THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

husband and wife."

But Randolph did not answer with the cor

CHAPTER XIV.

And the thought of Lady Ryvers brought

have been a good and happy one; born in a high sphere, his art career was in some degree spoiled. His vast fortune entailed many duties upon him, and they were not altogeth-

er to his tasts. The one thing he had dreaded all his life he had most successfully avoided—he had not married for money. To his romantic, poetical mind and temperament there was no idea so horrible as that of

what he was. They had been married nearly nine months, and the conclusion he came to

was this-that his fair young wife did not

love him with the same passionate and de-voted affection that he gave to her. He must

win it; that was all.

These thoughts came to him as he stood on

the bridge. That same morning he had re-ceived a letter from his mother which had startled him and brought him face to face

of his position, which were onerous enough. Lady Ryvers added that she earnestly hoped

that he would also give nis attention to mar-riage, the next great step in his life, a step that

would either make or mar him.
"A step I have taken without consulting

liality Violet expected.

CHAPTER XIIL me months had passed since the marriage little church at St. Byno's, and th fn the little church at St. Byno's, and the young lord was, if possible, more in love with his wife than ever. She had grown more beautiful, because the character of her beauty was more refined. Lord Ryvers himselt was one of the most refined of men. Constant association with him had given a grace and courtesy to her manner that nothing else could have given. When Lord Ryvers had first met Violet at St. Byno's, she had been quick and clever in an extraordinary degree, but her education had been a simple one. Since that time she had read a great deal, and Lord Ryvers had been most careful in his selection of books for her.

ooks for her. "You must read what every one else reads, he said to her one day. "So many quota-tions from and allusions to favourite books are made in society that one must be pretty well educated ard well read even to follow

"I like the reading," Violet said, langhing but why do you prepare me as though it would be my fate to mix with so many clever people?"

"It will be your fate at some future time,

he replied.

"Do you consider all artists clever?" she asked, quickly.

"They should be," he answered, "or they

"They should be," he answered, "or they will make very poor artists."

Lord Ryvers was very proud of his young wife. He had not dared purchase such a wardrobe as he desired for her. fearing that by so doing her suspicious would be excited, but he had insisted on her wearing beautiful dresses; and, although she had cried out against the extravagance, she was pleased with his purchases, and enjoyed wearing her exquisite costumes.

One evening, when they were going out, he had looked at her with a most comprehensive glance—from the golden head to the little shapely foot. anapery 100t.

"You ought to wear white silk, white lace, and pearls, Violet," he said; "nothing else would suit your style so well."

"Had you not better suggest diamonds and satin?" she rejoined, laughing merrily.
"You must have a curious idea of what is mitable for the dress of artists' wives, Ran

dolph."

"I know how you ought to look, and how you shall look." declared her husband.

"Raudolph," she said, seriously, "you think of money." never seem to think of money."
"Money!" he replied. "Why should I

Why should you?" she echoed, with smile that he thought the most beautiful he had ever seen. "Why, the answer is plain enough! If we go on spending money as we have done, we shall soon have none left. Do you know," she added, looking up at him with laughing eyes, "that we have the best of everything?"

"So we ought," cried Lord Ryvers. "Do not trouble about money. I was not so deeply engrossed with my art that I forgot to lay for a rainy day."
"And are these the rainy days?" she

"I hope they are the darkest we shall ever see." he replied.

He was, if possible, more in love with her than when he first met her in the woods of St. Byno's. She had a wonderful charm for him. The ladies of his family had always affected The ladies of his family had always affected to be, if they were not actually, delicate and fragule; they considered health and strength rather as vulgar attributes. Violet, on the contrary, rejoiced in superb health, in a magnificent constitution; she did not even know what the words "langour" and "fatigue" meant as applied to herself, and consequently she had a capacity for enjoyment that seemed marvellous to him. When they were in Switzerland, she could climb the highest mountains quite as well as he could, she could walk as far, she could endure as much ould walk as far, she could endure as muc being masculine or strong mitded as it was possible to be. There was no fairer picture than that of this beautiful girl—health glowing in her face, her eyes sparkling, her ing in her lace, her eyes sparkling, her lips crimson. It was the possession of such per-fect health, or unflagging gaiety and high spirit, that had such a wonderful attraction for Lord Ryvers.

fer Lord Ryvers.

They had spent the whole of the year in travelling; they had been through Italy and Switzerland. Now a fancy had taken Lord Ryvers—he must go to the Rhine—not in the beaten tracks where British tourists abound -no, he would seek some pretty sequester spot where river and mountain were at their best. He would stay there for some months have his beautiful Violet all to himself for that time, and then arrange for the future. He felt that he should not be afraid of his

there was no idea so horrible as that of marrying for money; it was death to all sentiment and romance, death to all that he valued most in this world.

Thank heaven, he had avoided that! The girl he had found loved him for himself, and was perfectly ignorant of the fact that he had money; indeed, with her passionate hatred of the rich and noble, she would never have married him had she known exactly what he was. They had been married nearly mother meeting his wife, now that this yea of travel and study had refined and perfected her. He would be proud when the hour cam for even Lady Ryvers to see her. It was true that Violet was different from most of the ladies who were his mother's friends and asso-ciates; but she had a characteristic beauty and grace and individuality of her own.

