied Violet, simply.

No more was said; but Mrs. Carstone did sot feel; quite satisfied. There was some mystery, she felt sure; and she could not rest until she had told her husband.

until she had told her husband.

"I cannot say that I am surprised, Mary," he remarked, after listening attentively to his wife's disclosures. I have always thought there was something mysterious about Mr. Randolph. She is open and frank enough but I have never understood him."

"What can be wrong with them?" asked Mrs. Castons.

Mrs. Carstone.

"I should not like to offer an opinion, my sear," replied her husband—"in fact I could not guess; but I am quite sure there is something amiss, even if we never find it out. I should not trouble about it, Mary; they are respectable, and he is an artist—a clever one, he doubt. I quite agree with Oscar—if you can get Mrs. Randolph to visit you in London, your position will be made."

"I felt, when I saw her, that she was to bring good luck to me," said Mrs. Carstone; "but I should like to know what this mystery is."

"You may depend upon one thing," remarked Mr. Carstone—"Mrs. Randolph will be the belile of the ball; and, when she has been seen, we shall have all the grandees in the neighbourhood inviting her. If you play your cards well we shall be invited too, Many."

your cards well we shall be invited too, Mary."

"It seems a strange thing that a beautiful face can gain admittance where money cannot," said Mrs. Carstone.

"The world is full of strange things my dear," rejoined the retired corn-factor. "I think myself that a beautiful woman is far more to be admired even than a moneyed.

more to be admired even than a moneyed

with it."

man."

No one dreamed that that night would bring about a crisis in many lives.

The Hotel de Ville was brilliantly illuminated. It was a grand building, with fine old carvings and arched windows—an ble specimen of architecture; there was an excellent band, and the flowers were magnificent—indeed, the scene altogether was one of great brilliancy and animation.

The guests were numerous and select. By far the most beautiful woman present was Violet Randolph. As she stood under the yeat chandelier, the light falling full on her golden bair, with its spray of pearls, on the beautiful face, with its dainty flush, on the exquisite figure, with its graceful floating draperies, she made as fair a picture as could well be imagined.

oles, whispered her hasoland,
or not. I shall have the first dance
you. It is your first ball, your first
and it must be with me."
complied laughingly,
ar, on seeing this, and hearing such
praise of the beautiful pair, was disd. He relieved himself in some measure
ening his misd to his mother.
his shows," he said, "that I have been
in my estimation of the man; he is no
eman. Would a gentleman monopolize

"I am almo-

panion; "I cannot say. It is no business of mine. I wish I had not come."

Oscar Carstoue bent down and whispered a few words in his ear. Hubert Forest-Hay looked up with a horrifled face.

"I am almost afraid you are right," he said. "Yet Randolph Ryvers was one of the most honourable and loyal of men. He can never have fallen so low."

Again Oscar Carstone whispered to his companion, who answered:

"I am afraid it is so; it looks like it. You say that he avoids all English people?"

"That he certainly does," was the answer. "But if it be as we aurmise, I am sure that girl has been foully, cruelly deceived!" His face finshed and his eyes flashed fire. "Do you know," he added fiercely, "It seems a strange thing to say, but, if it be true, and she is free, I would make her my wife to-morrow! You do not understand that?"

"I do not understand what I consider perfect madness," said Hubert Forest-Hay, coldly. "If I thought it true—my suspicions true," cried Oscar—"I would shoot him just as I would shoot a dog!"

"My good friend, if you were to shoot every man who does a wrong of that kind, you would leave the world half empty."

"But look at her! She is lovely and proud, imperial and gracious. Would anyone dare wrong a woman like that?"

"It is quite possible that there may have been no wrong," said Hubert Forest-Hay. "We have no right to judge by appearances, although I confess in this case the appearances are black enough. Had you no suspicion he was masquerading? It seems to me that any one could tell Lord Ryvers mixed in the highest circles."

Oscar looked slightly crestfallen. He did did not wish his newly made friend to think that he was deficient, or could not recogaize a gentleman by birth when he saw distinguished English people here. Is true."

"I heard something of the same kind; but I was too vexed to listen," he replied.

"Never mind Mrs. Randolph sow," said his mother; "discover who these people are. Mind, Oscar—if they are worth knowing, be sure and get some introductions."

He returned after a few minutes, looking somewhat excited and interested.

