## THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

shaw famous,
"They shall see what a self-made man can

see you always wear them."
"They are my favourite flowers," she said,

"Orange blossoms and Lenten lilies."
The next day Oscar, when he returned fro

a liberty, and you ought not to have

and you know it."
"You did the same thing, and you consider yourself a good judge," laughed Violet.
"That is quiet a different matter," replied Lord Ryvers, hotly. "The admiration of a man of that class is an insult."

"I do not think so," said Violet, calmly; "and I do not understand your constant allusion to 'class'."

ed his wife.

CHAPTER XVI-Contin For some few days they did not argue again, d during that time Violet had grown very timate with the Carstones. On this evening by met on the terrace, and Lord Ryvers the difficulty concealed his distante for their

mother.

"Such people always do," replied the good lady, who rejoiced in platitudes, and knew as much of artists as she did of Arabs.

"I cannot think," said Oscar, "how he persuaded that beautiful girl to marry him.

"My dear, she is nobody," said Mrs. Carstone, in a tone of remonstrance.

"She might be somebody," replied the son.

"If she were in London, she would soon be somebody. The professional beauties would all be outshone. I did not see a face in London like hers."

"She is a beautiful girl," allowed Mrs. "She is a beautiful girl," allowed Mrs.

Carstone.

"Mother," he said, "oultivate her; we have plenty of money, but no standing. Now, if we went to town, and could introduce a beautiful woman like Mrs. Randolph, we should become popular with her."

"I do not know whether she would let me introduce her," returned Mrs. Carstone; "athough she is ouly an artist's wife, she is very proud."

"She would like it well enough," declared Oscar. "I am a good reader of character, and I understand her. Although her husband, with his foolish notions about art, keeps her secluded, she loves the world and would enjoy it. It is true the husband would be a drawback. His manner is not to be compared with hers. In fact, I do not consider him well bred—he is too brusque."

"He is very high and mighty," said Mrs. Carstone. "I was talking to him yesterday, and saying how pleased your father would be to give him a commission for painting some good pictures for the gallery at Ingleshaw, and I was frightened. He looked at me savagely, as though he would bite me."

"I do not like him; but I like his wife," said Oscar; "and, if you want to attract would like it well enough," declared

"I do not like him; but I like his wife," said Oscar; "and, if you want to attract London society, mother, ask her to visit you in town next year. She is no languid beauty either. How bright and animated she is! I saw my father laugh this morning as he seldom laughs while she was talking to him."

So it happened that, after this brilliant suggestion of Oscar's that Mrs. Randolph should, by her beautiful face, open the gates of society to the family, Mrs. Carstone sought her more assiduously than ever. Seeing the young husband and wife on the terrace, she, with her son and husband, joined them. It was then, with a thumb in each arm hole of his waistocat, and his chest well spread out,

was then, with a thumb in each arm hole of his waistooat, and his chest well spread out, that Mr. Carstone said:

"I am a self-made man;" it was then that Violet looked up with enthusiastic face and admiring eyes; it was then, for the first time, that the adoring young husband felt really angry with her, and realized that his wife's feelings were more in unions with those of elings were more in unison with those of e Carstones than with his own.

the Carstones than with his own.

"I am not going to say anything against the aristocracy and nobility of this land," continued the retired corn-tactor. "In my humble opinion many of them are merely old women, and most of them no better than they should be. But, if you want to know the class of men that make the sinews and muscles of old England, I say, sir, it is the self-made men, and I am proud to call myself one."

"If he would but speak out!" he sighed. There was no particular good feeling between they oungmen. Lord Ryvers did not have held together long observe how dark was the frown that spread over the high bred face of her husband.

"You will allow every man to form his own opinion on that as well as on every other point." said Lord Ryvers, courteously.

"Oh, certainly, every man may think as he likes!" replied Richard Carstone.

"The would but speak out!" he sighed. There was no particular good feeling between they oungmen. Lord Ryvers door did not have held together long but for the two ladies; and they oung extended any one test of Lester assured her.

Still Lady Ryvers looked anxious.

"Randolph has always had peculiar ideas," affection for the young girl, whom her son called "a beauty wasted."

The Carstone family caused many disagree ments between husband and wife. One affective the contradict you. I believe if you have none, mamma, the Conntest with regard to kandolph would be my death; all my hopes are centred in they oungmen. Lord Ryvers dooked anxious.

"You will have none, mamma," the Conntest of Lester assured her.

Still Lady Ryvers looked anxious.

"True, mamma; but they were always the ideas of a gentleman. You know that to the very core of his heart Randolph would be my death; all my hopes are centred in they oungmen. Lord Ryvers dooked anxious.

The party would not have held together long but for the two ladies; and the dislike was returned with interest.

The party would not have held together long but for the two ladies; when the two ladies; and the dislike was returned." You will have none, mamma," the Conntest of Lester assured her.

Still Lady Ryvers looked anxious.

"True, mamma; but they were always the ideas of a gentleman." It know it, "said Lady Ryvers, gently."

cally to contradict you. I believe if you want to find the sinews and muscles of old England, you will find them amongst the grand old races whose fathers fought and bled for the liberies which have made England what the is? "Therein we differ." said the corn-factor

"Why, Richard," interrupted his comely wife, "no one loves a lord better than you do! How delignted you were when Lord Brook shook hands with you at Batwell!" Richard Carstone for one minute looked

slightly red and uncomfortable. He could t deny the fact.
"My dear," he said, "while a lord is an

"My dear," he said, "while a lord is an English institution, we must respect him."
"For my part," declared his wife, "I am like Mr. Randolph here; I admire the aristocracy, and I should like to be one of them. As for your beautiful young wife here, Mr. Randolph, she is far more fitted to be a duchess than an artist's wife." The very grandeur of his bow dismayed the pod-natured lady.

good-natured lady.

