

Violet's Lover

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured, "For my heart beats loud and fast; But surely, in the far, far distance, I can hear a sound at last?" "It is only the reapers singing As they carry home their sheaves, And the evening breeze has risen, And rustles the dying leaves." "Listen! There are voices talking! Calmly still she strove to speak, Yet her voice grew faint and trembling, And the red flushed in her cheek. "It is only the children playing, Below, now their work is done, And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled By the rays of the setting sun."

"Fainter grew her voice, and weaker, As with a vision eyes she cried: 'Down the avenue of chestnuts I can hear a horseman ride!' "It was only the deer that were feeding In the herd on the clover grass; They were startled and fled to the thicket As they saw the reapers pass."

"Now the night arose in silence, Birds lay in their leafy nest, And the deer couched in the forest, And the children were at rest. There was only a sound of weeping From watchers around a bed."

But rest to the weary spirit Peace to the quiet dead! There was silence as the last words fell, And Lady Chevenix bowed her head, so as to hide her tears. The gray shadows fell darker, A loud voice roused them.

"Where are you? Where have you hidden yourselves on purpose?" said Lady Chevenix, looking at him, because she knew that it was needless to do so. Miss Hethcote was equal to the occasion.

"If we had wanted to hide," she said, "we should have hidden. As we did not, we remained here. If you are going to be cross, Sir Owen, do not spoil an agreeable party by joining it."

He laughed then, and sat down with them; but the beauty, the poetry and peace, were all gone. He began to tell of a fight he had seen between King Charles and a toy terrier, laughing heartily at it, and wondering they did not laugh also. It was an exquisite joke to him to tell how the little King Charles lay dying—and even in dying tried to lick his hand.

"Do you enjoy seeing anything suffer, Sir Owen?" asked Miss Hethcote.

"I think a dog fight or anything of that kind capital sport," he answered.

"But the unfortunate creatures must feel?"

"Feel?" sneered Owen. "What nonsense. Foxes were made to be hunted, rats to be worried, dogs to fight. Why should they feel?"

With a shrug of her shoulders she turned away from him. Sir Owen laughed again; he rather enjoyed a dispute with a pretty girl, and he was not one of your sentimentalists, he said. "Now, Mr. Lonsdale could give you poems by the yard, I am sure."

"I should be very sorry to do so," remarked Felix; "at the same time, I give the preference to poetry rather than to dog fights."

Sir Owen laughed again; in his own opinion he was most manly man, and Felix most insignificant. Felix rose from his seat and strolled away, he felt disgust almost amounting to hatred for this coarse, vulgar, repulsive man.

"Do not leave us, Mr. Lonsdale," said Sir Owen. "I will take Miss Hethcote in-doors, and you can escort her ladyship, though she looks decidedly sulky."

It was useless for Lady Chevenix to say that she had no thought of leaving the room; when Sir Owen had once asserted a thing, he maintained it. She looked up into the face of Felix Lonsdale, with a smile that made his heart beat faster than usual.

"That is not one of my faults," she said. "I do not remember having ever been sulky in my life; I have seldom been out of temper."

He remembered the sweet sunny temper that had never known a cloud of variable, but offered no remark—he had resolved to himself so often that nothing should induce him to talk to her about the past. They walked toward the house through the deepening shadows, and said little to each other.

When they reached the Hall, Lady Chevenix was grieved to find a telegram from Mrs. Hethcote. Some friends had arrived quite unexpectedly, and she wished Marian to return at once. Felix wondered why the mistress of Garswood should turn so white when she had read the telegram—why she should place her hands upon the girl's shoulders and say to her so sadly:

"What shall I do without you, Marian?"

"I will come back to you as soon as I can, dear Lady Chevenix," replied the girl, "and in the meantime Mr. Lonsdale will be here."

You are happy about my being here? You do not understand."

"I may speak freely to you," said Miss Hethcote; "you know, then, as you belong to some measure to them, I may tell you that Lady Chevenix lives in mortal fear of her husband."

"Why?" asked Felix.

"He has been very violent to her many times. It is not long since she had to send for Mrs. Hays, being afraid of losing her life. She has refused to be left alone since then. That is why I have been with a long and why I am glad you are here."

"But," said Felix, "the loves her, he must love her."