Lord Ryvers found that of which he was is

quest in the pretty little town of Saltzberg, or the Rhine, perhaps one of the most pictures one on that beautiful river. It stands where the river is widest, and where the great crags rise highest to the sky; every beauty of land and water, of hill and dale, of river and ruin A little tributary called the Saltz runs into

the Rhine at this spot, and the scene where the two currents meet is one of the prettiest and

most picturesque on the river.

The Saltz is spanned by an old rustic bridge built over the narrowest part of the river; great trees shade the bridge at each end, and the gray stone of which it is built is half covered with ivy and moss. The town stands botween the hills and the river.

Lord Ruysers above one of the restless will be the stands between the hills and the river.

Lord Ryvers chose one of the pretty villas ituated in the outskirts. It was built on a stuated in the outskirts. It was built on a From the windows one saw nothing in the front of the house but the rapid rolling Rhine. The picturesque, weird beauty of the spot delighted him. delighted him.

They were standing on the bridge one morn

"I ask nothing better from life than this, he said, "I should like to live here always with you, the blue sky always above my head, the sound of the river always in my

She noped that nothing would interfere with his return.

Lady Ryvers reminded him that she had agreed to the sketching tour very much against her conscience, and hoped that now he would abandou a pursuit that had always been most distasteful to her. She trusted that he would give himself up to the duties ears, and your face before my eyes."
"Would such a life fill you with content, Randolph ?" she asked. "Yes, with infinite content," he replied.
"It would not satisfy me," she said, decidly: "I would rather live in the world of

dreamily.

"But beauty is not the end and aim of life,"
she said. "I begin to think you are a dreamer, after all."

"It would not satisfy me," she said, decidly. "I would rather live in the world of men and women."

"This is far more beautiful," he declared, dreamily.

"But beauty is not the end and aim of life," she said. "I begin to think you are a dreamer, after all."

"I am content to be one while I have you to dream about," he rejoined.

But there was no response on the beautiful young face looking over the water.

"Randolph, you have no ambition," she said, suddenly.

"Yet ours has always been considered an ambitions race," he replied as quickly; and she little ripple of sunsy laughter jarred upon him as she replied:

"You spoke like an aristocrat, as though you belonged to some race quite separate and distinct from all others."

"How you nate all aristocrats!" he said, with a deep sigh.

"I do, indeed, "she replied; and then she

would either make or mar him.

"A step I have taken without consulting any one or anything, except my own heart sken without consulting any one or anything, except my own heart, "he thought. Yet there were disagreeable facts to face, and the young man grew thoughtful as he bent over the foaming river. He had as he bent over the alse should I mean?"

And again the little ripple of sunsy laughter farred upon him as she replied:

'You spoke like an aristocrat, as though you belonged to some race quite separate and distinct from all others."

"How you hate all aristocrats!" he said,

the song, as many hours as you wish. I have thought once or twice that you were inclined to rest on your laurels: indeed, Randelph, the truth is, you have done nothing lately but love and care for me."

"Certainly it has been my chief pleasure as well as my chief occupation," he replied, gal-lantiv.

pointed to an old ruin standing at the foot of the hill. "Have you heard the legend of the old castle there?" she asked, carelessly. "I

well as my chief occupation," he replied, gallantly.

"Yes; but it does not bring grist to the mill. See how you worked at St. Byno's; you were always painting there."

"Dreaming is working with me," he replied. "Do you think all those long hours spent in watching the lights and shadows, the sky and the river, the rocks and the ruins are wasted? Ah, no! I am storing beautiful pictures in my mind. An artists tudies nature as a student studies books. I do not think a man with an artistic mind is ever idle; thoughts and fancies are always passing through his brain."

Violet kept her word. She was ready at all times to stand on the bridge, just in the attitude he wished to paint her, and "The Queen of the Rhine" made great progress. She won one promise from him, and it was that, when the picture was finished, he would send it at once to England, and they should leave the villa on the Rhine.

"I do not want to go to England yet," he said. "You have no especial reason for desiring to go there?"

"None," she answered, carelessly, "unless it be to see Aunt Alice. I do not care to go to England; but I do not wish to remain here, I am just a little tired of solitude." And the glorious violet eyes flashed with the light of longing.

"Solitude?" repeated the young husband, read it this morning."
"No. Tell it to me," he said. "I like

"No. Tell it to me," he said, "I like your way of telling a story, Violet; it is terse and vigorous."

"It is not much of a legend," she said, "but it interested me. A German baron married a young French lady, and brought her home to this castle, Heaven knows how many hundred years ago. When he had been married some time, he found out that she had a secret in her life. No one ever knew what that secret was: she never told it; and he threatened that, if she did not tell him, he would kill her. Do you think a wife has no right to keep a secret from her husband, Randolph?"

"I should think not," he replied; but he spoke in such a tone of a hesitation that she looked at him again, half langhing.

"Has a husband any right to keep a secret from his wife?" she asked then; and this time he answered more quickly:

"No."

glorious violet eyes flashed with the light of longing.

