"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows.

"CHAPTER XXI.-Continued.

"I am sure Mrs. Laidiaw won't see anyone, sir, just now," protested the girl. "She would only be angry with me if I let you go up."

Aubrey turned upon her with a sudden savagery, and with much the same look in his eyes as he had worn in the lawyer's office on the morning of Dr. Marsden's death. The girl shrank back with a half-suppressed scream, and the sight of her fear quieted him. He tossed her a half-sovereign.

"It is not your business," he said. I am going up. "Godown to your kitchen, and don't chat-

Then he stole upstairs in the dim light Economy held sway in the Bloomsbury establishment, and the lamps in the hall and passages were not made use of until complete

darkness prevailed outside. Within Lola's sitting-room the gas was lit; but the blinds were not yet drawn down. It was a hot airless night. The palms Aubrey had sent in the day before were drooping for lack of water, and the roses were fading in their bowls, making the air heavy with their dying perfume

On the table Lola's hat and mantle lay, just as she had thrown them off. Beside them were writing materials, and the grate was strewn with torn fragments of unfinished letters in

There had been no answer to Ambrey's knock, and on his first entrance he did not see her. Then a sound of low continuous sobbing of the kind which is only heard when the eyes long time, reached his ears; and, as he sortly closed the door and advanced "What are you waiting here for?" he asked elbows forward and her hands tightly clasped over her head,

Her bright hair, loosened from its pins, lay in tangled masses about her shoulders; there was not a line of her whole figure which did not speak to Aubrey of the auguish she was enduring. Burning tears rushed to his eyes at sight of her, and he could hardly find voice to speak. " Lola," he said at last in a broken whispet.

She started, but did not turn, being in truth dazed by long weeping "Lola," he said again, and had his hand

tremblingly upon her buir. She sprang to her feet, need him a moment, and then sank into a chair by the table, and, leaning her arms on it, covered her face with

"Why have you come?" she said. "They should not have let you, I am ill: I don't want to see anybody. Please leave the at

He fell on his knees before her but did not touch her, although every word he spoke vibrated with the passionate tenderness be-

'Lola," he said, "it breaks my heart to know you are in trouble and alone. I saw you come into this house two hours ago; you did not recognise me because you were too unhappy. I walked up and down the street un- person in this world now who cares whether I til I could bear it no longer. You, that I always knew full of joyousness and laughter, a girl paying him too much I got angry with him, made of sunshine, it almost kills me to see you and told film that I have loved you always, like this Is there nothing I can do? You and you only, and that is true, although my know I would give my life for you at any mes | heart has been signar in me day by day ever

She was not angry. She turned on him a face marred and blurred by tears, but dearer and fairer to him than any created thing. "I am very, very miserable, Aubrey," she

said, " I feel as though I were going mad with it; but it is no one's fault but my own [1] to, and I disobesed my rather, and I am being | some allowation for her misery. punished-on yes, I am being well punished," she added, with a little bair-hysterical laugh 1 "But you can do nothing. Your being here only makes me wors. I told you I did not woman in the world, you would have made me want to see you any more, and you had no loo. Your treatment has challed me so that I right to discher nec."

his feet and looking down on her bevered head. From telring me he loved me, I hardly knew After seeing you yesterday I left my sister's, whether the technic hearons d in me was and from there this morning I wrote to my mother, it sen thrust back on itself, and your coolness telling for that I meant to leave England alphas chilled all the brightness of my life, and my most immediately, because the sight of that heart is so miscrobin chapty that my words of me burn to kill the dastardly coward who has been in loving yet and fearing you too greatcause you are unhappy "

them, a sudden fear this hed into hold's teering an insult to tree. eyes-a fear not only of him, but of herself.