"I say nothing about that. He may love her, or he may not; but when he is half mad with drink she has reason to be alarmed."

"I can not think that even he would hurt her," said Felix.

"Well, it is very pleasant to have such cheerful views of things. I should be glad if I could share your faith, but unfortunately I have seen bruises on her arms and marks on her face, such as, as I had been a man, would have made me feel inclined to call Sir Owen out."

She saw the handsome face of the man before her grow pale with emotion. She saw his strong hands tremble and his fingers clench tightly. She talked until the storm of passion had passed over him.

"I can not bear to think of any woman being ill-used," he said; "it is one of the things that irritates me and makes me angry with an anger that frightens me. But Lady Chevenix is so gentle, so amiable, I cannot understand any man being unkind to her."

"I can understand anything Sir Owen does," rejoined Miss Hethcote. "Mr. Lonsdale, you will be kind to tell me, don't you?" she pleaded. "I have me a peasant woman working in the fields, or a factory girl in a mill, is happier than Lady Chevenix of Garswood?"

"I am grieved to hear it," he said; and Miss Hethcote left him. She went away early the next morning, never dreaming of what would happen before she saw Garswood and its mistress again.

On the morning after Miss Hethcote's departure, Sir Owen did not come down to breakfast; but Felix met his valet with some soda-water and brandy. The young valet handed to the breakfast-room, where Lady Chevenix awaited him. She looked very fair and young in her pretty morning dress. She was so used to see him; his face was so familiar, his voice so sweet, his smile so bright; she could not be cold and formal to him.

"How true you are to your colors, Lady Chevenix," he said, "I hardly remember to have seen you wear anything else."

"You will own that they are pretty colors, will you not?" she asked, with a smile—one of those charming smiles that Sir Owen's heart and pulse.

He sat down at the breakfast table with her, and he asked himself and fate ever placed another man in such a predicament before.

"See," he said, "I remember your tastes. You like tea better than coffee, and you like fruit."

"I remember having been gathered; they have the dew on them."

She talked to him during breakfast so gaily, so kindly, but when he looked at her there was something in her patting her eyes with her hand, that in spite of her brilliant beauty, was half sad. Then, when they had finished breakfast a servant came in to say that Sir Owen would join them in a few minutes, and would take Mr. Lonsdale to the strong-room.

The long French windows were open, and great heavy red roses came peeping in. Lady Chevenix was alone; Felix followed her, and they stood talking together. In some vague way the years seemed to have fallen from the terrible past for a few moments was forgotten. Felix, when his heart was like beautiful Violet Hays. They had just a few happy minutes, during which they spoke only of the roses before them and the pleasant prospect. Then Sir Owen came in, as though he had come from the heavens had changed.

The baronet and his legal adviser went away together, and Felix spent the whole of the day in the strong-room, reading documents and papers of all kinds. He did not see Sir Owen and his wife again until dinner, and thus the first day of his visit passed quietly enough.

On the second the tenants came to dine at the Hall, and the grand banquet-room in the western wing was thrown open. The dinner passed off well, and the tenants drank Sir Owen's health with noisy cheers. Nor were they much less enthusiastic about Felix when his health was proposed. After a pleasant day they left Garswood early in the evening.

Lady Chevenix had been alone all day, the servants were in attendance on the numerous guests, and in the evenings she asked for tea, thinking that Sir Owen and Felix would like to join her. Sir Owen, who had been more than a few hours away, had drunk in a week, made some observations about her ladyship's tea which, when repeated by the footman in the servants' hall, caused great amusement. Felix was sorry to decline, but he had some hours of hard work yet to do in the strong-room; the leaves were all to be signed on the morning.

When the visitors were all gone, he returned to the strong-room and resumed his work. Lady Chevenix went to him to persuade him to let her send some tea there, and he consented. He looked at her, as she stood in that darkened room, in the evening-dress of white silk and beading lace, she was a superb sight of opals, which shone with the fire that lives in gems. She looked like

a dream of beauty in that dull, gloomy room. She sent him some tea, and asked him to come to the drawing-room when he had finished. He was promised to do so. When she returned, Sir Owen lay on one of the couches fast asleep.