"It I did not know he was an artist, I should say he was an earl at least," she said to herself. "I never saw such a high way with anyone before."

"Give me a self-made man!" continued the complacent corn-factor. "A man who has made his money enjoys spending it. What is more he enjoys touching it. I do. It is a pleasure to me to take up a handful of adversions."

of sovereigns."

"If you heard a nobleman boast in that fashion of his rank or his title, what would you think of him?" asked Lord Ryvers. "Think of him!" replied Mr. Carstone, growing very red in the face. "I should think he had very little to boast of."
"And I," said Lord Ryvers, quietly, "think that the self-made man has still

So it rose—in the beautiful sunlit evening the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. How dark it was to grow, how widely spread, none of the five standing there together on the terrace could forsee.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Carstones were of a type common enough in these days, "The self-made man," as Mr. Carstone so proudly called himself, had started with the usual six-pence in his pocket, and had risen by degrees from the rank of errand boy to the positions of porter, c'erk, confidential manager, and finally partner, in one of the largest businesses in England. He had worked hard, honestly, and well: he was marvellously shrewd and wonderfully sure in all his transactions; he was scrupulously honest—and in business, honestly is perhaps the best capital. After many years of hard industry, he retired, thinking that he should enjoy the remainder of his life in quite a new capacity. CHAPTER XVII.

lusion to 'ciass'."

Lord Ryvers turned away abruptly; in another moment he would have betrayed his carefully guarded secret. He could not endure even half angry words from the lips he loved. He silently resolved he would never argue with her again; but he would speak to that "young snob" himself. Violet was so young, so simple and had seen so little o the world, that, even if he made love to her, she would not know it. me was exceedingly rich. Looking at his gains, he marveilled at them. He had but one child. Osoar, and to bim the corn-factor had given the best education possible. If he had erred at all in that direction, it was that he had rather over educated him. In his heart Richard Carstone longed for daughters. He was one of those men never so happy as when surrounded by pretty and amiable women; but, when he realized what his life's work had done for him, he was well pleased that he had a son and heir. He had recently purchased a fine estate, called Ingleshaw, although it was not precisely the abode one would have thought suitable for a self-made man. It was a magnificent old mansion, standing in the midst of extensive grounds. It had none of the newness that is at times so dear to the soul of the newly rich. The choice of Ingleshaw was due to the influence of Oscar.

There is nothing I he antiquity, father. he said; "by the time my children succeed, it will seem as though our family lived here for hundreds of years. The corn will be forgotten." world, that, even if he made love to her, she would not know it.

"This is the worst of my Quixotic idea," he said, to himself. "It brings me into contact with this kind of people, and every instinct of my nature rises against them."

He would not own to himself that he was jealous—the very idea was preposterous. Jealous of the son of a corn-factor! Surely the ancient race of Ryvers would blush for him. Certainly he was not jealous; yet there was a very uncomfortable feeling in his heart, a very warm flush on his face, an angry light in his eye.

"I shall certainly put a stop to it," said Lord Ryvers to himself. "If he had brought her any other flowers except orange blossoms, it would not have seemed so marked. it is intolerable!"

"One word with you, Mr. Oscar Carone."
"Twenty, if you like, Mr. Artist," was the

"And a profession; probably the profession is the nobler of the two," retorted Oscar who was beginning to dislike the artist most

ordially.

"I want one word with you," repeated Lord Ryvers, cooly. "I object, and that very strongly, to your presenting flowers to Mrs. Randolph."

"" "We do not all see these matters in the same light," said Lord Byverz; and my wish to the source of such as the same light," "I would not bring himself to say "my wife"—"Le very young, and is as simple as a child. I know the world myself, and object to floral flirtations."

"I heard Mrs. Randolph say that she liked orange blossoms, and seeing some very fine ones, I brought them to her. I see nothing but a common act of courtesy in that," declared Oscar,

"We do not all see these matters in the same light," said Lord Byverz; and my wish is to be respected."

"If you choose to deprive your, wife of such a simple little pleasure, it does not affect me," sneered Oscar. "I am only sorry that you find it needful."

Hot words and blows would have followed, but that some strangers came into the room. From that hour it was not dislike, but hatred, that existed between the two.

ancientarmoun."
"All of which," reptied Richard Carstone, solimnly, "I will have. But where and how shall I get them?"
"I will get some on commission; the rest

"I will get some on commission; the rest you can purchase,"
And it was when making inquiries as to them, that Richard Caratone heard about the old-fashioned town of St. Philipo, that treasury of hidden art.

"You can buy anything there," said this informant—"waves and jasper and malachite china that once belonged to the famous Du Barry, pictures by the old masters." In fact there was no end to the art-treasurers of St. Philipo. that existed between the two. CHAPTER XVIII. "I should take no notice of it, Oscar," said Mrs. Carstone. "I have always thought he was jealous. Not that you have given him any cause. Most probably the young man has never been in such society as ours, and does not understand the little acts of courtesy so natural between ladies and gentlemen. I myself have always thought the custom of presenting flowers very harmless,"

"He gives himself the airs of a grand duke!" cried the indignant Oscar, "The idea of saying that he would not tolerate a floral flirtation! If I had my own way—But for her sake I must be silent and say nothing."

was written in the scroll of fate that here his life and the fortunes of a noble English family should meet and cross.

He went to St. Philipo, taking with him his comely, good-humored wife, and his son Oscar, of whose opinion he stood in he little awe. A few thousands, more or less, were nothing to him, and he meant to make Inglenothing."
"That will be best," replied his mother.

