## THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

CHAPTER XXVI. - (Continued.)

of his wife's prond eyes.

"Have you told either mother or sis anything of your marriage?" she asked.

"No, not one word," he replied.

"The sooner it is done the better,"

His face brightened. This seemed som

marrying me."
"I have crowned my whole life with happiness, and I have made you my queen,"

It was hard work to resist him; but Violet

Lady Lester. She is not prejudiced. She is one of those grand, serene, calm women who

this time she did not shrink so veheme

He saw the delicate brows contract with

with her inferiors; she was a most excellent wife; she has been a most devoted mother. You will find her still a beautiful woman,

anxiously.
"I am afraid," said she, "that in everything

but hastened on.
"There is not much more to tell you. My

mother always looks like a picture just out of a frame. She has three weaknesses—rich black velvet, fine point lace, and rare

"Tell me," said Violet, thoughtfully;

"what would your mother say to or think of a woman like Mrs. Carstone?"

Lord Ryvers laughed.

"They could not live in the same hemisphere," he answered. "She would be an impossible woman to my mother."

"Would Lady Ryvers patronize her?" asked

me about your sisters."
"That will be easier," he said. "They are

not at all complex characters. My eldest sister, Lady Lester, is one of those calm, serene women, the contemplation of whom gives repose. She holds a very high position in English society, Now, Violet darling, do not draw those pretty brows. Her husband, the Earl of Lester, has a beautiful place at Drawnam and they are Liveston.

Lord Ryvers laughed.

although she is no longer young.

Because, my darling, I loved and married you. Gwendoline Marr is nothing to me; I have never cared but for one woman in my life. Now listen to me, Violet. I began life as I have told you, with this determination—not to lose my only chance of happiness, but wait until I found some one to love me for wait until I found some one to love me for myself. I found there was little notion of love in my sown circle. My eldest sister, a calm, serene woman with a beautiful face, was going to marry the Earl of Lester; and, during all the time I heard my mother discuss that marriage, I never once heard the word 'love.' She talked of settlements, of diamonds, of dress, of anything and everything but love. I determined then that, whatever else might be missing at my marriage, love at least should be there. I can safely say, Violet, that my heart was never touched even ever so faintly by any of the "And I have not done so," put in Violet, coldly. "So that I am indebted to strangers for the information as to who my husband really is." it was quite impossible to soothe her, and contradiction only made matters worse. "I formed my plans from the first hour we were married, and I should like to adhere to them married, and I should like to adhere to them. I thought of writing to my mother and sisters, telling them of my marriage, and asking them to Ryverswell to meet us. I thought, if you were willing, we would go quietly to Ryverswell, and remain there for some time. It will be a new world for you, and you will want some time to study it."

He winced under the clear, scornful gaze of his wile's proper eyes. safely say, violes, that my heart was hever touched even ever so faintly by any of the beautiful or graceful girls I met in society. I liked Gwendoline Marr—she was a great friend of my sister's—and my mother liked her.

As for love, my heart and soul were sleeping when I met you. I had always been very much when I met you. I had always been very much attached to my favourite art—painting. I must tell you also that having been so many years under my mother's influence and training, I perhaps stood a little more in awe of her than most young men do of their mothers. I told her the one great desire of my heart, which was, before I entered on my life-long duties as heir to a large fortune and control of the control estate, to spend one year on a sketching tour, to go where I liked without any ceremony, to to go where I liked without any ceremony, to stay wherever picturesque scenery attracted me, to have in fact, a complete and perfect holiday. My mother did not like the idea at all; she declared that she had a foreboding that it would result in no good; but my sister, the Countess of Lester, persuaded her to accede to my request. Was it fate that brought me to St. Byno's, to find that my wife was waiting for me there? I had no thought of at first deceiving you, as you chose to termit, Violet. True, I thought to myself that I would woo and win you as a poor man. Then you told me about your strange training, how your aunt had inculcated in you a hatred of the aristocracy. I used to wonder when I heard those beautiful lips nutering such words. It was then I sun-

used to wonder when I heard those heautiful lips natering such words. It was then I sunned against you, if sin it can be called. Would to Heaven there were no worse! When I asked you one day if you would marry an aristocrat, you answered, 'No.' you would rather die. Then what was I to do? I could not endure the thought. I knew my mind that there would be no great harm in my keeping the secret of my position from you. I thought, as you grew older and wiser, as you saw more of the world, you would change your views for others more just. In that I sinned against you; in no other way. Since we have been married I have frequently have details we than the treatment. longed to tell you the truth; but you have been bitter in your prejudices. See even how you have liked these Carstones and glorified them because they are 'self-made'! Now do you think, after all, that I have acted so

"My opinion of what you have done," she said, "remains unchanged."
"Then you are a cold-hearted, cruel woman, Violet!" he cried. "How are man, Violet! he cried. "How can you be so fair and so cold? I humble myself. I ackn wiedge that I ought to have told you the truth. I did wrong, yet it seemed to me right at the time. That wrong I ask you to

the wiedge that I ought to have told you the truth. I did wrong, yet it seemed to me right at the time. That wrong I ask you to forgive me."

He socked so handsome, so imploring that most women would have been glad to forgive him then and there. A world of love shone in his face; his eyes were filled with a tender light. Perhaps he pleaded too much; perhaps if had seemed a little less anxious, his proud beautiful wife would have yielded. As it was, in proportion as he grew more desperate she hardened her heart against him.

He saw the delicate brows contract with a frown; still she must hear.

"I my mother, Violet," he continued, "are concentrated all the prides you most dislike—pride for the sake of eloquence or pleading; I mean honestigranded grace; there is a certain granded grace; there is a certain granded grace; there is a certain the world if you will forgive me and remain of the world; she rejoices in splendour, and all words. She knew that he meant it. She began to realize what a grand love this was, a grand, condescending fashion of dealing.

