

CA TORATA

THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

Randolph, Lord Ryvers, patrician by birth and master of half a dozen fair estates, but an artist by nature, delightd in freeing himself from the trammels of society, and taking an artistic tour, without valet or servant, without any of what he called the incumbrances of rank. Having heard one day that no shire in England was so well wooded as Warwickshire, that for the beauty of its rivers, its shaded walks and drives, the county of "Earl Guy" walks and drives, the county of "Earl Guy" had no equal, he was not happy until he had told his mother, Lady Ryvers, that he was going on a sketching tour, and had left the great city behind him. He had seen the loveliest spots in Warwickshire; he had visited the grand old castle; he

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had studied the loveliness of Stoneleign Abber and of Guy's Cliff; he had revelled in the grand ruins of Kenilworth; he had admired the green woods, the brimming rivers, the deep, clear meres; and at last he reached the picturesque village of St. Byno's, where the quiet, pas al loveliness for which the county is famous is seen to perfection.

Every artist knows St. Byno's. It is a

Every artist knows St. Byno's. It is a sleepy village, with a placid stream running through it, and deep, green woods surrounding it on every side; its cottages are half hidden by noble chesnut trees with green fields around them, where the cattle stand lazily knee-deep in the clear pools.

There the young artist had tarried. He was delighted with St. Byno's, with the magnificence of its trees, the beauty of its streams. On this particular morning, the second of

On this particular morning, the second of June, he had gone to sketch in the woods. He placed his easel at the opening of a glade, and the first words that came to his line were—"June's palace paved with gold!" Lever of art, of nature, of beauty that he was, he stood silent before the glor trast of sunlight and shadow, the ripple of green foliage tinged with gold, which met his

Suddenly as he watched the light that gleamed, quivered, and fell in golden glory, he caught sight of a pale-blue dress between the trees. He took up the brushes and worker for a few minutes; then, on looking up, be s astonished to find two beautiful eyes fixed on him, and a sweet voice said :

"Is it a real picture? May I look at it?"
"It can hardly be called a picture yet," he answered raising his hat courteously; it is but the commencement of one. I find I cannot paint the sunlight as it falls yonder."

He moved aside, and, placing herself before the easel, she glanced at the still wet colours. "No," she said, "you have not caught the As he gazed at her, standing in the bright June sunshine, Randolph, Lord Ryvers, met his fate. He turned his eyes with diffi-

only from the fair young face.

She was a tall, slender girl, with a lithe, graceful figure, golden hair, and a face more beautiful than words can tell—fair and dainty, of the most delicate style of loveliness, with a broad low brow, and eyes of the clearest, darkest violet, that were almost black under the dark-fringed lashes. The little white hands were ungloved, the white hat had for all ornament a bunch of corntiowers, the dress was of plainest material, yet he could have knelt at her feet and paid her homage as "No," she repeated, "you have not caught the audlight. Your light is too opaque—it

wants transparency. It is yellow, and the sunlight is a faint amber."
"Thanks for your criticism," he said. "You are very welcome," she replied; and the bewitching violet eyes looked frankly

into his. "Many artists come here to sketch and paint the river and the woods, but none of them catches the true colodr of the sun light."
"You are a severe critic," said the young 'I have not the least idea of criticism.

she replied-"I know nothing of art-terms but I can tell when nature is truly imitated and when it is no .. The chief character of the sunlight is its transparency.

The young artist bowed.
"I should like to ask you for a few lessons," he said; and her musical laughter rang rough the trees, "Ask me? Why, I have never had a

lesson in my life; so I could scarcely under-take to give you one," she replied.

He scarcely knew how to address her. He would have liked to tell her how fair a picture she made, to ask her to stand while he sketched her; but he felt dazed by her beauty and the light of her wonderful eyes. "I have been very abrupt in my remarks," she said, with a smile. "You must please

forgive me. Every summer artists come hither, and my only recreation is in watching their pictures."
His face flushed. This was the very opening he had desired. ing he had desired.
"May I hope—may I beg," he said, "that you will sometimes honour me by looking at

"If I am passing by," she replied, with queenly indifference.
"You came purposely to look at those pic-tures you were speaking of, did you not?" he

"Yes," she replied. "I wish, then," hesaid, "you would favour me by coming purposely to look at mine,"
She laughed again, and the nonchalance of her laughter piqued him. With one bright glance she seemed to take in every detail of his face and figure.
"Those other artists were not like you."

"Those other artists were not like you," "Tell me in what way they differed from

me." he requested.
"They were old men. One of them had

"They were old men. One of them had flowing white hair, and you—"
"I am young," he said, "thank Heaven! Nevertheless you might take an interest in my success, just as you did in theirs."
"Certainly I might," she replied; and then she looked at him with frankly smiling eyes.
"I believe," she said, "that you are almost the first young man to whom I have ever spoken. There are no young men in St. Byno's."

stoken. There are no young men in St. Byno's."

"I feel myself greatly honoured," returned the young lord. "But what a strange place St. Byno's must be!" "It is the loveliest spot in the whole wide world," said the girl, proudly, "and the people here seem to me to live almost forever. The vicar and the lawyer must be sixty; and the doctor is a white-haired old man."

What becomes of the young men?" asked

the artist,

"They never settle down here," she replied. "They go away to the large towns, as a rule, when they are boys. Sometimes," she added, with unconscious pathos, "they come home to the village; but they soon go back to the busy world. However, some of us never go away"—with a plaintive little sigh. "It is an old-fashioned spot," he said, musingly. "There are few of such left. I like the place and the name—St. Byno's. It gives one the idea of woodbine stretching along the hedges."