"Young men always quarrel where a pretty woman is concerned."
"Mother," said Oscar, feelingly, "do not call Mrs. Randolph a pretty woman. It jars "They shall see what a self-made man can do with his money, Oscar," he said. "I will put some of their old houses to shame." He was looked upon as a perfect godsend by the shopkeepers of St. Philipo, Of course they called him "imilord"; and it was strange for a seld-made man, how the title delighted him—indeed, when addressed as "milord," he never disputed the price of an article, nor found it too high, a fact which was soon discovered. upon me."
"What is she, my dear?" "She is perfectly, auperbly beautiful," he cried, with enthusiasm, "and far too good for that—"

"Nay, Oscar—say no more about him," in-terrupted Mrs. Carstone.
"I will not, mother; but as sure as the sun shines above us, I will repay him for his

he never disputed the price of an article, nor found it too high, a fact which was soon discovered.

He had made a magnificent collection, and had spent a small fortune. He had not cared much for St. Philipo; it was not the style of place for him at all; and when Lord Ryvers came to the hotel he was delighted. There would be some one to join himself and Oscar at the solitary billiard table. But the "artist" did not seem to appreciate the honour and condescension,

"Holds himself pretty high," he said to his son; "but then, no doubt, he is a genius. Many of those painters are, I suppose."

And his son told him the story of the French king who had picked up the brush a great painter had let fall, and the retired cornfactor looked somewhat doubtful. A king is a king. Still, in spite of many rebuffs, he persisted in courting the society of the supposed young artist.

"He might be such a help to us, Oscar." he said, "if he would but speak out. I like him in spite of his high and mighty fashion."

But Lord Ryvers never would speak; when his opinion was asked on works of art or pictures, he either avoided the subject or gave a careless answer. The corn-factor would glance ruefully from him to his son.

"If he would but speak out!" he sighed. There was no particular good feeling between the young men. Lord Ryvers did not like Oscar. sun shines above us, I will repay him for his insolence!"

And in the time to come he kept his word. Meanwhile letters from England became more urgent. The Dowager Lady Ryvars, quite unconscious that she was a dowager, wrote to her son continually. She was growing anxious concerning his absence. It was quite unnatural that he should stay from home with such a brilliant career before him. She could not understand it; and she had confided to her married daughter, the Countess of Lester, that she feared there was some entanglement. But the countess reassured her. Randolph was the last person in the world to associate with anything of that kind; she said his devotion to art was his grand preservation.

she said his devotion to art was his grand preservation.

"There is a silver lining to every cloud, mamma," said the Countess. "It seems most deplorable that Randolph should devote a life that ought to have been given to other duties to painting. But, after all, art purifies and exalts those who love it. You need fear no entanglement for him."

"Heaven grant that you are right, my dear," said the anxious mother. "Any disappointment with regard to Randolph would be my death; all my hopes are centred in him."

afternoon, when they were all together, Oscar said to Violet:
"How much you like orange blossoms? I turns."
She wrote again and again; but the letter that really roused the young man from his dream was the one in which she suggested that, if he had really found such charming quarters that he could not leave them, the best thing would be for her to visit him. Then he knew that he must take active

some neighbouring city, brought with him a magnificent bouquet of orange blossoms, the largest, finest, and most fragrant it was possible to find. Violet was charmed with it, She hastened with it to her husband.

"Oh, Randolph, see! Look up, dear! See what beautiful flowers that good Mr. Oscar Carstone has brought for me!" neasures soon. \*
Lord Ryvers was not quite happy; there Lord Ryvers was not quite happy; there were shadows in the eyes that had once been all light and love, lines on the beantiful face which should not have appeared for many years yet. Life was not quite the dream of happiness that he had hoped it would be. He had given up all the world for love, but love had not paid him. He found himself in a terrible dilemma. He dreaded telling his secret to Violet, whose ideas and opinions seemed to grow stronger every day, and he dreaded giving his mother pain.

Still he was too loyal even to ask himself whether he had done an unwise thing. If it were to be done over again, with double the risk, double the difficulty, he would do it—for Violet was all the world to him. There was some doubt in his mind at to how he should get through his difficulties; but he was not troubled with regret.

He was thinking deeply, when Violet came into his studio.

""Bandolph "she said "face are hered." See what beautiful flowers that good Mr. Oscar Carstone has brought for me!

Perhaps for a very loving, slightly jealous young husband it was not the most pleasant thing in the world to see his wife's young face brightening over the gift of another man. Lord Ryvers, usually one of the sweetest tempered men in the world, frowned angrily.

"Did that snob bring you those flowers, Violet? How dare he take such a liberty?"

"What did you call him, Randolph?" asked his wife.

"Never mind what I called him; I say it is

into his studio.
"Randolph," she said, "you are busy this morning?" "Never too busy to attend to you, my darling." he replied. "What do you want?" "If you are engaged, and do not really wish me to sit with you, I should like to go out with Mrs. Carstone."

them."

He always thought of his wife as Lady Ryversof Ryverswell, and expected people to treat her with the consideration due to her rank. He was apt to forget that that rank was hidden from the eyes of every one else.

"The world must change for me," said Violet, "before I consider it a liberty for a gentleman to bring me flowers, or before I should be so foolish as to refuse them."

"I would not care if the man were a gentleman," cried Lord Ryvers.

"My dear Randolph," said his wife, "you forget that he holds a higher position than we do." "Where is she going," was the natural "To visit some friends who have just taken ne of those beautiful villas on the hill," she If she had struck him in the face, he could not have recoiled more. Again the hot impatient bood of his race rose to his brow;

replied.
"English people?" he asked.
"Yes; but I forget the name. I should like to go; Mrs. Carstone says they are such nice people."

The handsome face grew dark.
"He same to me Violet." he said, gently, again he controlled the angry words that rose from his heart to his lips. "You are not a competent judge," he said, Violet swept him a courtesy that would have done bonour to a grand duchess. Lord Ryvers went on, angrity:

"The man presumes to admire you, Violet; and you know it."