"Violet" said Lord Ryvers, "you make me no answer. I will not believe that any woman can be so cruel as to re use to forgive a sin—if you call it a sin—committed entirely for love of her."
"I have told you that I forgive it; but

"That is fancy, and a very cruel fancy," he reblied. "Why, Vio et, how unlike you are to other girls! Most of them would be well

pleased to be Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell. "That is not my name," she cried, angrily. I am Mrs. Rando ph." "You are not Mrs. Randolph," he said with a smile. "You are the young, beautiful, and beloved Lady Ryvers of Ryverswell.

to his cause as those.
"If you have anything more to say," cried Violet, "If you wish me to listen, do not call me by that name again. It is hateful to

"Hatein! Yet I have given it to you.
Oh, Vielet, be more just, be less crue!"
"You cheated me into taking it," she rephed. "If anyone lives who treats all titles with contempt, it is I. You think so much of a title; it is but an empty word."
"Nay" he interrupted, "it brings honour with it."

"I do not think so. The title of king did not save Charles from the scaffold; the title of Queen did not save Marie-Antoinette's head from the block. A title does not make

a man honest, loyal, or true; on the contrary, it is often a license for a bad life.

"You are too bitter, Violet," he said.
"Where can a girl so young and fair as you have formed these ideas? It seems incredible They are mine, and I cherish them : they

are part of myself. I would not be called Lady Ryvers for anything in the wide

"You are very hard and bitter in your prejudices," he said; and, as he looked at her, so cold, so proud, he wondered if he has been mistaken in his estimate of her character, if mistaken in his estimate of her character, if she were less gentle, less amiable, less loving of heart than he had thought. "I do not know my wife," he went on, sorrowfully. "This beautiful woman who will not let me hold her in my arms, who turns her hewd from me and will not let the light of her eyes fall on me, is not my bright, loving Violet; this proud, cold woman whose lips will not utter one loving word of forgiveness is not surely the girl I learnt to love in the woods of St. Byno's! Oh, Violet, speak to me!"

"I do not recognize my husband either," she said; "I married an honest artist."

"And you find an equally honest noble-

"And you find an equally honest noble-"I loved the artist; I do not love the nobleman," she declared, hastily.
"I must suomit to the inevitable," he said.
"I wooed and won you as an artist; now I must begin to woo you in my true character—and I have some hope that I shall win. Vio-

leave me."
"I shall never again be happy with you," she
said, slowly, "I would rather, much rather,
go back to my Aunt Alice at St. Byno's," "It would be of no use," he remarked. "I should follow you and I should pitch my camp in the garden there, and not go away until I had won you a second time. On, beautiful Vallet, do you not see that Heaven has made

Heaven did not make you for me," she bined. "To think that I, who have been and of my position all my life, should be traded into a fine lady!" is smiled at her words; he could not

family, I should say it would be with your sister Monica."

"She is bright and pretty with the prettiness of youth. She is nothing like Lady Lester or my mother."

"You have no brother?" said Violet.

"I wish I had an elder brother," he replied; "Then I should be without any of those prefixes you dislike so much. You would not object so utterly to me if I were a poor younger son—would you, Violet?"

"I cannot tell," she answered; "it seems to me that would be foad enough."

Lord Ryvers looked at her.

"Now that you know more of those belonging to me, now that you et and more face to tace with my life, Violet will you say that you forgive me? I cannot say more than this, that from my very heart I am sorry, and that, if I knew what to say to appease you, I would say it, if I knew what to do I would do it."

But Violet was looking from him over the wall it metals. "I meant to tell you," he said. "I knew that I must teil you before I took you home. I have deferred the evil day, hoping always that you would grow less bitter in your But Violet was looking from him over he sunlit waters, and the words of pardon vere yet unapoken.

CHAPTER XXVIL "I cannot give you an answer at once," said Violet to her husband; "but I will think the matter over. One thing I will promise—I will not go away without telling you my

And to Lord Ryvers that seemed something gained.
"Violet," he said, "I want you to listen to me just two minutes longer. I have that to say to you which will prove my sincerity. You do not like the kind of life that lies before

"No; candidly speaking, I do not," she

"No; candidly speaking, I do not," she replied.

"You will not like to be called Lady Ryvers, nor to be mistress of Ryversdale, nor to be the wife of a rich man—you care for none of these things, do you?"

"No," she replied; "I do not."

"Then, Violet, to win your forgiveness and to make you happy," he said, "I will give up everything in the world tor you. I will let lands, title, and money lie in abeyande. I will paint, and we will live on the money that painting brings. I will give up everything for you, and never remember that I am anything but an artist. The money and the lands, title, and everything else may go—go to the next of kin, a little fellow now at Eton; all that I want is you."

The romantic generosity of those words thing like a concession. "I will write this very day," he said quickly. "Even then it will be a year too late," re-"Even then it will be a year too late," remarked Violet. She would not give him the least advantage. "Then none of your relatives or friends know anything of your marriage or of me," she added. "I may safely understand that?"

"Yes; but the shall soon all know you," he declared. "I shall be proud—"

"Never mind," she atterrupted; "I shall not be proud. Of course they will all hate me. I am poor, I am nobedy, and you are a wealthy baron. You have done about the worst thing you could do for yourself in marrying me."

The romantic generosity of those words outled her. She looked at him with the irst sign of softening that he had seen in her eyes.
"Do you mean that?" she asked. "Will ou really give up everything for me?"
"I will," he said. "Oh Violet, have you

was proud, and she had a little more than her natural share of obstinacy.