"St. Byno's abounds with woodbine during the month of July," she said; and her

ing the month of July," she said; and her heart warmed to him because he praised the home she loved. "I am glad you like the village. I am always grieved when I hear people say that it is dull and tame, What place could be tame with such a view as this?"

every lovely picturesque nook and "Then," he said, with grave courtesy, "perhaps you will tell me where I shall find the prettiest scenes?"
"If I may," she returned, suddenly remem-

he was a stranger, and that she

"Whose permission must you ask?"
"My aunt's," she replied.
"May I ask," he said, standing bareheaded before her, "to whom have I the pleasure of speaking? You probably live somewhere near; and, as I am staying here for some little time, I should feel greatly honoured by

an introduction to you. A flush came over the exquisite face.
"My name is Violet," she said, with sweet shy grace—"Violet Beaton."
"And you live here at St. Byno's?" She turned and pointed to the left, where

through an opening in the trees, he caught a glimpse of a little cottage built of white stone and covered with climbing roses. "Do you see the little house there amongst "Do you see the little house there amongst the trees?" she asked. "It is called Acacia Cottage, from the fine acacia trees that grow around it. My aunt, Miss Alice Atherton, lives there, and I live with her."

"Have you no parents living?" he asked.
"No. I was telling you how long people live at St. Byno'a: my parents were except.

live at St. Byno's; my parents were excertions to the rule. My father died when I w

aunt ever since."

The beautiful head drooped, the musical voice faltered, "If you are not busy, do stay for a few minutes," the young artists aid, eagerly. "It is so beautiful here this bright June morn-

ing."
A fallen tree lay near her, and Violet Beaton sat down upon it.
"I ought not to stay," she said; "My aunt will be angry at my long absence from

"I should not think angone would ever be angry with you," he remarked.
"You do not know my aunt," she said, laughing gaily. She entertains some rather strong prejudices, and, above all things, she dislikes young men."
"She must be a somewhat formidable per-

n," observed the artist.
"She is—and yet she is not," Violet said, growing suddenly grave and thoughtful. "I am so deeply indebted to her that I ought not am so deeply independ on the state of our or of the cost of the co one aim and end in life, and that is the performance of what she considers to be duty. My aunt is tall and angular. She would not make a good subject for a picture, for there is not a graceful line about her. Neither could you fancy her crying or laughing, or kissing a child, or singing a song. She is always prim and precise. Yet she is good at heart."

" Many strictly good people are very disgreeable," he remarked.
She looked up with an expression of relief.
"Have you found out that?" she inquired. I am so glad; I thought I was quite in entertaining such an unorthodox idea. I can just remember how beautiful my father's ligion was-all love and charity; whereas every disagreeable thing my aunt does, every disagreeable word she speaks, is always attributed to her religious views."

"The life must be a dull one for you," he remarked, looking down at her beautiful

so much pleasure in my surroundings."

"You love nature so much?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied. "I am just eighteen, and I have never been beyond the sound of

and I have never been beyond the sound of the rush of the river yet.

"And I," he said, "though I am only a few years older than you are, have been almost all over the world," she contessed, looking at him with a wistful expression. "I love St. Byno's; but I should not like to spend the whole of my life here. I should like to see the grand places I have read about, But then life is long,"

the opposite. She was young, beautiful, quite innocent, and ignorant of the ways of life. He was like a man with a new picture to look at, a new book to read; he was en-raptured and fascinated; he could have sat in the trunk of the fallen tree and listened to er forever.

"Tell me about yourself," he said.
"I have nothing to tell," she replied.
"You can understand how quiet and uneventful my life has been, for I have never left St.

"I can understand how pleasant and simple it has been," he said.

"Yes," she answered, a shade of sadness coming over her face. "If my parents had ived, it would have been all that is most delived, it would have been all that is most delightful. But my aunt has no sympathy with the young, neither has she any love for the beautiful, and consequently she is apt to regard me and my amusements with contempt. She— Well I cannot well explain myself; but I am not very happy with her."

There was something of repressed feeling in the girlish face which stouched the listener.

"My aunt," she continued, "does not ever like the singing of the birds. She destroys the butterflies, but she lets the bees live, because they make honey, which she sells. Everyone is eager to buy it; they say it is the finest honey in Warwickshire. Things that are beautiful and of use she tolerates; but, be they ever so beautiful and useless she dislikes

"Under what category does she place you?' she asked.

"Under neither," was the reply. "In Aunt Alice's mind I hold a position quite different from anything else in creation. She often says that I was born for her especial innoyance, to be her especial cross; and, shough she is very kind to me in essential

things, I believe it is true that I am a tormen to her." "Why?" he asked, slowly, "Tell me

"Because I cannot fall in completely with all her views. She would like me to get up at a certain hour in the morning. If the sun is shining I rise very early—I cannot wait for the regulation hour; and then my aunt is not pleased. She says that the dew destroys my shoes and dresses, and, when I attempt to argue the point with her, she grows angry. Do you see where the water falls over the rock there and runs back into the stream?" the girl asked after a brief the stream?" the girl asked after a brief

"Yes; I see," he replied. "How musical the sound of falling water is !" "In the moonlight that falls makes a beautiful picture, and I often come here to look at it. I sometimes think it was through just such a wood as this that poor Queen Guinevere rode with the handsome knight by her side; but my aunt says that all fancies are ridiculous, and that we ought to think only of what is real."

are ridiculous, and that we ought to think only of what is real."
"This world is beautiful enough," he said; "but I almost think the world of fancy is more beautiful still."