"A good old English family," he said, in a low voice—"the Forest-Hays. Lady Forest-Hay will be pleased to know you; they are staying at the 'Liond'Or.' I wish we had gone there, instead of to the English hotel."

"What and who are the Forest-Hays? I have never heard of them," said Mrs. Carstone.

"Every one knows them," replied Oscar, in a tone of surprise. "Lord Forest-Hav is one of the Tory leaders. It seems St. Philipo is their favourite place of resort in the autumn. I like the son—Hubert; I have been talking

cantious reply. "Mrs. Randolph, of course, one would be proud to present; but her husband is so queer, he would do us no credit."

Presently an introduction took place between Lady Forest-Hay and Mrs. Carstone.

Hubert, the son and heir, who had already made a name for himself in Parliament, seemed interested, and talked for some time about the ball.

"My mother likes St. Philipo," he said; "she spends a month or two here every year. My father does not care about it; he and I generally go further south. There are some one.

"To tell the truth," he said," "I have been very much puzzled. I never thought he was what he represented himself to be; but I must also own that I never guessed him to be what he is. Why, he has worked as hard as any professional man to He has a studio in the hotel, which he has fitted up at his own expense." generally go further south. There are some pretty girls here; but who is that goldenhaired girl in white silk?"
"That is Mrs. Randolph," replied Oscar, "an English lady staying at an English lotal."

the hotel, which he has fitted up at his own expense."

"He was always fond of painting. I remember now hearing that he had gone on a sketching tour; but that was more than a year ago. Do you know anything of the girl's antocedents—what her name was, or where she came from?"

"Not one word," replied Oscar,. "She is not reticent either; but it so happens that I never heard her speak of herself at all. I can answer for one thing—that she is an angel. My mother loves her."

"He introduced her to your mother then?" said his companion. "It must be all right." notel."
"I do not think I have ever seen a more "I do not think I have ever seen a more beautiful woman," declared the young man. And then Oscar Carstone felt anxious to have the honour of introducing this perfectly beautiful woman to his new acquaintance.

"The Randolphs are great friends of ours," he said, eagerly; "we are staying at the same hotel. I shall be very pleased to introduce you if you like."

right."
"The introduction came about accidentally. The thing that has annoyed me always is that he never seems to think my mother or any of the rest of us good enough acquaintyou, if you like."
"And I shall be delighted to have the op-"And I shall be delighted to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of such a peerless woman," said his companion. "I am fortunate; I shall find quite a pleasant circle here. If my expectations are realized, I shall remain for some time in St. Philipo. I saw an old college chum of mine as we passed through the rooms; he did not see me, and I had not time to stop and speak to him."

"An Englishman?" asked Oscar, anxiously.

"Yes—and a very famous Englishman. too—Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell."

"Is he here. do you say?" asked Oscar. ances for her."

"That seems more hopeful, I think,"
said Hubert Forest-Hay. "Lord Ryvers is a
man of the strictest honour."

"What shall we do?" demanded Oscar,

"Is he here, do you say?" asked Oscar.
"I saw him in one of the reception rooms," replied Hubert Forest-Hay.
"It is strange that I have not heard the name," said Oscar. "I thought I knew all the English people in St. Philipo. Where is he staying?"

"What shall we do?" demanded Oscar, breathlessly.

"Do nothing. The safest rule is to leave other people's affairs entirely alone."

"But it cannot go on !" cried the other.

"What right have we to interfere?" said Hubert Forest-Hay.

"The right of the strong to protect the weak, "replied Oscar.

"But you do not know that the lady is weak. Remember this is all supposition. Even if your worst suspicions were verified, what could you do? It is no business of yours; nor can you by any possibility make it so."

"I do not know. He was with me at Oxford. I know him well, and like him much."
"I should like to see him," said Oscar.
His companion glanced round the room.
"He is not here; but I am sure to see him again. I will introduce you, if you wish. Ryverswell is, to my thinking, one of the finest places in England. That Mrs. Randolph is a beautiful woman. What is the hausband like?" "It ought to be the business of every "It ought to be the business of every honest man to right a wrong when the opportunity occurs for doing so." declared Oscar.

"Very good in theory, but in practice difficult of accomplishment," rejoined his companion. "You must remember another thing—and let it make you cutious. Suppose you have made a footish mistake, and that you have made a footish mistake, and that that golden-haired girl is Lady Ryvers. It would be awkward to say the least of it. Take my advice, and say nothing at all."