She was thankful to see him asleep, and hoped that he might wake up quite himself. She drew down the blinds and darkened the room. Who could tell what she suffered in her heart, this fair, stately woman, who shrunk so keenly from all stigma of disgrace, her daily, hourly dread lest her husband should do something that would entail everlasting shame upon them, lest any one should see him in those moments when he was quite unfit to be seen? What a double life she led, this brilliant and beautiful woman—before the world all gayety, smiles and animation, in her own heart always a terrible weight of anxiety.

For this evening at least she was safe. She thought he would wake up himself, and then they would spend a happy hour with Felix; so she watched lest sound or light should disturb him until Mr. Lonsdale joined them.

He awoke at last, but the sun had long set, and the fragrant silence of night lay over the earth. She had cooling fruit that was pleasant to eye and taste ready for him, she had everything refreshing, stimulating. He pushed aside the purple grapes and the crimson strawberries.

"Where is the brandy?" he asked her. "It is in the offering. I should like things as those," he exclaimed. "Rau for the brandy?"

She dared not refuse—moreover, refusal would have been of no use. She rang the bell and gave the message, but before the brandy came with sweet womanly tact she had lured him from the room, hoping that he would forget it. She walked through the long corridors for some minutes, talking to him; then he suddenly remembered Felix, and said that nothing would satisfy him unless he left his work and joined them. He went to persuade him, while Lady Chevenix ordered the lamps in the drawing-room to be lighted.

The two gentlemen returned together, and they played for some time at cribbage, a game of which Sir Owen had a great liking. Suddenly he remembered the brandy, and asked for it. Lady Chevenix dreaded its taste, and begged of her to take some food up instead. He laughed at her.

"Listen to her ladyship!" he cried. "Food? What the very name of it makes me shudder. I want brandy—nothing else."

She remonstrated again, but very mildly. She felt that she could bear anything better than this, that the man she had loved and who had been in his true colors the man she had married.

Those last words proved too much for Sir Owen. He swore roundly at her. What business had he to take her, he asked, if he wanted a sea of brandy? Let her remember herself—remember from what position he had taken her, and not attempt to discuss her conduct with him. He took some food up instead. He laughed at her.

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Chevenix; and he never forgot her answer. "If you would not mind it," she said, "I should be so thankful if you would place him in a chair. He is like the servants to see all that happens."

He raised Sir Owen, who made some violent plunges the while, and placed him in a chair. The baronet fell slowly asleep, and Felix went back to Lady Chevenix.

"You must apply something to your face," he said, "or it will be black to-morrow."

She smiled and raised the white lace that fell over her arm. He saw a long dark bruise, the mark of a cruel grasp that held the delicate arm as in an iron vise.

"I am seldom without a mark," she said; "but I do not often find them on my face."

He looked sorrowfully at the graceful woman who had preferred money to love, and had suffered so terribly for the sake of a few pounds. He said something kind to her, but prudence forbade him. She held out her hand to him, and he saw how it trembled. She smiled, and he never forgot the smile.

"Some day," she said, "he will most probably kill me. If he does, you will always remember that I was sorry I had married you, Felix."

"I will remember," he returned, gravely. He held her hand for one moment, while he bade her good-night, and then she went away.

CHAPTER XXIX. Felix thought long and anxiously after his return from Garswood. He was glad that he had treated Sir Owen as he did; he said to himself that he should have been less than a man had he not acted as he did. Yet it was not likely that after what had passed he could remain under Sir Owen's roof, neither did he desire to do so. It was torture to him to see Violet ill-treated; he could not bear it, nor could he interfere to prevent it.

HEALTH FOR GIRLS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Strong Healthy Rosy-Cheeked Lassies.

"I was attacked with appendicitis," says Miss Fabiola Grammont, daughter of Mr. Charles Grammont, a prosperous farmer of Champlain, Que., "and while the doctor who attended me cured me of this trouble it left behind after effects from which it seemed almost impossible to recover. I grew weak and very pale; my appetite was poor; I suffered at times from severe headaches, and the least exertion left me completely worn out. I tried several remedies, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing worse. Any work about the house I felt weak and dispirited, and I felt almost like giving up. At this time a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit strongly urged me to give them a trial. I hesitated for a few days, but I felt any better when I had used them, I would have given them up but for the fact that my friend urged that one box was not a fair trial. I then decided to continue the use of the pills, and by the time I had taken three boxes I found my condition was improving. I used eight boxes in all, and by the time I had finished the course my old-time health had returned, my appetite had improved, I had gained in weight and the glow of health had returned to my face. I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and weak girls."

