

on him telling at the outset the plain unvarnished truth as to your chances."

"It will be to his interest to do so, as my winning the case will amply repay him."

"Louise, my child, we are very old friends, will you not let me show my confidence in your success by being your banker till then?"

Her face flushed, and he feared he had offended his sensitive companion. But everyone knows the ring of true friendship and she reached her hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Romayne, be assured I value your kindness for I have not so many friends; but 'twas borrowed money ruined my father, and I made a promise to avoid the tempting quicksand," and the brave young voice never faltered, though she knew not where to-morrow's breakfast would come from for the dear ones at home.

"Very well, Louise, I admire your principle though it deprives me of the keen pleasure of being of use to you."

They had reached her door, and as he sauntered slowly back along Toronto's bright, homelike streets, he met the countless thousands of working people returning to their respective homes, after a long day's "earning their bread by the sweat of their brow."

Beverleigh Romayne was a rich man from the day of his birth, his grandfather being one of those United Empire Loyalists, who crossing over to Canada, were granted rich tracts of land for their steadfast allegiance to the mother country.

Unlike Edgar Atheling, who had the deepest sympathy with the laboring masses, Beverleigh viewed them from a romantic in-born good nature. He saw in them only a necessary factor in the great progress of civilization, which should be encouraged rather than crushed; yet, would not turn his really splendid intellect for more than a cursory glance at the question of the day, Capital and Labor. He spent his wealth freely, which perhaps was more beneficial than the frothy talk of apparent enthusiasts.

His mind was so turned to the highest note, that with all his thirty-seven years (including a black six months) that the slightest of coarse touches left its mark. It is well we meet few like him, for 'tis by rude buffets that our natures are made tough and defiant, able to stand the "ups and downs" of fortune.

Even his friends, the Frazers, who knew every line of his calm face, never guessed at the fierce reign of passion he passed through.

Society stifles the cry of torture in her bursting heart, and it reaches the lips in the guise of a cynical smile (considered fashionable nowadays) or in a passing remark on "Gilbert and Sullivan's latest freak."

And yet there is genuine good feeling in the majority of mankind, who, if they but knew our burning thirst, would reach a flowing cup of cold water. But real sentiment must not be worn on the everyday coat-sleeve, and ere Sunday the deserving depth is gone, and the long chain of human pain joining us to one another, loses the connecting link.

When a mere boy of twenty, Beverleigh's parents forced on him a wife of their choosing, just the opposite of himself. Hard and worldly, and as devoid of womanly feeling as a laughing hyena, with the additional charm of being ten years his senior.

Why is parents desired the marriage was always a mystery to the neighbors. Martha Graham had lived all her life near Beverleigh's parents and themselves accustomed to her company, and knowing her to be thrifty to a penny-weight they decided the match.

He was good-looking and rich, and the wily father and mother made her understand "that he regarded her highly."

Unfortunately Martha heard her youthful "Lord and master" summing up to his father, her not too plentiful charms, and asking "if he were satisfied with the inalienable mark drawn across his bright future canceling it with one stroke?"

Her narrow groove of mind that never had an object for a centre, conceived a sullen hate for her husband and those who brought the marriage about.

For six months (the honey-moon) she made life unbearable to poor Beverleigh, for his mother was dying with that fell disease typhus fever. But when the peaceful earth received back its own, the father and son with grief in their hearts were sitting in the empty room the crisis came, by the new mistress bidding the two "come and assist her in burning the dead ones clothes as she feared contagion."

Beverleigh answered never a word, but moved with weary steps to the window, where, from afar could be seen a new made grave.

Receiving not even a look she retired with a malicious bang of the door.

The old man crossed over and placed his

trembling hand heavily on the young man's broad shoulders.

"Beverleigh, my boy, can you forgive me the great wrong, I your father, have wrought you?"

Still not a word but calm silence, and the feeble voice continued,

"Let us go before she raises two other mounds, out there beyond."

"Very well, father," and taking their hats they passed out.

For years they travelled around the world, that fateful name never once crossing their lips, till the father sometimes wondered if his boy had forgotten.

At last death called for the older man, and as Beverleigh returned from the green plot with two graves side by side, would you blame him if you knew he thought of how death would take those he loved, and leave others behind? He was but human and tried the very depths of humanity.

After a time he came to Toronto, and in the genial intercourse of friends enjoyed life. He was the polished gentleman that could fill Chesterfield's ideal of "a man of parts," but lacked that black old cynic's estimate of the gentler sex. For despite that one of them was the bane of his life, he had a dear old chivalrous reverence for women, as something, when true to her sex, as "little lover than the angels."

No wonder that his finely strung nature recognized in Louise Sheridan, one that could satisfy that craving, existing in every man and woman, for another outside of themselves.