"Solitude?" repeated the young husband,
"You do not call being with me 'solitude'?"

"It would be perfect solitude but for you, she replied, laughingly. "Of course, with you it is bearable. I want to see more, I want real life. I want to see the faces of strange men and women, to find myself sometimes in a crowd. At times I think it will be pleasant to have a little home in England, where you can paint all day and I can keep house. I am a famous housekeeper, Randolph, although you have never given me a chance of showing you what I can do in that line, Aunt Alice gave me a good training. We have been nearly a year wandering in search of the beautiful and picturesque; now let us see a little more of humanity. Why do you not go to some large city? We should be able to study our fellow-beings there."

"I do not want to see English people," he replied; and in every great European city they abound."

Violet looked up at him quickly.

"Why do you not wish to meet English "No."
"What do you think this cruel husband did, Randolph?" she continued. "When he tound his wife would not tell him her secret, he flung her from that old ruined tower into the Rhine; and the story tells how she haunted the tower until no one dare live in it and so it fell into ruin. The moral of the It struck Lord Ryvers, for the first time since his marriage, that the beautiful wife he had won from the woodlands of St. Byno's did not love him with quite the same devoted affection he had for her. He would have been content to have remained with her forever; he asked nothing better than to live always with her in the weird villa overlooking the Rhine; he wanted no other society, no other world—heart, brain, and soul would have been quite content.

Not so with her. It was with something of dismay that she found her husband quite willing to live at the solitary villa. It was beautiful enough—she did not attempt to deny that; but to her richly gifted, vivacious nature, to her ardent mind and soul, there was not sufficient in this worship of nature; she wanted more life, more to amuse her than the con-

"Why do you not wish to meet English people?" she asked. "I have noticed your avoidance of our countrymen before, but I could never understand your reason for it." "Paistant to my taste." he

"British tourists are not to my taste," he replied.
"Why, Randolph, what nonsense!" Violet exclaimed, laughing. "We are British tour-ists ourselves, are we not?"
"Not of the ordinary kind," he replied,

cient in this worship of nature; she wanted more life, more to amuse her than the contemplation of magnificent scenery. Lord Ryvers was of a contemplative nature; his young wife rejoiced in a more active disposition. She liked to tread frequented paths, of life, he the by-paths. She liked to be always doing, he to be always thinking.

He was thinking very seriously one morning, as he stood in his favourite spot, the pretty rustic bridge over the Saltz, the river loaming and fretting beneath, the green boughs spreading above, the blue sky over all. He had been thinking, first of all, that he would paint such a picture as would set the whole world on fire with admiration—just this bridge, with the deep foaming river beneath, the tall trees with their great boughs and the beautiful figure of his wife standing beneath them, just as he had seen her stand carelessly.
"We are ordinary people," said his wife proudly.
"I should not like to think myself different from others." "You will allow me some little preroga-tive," he said. "I cannot bring myself to think of myself as an ordinary person; will

you not allow me the privilege at least of genius?" "Perhaps I may; but, Randolph, there are times when I cannot help thinking, although you hide it from me, that you are an aristo-crat at heart. There—you have grown quite pale at the mere suggestion?"
"And no wonder." he replied; "that is a

terrible accusation to bring against me, when one considers how you hate aristocrats." "That indeed I do, thanks to Aunt Alice. beneath them, just as he had seen her stand hundreds of times, with a rapt expression of admiration on her face. If he could paint her as he had seen her, if he could catch the "That indeed I do, thanks to Aunt Alice. I think class hatred is one of the strongest of all hates:" and she raised her head proudly. "But that is not the question. I want you to promise me that when 'The Queen of the Rhine' is finished you will give up solitude for a time, and live where we can see men and women, instead of rocks and rivers."

He was looking at her with serious intent. "What are you thinking of, Randoiph?" she saked. her as he had seen her, if he could catch the brilliant colouring, the lovely lights and shades always flitting over her face, if he could catch that superb poise of the head and grave, proud bearing of the figure, he would call his picture. The Queen of the Rhine," and men should bow down in homege to the exquisite face whose beauty now was only known to him. The more he thought of it, the more he became possessed of the idea. Even his lady mother, who sneered at pictures and haughtily patronized art—even she should acknowledge that it was a chef-d'œuvre.

she asked. come when you and I would think the same. Viclet," he said, musingly.
"It will be the same with us as it is with

other people," she answered.
"How is that?" he asked. "The stronger nature will gain the ascendancy over the weaker one." she replied; many other things to his mind.

He had lost himself of late in a dream of happiness; he had almost forgotten the responsibilities of life—that he was heavily weighted by fortune, that he had all the responsibilities. "that is the case with all married people. Mind, I did not say the finer nature, but the stronger. If it be you, you will mould my ideas to your own; if it be me, I shall have the pleasure of moulding yours. At present," she continued, "we are, I think, about equal; but we shall see which gains the ascendancy sponsibilities of title, position, rank, and money. They had always been a tie and a burden to him, whose life had been more or less engrossed by art. If by some good chance he had been born an artist, he would over the other as we go on."

And in after-times Lord Ryvers often thought of her words.

CHAPTER XV.