"You did the same thing."

The handsome face grew dark.

The handsome face grew dark.

"It seems to me, Violet," he said, gently,
"that you pay but little heed to my wishes. I have told you so often that I do not wish
for any English acquaintances."

"I think my feelings and inclinations are
to be considered as well as yours," she replied "I like English people and no other."

He looked perplexed; then he crossed the
room to where she was standing.

"Let my wishes prevail in this instance,
Violet," he said, gently. "Believe me I
have good reasons. I do not like the Carstones, and do not gare to know their friends,
be your own sweet self, and please me by not
accompanying Mrs. Carstone this morning."

But she had still lingering in her ears But she had still lingering in her ears Oscar's half laughing, half taunting words when his mother gave her the invitation.

"It is of no use, mother," he had cried, laughingly. "Our friend the artist is quite a Bluebeard; he will not let her go"
"Nonzensa!" Violet had raininged, with

a Bluebeard; he will not let her go"
"Nonsense!" Violet had rejoined, with
some little vexation. "Just as though I
could not go where I liked!"
And now his words were verified.
"Randolph," she cried, angrily, "do you
know that you treat me very much like a
shild?"

"You are a child, woman, and queen, all "You are a child, woman, and queen, all in one," he said.

"Yet in none of those capacities can I pay a little visit when I wish," she replied.

"Ah, my darling," he cried, "do not add to my perplexities! Violet. I am in trouble."

The handsome face drooped over hers, and he laid his arms caressingly round her shoulders.

"I am in trouble, Violet."

Her face paled a little.

"Ah!" she said. "You have been spending too much money. I have been afraid of it."

intolerable!"

He was not jealous; but he followed Oscar
Carstone with angry eyes. He waited his should think it a money trouble than know opportunity for speaking, and, when they

"By being a little more amiable to the Car tones. They are rich people—oh, Randelph hey are so rich, and they give such grea ums of money for pictures; and they lik

"Otcourse," she said, gravely, "that alters everything. Oh, Randolph, darling, I am so grieved! And I know—I am sure that you have run all this risk for my sake. It is for me you have gone to all this expense. But my dear, my dear, you need not, you must not. Believe me, I should be as happy with you in two little rooms as in this grand hotel—nay, happier; for, my darling Randolph, this does not suit you, you have not been half so happy lately. I have never heard you sing 'June's palace paved with gold' since we have been here. You have done all to please me, I know. How thoughtless and cruel I have been not to have foreseen this!"

Then he folded her more tightly in his arms, and kissed, with passionate, vehement love, the beautiful face. It was worth it all—all the pain, the difficulty, the doubt—to be loved so entirely for himself—not for his money, not for his rank, not for his title!

She wondered a little at the passionate kisses that he rained on her face.

"Why, Kandolph," she said, "you are more of a lover than ever!"

"And you, my darling, more worthy of being loved," he replied.

"I will go back to Mrs. Carstone, and tell her that I cannot go with her," she said; and her face is more radiant than if she had just heard that a large fortune had been left to her. "Then, Randolph, we will talk about ways and means. Let me work, dear, do—I should be so happy! This life does not suit me or please me; I want more to do. I will not be long. Now, give me one smile before I go; and—and—if I have been tiresome, do forgive me, Randolph, darling."

When he was slone, he wondered if she had given him the grastest love of which she was capable, How radiant her face was when he had kissed her! Was it possible that in that pure, noble soul there were depths he had not reached? He thought of her words in Paris—"Love can be made perject only through suffering." There had been no shadow over her love; no suffering had come near her. He had no thought of the future, of the intolerable anguish that was to be his. He began him. He wished that she had had more opportunities, that she had seen other men, that she had seen more of the world. She seemed to have too many ideas in common with Oscar Carstone, fau more than she had with him. Then he laughed aloud at himself.

"I am jealous," he said—"jealous of the simple, besutiful Violet who has bloomed for my eyes alone."

He smiled to think that she should imagine he was troubled over money matters. How

he was troubled over money matters. How simple and innocent she was! An, Heaven, thank Heaven, he had won that pear! above all price—a woman who loved him for himself, and himself alone!

CHAPTER XIX. For some days after that little interview matters went on more smoothly. Violet's affection for her husband was quickened and roused by the thought that he was in trouble, and that the trouble was caused by his having spent too much money on her. Her generous, noble nature warmed to him; she cared more for him during the next few days than she had ever done, and he was in the seventh heaven of delight. One thing that puzzled him just a little, although he did not give much thought to it, was the strange attitude of the Carstone family toward him; there was a kind of subdued pity in their manner, and once more Richard Carstone began to urge him to accept commissions for pictures. He never dreamed that Violet, in her absolute simplicity and ignorance of the world, had frankly told them that her husband was troubled about money. To her there was nothing to be ashamed of in the fact. No one she hall ever known had enough money; it seemed to her the chronic state of half the world. She had no idea, not even the faintest, that all the virtue and talent in the world would not cover that most fatal of all wants—want of money.

"We must be gareful," said Richard Carstone, whose pooleste were lined with gold. 'After all, I am almost glad that the man has kept aloof from us. If we had been very intimate, he would have begun to borrow money; it is the first thing these improvident men do. I should not be surprised, Mary, my dear, if he is staying here because he cannot pay his hotel bill."

"I hope it is nothing quite so bad as that," said the kindly wife. "If it is, I must do For some days after that little interview

"I hope it is nothing quite so bad as that,"
said the kindly wife. "If it is, I must do
something to help the girl, for I am really
fond of her."
But a delicate little investigation, carried

But a delicate, little investigation, carried on by Oscar, proved just the contrary, there seemed to be no lack of ready money. The landiord told him, in etrict confidence, that the English artist was the best payer in the hotel, that his donations to the servants and waiters and his gifts to the poor showed that he had plenty of money at command. "Itmay be, mother," said Oscar, "that he has had plenty until now, and that he foresees a shortness. I have thought lately that he had something on his mind; he looks so thoughtful, or rather so uneasy. I am quite sure there is something wrong. Perhaps his pictures will not sell."