you to breve me. You are talking a transage of " band has the right to comfort not: and a

ed her face in her hands and sell again to husband, or anything but the only friend I passionale weeping. Only for a moment. For these in the world. Aubrey's self-control departed with hers, and torrent of long-suppressed love and wild en-treaties that she would leave her home and actio to him, then," he can't covalety. Tell England with him, and trust her future life to thim that your husband hates your that he has his house and his love.

trembling culprit before her

brey's words and touch, compared with her jess torn as the alexander as a pointing of the his attitude that chilled her heart with true

to the back of her chair to steady herself, for | past thinking. she was shaking from head to foot.

the ship he may not reach. The agony of his every tick of that inexotable clock; in every the shock of seeing her so suddenly had indeed face terrified Lola; there was an element in H beat of her own fired heart to which her nature could not rise or fall-the wild despair of a man whose reason is totter-Lota could not understand this, but she and for a moment her woman's heart was filled with pity to the exclusion of every other

feeling. Impulsively she made a step towards him as he was turning away, and held out her hand. At the same moment, the folding-doors leading to the inner room were quietly opened, and someone stood perfectly still in the darkness beyond, watching them.

At sight of the little hand proffered to him is sign of forgiveness and farewell, Aubrey turned and looked again at Lola. Then, without any warning, he snatched her in his arms, kissed her, and dashed from the room and from the

Shocked, bewildered, and trembling, Lola stood for a moment perfectly still. Then, sinking again on to the chair she had just left, she stared before her for a moment to collect her thoughts, and for the first time became aware hat the folding-doors leading to the bedroom were ajar, and that she was not alone. Almost as soon as this conviction flashed upon her, he intruder came forward into the room closing the folding-doors carefully behind him: and with a little cry of horror and astonishment Lola recognised her husband.

CHAPTER XXII

Bruce Laidlaw's face was lividly pale, and the eyes he fixed upon his wife shone with

mingled scorn and fury. The sight of her tear-stained checks, dishim almost to the verge of madness. Turning filled.

"Who sent these things?" he asked, and hen, before she had time to answer: "Your

She did not speak. He went to the open window, and flung the roses by handfuls into the street; then, seizing the green plants, he have wept, and the heart has bled a hurled them in a heap on the landing outside, and, shutting the door, faced his wife again.

farther into the room, he saw her harshly, "Why don't you follow your lover?"

Iying face downwards upon a sofa, with her A! this second insult, the colour rushed over At this second insult, the colour rushed over Lola's thee and neck. She was about to speak, but checked herself, and remained scated just as he had found her, held dumb and motionless by a score of conflicting feelings. Her silence angered him as notch as any words onld have done

"Get up," he said, " and answer me when I speak! Have you no lie by which to account. for what I came home to see! How much time do you want to invent one before I go?"

but he held up his hand threateningly. "Keep away!" he said, in a coler hourse with anger, "It you come near enough I may back to find you in another man's arms! husband's seen and Aubrey's misery. Can't you speak a be as well as write one? Won't you tell me he was here in my absence by accident, and that he is only your triend?

He was hissung rather than speaking the words, at a white heat of anger, standing perfeetly still, and staring at her with a look of steely hatted in his eyes that seemed to freeze Lola's blood - She drew a sharp breath

"How dare you!" she said (wice, with low, quick utterance, "how dars you! You know what you say is not true. It you have been listening, you know what has passed between us. It is true Aubrey loves me, he is the only am alive or dead, and to keep myself from since I married you. You are cold as be hard as stone, cruel as death. If you killed me now you could not hart me more than you have done; you could not make me more wretelied than your wife must always be

"Not necessarily," he interposed, with biting sarcasm. "A wife who can console herself treated you badly once, or, at least, I seemed fafter six mentils of marriage as you do has

She shrank back, quivering at his sneers.