The inconceivable measure of human affection, transmitted from our first parents, who "loved not wisely but too well," often lives eating the very tendrils of our hearts, for want of transplanting into one other being, the only one for us among the swarming universe.

But Beverleigh Romayne was a Christian as well as a man of honor, and strove to remember "that what God has joined together let no man put asunder," and that he must be true to that command even in the secret recesses of his heart.

#### CHAPTER XII.

With little Pat by the hand, Louise betook herself to Arthur Karnagh's office on Toronto street, with its immense towering buildings, where the great mercantile business of Ontario is chiefly transacted. It is another 'Wall Street,' no one seen on it but live business men, whose faces seem to harden with the ring of their footsteps on the stone pavement.

After considerable turnings, which so bewilder a woman unsophisticated in such regions, Louise found "A. Karnagh, Barrister Solicitor and so forth."

As she awaited her turn, an angry scene was taking place in the private room. The door swung open as a man came hastily out with brows drawn, followed by a sneek-faced woman, evidently his wife.

He was a client worth a hundred dollars per month to Karnagh, and on the day previous had called, stating that he wanted his wife to sign away her title to a property wished to turn to a purpose of his own. Of course his solicitors could so explain that she would be no wiser by that explanation Mr. Karnagh agreed, for are not lawyers consciences somewhat elastic?

Mr. Z. and the wife of his bosom arrived at the appointed time, and after a few leading questions, to draw out the extent of the woman's ignorance of the matter, Arthur, in a clear, concise form, laid bare to the astonished wife her husband's real intentions, then opening the door ordered him to "be gone and never pollute even a law office with his contemptible presence."

Louise entered and took the woman's vacated chair with her tale of wrong.

Mr. Karnagh was soon plying his questions and then read her a synopsis of her case.

"Your uncle, Nicholas O'Kelly, was murdered by Indians in the Black Hills, so that kills at the same stroke our plea of undue influence if he made a will; but your uncle's solicitor states that Nicholas O'Kelly died intestate, leaving twenty hundred thousand dollars, that his two sisters, Hannah and Sarah, inherited it, your mother being dead previous to his decease, barring out her children as being alien to American soil, and therefore could not inherit it."

You maintain that two of you, yourself and your brother Neil were born on American ground, your mother having fortunately formed a wish to visit her former home in Philadelphia."

"It may take some time, Miss Sheridan, but I will take proceedings at once and will inform you from time to time how I am progressing."

"Mr. M.," in answer to her query of the retaining fee, "our pleasant evenings spent

at 'Alloway' supply that," and the cast iron old lawyer went down like other men before beauty in its first sweet flush.

Leaving the business portion of the city, Louise and her little brother wandered on, followed by the ubiquitous Pulto till they reached Queen's Park Avenue, with its magnificent arching of chestnut trees mixed here and there with primeval maples. Many a foot-sore and weary pedestrian has turned with a sigh of relief into its shady coolness.

Moving slowly upward to prolong the invigorating fresh air to the child, Louise perceived in the distance a band of "fair ladies and gay hussars" riding merrily along as if the world were one sound of pleasure.

As they drew near, her name was cried out in Zita Heatherleigh's bright voice as with a graceful movement she reined in her horse. "Why Louise where have you been this long time, I have been wishing to see you so much?" confirming it, by bending down and girl fashion kissing her humble friend regardless of her other "kind," who were intently interested in the young girl with the thread bare dress, standing with a golden-haired child and Newfoundland dog, receiving a caress from lips that no long since had been pressed to those of a royal princess.

"And Pat, you little darling," Louise stooped to ransack him for his share of the sweets when she was anticipated by Edgar Atheling who swung himself lightly to the ground and lifting the astonished child, seated him on the big dog, saying:

"Pulto, old boy, you make an excellent escort," and seeming satisfied with his diplomacy as he caught the shily amused glance of Pulto's mistress.

Some one else too, saw it, and Miss Hale whispered in an audible tone to a lady near, "Did you ever hear such a name, Pat, but there is no accounting for the taste of the low Irish," and her off blue eye reflected green rays on the brown one.

Zita turned on her saddle and replied: "Miss Hale, you force me to think 'tis your English element prompted so rude a remark of my friend, and I as possessing the name offer her due apology."

A murmur of approval met the spirited rebuke, but the offender only drew up her splendid figure more scornfully; yet, Edgar noticed the pricking of her horse to conceal her inward rage.

A moment more and they had passed, leaving the girl with still another jagged thorn to rankle, and then fester in her heart.

For at the sound of Zita's dear voice, and the sight of another face, her woman's nature asserted itself, and the warm young blood coursed strangely quick through her veins, and, throwing all care aside, declared its power. It seemed all the harder to crush as she saw Zita as if destined by nature to ride forever by his side; even the hated cousin held a more likely chance by her usurpation.