Good blood is an absolute necessity, and the only way to have a constant supply of rich, red, healthy blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and to drive from the system such troubles as anaemia, languidness, nervousness, dyspepsia, etc. You can get these by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FRUIT CROP.

Much Damage Done by Mice and Frost.

The fruit division at Ottawa, sent out a request for information as to the damages by mice and frost during the past winter, and has received replies from several correspondents from all parts of the Dominion.

The damage from mice has been most serious in Ontario and Quebec. There are of course, isolated cases of damage in all the provinces, and there has been a serious increase in the number of mice during the past year. The damage to nursery stock was particularly severe, and it is said that at least 25 per cent. of the stock "heeled in" out doors has been destroyed. The young trees in all parts of Ontario, and in the St. Lawrence and Ottawa valleys, suffered, according to their location. Several correspondents put their loss at 50 per cent. of all trees of three years and less.

The injury was almost nothing where young orchards had clean culture throughout the season. As the protection to the mice was "increased by the growth of weeds, grass or clover crop, so the proportion of loss increased. Snow provided them excellent protection under which they could work on trees, in some cases up to the limbs. Forest trees and hedges suffered to an equal extent. The loss will probably reach about 25 per cent. of all young trees.

The practice of the best orchardist seems to be to grow the cover crop even at the risk of encouraging the mice, and to protect the trees against their attacks. Keeping a small circle about the trees clean, is not, in itself, a sufficient protection.

J. L. Hibbard, of Leamington, Ont., Mr. A. C. Starr, of Starr's Point, N. S., and several other correspondents, have found the throwing of two or three shovels of loose earth about the trunks of the trees, to form a small mound, quite sufficient to protect their trees. Mr. Harold Jones, of Maitland, Ont., has practised successfully the careful tramping of the snow about the trees after the first heavy snowfall, repeating it after a thaw. A most effective protection is furnished by wrapping building paper about the trunk of the tree for one or two feet, trying it in place with a snow paper. A few correspondents

HOLSTEINS ARE LARGE, HEALTHY AND THRIFTY.

In the course of an address before the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Prof. H. H. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, spoke as follows:

"First, we have found them (the Holstein-Friesians) on our experience at the College, where we keep six or seven breeds for instructional purposes, for our students, a healthy and a thrifty breed of cattle. We are required, owing to our peculiar circumstances, to keep representatives of the different breeds, and we find the Holsteins a healthy, thrifty breed, and I consider that a very strong point. Now, we find that some breeds do not seem to have that strong constitution, that thrift, that inherent quality which always makes them ready for their meals, and ready for almost anything which may come up; and I consider that a very strong point, and I believe that the breeders of Holstein cattle would be making a most serious mistake if they lost sight of that vigor and thrift and health and constitution which is now so important a point among this famous breed of cattle."

"Then we find in our experience that the calves are strong and good doers. I have never known in my experience with them a calf to come weak, and a calf that required nursing, and required coddling, and required any extra attention. Without exception they have come strong and are good doers, and in two or three weeks we can put them on skim milk, and soon begin to feed them bran and oats, and they begin to thrive right from the start. Now, other calves do

not seem to thrive in the same way, and that is why I like the Holstein cattle, because their calves are thrifty right from the start."

"Then another strong point of the Holsteins is their size. They are of good size. Now, some people say that size is a detriment in the dairy business; that if you can get a small cow to do a given amount of work, she does not require so much feed, and that she will produce milk or butter or cheese more economically, because she is of smaller size. Now, I will tell you: We have looked into this matter very carefully, and we find that the difference in the feed which is consumed by a large cow and a small one, for the production of a given quantity of milk or butter, is largely in the rough food, the cheap food, and when we make a comparison of the feed which is consumed by a large cow and a small one, she will require just about a certain amount of concentrated feed, and that the difference in the feed which is eaten by the large and small cows is in the cheap, rough, bulky feed, and not in the concentrates. We find that a cow requires about eight pounds of meal for each pound of fat she produces in the milk."