By this time Randolph, Lord Ryvers, had completely lost his heart. He thought that this was the most natural, beautiful, graceful girl he had ever seen, and that she con eletely outshone all the great ladies of his acquaintance. His heart beat fast as he looked at

But there was no thought of love in Violet Beston's mind or heart. She had an idea that she was not acting in the most prudent manuer possible, though it was defightful to talk to someone who was young like herself. Presently a change came over her exquisite face—a shadow fell upon it.

"I understand," she said, "what it is to lead a life of repression. I have little time to myself; and everything I like best I have to deny myself. In our house everything goes on like machinery; we do the same thing every day at the same time. I do not

"And you have never been from St. Byno's in your life?" he repeated.

It seemed to him a most extraordinary thing to have lived always in the same place,
"My mind and heart and brain travel," she said. "There will come a change into my

"My mind and heart and brain travel," she said. "There will come a change into my life some day. I have often thought about the time when I shall go out into the great world;" and the beautiful eyes looked as though they would fain pierce the mists which obscured the future.

Lord Ryvers was at a loss what to say to her; yet he was afraid to remain silent, lest she should declare that it was time to go.

"Did they call you "Violet because of the colour of your eyes?" he asked.

"No," she laughed; "my mother gave me the name because she was particularly fond of violets. All my offences in my aunt's eyes, are summed up in that name "Violet."

"Do you know the poem of the 'Queen's Marys'?" asked Lord Ryvers. "Your name reminds me of it. It begins;—

eminds me of it. It begins :-

"' There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton, And Mary Carmichael, and me." Are you descended from those same Bea-"I should think not; I should hope not,"

"I should think not; I should hope not," she replied.
"Hope not! Why?" he asked.
She looked around at him with impatient scorn, her face flushed, her eyes shining.
"I have strong likes and strong dislikes," she replied; "but, if there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is what you call—you people who live in the outer world I mean—the aristocracy." ean—the aristocracy."
He shrunk back as though she had struck

him.

"What an extraordinary thing!" he said.

"Why should you hate them? What have the aristocracy done to you?"

"Nothing to me," she answered. "But during the kinter nights, while Aunt Alice and I sit sewing, she tells me stories of the aristocracy. Aunt Alice has seen a good deal of life, and she previous her aversience for my

ristocracy. Augit Alice has seen a f life, and she retails her experien "I think the the aristocracy quite a good as their neighbours," he said.
"That is because you do not know them, she remarked, laughing triumphantly. "You have lived your life amongst the beauties of art and nature. What should you know of the follies, the sins, the idle, useless, friendless light the sins.

ivolous lives of aristocrats?" "Why, I belong to them!" he was about to say, when he suddenly remembered that it would be very bad policy on his part to tell her he was an aristocrat, seeing that she had openly proclaimed her dislike of them. So he answered, quietly, "If you will teach me. I will dislike them also."

I will distike them also."
"Dislike comes by instinct, not by training or teaching," she remarked; and then she added, hurriedly, "I must go;" and Lord Ryvers felt all at once a new and strange eling of desolation.
"I am very unwilling to say good morning Miss Beaton; but I say it, hoping that I may enjoy the happiness of renewing our acquaint

"I have been happy too," she said; but I have been dappy too, 'she said; but there was no confusion or embarrassment in her manner. 'It is pleasant talking to people of one's own age; they have so much more sympathy than one's elders. I have told you my name," she added, suddenly; "If I want to think of your picture and of you, by what name must I remember you?"

After her unexpected denunciation of aristocrats, he dared not tell his name and title, lest she should avoid him in the inture

lest she should avoid him in the future.

"My name is Randolph," he answered.

"Good morning then, Mr. Randolph," she said, with a bright smile. "Now I go to receive the reprimand of a justly angered. He watched the pale blue dress as it disap-

peared amongst the trees.
"To think that I should meet my fate here on a bright June morning!" he said to him-self. "Yet love and June and roses seem

the rush of the river yet.

"And I," he said, "though I am only a few years older than you are, have been almost all over the world." have been almost all over the world." she confessed, tooking at him with a wistful expression. "I have often wondered whom I should love, where I should see her first, in what guise the would come to me, and how fair she would be," he thought; "and now my questions are all answered at once. I have met her in the grand old woods of St. Byno's on the brightest day in the year; and she has come to me in the fairest guise, for she has the loveliest face I have ever seen. How I wish she could have stayed with me a few

And then he closed the easel and walked down the glade, the words of a quaint old ballad rising to his lips the while. He trolled them out in a deep, clear voice, and seemed to derive wonderful satisfaction from them.

"Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.

"Silence in love betrays more woe Than words, though ne'er so witty; A beggar that is dumb, you know, May challenge double pity.

"Then wrong not, dearest to my heart, My love for secret passion; He smartest most who hides his smart And sues for no compassion." Meanwhile the object of his dreams haster

Meanwhile the object of his drams hasten-ed through the woods, crossed the pretty rustic bridge that spanned the river, opened the garden gate, and looked up with laughing eyes at the tail, erect figure awaiting her "Violet," said stern Miss Atherton, " know that I attend to the garden every day at twelve o'clock; it is now half an hour be-

hind the appointed time. Where have you "I have been in the woods, Aunt Alice I know that I am late and I am sorry for it, I will make up for it by working doubly hard

Miss Atherton was somewhat mollified, and she said, more gently:
"I will overlook it this once, but it must

not happen again; duties must be performed first, pleasure is an after-consideration," So Violet Beaton took the basket obedient ly, and attended her aunt in her gardening operations. Miss Atherton was as scrupulous n her garden as in her house! no weeds no lead leaves, no dying flowers were permitted

annt," Violet protested, as she watched Miss Atherton snip off a fine damask rose which was a little faded. "You are here to carry the basket, not to make comments," was Miss Atherton's curt

reply.
Violet's thoughts went back to an incident in her childhood. Miss Atherton had given orders to have the grass on the little lawn mown. It was studded with white daisies that had been the very pride and delight of that had been the very pride and delight of the child's heart—wide-open daisies with golden eyes; and, when she saw them cut down by the scythe, she cried bitterly. Miss Ath-erton was exasperated. It was bad enough to have a nicee; it was worse still to have a

to have a niece; it was worse still to have a niece given to sentimentality.