Every one knows the famous city of St. Philipo, standing as it does on the shores of the Mediterranean. St. Philipo contains the finest old churches, the finest pictures, and the finest sculptures in Italy. It is a city of buried treasures; people are always making discoveries there. Now it is a hidden gem of Botticelli or a half inished statue unmistak-ably by Michael Angelo, then a Titian hanging unknown for years in the corner of some house half buried in vine leaves; then a faint fair sketch of Fra Angelico. St. Philipo has always been the home of art and of artists, for it is one of the lovliest spots in the wide

The city is small in itself, and it slopes down to the border of the sea. Artists say that nowhere else are colours so beautiful to be seen. The sea forms a little bay, known be seen. The sea forms a little bay, known as the Bay of St. Philipo, and the water there is as blue as the sky itself—a lovely transparent blue. The waves seldom roll in there; it must be a strong wind indeed that lashes those wavelets into foam. Little pink shells half cover the golden sands. Green masses of foliage seem to surround the bay; and on the gray cliffs stand houses that are each one a picture in itself, some white seem startled him and brought him face to face with the sterner realities of life.

Lady Ryvers had reminded him that his birthday fell on the 22nd of June, and that on that day he came of age. It would soon be at hand, and she wished to know his intentions. Of course he would return. He must be at Ryverswell. Relatives, friends, ne ghbours, tenants and dependents, must be all gathered round him; there must be balls, dinners, entertainments of various kinds; in fact, he must do his duty, and his duty just then would consist in feasting everybody. It was, so his mother said, the most important day of his life; much would be expected from him. She hoped that nothing would interfere with his return. each one a picture in itself, some white, some each one a picture in itself, some white, some red. some gray, the roofs of some covered with moss and lichen. Flowers grow in wondrous profusion in this grand old city, so sheltered from wind and cold—roses, lilies, verbenas, gladioli, the lemon, orange, and myrtle—and the vine finds its home everywhere. The birds begin to sing and to build there before they favour any other spot. Every breath of wind that blows in St. Philipo is laden with perfume and the beauty Philipo is laden with perfume; and the honey made by the busy bees, and sold by the peasants, is sweeter than any other.

No very rich people reside in the city; nor does any one work very hard. The poorest part of the population live by fishing and by the sale of honey and flowers. Most of the shops are filled with old curiosities—rare treasures in the shape of old chins, old carvings, and pictures. And those who are above work and want live in the beautiful villas detted over the cliffs and hills. The modern spirit of adventure invades every spot. It has reached St. Philipo at last; and in the midst of a tangle of vine and myrtle a large hotel has been erected entirely on model principles. An Englishman started it, and it has become An engisement started it, and it has become a success, for though St. Philipo is not much in the way of tourists, artists' go there, rich men in search of antiquities and curiosities, and, at times, travellers in search of the

Thither Lord Ryvers went with his wife.

He had half thought of flight when he heard that an English family was staying at the hotel. It was bad enough to have an English landlord; but to live in the same house with an English family was, in his present mood, most distasteful to him.

He had grown somewhat nervous and frightened with regard to his secret; and he dreaded Violet's discovering it. He could not tell how she would take it, or what she would do, and he wanted to defer what he considered an evil day as long as he could. He avoided English people as much as possible lest he should meet anyone who knew him. He asked for the name of the family staying at the hotel, and was told that the entry in the visitor's book was "Robert Carstone, Esq., of Ingleshaw, Mrs. Carstone, and Oscar Carstone, Ingleshaw, Mrs. Carstone, and Oscar Carstone, Ingleshaw, Mrs. Carstone, and Oscar Carstone, Ingleshaw, Mrs. Carstone, Ingleshaw, He had grown somewhat nervous and

cornfactor.

For some days the visitors saw nothing of each other, much to Violet's disappointment. At times she was almost indignant with Randolph because he avoided the Carstones. When he pleaded his distaste for English society she would say:

"Oh, yes, it is all very well for you, Randolph; you have mixed with the world all your life! I have never really known anyone except Aunt Alice, and I long to know what others are like."

There was a file in the grand old city; the churches, the palaces, the shops and streets, the villas dotted on the hillside, were all to be illuminated, and the fireworks were to be on a magnificent scale.

"Oh Randolph," cred his young wife "do"

on a magnificent scale.

"Oh Randolph," crued his young wife, "do let me see them! We never had any at St. Byno's. Mr. Bret, the landlord, says the finest place to see them from is the baicony of the hotel, and he has asked me to go there. Randolph, do say 'Yes."

"You will be sure to meet those English people there," he said, half reluctantly, but she looked so imploring that he could not refuse her.

fuse her.

"Will you come, Randolph?" she asked.
And he answered "No," at which she felt relieved, for it would give her a chance of talking to the English people.

In all St. Philipo there was no more beautiful picture than Violet in the balcony that evening. She wore a cool dress of white that fitted her tall, exquisite figure to perfection. Over that, and over her golden head, she had draped a black lace mantilla, and she wore a spray of her favourite flower, the orange blossom.

The golden stars were throbbing in the blue sky; the waters of the bay were so calm that each star was reflected in them; the night wind was faint with perfume.

