

Violet's Lover

The brave and simple-hearted soldier could not comprehend why Lady Chevenix had given up Felix Lonsdale for Sir Owen. Some one gave him an explanation of it, and he came to the conclusion that it was correct.

"I wish you would not ask me," she said, "for it is a story I do not like to hear or to speak of."

"Your wishes are my law on every subject," replied the major. "If you tell me that I must not ask you, I will not; but I am deeply interested—and I do not of my own accord myself in other person's affairs."

"I can only tell you what happened," she replied—for to no creature living had Lady Maude ever betrayed one word of the contents of Felix's heart.

"The occurrence," she continued, "is unfortunately very common. Lady Chevenix, the Miss Violet Hays—leaving I believe that Sir Owen had delayed his coming for three months longer than he would have been married. He came, and with the first week and the first month became the lion of this part of the county. How she broke her troth—light, and why she broke it, what excuses she made to herself or others, I do not know. I can tell you; but it is quite certain that she went to London, and that Sir Owen followed and married her there."

"There can be but one explanation—she must have given up her lover for the baronet," said the major; "but I can not imagine any woman preferring Sir Owen Chevenix to Felix Lonsdale."

"You forget that Sir Owen had, as the old song says, horses and lands, while Mr. Felix Lonsdale has nothing but his brains."

The major was silent for some minutes, and then he asked:

"Is it not very hard on these two girls, Lady Maude?"

"I do not know. I know that society receives Lady Chevenix with open arms."

"And what do women call such girls?" he asked again. "What is the name they go by in this curious world called society?"

"People give them different names—some of them prudence, some faithfulness."

"What do you call such behavior?" he asked.

"Time is a plain, unfashionable term," said Lady Maude. "I call the woman who breaks her word to her lover a jilt, and I call the wrong she does by its right name of perjury."

Major Rawson admired the speaker all the more for her frankness. And so Sir Owen's garden party passed off well, everyone praising the graceful, beautiful hostess, and admiring her standing later on in the evening with tears in her eyes watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sir Owen had a new idea—it was when the two parties had come round, to invite the principal tenants to dine at Garwood. Such things were done by the great landed proprietors of the country, and he was desirous of imitating them. This reminded him that there were several other matters that required attention—some of the tenants' leases had fallen in, and to renew them would require a long and patient search in the iron-room, where all deeds and documents were preserved. There was another important piece of business on hand. One of the farmers in the neighborhood had sold some land to Sir Owen Chevenix, but soon after the sale he died, and his successors disputed his right to sell. Most of the old titles deeds of the Garwood estate required careful perusing; so Sir Owen invited Darcy Lonsdale to stay for a few days at Garwood. It would be much easier, he thought, to read all the various papers there than to have them taken to his office.

Mr. Lonsdale thought so, too, and promised to ride over to the Hall; but shortly before the appointed time some important law business called for his presence in London. "I must go," he said to Felix, "and you will have to take my place at Garwood—no one else can do it. What do you say, Felix? If you dislike it, I will give up my London engagements; but I do not think you can make any difference to you. What do you say?"

The elder man looked anxiously into the face of his son. Felix was silent for a few minutes, and then he said, with a frank smile: "It can't matter, father; I go as a man of business, not as a friend. I will do it with pleasure. It would be as well for you just to write and hint to Sir Owen that he might prefer you."

"I do not think he would," returned Darcy Lonsdale; "you are decidedly his favorite, Felix."

Mr. Lonsdale was right. Sir Owen was much pleased at the change. He passed the lawyer's letter over to his wife, and she read it.

"I am very pleased," he said, "Felix is cleverer than his father—and I like him. See that he has a nice room, and that his comforts are well attended to."

She made some vague reply—it seemed to her that heaven and earth were about to meet. That Felix should ever be under her roof as her guest seemed to her a most wonderful thing. How should she receive him? Would he soiten a little in his manner to her? How fervently she hoped that Sir Owen would treat her, if not kindly, at least with some outward semblance of respect before her old lover! She was glad that Marian Hethcote was still with her—it would have been awkward to have met him alone.

When Sir Owen had quitted the room, Marian placed her hands upon Lady Chevenix's shoulders and looked into her face.

"Well, he said, 'do you like this arrangement? Does it please or vex you?'"

Lady Chevenix met her gaze with a calm smile.

Or light our sorrow with its starry eyes; And so regret is vain.