""You, to dare to speak to me so," she said almost in a whisper, "If I were the worst don't know investify and only a few moments "I did not disober you," "has said, rising to lago, who a that man was on his knees and went straight to the Somerset hotel. And something like his own; because my love had van eaungt keen from your face makes. Neve eden there. All my fault towards you has placed if there. It on't remonstrate with meanly and in return you have but me here at the don't be angry; it is two late how to storage, and an even or any man less hard. Thus, you, while It was fate throw meanly one way foodight. It is you yourself were at Manachester with an Inause you are unlumpy." Amous married woman, and with that child At his words, and the toner, which he so, it whose very existence is educative to you and

"That is a He," he said, coming close up to "Mr de Vaux," she said hurrie lly, "I asked Ther and speaking in as low a vonceastiers, the sorrow and joneliness to other, I may and the moment ber blue eyes blazed with an univer make more more miserable still. On V. Wholse as deep is his own. If I saw You with her this " morning, and you have come straight from her she broke oil sudbenty, and finging ner to usuf me with talse accessions. Addrey dehands flown on the table before there were you. Vaux is not my lover, but I wish the were my

In uncontrollable tage at his words and

him that your hasband hates your that he has reason, they reminded him of holm on a "Why ear" you keep stall and quier I struck you, and may had you if the sight of round table to the left stood the prelude to bon't want to kill you yet. You and i mist die Affirst she seemed hardly to hear or found as a fine and affection as compared tablector and through her selfs described with my coldness and affection as compared to the room was a writing-desk, littered with fock in such as formal and affection as compared to the room was a writing-desk, littered with fock in school as conditional and affection as compared to the room was a writing-desk, littered with fock in school and the your hands, and then you are strongly as a self-school as a self-scho grief, she shuddered and shrank from his toneh from the so elever at drawing up. You are unfinished letters, and on the shieboard may properly and so him. But you must not staring down at him with such reproachable access and a drag upon my line, and with near a solver, with brandy in a small department of the Shelboard palmin her soft blue eyes to determine the soft of access and a drag upon my line, and with near a solver, with brandy in a small department of the shelboard palmin her soft blue eyes to determine the access and a drag upon my line, and with near a solver, with brandy in a small department of the shelboard palmin her soft blue eyes to determine the shell department of the shelboard palmin her soft blue eyes to determine the shell department of the shel under her gaze, and he rose and she darke a turn o Manchester benight, and I hope with all my soul I tony never see you again."

she said. "I love my husband with all my roughly that she stargered back against the back to the window, facing her. His hards sne snot. It was no instead and an ing product one transport of the source of the sour to speak of him-I shall never leve anyon: seeming the staticase, and the front door was bent forward so that his fine was some-olse." She was dwelling with all the more roses on great anguish was upon her, and tox some fail to be startled by his uncartify pallor. her words, because in her pre-soft weak and mean als sire purched leaning back against His off, dark hale lay in damp rings over his minerved condition, the fire and parlom of Ant-the wall with strained eyes, and a whate, hopes for head, and there was a strange tension in with her at night, he armed and she is and and means words and touch compared with next least one and touch conducted with the result of the the r

rapidly. "I must never me t you again, and her, trussing the noon she closed the door, and throwin, back his head, exight sight of his closely, and whispering to keep silent, I shall not even be able to think of you as my; and then sat door, by in task mirrold atth. Loke with her fingers still upon the handle of his closely, and whispering to keep silent, I shall not even be able to think of you as my; and then sat door, by in task mirrold atth. Loke with her fingers still upon the handle of hand laid on the anife. let me forget what you have said, for if I think (throbbed with pale a' every moment, in her For a moment is det not appear to recognize the country of it I shall hate you."

"Book down," he hissed out. "See! He is off! I shall hate you."

"Country the many said, for if I think (throbbed with pale a' every moment, in her is not appear to recognize the country of that street opposite the country of the countr She also had risen as she was speaking, and served to torture be through their thought her in a kind of mereddions and almost fearstood at a little distance from Lim, holding on impossible, if indeed she had not seen long ful wonder.