"But that seems cowardly," remarked Oscar.

her come with us. My mother, who is good nature itself, wanted to chaperon her. He positively danced the first waitz with her."

The young politican laughed.

"Ah," he said, suddenly, and his face brightened, "There is my old friend Lord Ryvers." as I am of advising useless, idle, and vain interfence," said Hubert Forest-Hay, calmly.

"You see we have come across a certain fact that is incomprehensible. It may hide a wrong or a mystery. In either case it has nothing to do with us. I tell you, candidly, my feeling in the matter is a very strong one. I have nothing to do with the private life of an old college friend. If I had even the faintest dees of anything unusual, I should not have mentioned Lord Ryvers' name. I shall keep the whole affair a profound secret, and I should advise you to do the same."

But Oscar was almost too excited to understand.

"Where?" asked Oscar.

"That tall, handsome man leaning against the white statue."

Oscar Carstone looked at him with a strange expression, almost of terror, on his face.

"Do you mean the man with the flower in hit coat?"

"Yes." replied his companion—"that is Lord Ryvers."

"That Lord Ryvers? Why, he calls himself 'Mr. Randolph'! He is the husband or that golden-haired girl, and he lives at the English hotel with us!"

And for some momeats the two stood looking at each other in silent wonder. stand.
"I shall not remain here now," said Hubert
Forest-Hay. "A friend of mine has been
urging me to go with nim to Sicily, and I
shall accept the invitation, starting to-morrow.
I should not like any unpleasant complication arise through me."
"That is carrying chivalry too far," said

Oscar.

"I do not think so. I know his family; I know Lady Ryvers and the Countess Lester well; and, because I know them, I am anxious to know no more of his affairs than I

can help."
"Then, if the marriage is legal, the lady we have been calling Mrs. Randolph is Lady

"You-must surely be mistaken!" said Hubert Forest Hay. "You must be dreaming I assure you that that gentleman is Randolph Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, of Mount Avon in Hampshire, of Avon Villa in the isle of Wight, of Glentair in Scotland, and Avon House, Mayfair. You see, I know his titles and possessions by heart. His father has been dead many years, and he has succeeded to a vast fortune, the savings of a long minority. His mother, Lady Ryvers, is—well, I should certainly say, one of the proudest women in England. He has two sisters; one lives with Lady Ryvers, the other is a great leader of fashion—the Countess of Lester. You see, that I cannot be mistaken in his identity." dentity."
Still Oscar Carstone looked at him with Still Oscar Carstone looked at him with vague, wondering eyes.

"And I know him as 'Mr. Randolph.' a clever but by no means well known artist. He has been staying with Mrs. Randolph at the English hotel for some weeks. There must be some mistake. His wife told my mother some few days since that he was in some trouble concerning money."

Here Hubert Forest-Hay laughed aloud.
"Money troubles! Why, Lord Ryvers is one of the richest men in England! It he has any trouble with regard to money, it is that he has too much, he does not know what to do with it."

"Then, if the marriage is legal, the lady we have been calling Mrs. Randolph is Lady Ryvers!"

"Certainly she is; all that I have to say upon the matter is this, that when he takes Lady Ryvers to England, he will remember the day. Now you take my counsel and say nothing. I shall go back to the 'Lion d'Or'; I should not case to meet him. My family do not know him."

"I am sorry you are going," said Oscar.

"Walk with me as far as the hotel," said Hubert Forest-Hay, who by this time bitterly repeated what he had said.

He was one of those men who would sooner do a good turn than a bad one. In his heart he had a great liking for Lord Ryvers, and would not have done him any harm. He had apoken without thinktng; it had never occured to him that his o d friend was living under any disguise.

As they walked through the quiet streets, the moon shining brightly and throwing quaint raceful shadows on the white roads. Hubert Forest-Hay turned to his companion.

"It is a strong case a aninst Lord Ryvers, I must admit," he said; "but he was always the very soul of honour. I can remember some cases in which he was chivalrous, I may even say Quixotic. It will be far more prudent for you to say nothing of what you have discovered or what you suspect."

"If there has been anything wrong or underhand, he deserves to be shot, even though he were the descendant of a hundred earls!" declared Oscar, hotly. "She is the most beautiful, just as she is the most simple and inuocent of girls."