From that day, Violet half broke her heart over the dead daisies, when Miss Atherton had done all in her power to repress the girl's imagination instead of training it; and the consequence was that it grew under this repression, and not in the healthiest fashion. It expended itself on idealizing the beautiful things around her. Strangely enough, however, Violet's thoughts had never wandered to the subject of love. She did not sit by the river as some girls would have sit by the river as some girls would have done and dream of a possible lover, the reason being that she had no young girl reason being that she had no young girl triends, that she had read no love stories, and very little poetry of a sentimental kind. She revelled in the pleasures of imagination, she peopled the woods and the glades, she saw what was invisible to other eyes; but her thoughts had not yet wandered to the subject of love.

Miss Atherton, long years before, had had her romance; she remembered even now the pleasure and the pain of it. The same pain, she was determined, should never pierce the heart of her niece. Therefore she carefully selected her friends and supervised the books that she read and the nictures she saw; and Violet at sighten water of Violet, at eighteen years of age, was frank, simple, and innocent as a child.

No one ever knew the details of Miss Atherton's love story. She had been handsome, once upon a time, with a proud, stately besuty. It was faded now; pain had left aput

ising that he would make her his wife when his father died. When that time came, however, he married a beautiful young heiress, and Miss Atherton found she had wasted her life, youth, and beauty on a dream. It was this remembrance which made her so bitter as she walked amongst he roses. She had tried to teach her niece two things: one was to detest the aristocracy of all nations, the other was to live without leve. CHAPTER II.

Violet Beaton's story of her life was very simple. Dr. Beaton had settled down in the little village of St. Byno's, hoping to do as most other people did there—enjoy a long life. He married Mary Atherton, whose sister had just come home from Paris, and had taken up her abode in the pretty, solitary house knows as Acacia Cottage.

The doctor and his wife had lived very happily; they had had but this one child, Violet. To the regret of all who knew him, the doctor died suddenly of a fever, caught from a poor woman whom he was attending. His young wife did not long survive him. In these circumstances, Miss Atherton could hardly do less than adopt Violet, for, so far as she knew Dr. Beaton had no relatives living, excepting a younger brother who had gone many years before to America. Miss Atherton had an income of just one hundred pounds per annum, and, by dint of practising the greatest care and economy, she had been able to provide her niece with a home.

It was a nictures one cottage with heauti-

It was a picturesque cottage, with beautiful and picturesque surroundings; yet Violet Beaton had not a happy life with the stern, grim lady who had forgotten what youth and beauty and love were like.

"I was handsome once," she said one day, when she saw Violet standing before a mirror admiring the shining splendour of her own hair, "and you see what it has come "I should like to be handsome, too, aunt,

"I should like to be handsome, too, aunt," remarked the girl,
"It would make little difference in the end if you were," said Miss Atherton, grimly; and Violet, glancing at her aunt, shuddered. Would her own shining, rippling hair, that was like a veil of pure gold, grow white and thin? Would those beautiful white shoulders become lean and angular, that exquisite face wrinkled and lined?

"I should like best to die young," she thought; "I should not like to grow old and bitter, proud and cold, like my aunt."

Everything that had once been a source of sweetness in Alice Atherton's life had changed sweetness in Alice Atherton's life had changed to bitterness now. In that happy long ago, when she had been young and beautiful and had waited patiently for her happiness, she had loved poetry, music, romance—all that was fair and bright on earth; now because they had been part and parcel of that old time, she hated them. As her niece grew more lovely, more imaginative every day, she grew more grim and stern; yet she taught Violet to speak French, and she trained the magnificent contralto voice to perfection.

Miss Atherton had other peculiarities. She had lived many years in France, and had her lown opinion of the terrible revolution.

her lown opinion of the terrible revolution. Her sympathics by no means went with the fair-haired aristocrats, who mounted the scaf-fold with a smile, and so defeated the last would-be triumph of their foes : they were appalling collection of stories, of which the neroes were always aristocrats and villains of

heroes were always aristocrats and villains of the most atrocious kind.

Violet was young and very impressible. On this, the one subject brawnich Miss Atherson was eloquent, she felt most deeply, and agreed with her says.

There was a singular dearth of young people at St. Byno's; the place was so small. What Violet said was true—she had never talked to a young man. The doctor who had succeeded to her inther's practice was old; he had a young son, whom Violet had seen, but to whom she had never spoken. He was the only young man belonging to what Miss Atherton called their class; of the class below her she never thought. There had been no break in the monotony of Violet's life. She had had no holidays, had paid no visits, had made no friends. The hour she had spent in the bonny woods of St. Byno's was the happiest in her life. She had a feeling that she ought to tell her aunt of the new acquaintance she had made; but she knew perfectly well that, if she did so, she would never be allowed to see the young artist or his picture again. So she decided upon not saying anything to her aunt about it. He would be gone in a few days, and there the

"Violet," broke in the stern voice of Miss Atherton, look where you are going; you almost fee over the stones. You'are in dreamland, and, as that is a very bad habit of yours, I should much like to know of what you are

The knowledge that for the first time in her If the knowledge that for the first time in her life she was thinking of a man who was both young and handsome brought a hot flush to the girl's face.