"Have you thought," she asked, "what your mother and sisters will think of me?"

"No, I have thought of nothing but you," he replied: "I have not had room in my heart for savone also."

"I will," he said. "Oh Violet, have you to learn now that you are the dearest thing in hife to me?"

"You will give up everything—you will remain abroad, give up all, and work hard at your pictures?" she asked.

"I will do it unnesstatingly for you." he replied. "I would not make the sacrifice for anyone else; but I will for you. I must say myself that I love my name, that I am proud of my race, that I have always been proud of my beautiful place Ryversiale, but nothing that I have o hold is to be compared with my love for you."

"And for me you are content to give up all that your soul holds most dear?"

"To keep you, most certainly," he answered. "I love you above and before everything in this wide world. Of what use would it be to me if I were king of the whole universe and had not you?"

"You have a great love for me." she said. "No, I have thought or nothing but you," he replied; "I have not had room in my heart for anyone else."

"Tell me all about them," she said, more gently. "I suppose they are quite as prejudiced in their way as I am in mine?"

"Yes, I think so., Not all, though—not lady Lester. She is not recipiled. She is have no prejudices."
"Tell me all about them," she said; and this time she did not shrink so vehemently from his caressing hand.

"I will begin with my mother," he said; "and I will sketch really faithful portraits for you, My mother," he continued, "is essentially a proud, dignified, stately woman. The one great prude of her life is that she was born an Alton—the Altons, I may tell you, are one of the very oldest families in England."

"You have a great love for me," she said, oughtfully. "You ought to know it by this time," he said, earnestly. "I can give you no greater proof of my love than this—that I am willing to die to everything else but you."
"It would be a noble sacrifice," she said, musingly. "It would prove a noble love. What if I take you at your word, Randolph?"

If it had stooped to artifice once, it rose to grandeur now. He was periectly sincere; but she could not exact such a promise from him, she could not permit such a scritice. He had touched her at last. He saw that her face had sortened, her eyes had brightened, "No," she said, slowly; you shall not make so great a sacrifice for me. That you are ready to do it is enough: I want no more. You are willing to make a sacrifice for me; I will make one for you."

"My darning!" he cried enraptured at the very idea.

"Do not be too sanguine," she said. I am

"She has lived principally at Rvverswell," he went on. "Ryverswell is the home of ourrace. My father died when I was quite young, and I was for many years what is called a minor; my mother was a kind of queen-regent. She lived at the castle—Ryverswell is a castle; and she managed everything all the actatas and their managed "Do not be too sanguine," she said. I am not at all sure that the arrangement will succeed. Indeed if I know myself it will not. I begin to see my way more clearly. You are willing to give up everything in the world for me; I will give up—not my prejudices, I could not part with them, but I will give up my indulgence in them, for your sake. I will try to share your life. But," she added, naively, "I am quite sure I shall not like it."
"Will you give it a trial," he asked, eagerly. Ryverswell is a castle; and she managed everything, all the estates, and their revenues. She has a wonderful talent for government and administration. She has an estate of her own, called Alton Hall, and during the last year she has lived almost entirely there. My mother is one of those who go to Court regularly. She would not miss a Drawing room on any consideration, and she is, I believe, a great favourite with the Queen."

Again the delicate brows were daintily arched. Lora Ryvers did not pause to chide, but hastened on.

eagerly.
"Yes, I will," she answered him.
"A fair, honest trial, Violet, in which you will endure patiently all that you dislike

most?"
"I will," she repeated.
"I thank you. Lady Ryvers," he said,
"from this moment you shall be known by
your right name. After all, it will be a relief; your right hame. After all, it will dear relief;
I hate concealment. I shall write to my
mother this very day, and tell her we that we
shall be at Ryverswell—when shall we say?"
"When you like" she replied, with a
little shrinking, which, in his eager delight,
he did not notice.

he did not notice.

"Shall you mind if we set out to-morrow?"
he asked. "I shall not like staying here
after this; it would be very uncomfortable
meeting the people who are stopping here."
"I am ready to go at any moment you may
wish, "she replied—"to-day, to-morrow, when
you will "

Violet. ''No, I think not, She would not tolerate ber. My mother is the very ideal of well-bred, dainty refinement."
"I should like Mrs. Carstone best," said She felt conscious that, having an ordeal to face, the scoper she faced it the better.

"Then we will start for England to-morthradictory Violet.
"I care little whom you like, if you will "I care little whom you like, if you will only love me."
"And your mother, being what she is," said Vio et. "no d ubt wished you to marry someone like herself."
The simple hearted young man fell into the neat little trap laid for him.
"My mother wished me to marry Gwendoline Marr," he said.
"That will make it doubly unpleasant for me." said Violet, "if ever I should know her. Now I have a far idea of your mother, tell me about your sisters."

"Then we will start for England to-morrow. We must delay a day or two in Paris to buy a few things for my mother and sisters."

"Randolph," she said, gravely, "I have told you all that has been said about us. No one can prevent the comments of people; but they can easily be corrected."

He interrupted her hastily.

"You are thinking of the Carstones," he said. "I will make that right. We shall see them on the terrace this evening. Now, Violet, tell me how I am to thank you."

"You have nothing to thank me for yet," she said. "I have only promised to try."

"That means so much, coming from you," he whispered, lovingly. "Oh, Violet, I am so glad you know the truth at last! My deception has lain long and heavily on my mind."