"We will try to think there is nothing wrong," said his companion; "but I wish with all my heart I had never seen thy old friend in it. Good night, Mr. Carstone, and pray remember that in this instance, as in every other, discretion is the better part of valour, or, if I may quote a little proverb, 'Speech is silver, but silence is gold."

with it."

"Are you quite sure that is Lord Ryvers?"
asked Oscar.

"I am as sure of his indentity as I am of
my own," replied Hubert Forest-Hay.

"Who is the lady?" Oscar Carstone asked,
suddenly. "If you know Lord Ryvers so
well, you must know his wife."

But Hubert Forest, Hay shook his head
gravely.

But Hubert Forest, Hay shook his head gravely.

"I assure you I have never seen her before; and, now that I reflect, I never heard that Lord Ryvers was married. I remember hearing that he was struck with the last new beauty, Gwendoline Marr, Lord Marr's daughter."

"Was this lady Miss Marr?" asked Oscar.

"No. Gwendoline Marr is one of the most beautiful women in London, but a brunette—a perfect brunette. I met Lady Ryvers last week—I was with her for half an hour—and she said nothing sbout her son being married—not one word; and I think, knowing that he was an old chum of mine, she would have told me." CHAPTER XXIL CHAPTER XXII.

Oscar Carstone returned to the hall room. He could hardly realize even now all that had happened. He was not like his father, "a dear lover of a lord," but he had a certain amount of respect for the nobility. He feit half bewildered when he remembered how he had disliked the man, how he had treated him with something like contempt, as being of decided social inferiority—and, after all, he was the wealthy Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell. All that had appeared a mystery was clear to him now—the fees to servants, the free expenditure of money; all that had seemed to him strange in an artist was now easily understood in a wealthy nobleman.

"How actouished my mother and father would be if they knew it!" he thought.

He could not even form an idea as to why have different him are in idea as to why have different him himself and he was the marriage a secret from the told me."

"I am sorry I came," said Hubert Forest
"I am sorry I have seen him

Hay, slowly; "I am sorry I have seen him. There is no mistake about it, The man I know to be Lord Ryvers you know as Mr. Randolph."

"No, there is no flarm in this,"

answer—"none whatever."

Both young men were silent; their eyes were fixed on the beautiful face shining under the light of the great chandelier.

"Is it a private marriage, should you think?" Oscar said, in a low your list year?

"Only Heaven knews," replied his som-

of her admirer.

"My frowns are as successful as your smiles," he said. "Your smiles attract, my frowns repel."

"I do not see why you wish to repel Mr. Carstone," she returned, ngravely. "You must remember what you promised me."

"It he would always keep his distance as he has done to night, I should not find him so objection ble."

But Violet would not listen. He had promised to be courteous and civil to the Carstones. She would not let him laugh at them.

"Madame looked magnificent to-night," said Lord Ryvers, "The roby velvet train is a really artistic toach, Violet."

"She is a kind, good woman, Randolph, and she looks nice because she is good. You shall not laugh at her!" cried Violet.

"That is a new idea of the fashion books," ould laugh at such a gorgeous dame? I unnot quite understand your friend to night; e seems to avoid me," he went on. "He ooks strangely at me, and his manner is ifferent. But why need I trouble myself beauth him."

about him?"
"Why, indeed!" laughed Violet. "I was just thinking so."
"Have you nearly had enough of this, Violet?" he asked. "I shall be glad when

violet." he asked. "I shall be glad when it is time to go."
"Not yet," she cried, with such fervour that he was amused—"not yet. I am so happy, and I have so many partners."
"Be happy then, my darling," he said. "Enjoy yourself in your own bright fashion." An hour later Lord Ryvers found himself near Mrs. Carstone, to whom also the evening had been a delightful one. She was vigourously using her fan, and looked up at him as he passed.

outly using her fan, and looked up at him as he passed.

"I have had a very pleasant time, Mr. Randolph," she said. "I have met some really nice people."

But Lord Ryvers was not sufficiently interested to ask who the people were; so that for some time at least, he did not know the discoverer of his secret.

"How much your wife has been admired?"

Mrs. Carstone continued.

"Not half so much as she deserves to be," he replied, laughingly.

And Mrs. Carstone thought to herself:

"There is a great deal of good after all in the young man."

Violet looked fresh as the morning breaking in the skies when they returned to their hotel.