Miss Atherton saw it and stood before her,

an accusing judge.
"You have some kind of nonsense in your mind, child," she declared. "I fear that is often the case, aunty," her

"Remember," said Miss Atherton, raising her forefinger, "there are five pairs of stockings to mend, six kitchen towels to make and mark, and a hamper of fruit to pack for Warwick; now I ask, have you any time for non-

sense?"
"Not one moment, aunt," she answered, with a merry laugh; but the laugh died away when she entered the house and found the work ready for her. the work ready for her.

They must dine first. The clock was striking one, and at the precise moment the little maid appeared, carrying in the dinner; and, when the meal was over, Miss Atherton pointed to a pile of work on a sidetable.

"That will occupy you until five o'clock Violet," she said; "then in the cool of the

evening you can gather the gooseberries."

So saying, Miss Atherton retired, for, as she had often declared, her constitution required an hour's rest after dinner. Violet took her work to her favourite spot-

Violet took her work to her favourite spot—
the bay window—where she could see the
bridge and the river.

Later on in the afternoon, while Miss Atherton still slept, and the little maid had gone to
a neighbouring farmhouse. Violet thought she
heard footsteps in the front garden. She
listened, but all was silent: and, coming to sumed her work. Again she heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps and the click of the little gate uear the acacia trees. This the little gate uear the acacia trees. This time she went to the door. There was no one there; but on the pretty rustic seat of the porch lay a bouquet of flowers and a basket of fine peaches. On a slip of paper was written. "Sweets to the sweet, flowers to the fair." Her first impulse was to thank Heaven that her annt had not seen them. Of course it was to the the young artist who had placed must be the young artist who had placed them there. What a terrible risk to run! She must hide them, and tell him not to repeat the imprudence.

But that same evening the maid came to

with a letter.

"If you please, miss," she said, "a gentleman asked me to give you this. He gave me a shilling to bring you the letter, and two shillings not to tell your aunt."

The note contained a few hurriedly written lines from the artist, asking her to be so kind as to look at his picture on the morrow. He would be sketching at nine in the morning. She smiled as she read it—for she could not forsee what was to happen in the fiture and forsee what was to happen in the future, and

read a chapter in the family Bible to the yawning little maid and her niece, she dismissed them; and she herself also retired to rest, with the virtuous sensation of having fulfilled her duty to the uttermost.

Violet went to her room, and, having extinguished her candle, drew up her blind, opened the window, and let in a flood of silvery moonlight. The girl's poetical soul was roused almost to rapture. She could hear the river as it rippled between the green banks; and then, in the far distance, the nightingale began to sing.

ightingale began to sing.
"I should like to hear it more distinctly, she said. "My aunt could not be very angry if she did know that I went out to listen to

the nightingale's song.

It was still quite early, and the dying light of day was giving place to the pale light of the moon. She had no thought in her nature laying here. the moon. She had no thought in her nature loving heart save that of seeing the fall of the waters and listening to the nightingale.

Little imagining how beautiful she looked.

quite unconscious that she was committing a great imprudence. Violet wrapped a black lace shawl round her head and shoulders, and crept noiselessly down stairs. Then she passed into the dining room, and, unfastening passed into the dining room, and, nurastering the long window, stepped on to the lawn.

A sense of freedom and exhilaration made her pulses thrill. All around was so fair and so lovely to her dazzled senses.

so lovely to her dazzled senses.

"How beautiful!" she cried to herself. "I will go to the river first."

It did not take her many minutes to reach her favourite spot, the falls. The spray shone like diamonds; all kinds of sweet, wild, vagrant thoughts flitted through her mind. And then, as she stood there, a tall, dark figure emerged from under the great group of trees near the waterfall. She recognized it at a glance, and her first impulse was to turn and fly; yet why, she asked herself, should she not hear the nightingale sing if she chose to do so?

he not hear the hightingare sing it one to do so?

He advanced a few steps.

"Do forgive me," he said, "for being here.
I fought with the temptation for five long hours, and I lost in the end."

"What was the temptation?" she asked. I do not understand."
"You said this morning—oh, how long it seems since then !—that you liked to see the waterfall by the moonlight. I looked at the almanac, and found that there was a full moon to-night; and I have been debating in my own mind whether I should come or not. It you said unconsciously, but I longed to see you again."
"Did you?" she asked. "Did you really

wish to see me? How strange!"
"It is not strange at all!" he cried, impetuously, making one step in advance, and then checking himself. "I thought you would come out to-night; and, now that I am here, do be kind to me Miss Beaton, and let me talk to you for a few minutes."

"It is not at all the fight thing to do," she answered. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Randolph," she said, "I came out to hear the nightingale sing. It is in the linden tree over

"May I go with you so far?" he asked.
'It would be an untold pleasure to me."
She looked at him intently.
"Aunt Alice will—well, she will be terriy angry with me if ever she knows it; but it Il not always be June, and the nightingal will not always sing. Yes, we will go and The dew lay thick and heavy on the grass each drop seemed to catch the moonlight Lord Ryvers was beside himself with delight

words would not come. The song of the nightingale grew clearer and sweeter.
"There is the linden tree," said Violet; 'we must move very quietly, or we shall dis With quiet steps on the long grass, they

advanced until they reached the spot where the bird was pouring out its marvellous flow of melody. They stood entranced.

"I am glad I came," said Violet, after a time. "I would not have missed it for the whole world."

"I might have lived forces in the law." "I might have lived forever in the busy aunts of men," remarked Lord Ryvers, and have heard nothing like it."

"If we never meet again," she said, regarding him thoughtfully, "how strange it will seem to remember that we have spent an hour together in this fashion!"