"Do not be too sanguine," she said. "I

mind."
"Do not be too sanguine," she said. "I shall do my best; but I am afraid that the new life will not suit me, nor the people I shall meet. I am proud and sensitive; they will be proud and oxclusive."
"I would love anyone for your sake," he remarked. "You must try to love my people because they are mine. Will you darling?" I will try," she replied.

the Earl of Lester, has a beautiful place at Draynham, and they are, I suppose, very happy. Lady Lester has great influence over my mother. She as like her in feature; they are both handsome women. Lady Lester is very much admired, and very popular. She always seems far above the world, above all common ways. Her eyes are grand, calm and serene,; her voice is low, and very sweet."

"Shall I be the proper kind of sister-in-law for one of so exacted a nature?" she asked.

He detected the irony in her voice, and coloured faintly. He knew that he had done wrong in speaking of his sister in flattering terms.

ple because they are mine. Will you darling?"

"I will try," she replied.

"And you quite forgive me?"

"Yes," she answered; "I forgive you because you are so nobly generous; I cannot help it. But—well i will say no more than this—I wish it had been oth-rwise."

He felt chilled, after all his lavish love and passionate earnestness. Those seemed cool words. Her manner, too, was cold—not what he had hoped it would be after his ful explanation. He said to himself, with a deep sigh, that he would give her time. Of course the disclosure had been a shock to her; but she would get over that, and all would be well. He had not been prepared to find her so cold, so proud and obstinate; he had always thought her so gentle on every point except one.

They talked for a long time. He talk her terms.

"Is see proud, this Lady Lester?" asked Violet, suddenly,
"No; she is too serene to be either proud or vain," said Lord Ryvers. "Monica is my youngest sister. I do not know her so well; her character is hardly formed. My mother finds fault with her because she is neither an Alton aor a Ryvers—that is, she does not resemble either side of the family. Another thing my mother complains of in her is want of what she calls proper pride."

"I shall like her." said Violet. "I like your last sketch best of all. If it would be possible for me to make a friend in your last sketch and all about Ryversdale, about its beautiful

pleased with it."

But there was no answering enthusiasm on her face. Then he thought that perhaps the wisest thing would be to say nothing about his home or himself in any way; so he talked about other things. Yet it was evident, from the observations she made, that her thoughts still dwelt on the discovery.

The same evening Lord Ryvers saw the Carstone family on the terrace, and knew that the time had arrived when he must disclose who he was.

flose who he was.

"Violet," he said, "come with me. We will face the foe to ether."

"What foe?" she asked.

"The Carstones. Come with me, and let me introduce you by your proper name and title."

utiful face flushed proudly; but she

mion, more dignified in bearing than this young lord, as he walked with his wife down the terrace?

There was embarrassment and confusion on the faces of the Carstones as he came up to the little group. Never did "blood" and "race" show more than in that little scene.

Lord Ryvers bowed as he took his wife's hand in his own.

"I have brought an old friend," he said "to introduce by a new hame—my wife;" and he laid great stress on the word. "My wife tells me that you have discovered a secret that I very much wished to keep for a short time longer. That being the case, allow me to reintroduce myself and Lady Ryvers."

Mrs. Carstone's face beamed with good nature and awa. It was all really true then, and this beautiful simple girl was Lady Ryvers. Richard Carstone looked bewildered; he knew neither what to say nor what to think. The case was quite out of his experience. He did not know whether he ought to congratulate, praise, or blame; therefore, he like a wise man, remained perfectly silent; while Oscar frowned.

"You have been so very kind to Lady Ryvers," continued the young lord, addressing himself pointedly this time to Mrs. Carstone, "that I feel a few words of explanation are due to you. As to any insolent conjectures about my marriage, they are beneath my contempt, and I treat them so by passing them by. The dear and honoured lady who gave me her love is my wife as much as the laws of God and man could make her so. The explanation of my secret is very simple. I am sorry to say that Lady Ryvers had, a strong prejudice against my class. It was not her fault, but the fault of a false training; and the prejudice was so strong, Mrs. Carstone, that, if she had known I moved in a high circle, she would not have married me. So I wooed her as a poor artist, and—Heaven bless her!—she loved me for myself and married me. Do you not think I was a very fortunate man? We should have had a few more months in this charming solitude, but for the ball and the visit of my friend Forest-Hav." more months in this charming solitude, but for the ball and the visit of my friend Forest-

I think you are a most fortunate man, lord," said the kindly lady; but neither of my tord, said the kindly lady; but neither of the gentlemen spoke.

"Now that the discovery is made," continued Lord Ryvers, "I shall lose no time in taking my wife home to England. I kept my marriage a secret a short time in deference to her prejudices; but now that the secret is no longer my own, I shall take her to my mother at once."

"Quite right, my lord," said Mrs. Car-She owned afterwards that he looked so

"I wish you much happiness, my lord," said Richard Caratone, quite unconscious that his words sounded somewhat satirically. He did not know what else to say.

"Thank you," said Lord Ryvers, holding out his hand.

The frown on Oncore three deepened.

Others might believe what they liked; he would believe what ac chose.

"We leave here to-morrow," said Lord Ryvers. "Perhaps Lady Ryvers will like to spend an hour or two with you this evening."

He said that to show his you this evening."

as to any remarks they might make. Mrs. Carstone eagerly eaught Violet's hand,
"It will be a great pleasure to me," she aid, earnestly.

And Lord Ryvers went away, leaving them On the morrow they started for home, sta

On the morrow they started for home, staying two days in Paris, where, in his wife's name. Lord Ryvers bought presents innumerable for his mother and sisters; and then they started for Ryverswell.