Presently some one else entered the balcony, and passed Violet with a profound bow—a tall, manly figure, with broad shoulders and a broad chest. She looked at him with some

broad chest. She looked at him with some admiration; she could see him plainly by the light of the stars—a tall, straight figure, a well shapen head with clusters of brown hair, large gray eyes, a face clear cut as a cameo, intelligent and expressive. He went to the other end of the balcony and stood looking over the deep silent waters of the head of the deep silent waters of the looking. over the deep silent waters of the bay.

"That must be Oscar Carstone," thought Violet-"a typical Englishman, tall, strong, and fair." Then came a lady, stout and comely, richly dressed in a grand brocade that rustled with every movement; jewels shone on her neck

and fingers,
She took a seat in the balcony, and Violet She took a seat in the balcony, and Violet remarked that she had a kind, shrewd face, piercing dark eyes, dark hair fashionably arranged: yet, in spite of the brocade and the diamonds, the word "plebeian" was written on the stout, comely face. She, in her turn, looked at Violet's exquisite face and figure; then suddenly she arose, and went to where she was standing. She made a very condescending bow, and looked into the lustrous eves.

eyes.

"We must dispense with introductions," she said, with a broad smile, "as there is no one to perform that ceremony for us. It seems such a pity to sit and watch this beautiful scene without speaking."

Violet made a bow that would have befitted

a queen. "You are very kind," she said. And Mrs. Carstone looked up in wonder, both at the loveliness of the face and the both at the loveliness of the face and the sweetness of the voice.

I am Mrs. Carstone," she said. "I am staying here with my husband and son. We came to St. Philiro to purchase antiquities."

"And I," said Violet, "am staying here with my husband, Mr. Randolph, who came in search of the picturesque."

A shadow of disappointment passed over the comely face of the elder lady; she had thought this girl, who looked like a young empress, would have proved to be "somebody of consequence."

"An artist, I suppose?" she said. Ian-

An artist, I suppose?" she said, lan

guidly. "Yes," replied Violet, proudly; "my husband is an artist."

There was a light on her face and in her eyes. Mrs. Carstone saw that that the young girl had a profound respect for the profession of her husband, "Shall we go to the end of the balcony, Mrs. Randolph?" she said. "We shall see better there." Then, as they paused by the side of the young man, who we still starting the side of the young man, who we still starting the same of the young man, who we still starting the same of the young man, who we said the same of the young man.

better there." Then, as they paused by the side of the young man, who was still standing there, she added, "my son Oscar," by way of introduction.

So the three sat down together at the end of the balcony, the young man being already nopelessly in love with Violet's exquisite "A beautiful scene," he said at length "there is nothing approaching it to be found in England."

"Oh, Oscar, do not say that! There is no place like home." Mrs. Carstone had an occasional difficulty with her h's; but as a rule she was fairly successful. "There is no place like home, Mrs. Randolph; and these fireworks, to my mind, will not compare with those so frequently to be seen at the Crystal Palace."

"Oh, mother," cried the son with a sigh, "Who would mention St. Philipo and the Crystal Palace in the same moment?"

"My son is so sentimental," said the come-ly lady. "Give me comfort first, let everything else give place to that. Do you no think that a very good doctrine, Mrs. Ran

dolph?"
"I like comfort," said Violet; "but there are many things I prefer to it."

The quick gray eyes were turned upon

"No one could look at you, Mrs. Randolph, and believe that the doctrine of com ort is

yours."
"What should you imagine my favourite dectrine to be?" asked Violet.
"Daring romance," he replied, after look ing at her for a few minutes.

How she laughed! How she enjoyed it!

How she laughed! How she enjoyed it!
He could not quite understand her laughter,
though he rejoiced in it and thought he had
caused it by his own wit.

"You are sentimental," she said at last.
"In all my life I have known no romance."
But as she said the words there came to
her a recollection of the hour in which she
had stood before her eager young lover with
the scarlet geraniums glowing on her breast.
If that were not romance, it should have been,
Her heart smote her and her face flushed.
There was certainly everything conducive to There was certainly everything conducive to

riage.

"Sentiment is one thing and sense another," said Mrs. Carstone; at which obvious platitude Violet laughed again.

Oscar Carstone turned to her. "Do you remember Moore's fine

"' Common sense and genius One night went out a ramble'?" "Yes, I remember it. I like it very much." "Give me common sense!" said Mrs. Car

"Give me genius!" cried her son; while Violet laughingly added: "Give me a proper and judicious mixture of both?" And the three deliverances were quite characteristic of the three people.

CHAPTER XVI. "I am a self-made man," said Robert Car-

stone, "and I am proud to own it. I have carved my own fate, as the poets say; I have

ndure to hear such sentiments from those

beautiful lips.

"Violet," he said, "would it not be better to talk about what you understand?"
Her face flushed at those, the first words of disapproval he had ever uttered to her.
Oscar had the bad taste to answer for her.

"I think Mrs. Randolpin's ideas perfectly just, and very generous."
The young heir of Ingleshaw felt indignant that "the artist" should contradict his sweet young wife, and on such a point, too.

"The artist" contented himself by giving Oscar a look that made him at least uncomfortable.