"In that case you would imagine that he would be only too pleased to accept your

would be only too pleased to accept you father's offer."
"I do not think so. He does not like any

"I do not think so. He does not like any of us, and he is jealous of me."

Lord Ryvers was thoughtful. More than once Oscar Carstone had found him walking on the terrace, his handsome brows knitted, his lips tightly drawn, a frown on the open brow, and the shadow of deep thought in his eyes.

"Money," said the heir of Ingleshaw to himself—"money! Nothing but want of money ever makes a man look like that." And although he was by no means ill-natured, he money ever makes a man look like that." And although he was by no means ill-natured, he was not altogether sorry that the man who would persist in treating him as an interior was in some trouble. "I would lend him a few hundreds myself." he said, "without saying anything to my father, if he would humble himself even ever so little, but never while he carries himself like that."

Violet saw her hasband pacing ap and down went to her heart. She remembered how sanguine he had been, how he had lavished

sangine he had been, how he had lavished everything upon her, always telling her that he could afford it. She went up to him, and paced her arm in his.

"Let us share the walk and the thoughts

"Let us share the walk and the thoughts and the trouble. You looked worried, Randolph. Is it about money?"

"Certainly money has to do with it," he replied, vaguely.

"Cheer up, Randolph! While we have youth, health, and strength, it seems to me a sad thing to be troubled about money. I would not be so troubled." She added, with a bright largh. "Why Randolph you record would not be so troubled. She added, while bright laugh. "Why, Randolph, you need not be down hearted! You know you carry

not be down hearted! You know you carry your fortune in those clever fingers of yours." And, with a quick, graceful motion, she bent down and kissed his hands,
"You are the sweetest comforter in the world, Violet," he said. His honest heart beat with delight, his honest face cleared and heightened. brightened.
"When I talked to you about money, Randolph," she remarked, "you always begin to

"Because I think you the least mercenary person in the world "he replied; "and, just as I detest mercenary, so I love unmercenary people."
"I hope I shall always have enough to eat and to drink, and a roof over my head, with but just a few supple pleasures; beyond that I care but little," Violet declared.

He bent down and kissed the beautiful face; such a grand; noble, generous soul shone of those violet eyes.
'It is for that I love you so, my darling !'

he cried.
"Randolph," she said, after a short pause,
"I wish you would be a little more worldly Do you? But I thought you did not care bout worldly people."
"I do not; but there is a proper kind of

Now listen patiently; promise and you will not be cross."

esitation.
"I am half afraid," she said, with a little emulous laugh; and that admission made

"Well," he said, for she had paused abruptly, "what then, Vielet?"

"They like us," she repeated; "and I am quite sure, Randolph, if you would be just a little more agreeable to Mr. Carstone, he would buy as many pictures as you could paint. That would not be losing your independence; he would have far more than the value of his money." She wondered at the amused smile that played round his lips. "You are not angry, Randolph?" she said.

"Not in the least," he replied.

"And you promise to think about it?"

"I promise," said Lord Ryvers.

"Will you go further still, and promise to make an effort to be more sociable with the Carstones?" she said.

"I will promise even that," he replied.

"Now I will test you," she said. "Mrs. Carstone has been to see me this morning, and we have both of us—both, mind, Randolph—a great favour to ask from you."

"To be really gallant, I ought to say that it is granted; but it will be wiser to know what it is before doing so."

"Every year, on the feast of St. Philipo, there is a ball given by—well, I do not know what they are called here, but in England we call them the mayor and the corporation. The ball is given for the visitors. They go to immense trouble and expense over it, and the visitors make a point of going. Mrs. Carstone wants to take me."

"And you?" he said, gently.

"Oh, Ramiolph, I long to go! I have never been to a ball; I should enjoy it so much."

He knew that to give his consent to her going to this ball was the most imprudent thing he could do; but he did not know how to refuse her; she had just been so loving and kind to him.

"My dearest Violet," he said, "I would rether that you govern the idea of going and the state of going and goi

"My dearest Violet," he said, "I would rather that you gave up the idea of going, unless you wish it greatly—I would much prefer your not going."

"Oh, Randolph, do not refuse me, dear! I have never even seen a ball; and they say this will be magnificent—such flowers, such lights! And I long to dance, just as a caged bird longs to fly."

"Would it be such a great pleasure to you, my darl ng?" he asked.

my darl ng?" he asked.

The beautiful face raised to his was very "It would be the greatest possible

pleasure," she answered.
"But Violet, darling, you cannot dance,"
"I can learn," she cried, eagerly. "It comes quite naturally to me to move to the measure of music."

comes quite naturally to me to move to the measure of music."

"That I believe," he said,
"Mr. Oscar Caratone says he will teach me the steps, and to waltz."

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"Mr. Oscar Caratone says he will teach me the kind!" her husband cried, his face finshing. "I will teach you myself."

"Can you dance, Randolph?" she asked, looking up at him in laughing wonder.

He was about to answer that he had been considered one of the best waltzers in Londou, when he stopped abruptly.

"I should not have thought you had had sufficient leisure in your life to think of dancing. It seems so strange. When will you teach me, Randolph?"

"If you go, I will take you, and, if you wish to dance, I will teach you," he replied. She kissed him in a transport of delight; and he was touched at finding how she longed for a little pleasure.

"You shall go, Violet," he said, decisively. "I cannot refuse you. But you have no idea of the trouble of preparing for a ball."