Pichard Comtons had been such as the morning breaking in the skies when they returned to their hotel.

ing in the skies when they returned to their hotel.

Richard Carstone had been very much impressed by the ball; he had had a glimpse of a new world, and he had found there were many things money could never purchase.

Mrs. Carstone had enjoyed herself supremely; she had talked to Lady Forest-flay, and had been introduced to several ladies whom she had long desired to know. But Oscar was strangely silent. He hardly spoke in answer to any remarks that were made to him. His silence continued until the next day at noon. He had a desperate struggle with himself. He felt that the proper and manly thing to do was to keep silence with regard to a secret of which he nead accidentally gained possession. Then he proper and manly this mother's worlder and his father a constenation were he to reveal what he knew; and finally he decided to tell his mother, come what might, and she might please herself as to what use she would make of her knowledge.

Uscar. Knowledge. Knowledge. Shar i'l am incapable of counseling cowardice, ''Oscar." she said, when she found her skirts. "Oscar," she said, when she found herself alone with her son for a few minutes, "you seem very absent this morning; and you were very strange last evening. Will you tell me what is wrong?"

It so happened that Mrs. Carstone quite inadverently led up to the subject.

"I was just on the point of confiding in you," he answered. "The fact is, I have discovered a secret."

He uttered the last word in such a protentuous and important tone that Mrs. Carstone turned pale,

"A secret!" she cried. "Oh, my dear Oscar, what is it?"

"A secret!" she cried. "Oh, my dear Oscar, what is it?"

"Hush, mother! Remember walls have ears," he said; "and no one must hear one syllable of what I have to say."

"My dear boy, what can be the matter?"

Mrs. Carstone asked, in some alarm.

"Come out on the terrace with me," he said; "no one will overhear us there."

Mother and son went out together Mrs. Carstone laid her hand on her son's arm as they walked slowly up and down, for Oscar appeared in no haste to impart his news.

"I have discovered a secret," he said, at length, "and one that seems to me of great importance. I was advised not to mention the subject; but I must tell you."

"You are quite right, Oscar," his mother declared, decisively. "You may rely upon my prudence. I always say to your dear father that women are the safest conidantes, after all. What is your secret?"

"I hardin know how to tell you," he replied. "I have never been so surprised in all my life. You know that we have none of as liked Mr. Randolph, as he calls himself. We thought he gave himself great airs and graces."

"So he does." agreed Mrs. Carstone.

we thought he gave himself great airs and graces."

'So he does, "agreed Mrs. Carstone.

'Who in the world do you think he turns out to be, mother?"

'Himself, I should say," she replied.

'My dear Oscar, who else could he be?"

'Mother, you will be astonished. He is no artist—at least, he is not a professional artist; he is Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell, one of the riche-t men in England."

"Lord Ryvers!" she gasped. "Lord Ryvers! And we have been so unuvil to him! Oh, Oscar, what shall we do, what shall we do?"

"I am not concerned with regard to ourselves, mother," he replied. "It is this which troubles me—if he is Lord Ryvers, who is the beautiful girl he calls Mrs. Randolph?"

tolph?"
"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Carstone, piteously, "what can you mean? Surely no harm to bright, beautiful Violet—surely none "I do not know ; I hope not, mother. Bu

"I do not know; I hope not, mother. But I want to know what you think about it. The whole matter has to me a very awkward look. This man is really Lord Ryvers of Ryverswell. He has several fine estates, is reputed to be enormously rich, and holds a very high position. Now, why should he be living here under an assumed name? When people take a false name, it is because they want to deceive someone. The question is, whom does he wish to deceive or mislead?"

"My dear Oscar, how clever you are!" cried the perturbed lady. "How well you argue the point!"

"The only person I can see he deceives is bright beautiful Violet, as you call her, mother. It is quite evident that she is ignorant of all of these things. She does not know his name, his rank, or anything about him. She believes him to be an artist working hard for his living. The question is why has he deceived her? And I fear there can be but one answer."

"What an awful thing!" cried the kindhearted woman. "I have always heard that young noblemen are very foolish and wilful; but, Oscar he seems such a good man!"

"Seeming and being are different things, mother," replied Oscar, sententiously." What is your own opinion? If everything be quite right and straightforward, what an evid of disguise?"

"Very true. Oh, Occar, what a lawyer you would have made!" in stone of disguise?"