Three times she had met Edgar Atheling, and at each one was humiliated in his presence. She knew it was weak for her to care for a strange man's opinion whom she might never cross again, and the delicate face, that paled as the driven snow at the insulting words of her cousin, now burned to the very bone, at the thought of only pity where she wanted the deep respectful love of an equal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A Woman's Heroism.

A remarkable exhibition of nerve and willpower was made by Amelia B. Edwards, the English novelist, in her recent lecture tour in the United States. While at Columbus, O., she fell down a flight of stairs, breaking her left arm above the wrist. Three hours after the accident she was in her place on the platform, and gave her lecture, occupying two hours in the delivery. She then traveled all night, and the following evening at Pittsburg, Pa., though suffering very severely, going next day to Philadelphia, where she lectured for the third time within 52 hours after receiving her injuries, having in the meantime traveled some seven or eight hundred miles. Yet Dr. Edwards belongs to the weaker sex!

#### French Sofa Pillow.

This will require twenty inches square of wine-colored silk plush. Have a conventional design stamped upon it, and work in three shades of green rope-silk.

Take for bottom of pillow, plush the same as for top, and join together with a puffing of surah silk, three inches wide, to match the lightest shade of rope-silk; underneath this put a piece of firm lining, two inches wide, so as to remove all pressure from the puffing. Another way to finish is to work eyelet-holes an inch and a-half apart in the plush, and lace together over the puffing with wine-colored cord. Either of these make a handsome sofa pillow.

#### Connubial Bliss and Bacon.

For 100 years the Abbots of St. Melaine, in Bretagne, bestowed a fitch of bacon as a prize for connubial contentment, and at the Abbey of Weir hung a fitch of bacon with the following lines:

"Is there to be found a married man  
That in verities declare can  
That his marriage him doth not rue,  
That he has no fear of his wife for a shrew,  
He may this bacon for himself down hew."

Almost equally historic with the Dummow fitch—though the records of it have not been kept—is the Whichenovre fitch. Sir Philip de Somerville held the Manor of Whichenovre, or, as it is given in all old documents, "Whichenovr," from the Earls of Lancaster, half the fees to be remitted, as well as half the fines, on condition that he kept a fitch of bacon in his hall at all times—Lent alone excepted—ready for delivery to every man or woman married, after a year and a day of the marriage be passed, and to be given to every man of religion, Archbishop, Prior, or other religious; and to every priest after the year and day of their probation finished, or of their dignity received. There is not the least doubt, I believe, that either this was copied from Dummow or that Dummow was copied from this; but which is the oldest home of the custom it is impossible to say.

From an old number of the *Spectator*, Dr. Plott's "History of Staffordshire," and other sources, it appears that Sir Philip Somerville held the Manors of Whichenovre Seirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in the County of Stafford, of the Earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service. "The said Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain one bacon fitch hanging in his hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed at all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past in form following:

"Whosoever that any one such 'face married will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the Bailiff or the Porter of the Lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in manner as ensueth: 'Bailiff [or Porter,] do you to know that I am come for myself to demand one Bacon Flyke hanging in the hall of the Lord of the Manor of Whichenovr, after the form thereunto belonging.'"

#### The Claims of Love and Lucre.

The instances are very rare in which two strong wills can harmonize in close companionship.

Most young women study the character of men but little, because they have but little opportunity.

A brilliant match, in the eyes of the world atones for low morals, ungenerous tastes, and lukewarm hearts.

A woman possessing the best elements of womanhood cannot be happy with a man who has not a sound character.

It is hard to examine character, and profit by the study, after the heart has become the seat of an absorbing passion.

Wealth in hand, without business habits, business tastes, and business interests, is the most unreliable thing in the world.

"Love in a cottage" is laughed at by very "judicious people," but it is a very sweet thing by the side of indifference in a palace.

Good business habits, good character, enterprise, ambition—all these combined—are almost sure to secure competence and success.

There is nothing more disgusting in all the world than that mercenary tie which, under the name of marriage, binds a woman to the bosom of one who bought her with his money.

#### Match-Safe.

A very ornamental match-safe to suspend from bottom of hanging-lamp, can be made in the following way:

Take a small basket, about four or five inches in diameter and two inches high; gild the outside, and when perfectly dry, line with colored silk, having lining full enough to have the edge slightly shirred.

Now, take about ten or twelve pieces of narrow ribbon, each being four inches long, and of a different color, and fasten at equal distances around top of basket, firmly attaching ends between it and the lining.

To the free end of one ribbon, sew a little bell, to another a tiny teakettle, to a third a banjo, etc.

These ornaments are not larger than a ten-cent piece and are inexpensive.

The basket can be fastened to bottom of lamp by sewing two ribbons to top of basket on each side, and tying to lamp.

Make one and see how pretty it is.