"Trouble!" she repeated. "Why, Randolph, I should call it unbounded pleasure."

"You must have a ball dress," he said, looking at the beautiful figure, with its graceful lines and curves.

Violet looked up at him shyly.

looking at the beautiful figure, with its graceful lines and curves.

Violet looked up at him shyly.

"I know you will not be willing, Randolph," she began, with some little hesitation; "but Mrs. Carstone is going, and she will wear white moire. She—that is—I—you will not, I know—but she seemed so very anxious too—that I should have one like it."

"You mean," he said, "that she has dared to offer to give you a ball dress?"

"Yes; but she did it so kindly; and, do you know, Randolph, she acemed half frightened, as though she hardly liked doing it."
"I am sure she meant kindly," he replied.
"I hope you have all the dresses and everything else you need, Violet. Surely Mrs. Carstone has not imagined that you require a dress?"

"I have too many dresses rather than too.

"I have too many dresses, rather than t "I will buy you a ball dress, and you will like it all the petter because I choose it."
"You will not spend much money over it Randolph? Remember, it will be a grief to me—not a pleasure—it, you do that,"
"I will not give one farthing more than I can afford," he said. "I feel that I have committed an imprudence in agreeing to let you go; but how could I refuse you?"
"I love such imprudence," she declared.
"Aunt Alice said our marriage was a cruel imprudence; but it has not been the less happy. The ball will be an imprudence, yet I dare say we shall both enjoy it."

But, if she could have foreseen all that would spring from that ball at the Hotel de Ville, she would not have gone to it.
"I knew," said Oscar to Mrs Carstone, "that he would not let me give her a dancing lesson. How delighted she was when I suggested it; and how I should have enjoyed it! I will take care one thing—no matter what he says or does I shall dance with how." "I will buy you a ball dress, and you wi

assess by an new I sould have enjoyed it. I will take care one thing—no matter what he says or does, I shall dance with her!"

Mrs Carstone felt slightly uncomfortable.

"You must remember, Oscar," she said,
"that a good wife is always obedient to her husband."

husbaud."
"That is all right," he returned impation ly. "I do not want to interfere between husband and wife ; but he might be a little husband and wife :but he might be a little more amiable. Why not let her practise dancing with me? It could not hurt him."

"No; but perhaps it is as well to be careful, Oscar. You are not the worst looking man in the world, and she is but a young grr,."

He was just a little flattered; but his dislike for Lord Ryvers increased from that hour. More than once he said to himself:

"Ouly let me have the chance. and I will pay him for every slight and every insult he has given me."

as given me. The chance and the time for such payme were both nearer than he thought, for strar events were about to happen, and the cloud that had been no bigger than a man's hand had grown and hung dark over head. To be continued.

EPPS'S COCOA. - GRATEFUL AND COMFORT Ing.—"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 table. Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shait by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins (§ 1b and 1b) by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES Erps & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London."

A certain gentleman, now living in Graven-hurst, tells this fish atory. Some thirteen years ago he was fishing off the end of the Orillia wharf, and caught a perch; the little wretch was too small to eat, so he took a wire, passed it through the gills, bringing the two ends together and twisting them, re-placed the fish in the water. Fishing in the same place a week later, he hooked the same has by the wire. Thinking that the percivel deserved its liberty, he removed the wire and returned the fish to its native element.—Orilla Packet.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Don't you think that my new suit is stylish?
You see it's the true Lenten gray.
Lou's is black, but I think this is better;
More appropriate, too, every way. Then just look at the little nun's bonnet, With almost no trimming, you see; And the chatelaine with prayer-book l

You know it's the latest French fashion. To dress very plainly in Lent, And lay aside jewels and laces, Te show your religious intent. So I made up my mind that this season, For a change, I'd be very devout. But that church twice a day is fatiguing I shall find, ere Lent's over, no doubt, It isn't the afternoon service, But getting up early, I mind, Still the girls are all going to do it, And I don't want to be left behind.

esides, the new curate is charming; Why, she really thinks he admires her; So she goes in for church work, you know That's why she's so a wfully pious— Good-by, if you really must go,

Fashion Notes, Black lace flowers are in favour on black Bracelets are not worn the same on both

Coloured straw is fashionable for bonnets as well as hats. Butterflies are attached to bunches of fea-thers on bonnets. Giltecock's feathers are seen on summer hats, apecially those of children. Large square hemstitched mull handker chiefs are again in vogue for fichus.

The new mantles of the season are all made more or less in the shape of a visite. Semi-trained dresses are once more favour for dinner and evening parties. Velvet ribbons with satin on the wrong side are quite a feature of trimmings for

spring silks. Many ladies now import their cloth cos-tumes from Redfern, the most popular ladies' tailor in London.

A very beautiful Lenten costume is made of black Ursuline, exquisitely embroidered with silver-gray thread. Black silks will be much worn this summer. They will be trimmed with lace in preference

to jet and passementerie.

Equal parased handles of onyx, lapis-lazuli, and out glass of all colours are again fashionable, in They are set in silver. Take fichus of all styles are becoming very fashionable. They are much more becoming to most ladies than linen collars.

Bunches of grass, with two or three humming birds or South-American beetles fastened on, are sold for summer bonnets. Plaid skirts, side-plaited from the waist, are worn by young ladies still attending school, with jersey waist and sash drapery. Basques are not changed in shape from those worn during the winter, with pointed ront, short sides, and square postillon plaited

High shouldered capes of white lace or of embroidered muslin are newer than fichus for wearing with home dresses of satin, silk, or

Velvet will continue to be the favourite trimming for at least one season longer, and velvet cut from the piece will be preferred to The newest and prettiest feather ornaments for the hair are in white, pale pink, and pale blue, and are powdered with gold or silver,

and mounted as aigrettes. Hosierty shows several new departures, Among them vertical stripes, Highland plaids in charming combination of colour, and shot effects to match the new silks.