"Never mind me, mother; I want you to

hink of this girl, not of me. If she has been ruelly deceived, as it seems to me she must ave been, is it not our duty to open her

But Mrs. Carstone looked very grave.

"Do you think it does any good to try to open people's eyes?" she said. "I am not very wise, my dear, or very clevet; but I have learned one thing from experience, and it is not to interfere with other people's affairs."

"That is right enough in the abstract, mother; but this is a peculiar case. What would you think if Mrs. Randolph, as we have learned to call her, were a daughter of your own? You must do to her what you would wish any Christain, undersimiliar circumstances, to do to a daughter of yours. My firm belief is that the marriage, even granting that there has been one, is illegal and that he knows it. If it be so, it is our duty, mother, to rescue the girl; it is,

"How can we rescue her?" asked Mrs. Carstone. "I—"
"You must do it, mother !" he cried, vehe mently. "How can we sit by in silence while we see such deceit practised upon a helples

we see such deceit practised upon a helpless girl?"

"But, Oscar, perhaps she knows: perhaps they have some reason for concealing their rank and position which they do not choose to make known. I thought fashionable people—great people, I mean—often traveled under another name, so as to avoid all fuss and ceremony."

"Royalty does that. It is hardly probable that an English lord would give himself the trouble. In fact, mother be as charitable as I may, I find no other solution of the difficulty but this—that Lord Ryvers has chosen to have his name and rank purposely to deceive that beautiful girl. If such be the case, it is right that the frand should be exposed. Your own reason, your own sense must tell you so, mother. We could not let anyone go straight to ruin in that fashion without trying at least to save, could them we?"

"Let us tell your 'fatige, Oscar, and see what he says," said Mrt. Carstone. "I do not remember ever feeling so utterly bewildered in my life before."

To be continued.

To be continued.

## WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

A Year's Wooing

Twas Autumn when first they stood on the bridge:
Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the

blue.
Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor I you?"

And white was the pear tree and green was the ridge: The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return: And the midgets were dancing a down the brown

bridges
There were pears on the pear tree, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,
Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet or two.
Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the way, again, will you mention the day?

And part us again, will you mention the day?

She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill

Then answered, demurely; "As soon as you will!"

Hosettes are in great favour, and Box-plested waists are revived. Fringes are once more in popular favour. Ruches will be much worn again this sum

Sham button-holes with buttons trim upper Coloured silk gloves will be much worn this

Mull shirred hats are in demand for sumlops or squares.

/ Printed Spanish lace with coloured figures is to be much used.

Parasols covered with whalebone fringe in New silk stockings have a treble note embroidered on the instep.

Lobsters six inches long, smid grasses, are shown on summer bonnets.

Dresses are applique with velvet leaves and flowers by industrious ladies. French lace is more used than any other on the imported wraps and dresses.

Many of the new children's dresses are mad of spotted net over coloured sateen. The old-fashioned bertha of lace is to be worn at the summer resorts this year. Some wraps are made short at the back,

Bonnets are shown covered with gold net and with narrow white velvet passed through Evening dresses of pale-coloured tulle mounted upon silk slips are much patronized by young ladies.

Cunning bags of the same material hang from the right side of the silk sashes tied on uttle misses' skirts. Trains are being made separate from the

dresses and quite narrow, the square shape being the favourite. A striking wrap, shown at one of the sprin ppenings, has a scarlet-satin ground, on which are lions' heads in velvet. A new material is silk veiling, printed in exquisitely tinted flowers. It is intended to be combined with plain veiling.

The religious press-Hugging a Sunday-school teacher. Mary Wollstoncraft says that women as sex are indolent, and that everything tend to make them so.

If your best girl strikes you with a feather fan before you're wed, she will, after mar riage, hit you with a broomstick on the head. It is all folly to say that love is blind. A fellow in love is very quick to detect if his girl smiled at another chap.

At a wedding in Hannibal, Mo., the bridal march was played on a mouth organ. "Com-ing events cast their shadows before." It is borne in on the Indianapolis Times to remark that if some men treated their wives as well as they do their servant girls there would be fewer divorces.

In Armenia girls are married when 12 years old. In this country at that age they are too busy buying candy and making faces at the boys to think of matrimony.

"Your father is worth at least half a million," said he, to his jealous sweetheart, "That is true," she murmured. "And yet you doubt my love," he replied, in an injured tone.