There was not the least consciousness of "If I thought we were never again," he declared, hurriedly, "I should not care to live another hour."

"That is the language of poets," she said, laughing. "I wonder if the nightingale's song were put into words, what it would all be about?" "Love," he answered, curtly.
"Love!" said Violet. "I should think it would be something more interesting than that."
"More interesting?" he asked, not quite

"Oh, Yee," she said, "much more interesting! I should imagine that birds sing of new themes; love is as old as creation." Just then the nightingale finished its song long beautiful notes that seemed to die away over the trees: then all was still,
"Do you remember what Barry Cornwall
says?" asked Lord Ryvers. "I think the

Her soul upon the silence, and our hearts Hear and forever hoard those golden sounds, And reproduct them, sweet, in after-hours." "You like quoting poetry," she said.
"A night like this is in itself a poem," he answered. "I shall take away with me a confused dream of moonlight in June, of the waterfall, of the nightingale—"

"And of me," she interrupted, with right laugh. "Shall you forget me?" bright laugh. "Shall you forget me?"
"You will be the centre of the poem," he replied, with a bow, "the very soul of it. I shall never forget you. If you should be pass-ing through the wood to-morrow, will you ok at my picture ?" "Have you been warking at it to-day?"

"No; my mind has been filled, possessed by another picture," he said; but I shall ork at it to-morrow." "You want my Aunt Alice to keep you at work," she remarked. "And now, Mr. Randelph, good-night. I am afraid this is a terrible indiscretion. We must never repeat He did not tell her that that one half-hour had been to him as a dream of Paradise.

To be Continued. EPPS'S COCOA. -GRATEFUL AND COMFORT-ING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the indicate of archive tables. which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and Tins (\$\frac{1}{2}\$ lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled—"James Erps & Co., Homepathic Chemists, London." 26

The most brutal dog-fight on record came off near New York on Wednesday, between a Newburg bull-terrier named General, weighing 33 lbs., and an Albany bull-dog, Sam, 34, and 35, and 36, and 3 Sam was killed after 3 hours and 45 minutes Consumption Cured.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

She Loved Rim, She Loved Bim Knott, Says Reuben Knott unto his fair. In language burning hot: "Matilda. do you love me, dear?" Says she: "I love you, Knott." "Oh. say not so!" sgain he cried:
"Oh. share with me my lot?
Oh, say that you will be my bride!"
Saysshe: "I'll wed you, Knott."

"Oh, cruel fair, to serve me so ! I love you well, you wet!" "I could not wed you, fleub," says she "For then I should be Knott." A light broke in on Reuben's mind As in his aims she got; She looks demurely in his face, And says: "Pray kiss me, Knott!"

Fashion Notes. Feather fans are in high favour. Condor brown is a very fashionable colour. Silver ornaments are fashionable for the New bonnet shapes are small and close fit

Trains are not worn as long as they used The new name for ashes of roses is Isard

The new spring foulards are exceptionally Shot silks are again among the new impor ations. Coquilles of lace are fashionable on black

Champiguon mushroom is a new shade of Pink shades in gray or café au lait velvets

Belts and side-bags will appear with the new spring costumes. Sapphire blue is a favourite colour for resses of growing girls. The new spring bonnets are in very proounced and stylish shapes. The waiscoat ending in paniers

Among pronounced novelties re some with very high crowns. Large plaids and small checks will qually fashionable in the early spring. Coloured straw bonnets form the bulk of the first importations of spring millinery.

The fashionable engagement ring is simply a circle of small diamonds and sapphires alter-

Blue and gold colours are combined in lovely gradations of shades in the new spring batistes and zephyrs.

Foulards in gay jardinière designs are imported for spring polonaises, to be worn over skirts of silk or velvet in monochrome. A tiny muff of lace or satin covered wit natural flowers now takes the place of the conventional bouquet among the most fashion able. This muff may either be carried in the

hand or suspended on a ribbon. Evening dresses of great taste and elemearly covered by gold or silver figures that make them look like cloths of gold or silver, but this stuff comes among millinery goods

The fashion of plastrons applied to the bodice is in great vogue. They are made of lace, surah, embroidery, and silk muslin. The richest are those made of beaded jet. They are effective, worn over black silk and satir

For and About Woman. Nature has said to woman :- Be fair if thor eanst; be virtuous if thou wilt; but consid rate thou must be. Marriageable girls may be interested in the information that a factory at Bay City, Mich., turns out 2,400 washboards daily.

A Minnesota man has invented a machine for lighting a fire without getting out of bed This robs leap year of half its terrors. "Why, my dear Mrs. Lovelace, you seen o much thinner! Have you been ill?"
"Oh, no, but I have a very muscular maid." Formerly women could not legaliy marry until they had spun a complete set of bed furniture; hence the term

A woman doesn't consistently use profan language, but the way she says "Gracious when she slips down is full of subtle meaning and inherent force. Among recent patents is a pocket "storm indicator." Every married man of convivial habits should have one and keep it in the

same pocket with his night key.

"Oh, Professor!" exclaimed sentimental old Mrs. Fishwacker, during a private organ recital in her new music-room, "do pull out that sweet nux vomica stop once more !" Philadelphia has a young lady of twenty years who weighs 532 pounds, and Boston has a young man whose arms each measure over five feet in length. These people seem to have been constructed by a wise Providence purposely for each other, and some means should be employed to bring them together. "Now, darling, will you grant me one favour before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favour I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside weiting for me and I went to egge him.

side waiting for me, and I want to scare him away.' A young girl wrote to the New York Journal as follows:—"Will you please explain to me the symptoms of love? I've got something the matter with me and can't eat." We don't like to prescribe at this distance, but if we had the same symptoms we'd shut our eyes and swallow a pill and go to bed. The girl is only bilious.