"The artist" contented himself by giving Oscar a look that made him at least uncomfortable.

This little scene took place one evening when the two English families had met on the great terrace that overlooked the ornamental lake. Lord Ryver's fear was realized—they had all grown intimate. Violet liked good-natured, comely Mrs. Carstone, and merely laughed at her patronage; it did not hurt her, but very often amused her. If Mrs. Carstone had been a lady of title, and had used the same patronizing manner to her Violet would have rebelled hotly; but from the wife of that glorious piece of hunanity, a self-made man, it did not come so much amiss. Mrs. Carstone had a vast amount of worldly knowledge, which, to Violet, brought up as it were, outside the world, was most attractive and Lord Ryvers, after a few days ceased to make any objection to the intimacy. It mattered but little, he thought; these people knew nothing of him, and were never likely to know anything. In all human probability, when they left the hotel, they would never meet again; and, if his beautiful Violet liked to go out with them and enjoy herself with them, he certainly would not object. Lether be happy in her own fashion; but he fervently hoped she would not expect him to care for them. It was now for the first time really that he saw the great gulf between himself and his wife. He had all the instincts, the prejudices, the strong likes and dislikes, of his class; she had the same; her's being strengthened by the curious training she had received. It began to dawn upon him that he might as well try to change the colour of her eyes or of her hair as to chauge the tone of her ideas and thoughts. What she thought admirable in these people—their rise from the ranks, the fact of their being "self-made"—seemed to him more or less contemptible.

"You cannot have such a thing as a self-made"—seemed to him more or less contemptible.

"You cannot have such a thing as a self-

"You cannot have such a thing as a selfmade gentleman," he said to her one day
when they were arguing the point. "The
very term is a contradiction."

"I do not see why," she replied.

"Because you will not, Violet. You are
justness and fairness itself on every other
point but this one of class. A "gentleman,"
using the word in its true sense, is the result
of generations of careful cultivation. A man of generations of careful cultivation. A man of generations of careful cultivation. A man may have gentlemanly instincts, yet not be a gentleman. The human race is, to say the least of it, quite as susceptible of cultivation as flowers. How much cultivation is required to change a weed into a flower?"

"Then I may suppose," said Violet, saucily.
"that ordinary men are the weeds and gentlemen the flowers?"

"You exaggerate, my dear; but you must admit that generations of careful training of

"You exaggerate, my dear; but you must admit that generations of careful training, of cultivation, of refinement, must teil."

"They should; but I am not prepared to admit that it is so," she replied. "Randolph," she asked suddenly, "in your own mind, do you call yourself a gentleman!"

All the hot blood of his grand old race flushed in his face, his eyes flashed fire, his strong white hands were clinched; then he restrained himself; he had not wooed her en gentilhomme, and he owned himself caught in his own trap.

"I hope I am, Violet."
"You are not consistent then," she declared, delighted at rousing him. "You tell me that a man can be a gentleman in the true sense of the word only when he belongs to an ancient and cultivated race. Now you claim for yourself the title of gentleman, yet you belong to no such race. You work for your

living."
"Art ennobles all its followers," he replied, Then you must have two kinds of gentle nen," she said.
"Violet," said her husband, gently, "

Violet," said her husband, gently, "come and kiss me. You lips are so sweet and the dimples so charming that it is a waste of time for you to use them in argument. Kiss me and do not let us argue again." and do not let us argue again."

She did as he desired, and then laughed.
"That is a complete confession of defeat,"
she said; "nothing could be more complete.
But we will not argue; we shall never agree
on that point. Frankly, Randolph, I am a
hundred times prouder because you can paint
beautiful pictures than I should be if you
were a nobleman."
"I quite believe it, Violet," he said meekly,
with a little wonder as to how it would and

with a little wonder as to how it would end, and what terrible thing she would do when

To be continued. WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Baby Louise. I'm in love with you, Baby Louise to the your silken hair and your soft blue eyes, at the dreamy wisdom that in them lies, at the faint, sweet smile you brought from the string.

God's sunshine, Baby Louise! When you fold your hands, Baby Louise! Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair— With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air, Are you trying to think of some angel-taught You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! Why, you never raise your beautiful head! Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red With a flush of delight to hear the words said, "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise? I have sung your praise for nearly an hour, And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower, And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower, Ungrateful Baby Louise!

For and About Woman,

As Lent is the period of repentance, of course there is nothing to bar a young woman from accepting an offer of marriage. This talk about female barbers is all non sense. The only raisers that women handle successfully are baking powder and yeast.

Lieutenant Danenhower, the Arctic ex-plorer, has been married, and now if his bride has cold feet he'll not be apt to forget his trip to the North Pole for some time. Electricity is now used for printing news papers. Keep up your courage, girls. It won't be long before some one will discover how it can be made use of for crimping hair. "I'll be so glad when summer comes," said a society belie, "That is the only time when freckles make one look as if she had

been away travelling or spending the time at the seashore."
"No," said the young man, "I don't like flashy peckties, but I've worn them since the beginning of the silk quilt craze. You see, the girls beg ties, and that make the fellow who wears them of some importance."