"Yes," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favour," and the poor girl burst into a fashionable flood of tears. A whole toom full of females were yester-day afternoon frightened out of their senses by the appearance of a small mouse which boldly appeared on the centre of the floor. A mouse knows the difference between a lot of

A New Craze, A Boston tailor, who has the bulk of the ultra fashionable trade, says he has the life almost pestered out of him by ladies who wint wousers. He first got into the way of it by making them for actresses.

male parts. They talked so much about wearing them under their riding habits, and how much more comfortable they were than so many skirts, that a great many ladies who indulge in horseback riding tried them, and found them just the thing. Then they got to wearing them about the house, and now there are hundreds of pairs worn in Boston alone, and mostly by the upper ten ladies. He predicts that the age of cumbrous skirts is drawing to a close, but does not rejoice in it, as a woman is harder to please in the fit of her trousers than her dress. Similar reports come from New York and Providence.

The Modern Neurose,
An eminent doctor says that "there is hardly a lady who shines in society whose nerves are not either broken down or in a way to break down." In his opinion all civilized States are suffering from what he calls the modern neurose, but most particularly the wealthy classes, and of them the women. Our nervous system grew up, he said, in quiet, jog-trot times and were quite unprepared for the feverish excitement and racket which steam locomotion, electric telegraphy, and the great development of the press have occasioned.

New Method of Southing Children. New Method of Soothing Children.—
A learned English philanthropist has proposed to the mothers of Britain a new method of soothing children, which may, perhaps, prove to be less certain to cause death than the various forms of soothing syrup now in use. The learned philanthropist proposes to imitate certain Himalayan natives and place fretful infants in a wooder trough where a stream of cold water can trickle upon the crown of their heads and cause unconsciousness, or "induce sleep," as it may more plea-antly be expressed. Had the learned lover of infants himself been used in this humane manner, the practice of the Himalayan natives might not now be a matter of discussion.

" Dearest " and " Darling." "Dearest" and "Darling."

The deep affection that lies hidden in the "dears" and "darlings "of women is something astounding. A Van Ness avenue young lady went to pass the evening with her bosom friend, a California street young lady, the other night. The evening was rainy, and the visitor had got her feet wet in walking. There were several young gentlemen friends in the pariour as sine entered and said to her friend, "I'm afraid, dearest, I shall have to ask you to lend me a pair of your slippers—that is, if you have another pair." "Certainly, love, but do you think my slippers will fit you?" (Sly look around at the men,) "O, I think so, darling, if you put some false soles in them."

soles in them. There is small fear of overdoing a woman's collection of jewelled hairpins, as they constitute aimost the only really fashionable ornament for the hair, and may be worn on so many occasions where other jewels would be out of place. Here, also, the diamond is the favorite decention and it with better the favorite decention. be out of place. Here, also, the diamond is the favourite decoration, and it suits both brunette and blonde. A great many different forms are to be seen, among which the fleur de lis stands out so prominently just now; but the two-pronged fork is, perhaps, best adapted for the purpose, its semi-circular end, more or less enriched with brilliants, being simple and in good taste. The ball pin, encircled with diamonds at its base somewhat top-heavy, is apt to fall out and get lost. A pretty fancy, the new Japanese pin, shaped like a screen, in gold tracery enriched with enamel, on the other hand, is light and effective.

Suggestions for Husbands.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention when in company; if touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would for the Cure of STAMMERING. complishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

Her Pocket-Bock.

How amusing to notice as one walks the crowded streets how that nearly every lady carries her pocket-book in her hand. But for the weil-known fact that they generally have very little money in them, and are mainly stuffed out with receipts for cake, memoranda of articles to be gotten while shopping, bits of poetry cut from newspapers, and such trifles, valuable only to the owners, we can think of no greater temptation to the street thief than to snatch from their slender fingers the lightly held articles. Then, as though women hadn't care enough about their clothes, they generally carry a few small packages besides. It is almost a rarity to see a man go along the street with his arms fettered with bundles; it is almost an equal rarity to see a woman entirely free from them. Hence a walk usually invigorates a man and fatigues a woman. The main difference is in pockets. Every possible nook and corner of a man's suit that can be so utilized has a neat, safe, substantial pocket in it. Hefputs his watch, his money, his handkerchief, his knife, and all other little pers nal conveniences safely away in these; he has no further concern for their safety. pers nal conveniences safely away in these; he has no further concern for their safety. He is not constantly asking, "Did I lay down my purse here?" or "Have you seen my haud-kerchief?" His clothes are organized just like his work

his work. Anthony Trollope and the Clergymen. Anthony Trollope and the Clergymen.