"The next strong point of the Holsteins is that they are regular breeders. We have found in our experience that very much less trouble in getting cows to breed regularly, cows of this breed, than cows belonging to other breeds, and we very seldom have any difficulty in that respect (with Holsteins), a trouble which sometimes gives the dairyman a great deal of annoyance." Yours truly,

G. W. Clemens, Secretary.

have used a light veneer, such as is used for making baskets, cut in pieces about 6 by 18 inches, and held in place by a stout cord. These cost about four dollars per thousand, and will last many years. The experimental farm at Ottawa find these a good preventive of sun scald as well as mice, and in the end the cheapest protection.

Comparatively few have attempted to cover their injured trees. This may be done by erecting a mound of fresh earth to cover the wound by binding the wound with a mixture of clay and cow manure, half and half, covering the whole with burlap, or by simply covering the wound with grafting wax.

Bridging is practised by many quite successfully. Mr. W. W. Cox, of Collingwood, has some old trees that have never failed to bear good crops that were girdled when they were five inches in diameter for a distance of one half foot or more.

The damage by frost, though exceedingly serious in Ontario and Quebec, will not affect to any great extent the amount of fruit put on the market this year, except in the case of plums and peaches, should they be so severely injured. The reports from Essex peach districts show a damage approaching that of 1899; 50 per cent. of the trees will be killed outright. The fall frost is not so severely injured. The Crawford type proved particularly tender.

Cherries are also injured severely in bud. Small fruits escaped with less injury. Yours very truly,

G. W. Clemens.

Publication Clerk.

A RAILROAD REVOLUTION.

May be Brought About Through the Automobile.

The bicycle paved the way for the automobile and the automobile threatens to effect a revolution in the transportation methods on land and sea. The motor boat is the lad of the moment, and these tiny craft will be seen by the thousands darting over the smoother waters of the inland lakes and rivers and the more protected bodies along the coast. Now it is announced that a well-known engine man of Port Hope, for several years has been experimenting with a vehicle designed for railroad purposes. It is announced that they have succeeded to the point of putting out several vehicles for actual use on the tracks, and in the course of a coming down to the footlights, looking very pale, Sir Charles Wyndham essayed to speak, but failing after several attempts to make himself heard, he directed the members of his company standing behind him to retire from the stage. Going back again to the footlights, after the rest of the company had left the stage, Sir Charles took advantage of a lull that followed a burst of cheering, to say: "I am here to face the music."

More cheers. After which he went on to say: "With regard to this organized opposition"—but a cry of "We all know you hate the gallery" broke in, and an indescribable babel cut short the sentence.

"If the boozers would only 'boo' at their own looking glasses at home they would never want to 'boo' again," the actor-manager cried, pointing his finger angrily at the gallery. Sir Charles called on the police to remove the footlights, looking the taking out of one of the noisiest of the demonstrators improved matters very little.

"You are not telling the truth," was yelled down from above to the stage, where Sir Charles, evidently determined to go through with it, stood alone, encouraged by shouts from other parts of the house. The cries from the gallery that "they wanted to hear no more," had no further effect than to draw from the actor-manager an expression of his intention to protect in future the audiences at his theatres from the annoyances "of such scenes as this."

Several times he asked for "fair play," but those who commenced the disturbance evidently had no intention of giving it, and after twenty minutes of uproar, the scene ended almost, but not quite, as noisily as it began.

Some of the occupants of the gallery afterwards gave as the reason for the noise that they understood that Miss Mabel Terry Lewis had not been brought before the footlights in the final call on the first night of My Lady Rosedale.

Sir Charles looked very pale last night and a wound on the top of his head was evidence of an accident he met with before the performance beneath the stage, through coming in contact with a cross-timber.—London Mail.

THE "BOOERS" WERE MAD.

Because Miss Mabel Terry Lewis Was Not Brought Before the Footlights.

The fall of the curtain on the last act of the "Bride and Bridegroom," produced at the New Theatre last night, was followed by the noisiest scene witnessed in a London theatre for some years.

Amid a storm of "boos" proceeding from the gallery, cries rose of "What about Miss Terry Lewis?" "We want no more," and other quite indistinguishable phrases not intended to be friendly. Coming down to the footlights, looking very pale, Sir Charles Wyndham essayed to speak, but failing after several attempts to make himself heard, he directed the members of his company standing behind him to retire from the stage. Going back again to the footlights, after the rest of the company had left the stage, Sir Charles took advantage of a lull that followed a burst of cheering, to say: "I am here to face the music."

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