"We should have seen it shine Long years beside us. Time and Death might try To touch that love divine. Whose strength could envy other stroke defy. Save—only mine!

"No longing can restore Our dead again. Vain are the tears we weep; And vainly we deplore Our buried love, its grave lies dark and deep Between us evermore."

Her voice died away in a low, sweet murmur that was like the love-plaint of a bird, and they were silent for some minutes, none caring to break the spell. Then Felix looked at her.

"I remember those words," he said, "they are taken from a poem called 'Lost Alice,' by Adelaide Anne Procter. I gave you the book, I think, Lady Chevenix?"

"That was the first time he had ever alluded to the past; he had not now always treated her as a stranger—as a lady to whom he had been introduced for the first time by Sir Owen Chevenix.

Her face brightened when she heard it; it seemed to her that the broken chain had been taken up in those simple words.

"Yes, you gave it to me," she acknowledged; "and I know every word of the poem by heart—I have read it so often."

He looked up in surprise.

"Indeed!" he said. "I thought that you did not care for poetry at all, Lady Chevenix?"

"I fancied that I did not, but I was mistaken. During these latter years I have learned to value and understand many things that were once like so many dead letters to me."

"I wish," said Marian Hethcote, "that we could understand everything at once. As it is, we learn little quickly; it takes long years to teach us the simplest lessons, and by the time they are learned we must die. As my favorite poet says: 'We live—we love; and then—Stone dead we lie.'"

"O Life, is all thy song Endure and die!"

How much more pleasant it would be if we could master everything at once! What mistakes and blunders we make! I read the other day of a great and wise man, who, when he came to die, said, 'My life has been all a mistake. Mr. Lonsdale, I am growing quite sad; it is time to sing for us.'

"I cannot sing, but I will repeat some verses that I think very beautiful, if you would like to hear them."

"Where are they?" asked Lady Chevenix.

"They are Miss Procter's," he replied, and he turned his face away from her while he recited them.

It seemed to Lady Chevenix as though the wind fell and all nature was hushed to listen. There was no passion, no regret, in the low, rich tones—they were clear and sweet and eloquent—but each word as it fell in the fragrant gloaming seemed to burn itself on her heart and heart and brain.

"The poem is called 'Parting,'" said Felix, "and is so beautiful in itself, that it cannot fail to please."

"Without one bitter feeling let us part; And for the years in which your love has shined A radiance like a glory round my head I thank you—yes, I thank you from my heart."

"I thank you—and no grief is in these tears; I thank you, not in bitterness, but truth, For the fair vision that adorned my youth And glorified so many happy years."

"Yet how much more I thank you that you tore At length the veil your hand had woven away, Which hid my idol was a thing of clay, And false the altar I had knelt before!"

"I thank you that you taught me the stern truth None other could have told and I believed. That vain had been my love and I deceived, And wasted all the purpose of my youth."

"I thank you that your hand dashed down the shrine Wherein my idol worship I had paid; Else had I never known a soul was made To serve and worship only the Divine."

"I thank you for a terrible awakening— And, if reproach seemed hidden In your pain, And sorrow seemed to cry on your disdain, Know that my blessing lay in forsaking."

"Farewell forever now—in peace we part; And should an idle vision of my tears, Arise before your soul in after-years, Remember that I thank you from my heart."

So, clearly, one by one, with cruel distinctness, the words sounded in Violet's ears. She knew, she understood, that that was what he would say to her; in his mind there could never be even the faintest renewal of their past friendship, and in his heart he thanked her that his unhappy love, his great abiding sorrow, had taught him many noble lessons. She understood—he had said it delicately and kindly, but he had meant it—that the whole past was buried, for him; he thanked her that she had taught him to suffer, and suffer in silent strength. She was quite silent for many minutes after he had finished; it was Marian who talked to him and made him recite for them again and again.

The sun had set, the crimson and gold had faded from the water, a gray shade had fallen over it—all was quiet, calm, peaceful. Lady Chevenix rested her head against the garden trunk of an old tree; the peace and repose were novel to her. Presently a slight sound in the distance startled her.

"What is that?" she said,

"It was only the deer that were feeding. In a herd on the clover grass," sung Marian; and Felix looked up with a smile.

"I know that," he said. "You are quoting from a ballad called 'Lush.' Strange to say, I was thinking of it a short time since. The words were running through my brain."