It was the beginning of a new life, in which Violet, Lady Ryvers, mistress of many a broad acre and much wealth, was to find out how long, sharp, and pain in were the thorns hidden by the orange blos oms. CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ryversdale was the delight of artists. It was one of the most ancient of the many ancient houses to be found in England. It stood in the prettiest part of Kent, where from the summit of the well wooded nills one caught agiimpse of the sea. It was an abbey once upon a time, said to have been founded in the earlier days of the Anglo-Saxons. There was little trace of the old abbey to be found now, and the grey friars who ewned it had been hundreds of years at rest. But every now and then in the grounds one came across a ruined arch, the trace of a wall covered with thick ivy, the remains of an ancient crypt, the delicate tracery of a closter, the outline of a grand old church. There was one especially beautiful ruin that each inhabitant of Ryversdale had done his best to preserve; it was the broken arch of what had once been the great eastern window. Ryversdale was the delight of artists. It was shadowed now by many trees. Statelyoaks stood near, and fragrant limes touched it with their drooping boughs. It was so thickly covered with ivy that the old grey stone could

stood near, and fragrant limes touched it with their drooping boughs. It was so thickly covered with ivy that the old grey stonecould not be seen.

The riverses were a grand, courageous race; but as time passed in the spirit of the times changed and they changed with it. Then the family grew less, their power and influence decreased; they were less known, less famous, until in this the nineteenth century they were in longer conspicuous for anything except the antiquity of their race.

Yet it was smething to be a Ryvers. When the late Lord Ryvers went wooing the stately heiress of the Altons, some said that with her beauty and her money she might do better. But sinesaid "No;" there were men in England of higher position and greater weaith, but none of more ancient or noble lineage, and that was what she valued most. It verswell hid been named partly from the river that ran through is to the sea, and partly from the bld well called St. Michael's Well which at one time had been almost a shrine in its way. It was the most curious of all old wells, lying deep and dark in a huge cave, fed by a subterranean current of water that was always fresh and always clear. The castle was worthy of the grounds. It had been used for almost every purpose. It had been fortified in time of war; it had been the dower house of a queen; it had once been the refuge of a disclowned king; now it was the peaceful home of a peaceful race, and a very beautiful home too. No, element of the quaint or picturesque was wanting; battlemented towers and tail turrets, the rich carvings, the great oriel windows, the grand sweep of the arthes, the beauty of the white terraces, all make up a picture that, once seen, was never forgotten. The interior was equally beautiful. The rooms were light large, and lofty, superbly iurnished with treasures of art collected by many generations. Ryversdale wa one of those grand and luxurious homes not to be found out of England, and thoroughly appreciated by its owners.

One morning at the coons. The great drawing ro

nothing marred that magnificent harmony. The ceiling was superbly painted; the walls were pan-led in white and gold; the pictures were the finest works of modern art; while statues stood on golden pedestals. The carpet was of white velvet pile, the furniture was covered in white velvet, and the hangings were of rich white velvet, embroidered with gold. The works of arts were treasures brought from every land; but perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most beautiful feature, was the quantity of choice and fragrant hothouse flowers standing in the jardinières. The dowager Lady Ryvers was accustomed to say that the love and culture of flowers was a sure sign of a refined mind. It was characteristic of her that, wherever

of flowers was a sure sign of a refined mind. It was characteristic of her that, wherever she went and wherever she lived, she was surrounded by flowers.

There was no smile on her ladyship's face this morning. The October sun shene on the white terraces, the ight flashed on the river, there was a pleasant musical sound from a small fountain: the rich odour of white hyac nths filled the room, and the cheerful light of the fire added a rich glow of warmth; yet not one of these comforts, luxuries, or yet not one of these comforts, luxuries, or beauties, brought a smile to her ladyship's

Her heart was troubled within her. Yester-Her heart was troubled within her. Yesterday her fair heughty face had hardly a line upon it; to-day there were several. The greatest sorrow of her life had befallen her, and she knew not how to meet it. Yesterday she was the proudest mother in England, to-day the haughty head was bent low. Yesterday she spoke of her son with pride, to-day she spoke of her son with pride, to-day she would not whisper his name even to herself. Yesterday she had looked with serene eyes on the pictured faces that graced the old walls, the faces of the Ladies Ryvers long since dead; to-day the pictured eyes seemed to mock her. Yesterday she could have declared that in her whole life she had known no cloud; to-day it seemed to her as though the darkness of her grief and the shadow of shame would never pass away. Only this morning she had received a letter from the son she idolized, the son on whom all her hopes had been fixed, telling her that he was married, that he had been married a whole year, and that he was bringing his wife home to Ryveredale, where he begged his mother and sister to meet them. He added that his wife Violet was the daughter of a doctor, a simple beautiful girl, without fortune, but with the grace and loveliness of a queen.

Lady Ryvers was in London with her daughter Monica when she received the letter. She read it, and sat for some time in a stupor of pain and wonder. The marriage of her daughters had been a matter of great mo-

ter. She read it, and sat for some time in a stupor of pain and wonder. The marriage of her daughters had been a matter of great moment to her; the marriage of her son was of far greater importance. It was the pivot on which all her life was to turn. She could not believe or realize what she read. Randolph had always been the most obedient and devoted of sons to her. They had agreed on every subject except one—that was his devotion to art. The choice and the purchase of pictures was right enough; but, according to her ladyship's creed, the painting of them was another thing. She would far ratner that her son had employed his time in any other fashion; still she was patient, because it was the only fault she had to find with him. And now he had taken the most important step in the only fault she had to find with him. And now he had taken the most important step in life without consulting her; he had married without even asking her approval of his choice, and she felt justly aggrieved. When she had read the letter through again she rang the bell.

"Tell Miss Ryvers that I wish to see her,"

she said to the servant who answered it.

A few minutes afterwards Monica Ryvers

"Monica," said Lady Ryvers, "read that It has broken my heart." Monica took the letter from her mother's and. She read it carefully, and then looked with wondering eyes into her mother's face.

"Randolph married, mamma! What a strange thing that he never wrote to tell you of his intention! And he has married a

stranger!"

stranger!"