"Only tecurse! only active tiposchia: ! " Autrey remained a few seconds staring at her as a drowning man strains his eyes after don-life; on the stone-paved streets eatside; in traceed as if with pain, that Lola half feared

And he hated het: he had said so, looked it looking secoss at film.

The harsh tone of his voice seemed to ring in Arrowy backed down upon her for a moment. herears, the cold glitter of his eyes to piece Then addedly his face cleared, the blood felt that he was suffering horribly and for her. into her soul. He had insulted her, struck rushed to his cheeks and a wild light to his her; she was east out from her husbared's eyes, as he laid a hot hand upon her shoulder, heart and home just when the had begun to "Look up," he said imperatively. "Lola, is realize the weakness of her own nature and it really you come to me like this?" the imperative need she had of guidance and Something in his voice startled her; an ex-

deed, and thought. Had he shown only a little when suddenly, before his lips had touched

tonderness.

the slightest power over her, she knew. Yet tently she felt no anger against Bruce. Even in this he retained his old power of putting her in the wrong. He had married her in an impulse of pity of which he had speedily repented. He had frightened her into deceiving him, or, at

least, into keeping silence upon subjects upon which an explanation was required. She was not the wife for a clever man; she was too headstrong, too impulsive, too full of life and love for a man absorbed in the brilliant career his genius was opening out before him. She had only wearied him. The hot tears rose to her eyes at the thought. She wanted so much,

while he had his art, and could live alone. Alone!

She started from her seat as this idea occurred to her. Until then the misery of past, present and future had dazed her, and she had sat there, letting the minutes creep by, feeling rather than thinking, with a dull wretchedness weighing down her weary heart and brain. But as the meaning of her husband's last words was borne in upon her her mood changed, and acute pain took the place of numb despair .

Bruce had gone back to Manchester to the voman he had all along loved the best, and to heyelled hair, and trembling limbs exasperated | the child. Lola's hands clenched with impotent rage as she pictured how that woman, her trisharply away from her, his eyes fell on the umphant rival, would greet Bruce when he repalms and roses with which the room was turned to her with the news that he had cast off his wife for ever.

> She looked round the room, dimly lighted with one gas-barner, bare without the flowers, neglected looking, with blinds drawn high over the open windows; and as she gazed, her mindgathered in more vivid recollections of the impressions of the evening. Here it was that, shocked and overwhelmed by another man's passionate outburst, sorry for him and perhaps sorrier for herself, she had raised her head and net the cold eyes of her husband fixed upon herown Within a vard of where she sat hi had insuffed her and struck her-had told her he never wished to see her again, and had scornfully advised her to follow the man, who, kneeling here at her feet, had poured out his love for her in burning words that rang in her ars now.

As though painted on the air before her, she saw Aubrey's look of anguish as she drove him away and threatened him, with her hatred and displeasure. She, too, was hated now; and She made a quick movement towards him, I gradually, in the hysterical light-headedness consequent on the tatigue, the fasting, the passionate weeping, and the swiftly-following emotions of the day, two impressions alone restilke yout Your lying letter brought me manned with her, blotting out all others-her

Brues had east her out, and Aubrey loved her better than his life, and longed for i.e. as a parched soul for cooling water

To her pevered and overwrought brain, there seemed but one way of escape from the terrible position in which strange conflict of circumstances had placed her and those whom she loved and those she respected. That was to go at once to Aubrey and beg him to tell her husband all-all the old story and the new. though he was,

Statching her hat and cloak from the table, and thrusting her gloves mechanically into her pocket, she opened the door softly and randown the dark staircase. In the hall she slipped on her outdoor things with trembling flugers, drew back the bolt of the front door, and so, in the quiet of the night alone and unthat old house in Berkshire seven months be

A few herefiel steps took, her into the noise and bustle of the Totteham Court Read. Here she stopped a bansom, and gave the direction:

The Somer-et Holel."

The mandrove fast, too fast to give her time

Lola sank back, and say a moment staring street below. before her, trying to think. In the interval - If she could slip away unperceived by falm descend.

wand dead, stall the sky of arrand bargist with

or only Lora with some currosity.