"They have run through my heart," remarked Marian, "often and often. I am matter-of-fact myself, but the song always brings tears to my eyes. Repeat it to us, Mr. Lonsdale."

"I will. There is something in the time that suits the words. The light is dying in the sky, the sun has set, the flowers are sleeping, the wood-pigeons are silent, the air is full of dreams.

(To be Continued.)

PAINFUL RHEUMATISM.

This Trouble is Caused by an Acid in the Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood. That is a medical truth every sufferer from this trouble should bear in mind. Liniments and outward applications cannot cure what is rooted in the blood—the disease must be cured through the blood. That is the reason rheumatism yields almost like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This new blood conquers the painful poison, sweeps out the aching acid, soothes the nerves, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism. Mr. Robert Morrison, one of the best known and most esteemed residents of Guelph, Ont., gives striking testimony to the truth of the statements made above. He says: "My trouble came gradually, and was pronounced muscular rheumatism, and was located chiefly in my neck, a shoulder, and an arm. It gave me a most agonizing pain. I was confined to my bed for fifteen months. A great many friends came to see me during that time, and I think I am safe in saying that most of them had very few remedies, but I would get better. I tried a great many remedies, without any lasting benefit. Then I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am thankful to say that through the use of these pills and the help of a few general remedies, I am again on my feet. My neck is still somewhat stiff, but the pain is gone. I am now in my 79th year, and I feel that I owe much to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills have cured thousands of the worst cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and backaches, and they can do the same for you. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A BROWN SEASON.

Choice in Foulards of This Hue Is Large This Spring.

Is it to be a brown season? It looks like it, judging from the very numerous and varied shades of brown in the new fashions, which are shown ready-made in the stores. Some of the most beautiful shades of brown are being brought out in the styles of the day.

There are covers, a range of shades. We have bronze, moleskin color and seal brown; then there is Havana, a rich cigar or tobacco leaf color. Perhaps the most attractive shade is a rich golden brown, beautiful alike in taffeta, veiling, mohair, Louise or eolienne. We have dark brown grenadines, quite open mesh, and handsomely garnished for afternoon gowns.

The brown foulards are legion, a great surprise to those who are accustomed to see only two tones of the color. Charming are the patterns of the brown foulards; one could write an entire article on them alone. We have the barley-grain pattern, a elongated rain-drop, spaced somewhat irregularly on a golden-brown woven tulle, with a very small and applied with mathematical regularity over the glistening surface it would produce a "calico" effect too mechanical to be pleasing. "Lace" with narrow, fine and sharp and color of pattern if applied somewhat irregularly produces quite a different effect. Two of the barley corns are nearer together, and the pattern is irregular. This makes up a gown without the stiffness observable in small "set" patterns, which have the look of old-fashioned wall paper.

Moons in outlines and visible on some lengths of shining silk. They must not be confounded with the coin-spot of the same size or the large polka dot. White rings of medium size are our pretty means, and these are a few small stars are observed near the moon.

Galaxy patterns and constellations of little pointed stars are disposed on the surface of navy blue, black and brown foulards in irresistible fashion.

Very wide brown foulards with dull finishes show insignificant patterns designed at wide intervals. These are for the benefit of those who desire a "great deal of body color" and a very small allowance of pattern printing.

Cheerful patterns, irregular zigzags of white and black wander over the surface of some brown silks. For an unknown reason the brown silks figured with white are very much more pretty than those showing designs in black.

Handsome reversible silks are plaited in white, the bars being narrow lines. There are three sizes of these plaited, half-inch, half-inch and quarter-inch design. As there is no up and down to them, and both sides are equally brilliant, these goods cut to great advantage.

Golden-brown pongee is one of our pretty spring fabrics. It comes in smooth finish and also in one slightly roughened to the touch.

Japan silks, cool as cool can be, 22 inches wide, are some of the medium and low priced, either solid colors or printed with white.

EGG PRODUCTION.

Pullets for Winter Laying—The Fresh Egg Trade—Exporting Eggs.

For all farmers, a most profitable branch of the poultry business is the production of eggs during the winter, says Mr. F. C. Hare, chief of the poultry division, Ottawa. Every winter there is a great demand for new-laid eggs; the supply is always limited, and high prices are paid. In the large cities strictly fresh eggs sold readily during the past winter at from 40 to 60 cents per dozen. Some farmers are so situated that they can maintain a city trade in fresh eggs throughout the year. A premium of several cents a dozen can usually be obtained for new-laid eggs shipped weekly to the city markets.