"It has broken my heart," repeated Lady Ryvers. "To think that he should have chosen the daughter or a country doctor, and he might have married Gwendoline Marr! I shall never face the world again, Monica." If she had heard that her only son had committed a forgery or a murder. Lady Ryvers could not have been more affected. "A penniless, nameless stranger," she said—"and he

less, nameless stranger," she said—"and he my only son! He has spoiled his life; he has indeed, Mouica."

"Mamma," said the girl, "I have never seen tears in your eyes before; that distresses me more than Randolph's marriage."

"He was so gifted. He had a larger fortune and brighter prospects than a record.

"He was so gifted. He had a larger fortune and brighter prospects than any young
man I know; handsome, gifted, herr to a
grand old name and a grand old estate, yet
he has spoiled his life by marrying a doctor's
daughter, My dear Monica, words fail me."

"Dear mamma, she may not be so hopelessly bad if she is very beautiful."

"Hush!" said Lady Ryvers, with an imperious gesture. "I must bear my troubles
as the Ryverses of old bore their reverses on
the battlefield. The world is my battlefield. This is my first great defeat;
I must bear it. But do not offer me any weak
words of consolati n; for a sorrow like mine
there, are none. My only son, my only
son!"

"You should have received this letter two days since," mamma, said Monica. "It has been sent here from Mount Avon. To-day is "Then we must go by the first train this morning. Send a telegram to Diaynham, asking Marguerite to meet us. Do not tell her what is wrong; it might distress her."

Monica smiled at the thought. She had

monica smiled at the thought. She had never seen that serenely calm sister of hers distressed in her life.

So it was a ranged that Lady Ryvers and her daughter should travel to Ryverswell that same day.
"We shall be in plenty time to meet them, "We shall be in plenty time to meet them, said Lady Ryvers, with the calm of despair, "If they are coming from Paris, as I understand from Randolph's letter, they cannot reach Ryverswell to-night. I am not a woman given to emotion", she added; "but I cannot realize that I am going to see my son's

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Soid only in Packets and Tins (\(\frac{1}{2}\) b and (b) by Grocers, labelled—"James Errs & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

A Jacktown lady, who tends store for he

A Jacktown lady, who tends store for her husband when he goes out on speculating tours, joined church recently, and is now not only a rabid temperance woman, but thinks tobacco is as ad as whisky. When the young men come in to buy a plug she earnestly beseeches them to quit the vile practice of chewing. If they will not she takes the money and tells them to get the tobacco themselves, as she will not touch it, much less hand it to anyone.

Said a German priest to a brother passenger of a worldly turn, as they gazed a ross the water at nothing in particular: "What! You can't read? Then you've lost a quarter of your life. Can't you count, either? Well, that's another quarter of your existence wasted. And you can't write? Well, you may settle it that a good three-quarters of your life has—" Just then came a crash, a rush of steam, and as the vessel sank the two found themselves struggling in the water. "Say, you," said the ignorant one, "have you learned to swim?" "No! no! alas, no!" was the gurgling response. "Well, then, I guess you're in a fair way to lose the whole of your life," said the worldling, as he struck into a magnificent overhand stroke and headed for the life raft.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM

"Where I Love, I Love Forever." She was a bithesome mail who sang, Close by the cottage window sitting; Sweet and clear were the notes that rang Out on the air where the birds were filted Merrily, merrily, sang the birds.

But none could exactly guess their words, While the maid so clever, And blushing never, Sang, "Where I love, I love forever."

He was a youth just passing by.

While the maid was singing, ch, so sweetly
Who to the garden gate drew nigh
And listened there, entranced completely;
For the sound of a voice so sweet and clear
Was rapturous music to his ear,
And he said, "Ah, never
Would I wish to sever
From one who loves, and loves forever!"

The maiden smiled on her lover's suit,
When at her feet he made confession;
Her eyes were bright, but her voice was mute
When she gave her heart into his possession
But now together their lives are set,
They sing in unison this duett;—
"We'll dissever
Never—never!
For where we love, we love forever!"

Fashion Notes Feather fans are the most fashi High collars and high coiffures are all "Isard," an ashes-of-rose, or pinkish be

Red veils are very becoming to ladies with light hair. Berthas of fine, small flowers are worn with Lace dresses, both black and white, will

Tailor-made costumes have hats to match trimmed with leather.

Costumes with motif decorations are the latest Parisian novelty.

Brocaded linens to be made up with the plain are in all colours. Embroidered Swiss muslin dr to be the favourite this summer. Feather trimming of brilliant colours

seen on the most expensive dresses. Small bonnets are already shown, trimm with plain and embroidered white mull. Filagree silver lace pins made to represent a few daisies tied together are very pretty.

The small bright red bonnets are called the "Diavolo" in Paris, and are a great suc-

Some steel-coloured straw hats have pins with fancy steel heads stuck in them at short

The very latest Paris tint for ho greyish green and the pretty light shad Puffs or wristlets of ribbon, velvet, and lace, with jet buckles and ornaments, coming in vogue.

New silk stockings come in ribbed, vertical striped and checked effects in colours to match the new goods. Some white and black ottoman silk is brocaded with velvet birds of the natural size

Gold lace, made of fourteen-carat gold, is used for making and trimming of bonnets. This is a Paris novelty.

A practy white lace bonnet is bordered with large pearls and trimmed entirely with white marabout aigrette and feathers. Necklets of roses, forget-me-nots, or pasies linked together are in great favour full dinner, reception, and ball dress.

Women don't believe in female suffrage. They so hate to suffer age that they always call themselves about ten years younger than they really are.