In one of our Indian languages the word "woman" is randered "gewahojawjaw," with marked and earnest emphasis on the last two syllables. Even the savages understand the vile and wicked arts of the lying slan-The young ladies were looking at a fine

he young ladies were looking at a fine bouquet, and they began to choose which they would rather be. "A rose is my choice," said a queenly girl, "for I'd like to be elegantly beautiful like a rose." "I'd rather be a lily," said a gentle girl, "for of all flowers the lily is the fairest and purest."

"Oh, pshaw," said the flirt, "I'd rather be a tuherpe for the gentlemen all lile towards. "Oh, pshaw," said the fiirt, "I'd rather be a tuberose, for the gentlemen all like to wear them near their hearts." "I'd be a pink." remarked a meek girl, "because pinks are so sweet and modest." "Shoot it!" finally sung out the gayest one in the crowd, knocking her hat down over her eyes sancily; "you can be anything you please; but I'm a daisy, I am, and don't you forget it!"

small that they are easily stretched into a smooth, close-fitting garment. The most youthful-looking Jerseys have a vest of a contrasting colour made of Jersey cloth, such as red, cream, or grey, inside black wool Jerseys, and their rolling collar, and the buttons and cuffs and postilion pleatings, are also of velvet. A great deal of silver braid, and also metal bees and butterfiles, will be used on the velvet collar and cuffs and vests of such garments.

Foreign fashion plates and papers on hair-iressing indicate waves and fluffy bangs as till the prevailing style for the front hair. Short curls made of natural curly hair, dressed loosely, are almost invariably worn in the back and present a very graceful appearance, becoming to most ladies.

A new trimming for evening dresses consists of parti-coloured "pinked" silk ruches, surrounding the bodice and the edges of the skirt. Here is the description of a ball gown decorated in this way, the Watteau effect of which is plessing and picturesque:—Skirts of gray tuile gathered at the waist over a petticoat of satin of the same shade. At the edge of the skirt is a closely plaited ruche of soft silk in delicate tints of pink and blue. In front the tulle skirts are gathered at intervals into long, loose plaits, each fastened In front the tulle skirts are gathered at intervals into long, loose plaits, each fastened with a spaid bow of narrow blue velvet. These bouquets form a horizontal line across the skirt below the knee, the tulle spreading in fan-shaped folds beneath them, and reaching the coloured ruche at the end of the pettrooat. The balloon drapery at the back is showered with single roses without leaves. The pointed cuirass bodice is of gray satin, with both basque and bertha trimmed with leafless roses, with a fringe of velvet loops. Epaulet sleeves of blue velvet ribbon and frills of gathered vel-vet complete the rollet. vet complete the toilet.

A Wife's Thoughtfulness,

"I haven't seen your pet dog for several days," said a Somerville busband to his wife.
"No," she replied; "the fact is, I have given him away."
"Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him."
"Oh, I know that; but I thought that it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish my affections upon." The husband sank into a chair with a deep

sigh,
"How much do you want, Mary," he asked, as he drew his wallet from his pocket;

"it can't be a sealskin sacque, for the winter is nearly over."

"No," she said, "it is not a sealskin sacque; but I would really like a new silk for the spring, and you know it's got to be bought, and made, and all that."

"Now," he said, as he handed her the money, "what proof of your affection will you give me when you want another dress, since you have given away your dog." since you have given away your dog."
"Oh." she aweetly replied, "I've
the dog to my sister, and I can get him

Stays, Fans, and Paniers.

Stays. Fans, and Paniers.

The beginning of stays or corsets were the tournures of gummed cloth. The hoof contagion was not confined to the women; the men caught it, and they had their little paniers—whalebones sewed in to the tails of their coats. These same lords of creation carried fans with very long handles—not for the purpose of cooling themselves, but to chastise their wives and daughters when they incurred their displeasure.

During the reign of Louis XV. the paniers measured from right to left six feet across. It was not possible to trace them around in a

measured from right to left six feet across. It was not possible to trace them around in a circle of less than eighteen feet in circumference. The clergymen protested against them, but the ladies stuck unheedingly to their paniers. This made a good thing for the commerce of Holland. A company was formed at Off Trize for whale fishing, whale bone being in such great request for women's hoops. At last two sensible actresses left off their paniers on the stage, and a few women in the highest society followed their comfortable example off the stage. Massillon, the great orator, preached a sermon against patches; orator, presented a sermon against patches; its only effect was that women were them more than ever, and even had the temerity to call a new cut of court plaster the Massillon patch. Without her rough, powder, and patches in those days, a woman would not be thought dressed.