The new, long, Lisle thread gloves are finished with two buttons, the part extending upon the honour in the clear water of dia D'Houdetot. of gray, mouse, écru, corn, and brown

"To the pure," said the milkman as he sold quart of milk to an innocent girl, "all hings are pure."—Philadelphia Call. There is a river in Africa called Kiss onga. Every girl in this country knows all

about it. from the source to the mouth A Boston man boasts of owning a piano made over 100 years ago. Whether he runs a hotal or keeps a boarding-school is not

recently and held him for thirty days. Any American heiress can do that, and hold him

of her departed busband's hair. What a silent commentary this is upon the way mar-ried men grow bald—and die. In the Salem, Mass., Normal school there is a class of girls learning carpentry. They are determined to have a sufficient number of closets in their respective houses when they

"Is this a singing doll?" asked she of the clerk. "Yes, mademoiselle." "How do you make it sing?" "Just as you would any other young lady." "How is that?" "By pressing it." "Oh!" " Aunt Jane," said an exasperated wife,

"I wish it was a custom for women to trade husbands as it is for men to trade horses."
"Why, my dear?" Because, if it was, I'd cheat some woman dreadfully before sundown." "Before marriage," she pouted, "you used to speak of my beautiful auburn locks, but now you call me red-headed." "My dear," replied the heartless man, "marriage opens the eyes. Before that event I was colour-blind."

colour-blind."

A young man who had been wooing a Vermont girl for some time, and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awind mad when she replied that her mother had told her if he proposed to her to say no.

A young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers:—
"Dear —, I send you by the boy a bocket of flours. This iz like my liv for n. The nite shade menes kepe dark. Rosis red and posis pail, my liv for u shall never fale."

The great object in the care of the hair at present is to keep it soft and light, so that it will lie in loose coils and stand out in shape. School girls and ladies at home may wear it "high and low," as it is called, all in one soft mass from the crown to the ears and down over the nape of the neck. There is no part, and the bang is lightly frizzled, left in soft ringlets over the lorehead, and pinned bick with incisive hairpins o'er the dividing line between the bang and the rest of the hair. The back hair is then brushed out plain, divided into two parts, crossed, and carried up around the nead with the ends tucked away, and a net over the whole.

Sleeping Together,
Somebody has said that more quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores,
between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and
wives, owing to electrical changes which their
nervous systems undergo by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes than by any other disturbing cause.
There is nothing, says the Scientific American, that will so derange the nervous system
of a person who is eliminative in nervous
force than to lie all night in bed with another
person who is absorbant in nervous force.
The absorber will go to alseen and several person who is absorbant in nervous force.
The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake

up in the morning fretful, peevish, faultfinding, and discouraged. No persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose.

Some Ornaments for the Hair.

The newest and prettiest feather ornaments for the hair are in white, pale pink, and pale blue, are powdered with gold or silver, and mounted as aigrettes. These are really lovely, and are a craze among young girls. At a late entertainment, where the ladies were requested to wear their hair powdered, almost everyone present displayed a princess aigrette. There was an exception, however, and this exception may again prove a rule, for the novelty and beauty of the ornaments she wore attracted attention to them and went far towards making them the success of the future. These consisted of bouquets of clematis blossoms and lilies of the valley, sprinkled with powdered diamonds and having diamond hearts. At least this was how they looked, and this combination of brilliant effects with flavour, form, and colour, is the new departure in artificial flowers which has been made to throw feathers in the shade and restore the prestige to artificial floral ornamentation. The imitation of gems, white and coloured, has in fact been applied to leaves and grasses and flowers as frosting, powder, dew, and also in the form of crystal drops lying in the heart of the flower, while brilliant little flame colour amethystine and golden gems, looking like imprisoned sunlight, are mounted as bugs, minute butter-flies, and the like.

A New Bonnet

A New Bonnet,

A stylish bonnet exhibited by a Broadway importer this week and called the "Mignon" has the flaring brim curved toward the front, and bent into a decided point at the top. The crown is made of white Oriental net, and wreathed with cascades of Oriental lace. Between these waves of lace and the dainty crepe lisse frill which encircles the inside of the bonnet brim is set a delicate wreath of softly shaded mignonette blossoms. A large Brazilian beetle, whose satin-like wings reflect all the varied tones of the green and pale gold blossoms, is apparently making his way over the crown to a less conspicuous place among the emerald blossoms. A second bonnet, in London gipsy shape, is of fawn-coloured Milan straw, trimmed with puffings of ruby velvet, veiled with gold lace. At the left of the bonnet is set a cluster of velvety sumach buds. Fawn-coloured satin strings finish the bonnet. Some of the cool airy styles preparing for the heated term—if it ever arrives—are made over foundations of gold or silver-white wire, the fabrics of the loveliest tints of Persian mull or China crape, and also of gold lattice nets, barred with chennile in vivid hues, the garnitures being perfect parterres of primroses, larkspurs, alpine roses, azaleas, and wheat-heads in olive and dead gold tints, mingled with pale green diamond-powdered wood mosses and lichens, looking as if they had just been torn from the rocks of the forest.

What Men have Said about Women. In love, as in war, a fortress that parleys

A fan is indispensable to a woman who can no longer blush. The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation. -Bala

It is easier to make all Europe agree than two women.—Louis XIV. The mistake of many women is to return God created the coquette as soon as He had made, the fool.—Victor Hugo.

A woman who has surrendered her lipe has surrendered everything .- Viard. Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemontey. Rascal! That word on the lips of a woman,

angel. Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.— Long mitts are made in all the shades to match dresses, but the stone gray, ecru, and black are most employed for the street, and light flesh tints for evening wear.

Baccac.