I noticed that a Spanish girl of my acquaint. I noticed that a Spanish girl of my acquaintance, says a Madrid correspondent, held her fan half open. I asked the philosophy of the thing. "Why, you wouldn't have me hold it any other way, would you?" she said, with mild surprise. "What difference does it make?" "All the difference. If I keep it closed it means I hate you." "Heaven forbid!" "And if I open it wide it means I l-o-v-e y-o-u." As she began to open it I fled.

How to Test Silk.

An experienced buyer of silks says that a good test to secure one from being deceived in the quality of black silk is to pinch a specimen on the bias and afterwards pull it in an opposite direction. If the crease made by the pinch looks like a similar fold in a piece of writing paper, reject the piece unhesitatingly. On the contrary, if the mark smooths out and is hardly distinguishable, it is safe to purchase. It is also advised that before making up a silk it is an excellent plan to open it the full length, and heap it up in loose folds on a square bed or large table. loose folds on a square bed or large table. Every few days the silk should be lightly tossed about, and drawn through the hands, by which means the "store" crease made by folding the silk flat, and which is the first part to cut, becomes less accentuated, and a pliability is produced that greatly increases the chances of satisfactory wear.

Woman the Comforter. Woman is the great comforter; sacred and

Woman is the great comforter; sacred and significant as is the word, it is true from her entrance into the home circle until death closes the chapter in her history; she is the joy, the sweetness, the angel of mercy, love, and peace in every home in the world. Beauty is another of womanly virtues, and no woman should neglect to cultivate it in both body, mind, and heart. Another virtue is patience, which she fully possesses. This is the negative courage, as powerful as the manly, positive courage of the opposite sex; by it she weaves about man those subtle ties of influence that may in his later years, after long wandering in forbidden and unholy paths, by the memory of the happy past bring his manhood, contrite and repentant, to her feet, and prepare his heart for the golden gates of peace. The last and among the best of her virtues is gentleness, the embodiment of all womanly qualities. It softens the rough exterior of life, crowns and sweetens the whole existence, and is typical of all

that is good and noble in nature, and leads to paths of pleasantness and peace, and prepares for all the bright hopes of the glorious im-

"A young man," remarked a philosophical bbler, "who has patronized me for years, was keeping company with two girls, also customers of mine. I noticed that one of them wore out her shoes on the outside of the sole first, while the other stepped squarely and wore down both sides alike. Fve always had a liking for the wore follows and hear and hear the control of the sole of had a liking for the young tellow, and know nad a fixing for the young fellow, and knowing he was wavering between the two girls,
I took him aside one day and showed him the
shoes of his flames and told him what I have
told you. The result was that he married
the square stepper and is happy, while the
other girl disgraced herself and she has gone
to min."

There is every evidence that this combina-tion will be extremely fashionable during the coming season. Striped black and white in kilting, in flounces, and for the fronts of dresses, re-appearing in the folds of the cor-sage or the fan shape at the back of the basque, looks particularly well with a pretty visite and bonnet of satin and jetted lace. Black and white checks and black and white striped silks are made up with black lace and soft ribbon loops, the latter hanging at regular distances upon or between the kilt-

Among the brocaded silks there are many

Among the brocaded silks there are many lovely patterns, nothing as yet having excelled in beauty the calla lily or passion flower design.

White dresses are likely to be more popularly worn than at any time within the past three years. There never was a season when so many beautiful novelties were shown in white goods. Embroidered robes in fine white mull and nainsook are masterpieces of artistic workmanship. The richest are in close embroidery. These have about ten yards of plain material, four yards of deep embroidery for the skirt and six or eight yards of narrow embroidery and insertion. embroidery for the skirt and six or eight yards of narrow embroidery and insertion. The skirt embroidery is frequently twenty-four inches deep, and consists of pansies, hyacinths, lilies of the valley, and other spring flowers embroidered in solid figures or conventionalized designs, also in solid work. These solid designs are very beautiful and much more durable than the open work embroideries used to such excess for the past two seasons. Irish point has had its day. Some of these embroidered robes are exquisite in delicately tinted colourings through the em delicately tinted colourings through the em-broidery, which are warranted to be fast

THE ORANGE ORDER.

Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ontario ALLISTON, Feb. 20. - The Grand Lodge resumed business at 9 o'clock this morning, the Grand Master presiding, and the other officers in their respective places. The attendance was very large, contingents from many districts and counties having arrived last night and this morning. The spacious market hall was filled to the doors, and great enthusiasm characterized the proceedings.

Telegrams were received from Col. Tyrwhitt, M.P. for South Simcoe, and N.C.
Wallace, M.P. for West York, late Grand

Treasurer, regretting their inability to The report of the Grand Secretary was read by that officer. It reviewed the work of his office and the progress made by the society in this jurisdiction during the past twelve

months.

The reports of the Committees on Suspensions and Expulsions, and Petitions and Appeals were presented and adopted.

On motion of Bro. Oronhyatekha, a special committee was appointed to consider whether it is advisable to make any amendments to the constitution of the Muthal Insurance Scorety and to make

ments to the constitution of the Mutual Insurance Society, and to make a report thereon to the Grand Lodge.

At 11 o'clock business was suspended, the Grand Lodge was formed in procession, and, headed by the Thornton brass band, proceeded to the Methodist church, where divine service was held, the Rev. Rural Dean Cooper, Grand Chaplain, officiating, and preaching the annual sermon from the text, I. Peter, ii., 12, "Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles, that whereas honest among the Gentiles, that whereas they speak against you as evil doers they may by your good works which they shall behold glority God in the days of visitation."