The quests of hardren astret and answer of pelant an the ratins purposed to her sides with in the religion to see There was no zoling back in grasp she could not resist, and, looking up in new. The main led the way up a broad stailing wide-ope decretor, she saw tending close over of a rosen, open at it, and left Loia standing within, her brain like the, her heart like me, trembling and interaction, but interfy same down upon her with those like some there are matted to confirm a very like and white enough to realise a cyet.

The room was large and very quiet, facing a line. Size is: the creature's not breath upon street but littly frequented. To the right of it was a door leading to Aubrey's bedroom. The heavy with the perform or roses; flowers don't but it was Arbary's we to Arbary, because, for some unknown lover's the more of my captor.

Lula's eyes took in an these, things after one clause at the occupant of the room. He sat in "How can you be so chief, so sawardly?" He flong het look toom into as he speke, so a herge armehair by the supportable with his what in shadow, but even thus Lola could not

Then he sank back in his chair and fell to trembling in every once. His face in the milkilled him. She crept a little neuter and stood

ultant, meanting ring she could not under-Her marriage had been a miserable mistake; stand. Suctified to rise, but he held her first yet she had wedded the man she loved the last, by the shoulders, and fixing his glittering eyes and had been faithful to him in word, and upon her own, he was bending to kiss her,

love in return no other man would have had hers, he paused and appeared to listen in-

"What is it, Anbrey? Let me go."

"Hush!" He put his hand on her mouth a moment, and then very slowly, very stealthly, he ros and crept to the door. Throwing it open, he peered up and down the passage outside. Lola got up from her knees and watched him wonderingly. She was going to speak again, but he made an impatient gesture to restrain her, and then, closing the door, he turned the key in the lock, and placed it in his pocket.

"It is quite safe now," he muttered. "They can't get in that way."

He walked to the sideboard and poured himelf out a wineglassful of brandy. Lola watched him with astonishment and rising alarm, but he seemed hardly to notice her. He drank off the brandy, and then, going to the window, he stared down to the quiet street below, fidgetting impatiently with the tassel of the window-blind the while.

Was he generously desirous of giving her time to collect her thoughts by this assumed indifference, she wondered? If so, the greater his mistake. The unexpected coldness of his reception had already forn the vell from her own folly, and in those few moments of sllence, whilst Aubrey was scanning the corridor, a burning shame at her recklessness and a wild longing to escape from its consequences had ogether leaped into conscious life within her mind.

She looked again at Aubrey. His back was towards her, and he appeared to be absorbed in watching the street. But while her eyes were still upon hlm, he crossed to the supper-table. took up something from it which she could not see, and slipped it into the breast of his coat? Then he went back to hisold place at the window, and stood there, half hidden by the curtains, gazing intently down into the street

An uneasy fear grew stronger in Lola's mind. Aubrey was usually the most abstemious of men. Was it possible that in his grief at parting from her that evening he had sought forgetfulness in drink, and was now anxious that she should not notice its effects upon him:

The brandy on the sideboard seemed to confirm this theory: yet Aubrey's manner was not that of a drunken man. He appeared calm, deliberate, and indifferent. He did not once glange in her direction, but kept his eyes fixed on one point in the street as patiently and as steadily as a cat watches for its prey. The strangeness of his greeting, the dead silence in the room, and the hysterical tension or her nerves, grew well nigh unsupportable to Lola, and all her contrite soul became filled

with the desire to escape. "Aubrey!" she said at last He needed, but did not turn towards her

"Ausrey, I have made a mIstake. You have always been my kindest and best friend, and you will give me the key of this room now, will you not, and let me go away at once, before anyone has time to miss me?"

"Before anyone has time to miss you?" he said, still without looking round, "Why, he and she thought the new would lift the cloud, is after you already. I saw him in the passage and make all clear, even to firther enraged putside; but he ran away when he cought sight of me." "He! Who?"