Who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word soon finds he holds nothing.—

Proverb.

I have seen more than one woman drown.

I have seen more than one woman drown We meet in society many attractive women

whom we would fear to make our wives. How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands it it were not the custom to weep? An asp would render its sting more vene-

mous by dipping it into the heart of a co-quette.—Poincelot. Women deceived by men want to marry them; it is a kind of revenge as good as any ther. - Beaumanoir. It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.—Rocheburne.

Over The Garden Wall. An exceedingly bright and pretty little East Third street girl received a New Year's card from a small admirer, and it created

"Why, child, I didn't khow you knew him," said the mother.
"Oh, yes, mamma," she replied, with a coquettish smile, "I have met him."
"Indeed, how did it happen?"
"Well, you see, we first became acquainted by throwing mud at such other. ed by throwing mud at each other over the alley fence, and then several days afterward Uncle Frank presented him, and since that we have been quite good friends indeed."

A Positive Cure for Every Form of Skin and Blood Disease, from Pimples to Scrofula.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS in our po HOUSANDS OF LETTERS in our possession repeat this story: I have been a terrible afterer for years with Blood and Skin Humors; ave been obliged to shun public places by ream of my disfiguring humors; have had the best hysicians; have spent hundreds of dollars and by no real rehef until I used the CUTICURA REDIVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, and UTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin ures and Skin Beautifiers, externally, which have ared me and left my skin and blood as pure as child's.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

James E. Richardsos, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath, says:—In 1870 Scorotulous Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, used them and was perfectly cured.

Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. CRAWFORD.

STILL MORE SO. Will McDonald, 2.542 Dearborn street. Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Eczema, or Salt Rheum, on head, neck, face, arms, and legs for seventeen years; not able to move, except on hands and knees, for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticural REMEDIES.

H. F. Carpenter, Henderson N.Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy of twenty years' standing, by CUTECURA REMEDIES. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and friends thought he must die. Cure sworn to before a justice of the peace and Henderson's most prominent citizens.

DON'T WAIT.

AGRICUL

We will always be ploof enquiry from farme ing agricultural interegiven as soon as practi

DISEASED Mr. Sweetapple, v Oshawa, who for the p making investigations cattle in Missouri, has j formed Dr. Smith, of th College, and Government that the disease which excitement there is not mouth disease. Mr. the result of local infl eating ergotised grasse

gangrene of the extremi the disease is known as

and is not contagious,

alarm.

Canada is concerned TRULY S

A correspondent in H for information an a cer "I consider the answer partment of THE WEER more than the subscript tains a deal that is chanical, agricultural accept the compliment bears testimony to the The numerous letters which are inquiries on al is of itself a sufficient gr spent in answering some is fully appreciated by o

POLLED . ST. CLAIR.-Would you me know in your agricult are the breeders of Red A Canada? There is a friwho wants to purchase so Hay & Patton, New L Ont., have such stock !

SYNOVIAL D

DUNBAR.—I have a colt outside of the hind leg, f The cut discharges a ye which might be joint ma We judge the dischar a poultice of equal part to the sore for several injured part apply a bi drachm of biniodide drachms of lard.

PELEE ISLAND.-Will through your paper wh trees to protect them fr An alkaline solution, soap with a saturated soda, is highly spoken mixture too thin, and a brush, so as to fill up

TO PROTECT S

latter part of May or peated a month later. COLT OUT OF

bark. The mixture sh

WATERFORD.—I have a old, which will not eat dead. Please inform me paper what I will do for Groom your colt the boiled oats, and half Mix with the food eve powdered gentian, If ovement in two week SWELLING ON

DUNBAR.-I have a col

DUNBAR.—I have a colt got his hind leg scratched hock joint. The joint is seas on it. Part of the sc had formed. The leg see ing does not disappear vecough, which leaves him time; and then comes on from the nose when he good conditions and feeds. and condition and fee Your case is rather we would advise you smined by a qualified v

PIG WITH RI

STONERRIDGE.—I have months old who is quite foot. When he first gets the ground, but after a better. He acts like a parently quite stiff-jointed a good warm stable. It corn chopped and he direct of the same litter, not fat but in middling the ground of the same litter. The same is a supplemental of the same litter. The same litter in the directing on scalded middling the supplemental of the same litter. The symptoms descri pain may be the result of the foot carefully, and are discovered, apply ar hoof, and for two incl composed of two ound two ounces of tinctu

oil. Give a change of

daily one drachm of the

which continue for two INFLAMMATIO EASTWOOD.—About the showed symptoms of in was resorted to. With the flammation an ugly sore a joint which has since beed the joint. The hocks are and a nasty running sore arm. All the sores eight sicharges are free great difficulty with wa name disease and suggest Inflammation without Inflammation, without distinctive part, is rate

> we can only recommen some mild lotion, such two drachms, and wa daily fomentation of

your horse has been th

ground with violence.

nal pain, the sores refe from such injuries. I

DISORDERED COMBIE.—Can you give that takes frequent attainflammation of the lung from her nostriis? She va year, at intervels her that she worked well, when sick, was aweet ni nite, followed by raw flashe commenced to trendrink of cold water, where cad, and we treated her every seven or eight days rhosa, soon begins to stawill lie down and turn i left side. Often she will sides heaving fast, and cold. The bowels are m and although loose in the ness soon follows.

Your mare is evide

Your mare is evid weakness of the digest ging her with the re Give her about three q best-three times a da good timothy hay, free hours. Every night gi ate of soda, and one di mixed with the oats, of icines for 16 days, Al

vere work or exercise ARTIFICAL'

cal hatching of eggs inttion with a fellow-breed the statement that that it least 200 years old, whice settle the point? The hatching of p Egypt, and tradition some 500 years B.C. ever on this point, as that the domestic fowl