The census of Boston shows 18,000 more women than men. The name "Hub" evidently is the father of the wish of the majority Mrs. Hannah Simon, of Newark, wal-

ten minutes at the celebration of her ninety-seventh birthday. That is what is the mat-ter with Hannah. A boarding house mistress of this city, If you may follow the lady or come and ing asked to explain what a mo

replied that it was a boarder who eats on both sides of his bread. Cora F. Mitch-Il, a Boston book agent, has received from Mark Twain's business mana-ger \$500 as a reward for the sale of 2,112 of "Life on the Months."

She—I am fond of poetry. He—Are you indeed? So am I. Do you like Burns? She—No, indeed, they are so distressing. Bu then I am not troubled much with them, and ma does all the cooking.

A Chicago physician has published statistics showing that blondes are generally more ad-mired by poets and painters, while brunettes are married mostly to men in other vocations. This being the case, it is money in a girl's pocket to be born a brunette. A woman should make herself the centre of

A woman should make nersell the centre of attraction in her home, and nothing is to be despised that will add grace and beauty to her appearance; and in these days when the cheapest calico is a marvel of delicate colouring and artistic design, it is in the power of the colouring and artistic design, it is in the power of the colouring and artistic design, it is in the power of the colouring and artistic design, it is in the power of the colouring and artistic design, it is in the power of the colouring and artistic design. every woman to make at least a neat and tasteful appearance. Hereafter Massachusetts wife beaters are to be flogged. Just think what an advantage

The Empress of Austria is getting on

The Empress of Austria is getting on in years, but she is still pronounced to be the most beautiful of the royal women of Europe. She is proud of her hair, which is bountifully abundant, and of her waist, which is girlishly slender; and she maintains her fresh, clear complexion by going to bed betimes and getting up early, and by spending hours every day on horseback.

He is a young doctor and she is a Vassar graduate. Last Thursday evening he said to her: "Do you know, dear, I have a heart affection for you?" "Have you had it long?" she coyly inquired. "Oh, yes; I feel that I will have troubled life without you." he fervently responded. "Then you had better asthma," she softly murmured. Then be sugged her so hard he had to reset her collar bone.

To those of our lady readers who are troubled with unsightly freckles upon the face a remedy is near at hand. It is an old established tradition that if on the morning of May lat a person arises from his bed and succeed in washing the face with the morning dew from the grass the freekles will entirely disappear. The journey to the grass plot from the bed must be made without speaking a word to anyone. a word to anyone.

The world is full of incongruities. There

The world is full of incongruities. There is, for instance, the big bearded man with a voice like the Bull of Basnan. He comes before the audience and sings "I Fear No Foe" in bravura style, and in a way that drops bits of plaster from the ceiling. And in two hours thereafter that man will be walking upstairs in his stocking feet lest he wake a 110-pound wife. And next morning he gets up meekly and kindles three fires.

Philadelphia Progress says:—Most any girl who is frank will tell you yes, that most girls do swear upon occasions. Their swearing is not shocking, except as all swearing is shocking, and that any bad done by the weaker sex is worse than it done by ours. Girls swear as they smoke eigarettes, when nobody is about, and because they think it does them good. They keep their swearing as a secret gratification, for no one is better eatisfied than themselves how badly the habit would fit them. The swearing of girls, such as it is, is a mere declaration of power and independence; we can swear if we choose, and we will swear when we want to. But they are careful, very careful, as to when and where. No girl ever swears when real angry. Then she cries. Swearing is a weapon she does not know how to use. Her swearing means nothing. It

never even goes up as high as the big D. It is all small, very small d's, and a combination of genuine oaths so mixed that all their vigour is gone.

Woman's Weight. We had a letter recently asking how heavy a woman should be in proportion to her length. Of course a young girl may becomingly be thinner than a matron, but we think that we have been about right in making up

Exercise as a Remedy for the Nervous.

"When I reflect on the immunity of hardworking people from the effects of wrong and over feeding," says Dr. Boerhaave, "I cannot help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured mechanically instead of chemically, by climbing a bitterwood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves." For male patients, gardening, in all its branches, is about as fashionable as the said diseases, and no liberal man would shrink from the expense of a board fence, if it would induce his drug-poisoned wife to try h r hand at turf spading, or, as a last resort, at hoeing, or even a bit of wheelbarrow work. Lawn tennis will not answer the occasion. There is no need of going to extremes and exhausting the little remaining attength of the patient, but without a certain amount of fatigue the specific fails to operate, and experience will show that labour with a practical purpose—gardening, boat-rowing, or amateur carpentering—enables people to beguile themselves into a far greater amount of hard work than the drill-master of a gymnasium could get them to undergo. Besides the potential energy that turns hardships into play-work, athletes have the further advantage of a greater disease-resisting capacity. Their constitution does not yield to every trifing accident: their nerves can stand the wear and tear of ordinary excitements; a little Exercise as a Remedy for the Nervous. accident; their nerves can stand the wear

constitution does not yield to every trifling accident; their nerves can stand the wear and tear of ordinary excitements; a little change in the weather does not disturb their sleep; they can digest more than other people. Any kind of exercise that tends to strengthen—not a special set of muscles, but the muscular system in general—has a proportionate influence on the geveral vigour of the nervous organism, and thereby on its pathological power of resistance.