Anthony Trollope relates this of himself:

"Two clergymen seated themselves close to him. They were reading two novels of his, and began discussing them. 'Here,' said one, 'is that Archdeacon, whom we have had in every novel he has ever written.' And here, said the otner, 'is the old duke whom he has talk-d ab ut till everybody is tired of him. If I could not invent new characters, I would not write novels at all.' Then one of them fell foul of Mrs. Proudie. It was impossible for me not to hear them words, and almost imposs ble to hear them and be queet. I got up, and standing between them, acknowledged myself to be the culprit. 'As to Mrs. Proudie,' I s.id, 'I will go home and kill her before the week is over.' And so I did."



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DAILY AND WEEKLY MAIL

AGRICUL

We will always be plea of enquiry from farmers ing agricultural interests given as soon as practica

BOGUS BI The butter question ha in New York State, and ing the subject therough that so long as people ar difference between bog enuine article, it shoul them which they consum picion, however, has been that is sold under that owner of a breakfast tab fied till his doubts are di ine, or whatever it ma be sold as such, and thu any of these spurious cor and like them, would pr they were palmed off on

THE HESSI ciation, held in Toronte Mr. Brodie, president, that is of interest to f that they will not be ple that the Hessian fly wor this year than ever before perfect condition, resemi is a little smaller. It app lays minute reddish eggs of leaves, where they ha of leaves, where they ha worms crawl down the reach the bottom of the p union of the sheath an suck the juice, and inju plant, often causing it to some six weeks it changsembling at this time as following spring it passe and afterwards to the pe second or spring attack juries of this insect are and half prostrate strav The best remedy, ge

The best remedy, ge the production of strong ture and management, fields, or those imperfunction poorly manured, are so tirely destroyed. The fit towing the grain so late reach of the autumn inslateness induces liability mat. A paper was read n scientific association in it was stated that, contr the earliest sowings of whisble to so great injur sown crops. A number sylvania made observation sults showing that earl escaped, while fields so were badly infested, anothers sown a week late

MILK AND BUT

ravages. The theory is sown wheat does not est

a better position to with

waste a deal of time in of their respective favor Some of the now note almost beyond expects ciers are not satisfied. doubt continue until largely out of pocket. Mercedes, the celeb made a wonderful re-

pense of ber life. The consequently unnatural so gorged with rich foo powers were impaired, weakened, and she fe milk fever and Holstein cows are lat naturally great digestiv qualities were not su frequent attacks made u sequently Mercedes succ The breeders or fanci

who read them don't

who read them doub forward to the time wh more of these wonder machines.

But there are other po in dairy cows as well the chief one being the d milk. Every article sho ate value to the cost of i 90 lbs of butter a mont by keeping a cow value \$4,000, and fed upon the then the butter produce command a fabulous pri owner for his outlay in measure Holsteins or they cannot but prove cows, as the enormous accorded them are pro ormous outlays. We s hereafter give not only yields, but also the cost while the test was in pr mation as this is positi tive value of dairy cow

BEES IN McC., Owen Sound-V more profitable way to outside or under? This is a subject' th vonderful regularity a bee-keepers. Some per ing them in a cellar bridge and cushion over in a cellar the hives sho from the bottom, and be well ventilated. Of on the summer stand, hives packed with sa

of real practical benefit

and cover them with a quilt. There is one upon, namely the neces kept dry and dark, and which can only be obta keeping them in a cellar A POULTR Toronto—I have just the American Poultry as a special premium to 1884, the Havana methe The paper does not coneditor. Do you know an is it a Yankee fraud? I about this method of pres

A paper-covered pam: Concord, O., under the periodically promises of unfortunate subscribers offered as a premium a tain full information ab which was a worthl mium is undoubtedly unless our readers swindled they sho Adviser and its premius a rule good papers premium business, their to allow their publicat merita. We have n Havana method of p probably a fancy name used pian. Last week recipe for the preserva-tic purposes.

In localities where the badly farmers are sore to take its place. My will do this so far as facither are as valuable