The sacred edifice was crowded to the doors, and great interest was manifested in the servery least. and great interest was manifested in the services. After the sermon a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Protestant orphans' homes in the province. The service having been concluded the procession was reformed and returned to the hall, where an adjournment was ordered till the afternoon at two o'clock.

Upon resuming business in the afternoon the Credentials Committee reported, showing the largest number of delegates in attendance that have been present at a Grand Lodgement.

that have been present at a Grand Lodge meet-

COMPLETE TREATMENT SI.

Collin's Voltaic Electric Plaster instantly affects the Nervous System and banishes Pain. A perfect Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents. It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere,

40 YEARS

ALLAN TURNER & CO., Druggists, Bro ville, Ont., write, "We have sold WISTAR'
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for forty years, and know it to be one of the oldest as well as one of the most reliable preparations in the market for the cure of Coughs, Colds, and Throat and Lung Complaints. We know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and

T. R. MELVILLE, Druggist, Prescott, Ont., says, "I can confidently recommend the preparation as thoroughly reliable."

F. B. CARMAN, Morrisburg, Ont., says he thinks WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY one of the best preparations in the market for the purposes intended, and takes pleasure in selling it.

NOTICE TO YOUNG AND OLD.—The celebrated Dr. H. Hollick, of London, has established an agency in Toronto for the sale of his medicines for the sure cure of all nervous diseases arising from whatever cause. This is no new discovery, but has been tested for over twenty years, and has cured thousands. No Cure, Ne Fay. Enclose stamp for pamphlet, which will be sent in scaled envelope to all who address to 463 Young Street, Toronto.

AGRICULT

We will always be please of enquiry from farmers o ing agricultural interests, given as soon as practicab THE SHOW S

The spring show of the

Agricultural Society and cultural Society will be 15th April, and the fall she ednesday, 7th and 8th (

LANGSHANS COWANSVILLE—"Please gi a reliable party from whom Langshans. Also state abou Langshans were exhibite Show here last month by

ville, who may have some are not sufficiently alive to they would advertise in a

the homes of thousands THE VACUUM FAIRMOUNT.—Having read manufacturing cheese and vacuum process, and, as we cheese factory in our neigh all the information we can Will you kindly in next wee if the system has been succe you would recommend us to tory on that principle.

From inquiries made re fangled notion in dairying

mend it. Experts unhes SWOLLEN

HOLLAND.—"I have a hore old that became lame about of front leg. It was swollen in the way up to the body, and he knee. It is some better, he knee. It is some behind the knee. a. Please let me know Bathe the leg twice a d water and continue the b at a time. Apply to the knee laudanum, two drach one drachm, and water, eig

TERRIER

PARRY SOUND.—"I have a oup, six months old. There ing, one on each side of hi hard and increasing in size, with him? I am a hundred nary surgeon." Use compound iodine as follows :- Iodine, two potassium, two drachms, a Ap ly a little of the oin STIFLE JOINT I

WALTON.-"I have a colt, WALTON.—"I have a colt, years eld, which got hurt a year ago. The joint slins of the colt will go quite lame, own accord when the colt tance. Then after another sigo lame again. When stand leg, and he shows a lump size of a hen's egg. What we to do for him?" Blister the stifle joint

drachms; biniode of mercand lard, one ounce. Us ointment at an application into the parts, and repeati LUMPS IN TH

posed of powdered

SILVER CREEK, MAN. -"Ih Apply to the enlargement contract composed of bin

PIKE CREEK.—"I have a c with a lump under her jaw, bone, as it moves with the seem as if it would break. Please give a cure through Apply a small quantity of cury ointment to the e week, rubbing it well into

Wisconsin.—"Will you k where I can get a setting of he cost, or if there is such in some of the poultry men of yo could give some information pond with I. A., box 254 New F sin. as it would be to their in parties wishing to purchase, the columns of The Mail., from some poultry man. would not be such as the columns of the Mail. We are not aware that

poultry exists. There is called the "Frizzled," or, call them, "Ruffled," who reverse to the usual way. Brantford, Ont., named P them some time ago, and ma in his yard. Constant add made to fancy breeds, and th be one of them, but we ince that some person who think has been imposing upon you.

HASTINGS.—Please inform to the best cure for lice upon upon sheep, and oblige a subsci For lice on cattle, if a ba soap, one pound, and blue ounces; mix thoroughly, ru tities well into the parts has been on a few days was water and a brush. All oi ing mercury should be use If the disease is not strongl all kinds will destroy the in on sheep make a tobacco de well into the wool, or mix parts of coal oil and hog's le rows in the wool, two or thr along the neck, back, side and smear a portion in these may be repeated at interv Ticks are more readily ren time than at any other seaso

POULTRY QUE

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS—"(1)V ion is the best kind of hens to ke desired in preference to flest fowls as a whole better than What should be the proportion is the remedy for hens who do What is the best cheap food for the common grey or white gee It If this question is to be dence educed at the maje

shows held recently we shou

Plymouth Rocks rank first a White Leghorns coming n eggs, however, the LightBra list. Mr. Doel, a Canadi poultry, says a cross betw for laying, as would also a Spanish with the Brahma. or laying, as would also a Spanish with the Brahma. hear of Langshans as early opinion that they would be to keep but the Black Spanis edly held their own agained to be a spanish one breed of fowls. I succeeded in poultry farming several breeds 3. There succeeded in poultry farming several breeds. 3. There male for every seven hens should be discarded when 4.—The desire to brood is in ture and cannot be easily of variety of food is best for por ture of, say one bushel each buckwheat, barley, and scr