Long-continued observation has convinced us that the weifare of society demands imme-diate consideration of the question as to whether women should be allowed to carry whether women should be allowed to carry umbrellas. It may be urged in defence of continuing the privilege that to refuse it would be in violation of the inalienable right of the pursuit of happiness. But if a woman gets any happiness out of knocking off people's hats and gouging out their eyes, to say nothing of tangling up the points of the umbrella ribs in the hair of other women, she ought to be induced either by moral suasion or legal compulsion to pursue happiness in some other way. It is a well-recognized principle that the rights of one person end where those of another begin; and since a woman seems to be unable to keep her umbrella outside of the corporate limits of other people it is quite evident that she ought to be limited in the exercise of her right to carry umbrellas is quite evident that she ought to be limited in the exercise of her right to carry umbrellas to the Sahara, the alkali plains, and the Russian steppes. If a woman were carable of being educated in the proper carrying of umbrellas there would be some hope that with the process of education and development she might learn to wield her present death-dealing weapon above the danger-line. But it is a physical impossibility. She is born that way. She can no more carry an umbrella as it ought to be carried than she can throw a stone without those indescribable gyrations, or catch a ball when she doesn't gyrations, or catch a ball when she doesn' year an apron. It is too true, but she mus wear an apron. It is too true, but she must not accept the consequences just as she must accept the consequence of being unable to throw straight, the inevitable consequence of never hitting anything. This being true, and moral suasion having failed to bring about the desired end, nothing remains but to protect the hats, eyes, and hair of the community by legal means. And it will be seen at once that this is a fit subject for constitutional prohibition. The aim is to secure a large portion of the community in the possession of their inalienable rights of wearing their hats on the tops of their heads and keeping their natural eyes. their natural eyes.



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The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's SAFE Cure, published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know, and reading their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is, the medical profession stands desed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very repurpile gentlemen hardly leaver room to doubt that Mr. H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity. His Outspoken Opinion.

Drodeur Burdock

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AGRICULT

we presume you mean aer calf what is usually u tion. It does injure the and she is more likely to a HEAVES IN

SUBSCRIBER—Are heaves Would you advise Darley' or some other remedy? Confirmed heaves in l but the most of cases may 'ul dieting and the admin ac., which should only

upervision of a qualified

CANTHARADINI

MURRAY.—Seeing a cant commended several times MAIL, you would oblige me forming me how it is made. Take of powdered drachms and lard one of thoroughly by careful inent or blister can be ma more lard.

COW WITH FRO

BOBCAYGEON—I have a c feet faozen this winter. Th ful to her now. I applied and beef gall mixed, will ne-what treatment I shoul should apply to give her eas Apply a poultice of boil the irritation in the part with a lotion composed of one ounce, and water one SCROFULOUS D

NORLAND.—I have a calf the skin cracks and bleeds. Please tell me what will cur Your case is a difficult sult of what is charge diathesis. Endeavour to by administering a mode linseed or castor oil, ther apply to the leg a lotion

one drachm and wat NERVOUS DEP CHATHAM.—I have a consomething one week before well enough at night, but not stand. When lifted at way. She eats, drinks, limbs when lying down, buse her body. When lifte Ialls. Her calf is two week Your cow is suffering t

sion. We would advise qualified veterinary surge practising in your district MARE WITH IN

KIRKFIELD-I have a yo

sick about twice a week.
up her head, and working
at her belly with her hind to be in great pain, and ro
When well she feeds heart Your mare evidently of indigestion, the result a generous feeder. Reg fully, and the chaaces a

> CURDLED Algoma—I have a cow been good, and it comes in you please advise me what calved last fall.

The curdled condition result of some irritation Apply to the udder eve iodine continent, in the one part, iodide of pota lard eight parts. Give epsom salts one pound. give half onnce dose

twice a week, and contin

ESSAYS ON GEORGINA.—What is the tary of the committee which prizes for the best treativeeds:—Wild oats, musta The secretary of the A Association, Mr. Henry the gentleman from whombe obtained. Prizes are struction of Canada this and quack grass, the Mi twenty pages. All MSS

not later than August 1st BROKEN

CLAVERING—I have a ho He has had it for some tin is getting the heaves. Ple ture him. Feed your horse on the of oats, and give about 10 hay daily, which must be might be slightly damped salt and water. Give or potassium morning and and afterwards one drach for three weeks longer. ful your horse will bec confirmed case of broken

CONSULT PETERBORG.—I have a appetites have been fealing I have been feeding them oats, and took excellent cafused oats, then I gave to they took for a while but fused oats, then I gave to
they took for a while, but it. Then I gave them oat
soon got sick of that, whe
again. They eat about a
eat very little hay, and are
They never seem to be hur
them every day. Sometin
dry cough, and one of the
alightly all the time. They
down every week when

down every week when They are on the road ever From your description posed to prescribe for yo sonal inspection would sary. Consult a veterin Beattie, of Peterboro'.

FARM L

BROOKLIN—Would you with the number of man ments &c., which have of on short time, or have r province, the past, six i The question I ask is flot to purpose, but to encourage engage emigrants as farm perience has taught me cannot afford to pay the w past year and do justice t and Canadian farm hands less this season. We mus ruinous to pay the wages pay.

We cannot readily give you want, and if it was f see the connection of clos tories with farm laboure iabour has gone up, but as labour in many branch rule the bulk of farm ha rule the bulk of farm hat by the year, and there i able in securing the high the few months they are abour question is a difficult will continue to be so in adopt some means to be instead of allowing—in them into cities and tow of unemployed labour the labour will enly benefit on, at the most, as impoliably more aggressive the iably more aggres cures a foothold.

A correspondent asks heneficial or injurious. advocate clipping as