He turned and fixed his eyes vacantly upon

"Who? Why, the man you are cuming away from-that field I saw in the passage we have something waiting for him and he laughed cumingly, and observed, she described her London home as tapped the breast of his cont as he suddenly and as silently as she had their from spoke. "He will be down here in the streeting minute," he went on, turning away from her again. "That is why I am watching the win-dow. Why don't you take your hat off?"

There was no doubt in Lola's mind nov. The men was drank and meanable of understanding her. She did not believe it possible hat Brues should have followed her here so soon, and thought rather that in his straid, eno recognise the folly of her own act, and She reasoning State. Authory had mistaken some was still going over Bruce's words, "I hade hotel servant for her husband. The simulton you; you are a drag upon my life, and I never was horribly painful, even grosiosque, and the wish to see your face again," with intserable path and grotesqueness increased every persistency, when the cate decer up hasters (he) moment as she should there watching Aubrey and is he gozed away from her, fown into the

the porter came, forward, opened the doors of but to was evidently useless to endear our to the ent, and held out his hand to not place of extract the key from him or his present couch-

The 5 dreem door enight her eye, and, with more ments as slow and stealthy as Aubrey's had been she contribed to reach it, guessing "Have toward Pagage "" the mac asked rightly that through the bedroom would be another exit on to the Lotel passage.

"No. Is Mr. de Vany staying here and is said even while her diagers chap et and turned in the handle, she found hered; seized from The question had been asked and answered behind an hierarm spin consistency with

face, and gleaming teeth, through (pade parted

 $(\sigma A) \phi_{\alpha\beta}$. Ashrey! Help Γ she called helping. Aubrey's self-control departer with newspaper at the resolute attitude, those raised his three windows were all open, and the air was hopey! Help! succeeded actify, but the control of th

" Why early you keep still and quiet? I et han, see or agair you. He wants to climb un to this window, and I am waiting for him with

He digratable kniff from insele as coat, and brandished a before her eyes. Every drop of blood seemed to rushed from hold's heart. This was no drunkenness, she knew well now. TAubrey de Vaux, gentlest and most decile of friends and lovers, was as for away from her as if he had never existed. and in his place stood a world-be murgerer, a with her at night, he armed and she is and and helpless, atterly in his power.

brey's words and lower, compared war and hashed should be for a way spai bushand's indifference, moved her in a way spai bushand's indifference, moved her in a way spai bushand's haddened of by Aubrey, and membrahan should be something wrong stid speaking in his not mid. Aubrey sighed deeply, shivered as one starting and the soft flesh cut and bleeding, eyou must leave me at once," she went on whispersoutsi to the indicapen deer, aroused awakening from unrefreshing mid-day sleep.

Then he led knotect in an anageritate so tigative deeply and the soft flesh cut and bleeding. Simulting and the soft flesh cut and bleeding. Then he led her to the window, still holding the country total or less electly, and whispering to keep silent,

"Look down," he bissed out. "See! He is site. He'ls crossing the road. Soon he will ellmb to where we stand, and then----"

In the despairing hope that some waytarer might see and hear her, might even catch her should she dare to spring out from the window, Lota based forward and strained her eyes in the direction indicated to her by Aubrey.

But there was no human creature in the street below.
(To be continued.)

Treating of the French a newspaper writer observed that "the decline of the material comforts of the working-classes has now reached an alarming height."

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A Married Woman's Experience.

It is the privilege of all, at all times, to "put the best side out," or to appear to the best advantage; and, if we don't carry it too far, it from day to day within his observation; but he respect of the intelligent and refined. But there is a degree of gentility which if we go and wishing to communicate the same to him beyond will make us appear ridiculous; and it is easy enough for any discriminating mind to perceive when a person is affecting to be and if I ask him why he didn't inform me, genteel. Now, it is perfectly natural for young he interrogates me by staying: "Do you neonle of either sex, when in each other's company, to try to appear amiable, courteous, and thing I hear ?" attracting-especially those two who are beginning to find their hearts entwined around by one beautiful net-work of love; and then the many little acts of courtesy and kindness how every word and action is measured, and expression studied, and what a self-conscious pride they feel when they know that they have won the love and admiration of each other But to come more to the point in hand.