For mervous children my first prescription would be the open woods and a merry playmate; for the chlorotic affections of their elder comrades, some diverting, but withal fatiguing, form of manual labour. In the minds of too many parents there is a vague notion that rough work brutalizes the character. The truth is that it regulates its defects; it calms the temper; it affords an outlet to things that would otherwise vent themselves in fretfulness and ugly passions. Most school teachers know that city children are more fidgety, more irritable and mischievous than their village comrades; and the most placed females of the genus home are found among the well fed but had required. placed females of the genus homo are found among the well-fed but hard-working house

wives of German Pennsylvania The Language of Gloves A new way has been found of chatting and

A new way has been found of chatting and flirting without saying a word, and at any distance you like, in the Pans theatres. It is by means of gloves. We all know the book called "The language of flowers;" we possess now "The language of gloves," and I assure you it is the most easy and perfect language ever invented by men—or ladies—as it can be used even under the eye of a jealous Othello, or under the watch of an old foreign governess. Twill try and show you a few

Othello, or under the watch of an old foreign governess. I will try and show you a few "words" of the language:

"Yes," is said by dropping one glove from the right hand into the left one.

"No" by rolling both gloves in the right hand.

If you want to say you have become rather indifferent, you take the right hand glove half

her a visit, she shifted to be with you, the glove.

"I should so much like to be with you, dear," is said by smoothing and polishing alowly and nicely both gloves.

If you wish to ask if you are still loved, you put on, finger by finger, half the left-hand

you put on, finger by finger, half the left-hand glove.

To say the threadbare, old, and yet ever new, "I love thee," you let both gloves fall, all on a sudden and together, from the right hand to the left one.

To show people "he" or "that foppish old governor" is watching you, you twist delicately the glove fingers round your thumb.

If you are in a quarreling mood, you make a neat and long cross with both gloves, and lay it on your lap.

And so on. The "Patent Glove Language" is infinite in its words, and varies according to the people who practice it.

A Baby at the Masthead.

Not long ago an English lady took passage on a vessel bound from Kingston, Jamaeia to London. A large, strong and active monkey on board the vessel took a fancy to the lady's child, a babe about two months old. The monkey would follow the lady from place to place, watching her as she rocked and fondled to be flogged. Just think what an advant ge this gives a wife in that State. When she wants a silk dress or a new bonnet all she'll have to do is to threaten to blacken one of her eyes and deciare that her husband did it. Of course he'll have to come down with the cash or take a whipping.

place, watching her as she rocked and tonded her little one. It so happened on a beautiful afternoon during the voyage that a distant sail attracted the attention of the passengers. The polite captain offered the lady the use of his glass. She placed her child on the sofa and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the monkey reached the top of the mainmast. The captain was at his wit's end. He f ared that if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the babe, and escape by leaping from mast to mast. Meanwhile the monkey was seen to be soothing and fondling the child. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the cap am ordered the men below, and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the child to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.

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AGRICUL

ARTIFICIAL 1 SODA SPRINGS—Pleas poultry can be a prof method of artificial incu Send to F. J. Grenn

pamphlet on artificial ness, like any other, properly conducted.

ERUPTIV George Town.—I have whose throat is swollen, out with humoury lumi Please inform me throat am to do for him. Your horse is prob

eruptive fever. Have qualified veterinary sur AZOTI

DRAYTON.—Will you or inform me what is the my years old? On leaving of life, but before going hang back and sweat. Spain, and was very st mire and laudanum. She for a short time, but it has only been in harness Your mare suffers fr

azoturea, the result of the blood, produced by lack of exercise. Have veterinary, a good one RESPIRATORY OR

WEYMOUTH—What ce a meifer, due to calve it wheezing cough. She is a Jersey, and I should like an answer as you can kive cough all winter, but. When lying down she a almost as if in labour, he and fast. Whe she cou hind leg forward and of the eyes aredull, but she condition powders and a besides linseed tea seve housed, and give warm bran, and tepid water to better. Would bleeding nant cow? My faim boo bleeding, but does not sa a cow in calf. The horn times hot, but generally geon anywhere near, an

geon anywhere near, a act, being a novice, for prejudicial to the calf. Judging from sympt your cow is suffering dition of some parts of Continue to feed caref and give one drachan enlargement about the present condition wou

LIVE For lice on cattle m coal oil and four par apply a light coat to th r twice a week.

While it is not inj drink of her own first is unnatural, and makerself. It would be the young, for whom it by nature. —Breeder's J. S. Woodward of l that he has grown ea for years, but never su money from them unti supply of roots for feed make a free flow of mil wurtzels to either to part because the man Weakness in young

poor condition of the posure to cold, which is the cow, and, of cour The best thing to be do some nourishing food they calve, as oatmeal teaspoonful of ginger and to give the calf water, well sweetene or six times a day. least to the temperate from the cow. The ca freely at this warmth. heating is done on the warmer than new mill Milk that has been even when given cold. much above the tempe the digestive organs w warm food and drink dyspepsia in men and farm animals if the

their influence. - Ame The habit of takin with the teeth and breath is a bad habi flatulence and causes prevented. A horse held down to withi If the manger is put that the top is no mor guard over the muzz stching heid of a ti The vice will thus b ing from it will soon h

A correspondent ays:-"I know by Take a seton needle inch wide, four long string with mercuri through the dewlap brisket, tie the end remain until it wes spring put the above three-year-olds down a case in a herd af done during that sea every spring."

Against Ho One of the most in Michigan farmers has practice of shoeing, shod his horses ra ely eet keep in good sha those which have never sharp hoofs that unless they stand to draw q icy as to make it dan seldom more than tw year, he can well affor or draw wood or man they can almost alway precisely the same proadsters and even ho le says of his own having been for years rier, it is remarkable he does barefooted. neither." He tells of tance of more than of veterinary surgeon undue wear. Severa significant are cited.

Sore Should In reply to a c rre Rural Times has to ri are most liable to early spring, when us humanity does not co humanity does not ca and cure, interest will a horse with sound work than if these he Prevention is better point 1: to secure lars, those of soft 1 ness on both side stuffed more solidly other, and should be should be fitted to a d very seldom have We have often wone