MARKET REQUIREMENTS.—There is a growing preference on the home markets for brown shelled eggs. The shells of the eggs should be wiped clean if not very soapy, and the eggs graded in size. For shipment to the merchant they should be packed in cases holding 12 dozen or 30 dozen each. Eggs to be palatable should be eaten in a strictly fresh condition; therefore, they should reach the consumer without unnecessary delay. The consumer (1) that the egg be collected regularly every day and stored in a cool room (temperature 40 to 50 degrees F.), (2) that the dealer forward the eggs to the merchant at least once a week, and (3) that the merchant protect the eggs from deterioration while in his possession.

PULLETS FOR WINTER LAYING.—As a general rule pullets hatched during May or early June will prove most profitable for winter laying. Farmers who expect to make a specialty of high priced new-laid eggs next winter should at the present time be hatching out a good number of chicks from which to select suitable pullets. The cockerels should be sold in the early fall. Unless they are housed in the fields and require

WHY IT IS CALLED DIXIE.

Origin of Name by Which the South is Popularly Known.

"Dixie" Dixie's land—there is the suggestion in the words of romance of war and peace, of the general and the dashing half-frontier life of the antebellum south of the Mississippi river days. Through near three generations it has meant all that is stirring and stirring of the south, and now the stirring strains of "Dixie" are played to cheering audiences of Americans in every part of the United States. It was played at the battle of Manila, at the battle of Ory. And in the song the rhythm now marches the soldiers of the nation as proudly beneath the stars and stripes as ever strode the Southern legion beneath the stars and stripes. And in the song there is a story of the moment to New Orleans, the meaning of the term, how it originated, how it grew to favor, is a question often mooted and never yet settled to the satisfaction of all those investigators of the unique and unusual who delve into the mine of tradition and legend. "Dixie" was a negro minstrel song, sung in music halls of New York in late 50, he believed justly to Mark Twain's audience from the "floating palaces" of the antebellum Mississippi by burnt-sock artists and artisans, who have long since followed the echoes of their songs into silence and oblivion. And the song took. By 1850 it was whistled and sung from the States to the States, from Richmond to New Orleans. Peculiarly it is the favorite song of the jolly gentry who thronged the steamboats upon the old highway of the Mississippi, and all through the states tributary to the streams the song spread with a quality strange in that day of restricted communication and slow travel.

Then the war came, and blood made precious the suggestion of the song, and the song itself became a part of the war. It suggested, Young (his sang the song at parting, went forth to death, and died. In stricken homes the strains have brought, through all the years, memories and day-dreams of a past which might have been or that which was. Graybeards of to-day, through the mist of decades, hear in the appealing cadences voices which long ago sounded sweet so pure with their hues.

And the song itself! Nothing in the words beyond silly doggerel—but a silly doggerel which laughingly referred to all the Southern folk as "Dixie" and always kept them in the house. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., they will send you a box by mail post paid for 25 cents.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from any stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets, and always keep a box of this medicine; it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Give the tablets to the sick child, and watch the quick relief and rapid restoration to health and strength. Thousands of mothers are using this medicine for their little ones, and they all praise it. What stronger evidence can you want? Baby's Own Tablets, New Orleans, La., says: "Baby's Own Tablets certainly fill all the claim you make for them so far as my experience goes. I consider them a perfect medicine for children and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or if you write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., they will send you a box by mail post paid for 25 cents.

Collation Salads.

At salads figure at most wedding receptions.

Chicken salad is the standby for most collations.

Nothing is better to pass with chicken salad than nut sandwiches.

Brown bread sandwiches go well with fish salads, lobster or crab included.

Lettuce and olives are a good garnish for a chicken salad.

Shrimps show beautifully when used to garnish the deeper brilliancy of the lobster.

For a mixed company garlic must be used sparingly. Either rub the dish with a clove that has been cut open or allow two sliced cloves in a crust of bread to stand among the lettuce leaves for a while.

Carrots serve prettily to garnish white potato salad, the lettuce adding just enough delicate green.

Oyster crabs are a desirable garnish for an oyster salad.

Nasturtium and caper sandwiches are properly served with mutton salad.

Ripe olives and pine nuts are delicious in a chicken salad.

All flesh, fowl and fish must not be cut up until perfectly chilled. Chicken should be cut into cubes and oblongs not over an inch, and in no case should it be chopped.

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