How apt are we to think, when we see a young gentleman all attention to his lady-lovestudying everything for her convenience and pleasure-that he is a perfect gentleman, and will be a deroted husband; but, ah! how deceptive are appearances. I have no doubt but band, that he does to her; for she would not there are a great many men who remain the only create a barrier between them, but would same affectionate, adoring husbands that they were at first, or as courteous as before marriage; but I speak from my own experience, which is strongthened by observation, and I of love and trust that first bound them to have no doubt but it will apply generally; for gether, there are too many who, after they have enught the bird, care less whether it is fed daintily or its plumage kept in as good repair.

When the writer was young and remained unmarried, her husband was one of that sort of "perfect gentlemen" who never seemed happier than when doing for her some deed of kindness. When, for Instance, we were going a distance of a mile or two, I "mustn't walk. I must ride"; but now "it is better to walk; walking is a healthy exercise." Then, if, when walking out, and we came to a gutter or any unequalled record of cures. other place difficult to cross, he would run and get a board to lay across it for the to walk on; but now he leaps over, and walks right straight on, and leaves me to get over the best way I can. Then, when travelling on the cars, and when we came to our stopping place, my husband would always jump off first and assist me, and take my satchel, etc.; but now he gets | Crowell and Kirkpatrick. It contains almost

When going to church, or anywhere else, he would open the door, and, gate and close them after I went through; but now durts through | The series is Issued monthly, himself and lets them swing to after him, and proceeds, and by the time I get through my husband will be some rods in advance of me. and I am obliged to call for him to stop, or run and overtake him. Then, if we are at any pub-He dinner or festival, my husband, was always by my side to wait on me to anything I wished: but now he leaves me, and seeks, the company of some of his old chums, and seems to forget that he how a wife at all.

So very negligent had my husband become that I thought it best to mention it to him -not for my own side entirely, but on his account, and for fear that people would observe it and attribute it to disaffection; and now the reader. Quining Wine. will laugh when I tell him how very kind and attentive he was to me 'for attime' after that, For a sample I will relate an instance that occurred the next time we were invited out to dinner. We had but just sat down to the table, when my husband (wishing, I presume, to redeem himself, helped me to an enormous piece of pla. I look d around at the company to see if anyone observed it, and then thanked him: but I could not help but think that he was then or cramely pictons in his attention.

I have never said anything more to him about his negligence to me, when in company When we were married, he called me by the ery pretty name of "Jennie," but it soon you give to others.

changed to "Jane" (as that is my name), and now he often calls me, Look here, or Say, as anythingelse.

My husband used to be fond of entertaining me with incidents or events that transpired will ever be to us a talisman commanding the has got over all that now, and if I am so lucky as to get the news through some other medium -thinking to tell him something new) he replies : "Why, I heard of that some time ago;" suppose I am obliged to tell you of every-

I have already mentioned enough to show how apt men are to become indifferent as to towards their wives; they seem to think that it is too much like condescending to things beneath their digulty to be social and communieative with them; and that we are in duty bound, from the fact of our connection with them, to overlook whatever we see amisa in them, especially if we have any regard for keeping peace in the family."

It is of no use for the wife to practise the same indifference, as a retort towards her hussoon find that an almost inseparable leeberg was chilling the very air they breathe; and it is impossible ever to regain that saine feeling

I was about to say to the yound ladies: Beware that you don't get a husband after the sort that I have here described; but then how can you know until you have tried them? And then it is too late to repent; but if such should be your lot, you must be thankful it isn't any A MARRIED WOMAN,

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