CHAPTER XXI.

Ida Delamere had experienced an involuntary sensation of relief when she saw her husband go out directly their silent and unsocial breakfast was concluded; for she knew that Giuseppe's hateful presence might be forced upon her at almost any hour, and she feit that she had neither strength nor spirit for the plots and counterplots necessary to opioral his visits from the husband whose suspicions were already awakened in no common degree. husband go out directly their silent and unsocial breakfast was concluded; for she knew that Giuseppe's hateful presence might be forced upon her at almost any hour, and she felt that she had neither strength nor spirit tor the plots and counterplots necessary to concral his visits from the husband whose suspicions were already awakened in no common degree.

But the morning hours went by, and still Giuseppe did not come.

"I cannot wage this unequal war with circumstances any longer," she thought, wearily, as she sat in her boudoir, at about two o'clock, waiting for Mathilde to announce the pres-

as she sat in her boudoir, at about two o'clock, waiting for Mathilde to announce the presence of the wily Italian. "Reginald has ceased to care for me! nor do I wonder at it. I am sick and weary of myself and this ever widening network of lies and subterfages. I can even see that my heauty is beginning to fade—the beauty which won his heart so brief awhile ago. Yes, it would have been hetter if we had never met, and sometimes I am wicked enough to feel that it might be better if we should never meet again. These Pariena laws of divorce—they have their advantages after all. But what am I thinking about?" and Ida checked herself with a shudder as Mathilde, the French maid, noiselessly opened the door.

"Giuseppe Antonardi is here, madame!" "Giuseppe Antonardi is here, madame!"
"Very well, Mathilde. Remain in the

er and see that no one enters to Mathilde withdrew, and the next instant

Mathilde withdrew, and the next instant Giuseppe entered the room.

"I hope'I behold madame this morning in the enjoyment of health," was his smooth greeting; but Ida paid no attention to it.

"Giuseppe," she said, speaking in the even, monotonous way of one who recites a well-conned lesson, "I have but five hundred pounds for you this morning. I tried my best to get the whole sum you named, but I could not—it was impossible!"

"Monsieur, your husband, perhaps—"
"I asked him for it, Giuseppe, and he refused it!"

It was with a feeling of unutterable humiliation that she spoke those words. Had she then tallen so low that she must confess to this foreign adventurer how little influence she had left with her husband?

Giuseppe contracted his forehead until the black brows seemed to meet over his eyes.

"I saked you for a thousand pounds."

"I asked you for a thousand pounds."
"I know it, and I have told you why I have but five hundred. Take it, Giuseppe, and be gone, or do your worst!"

The tone of despairing apathy warned the villain that he could go no further in his

extortions with safety.

"Bene!" he ejaculated, stroking his chin,

if madame really could do no better for one
who is faithful to the interests of her
family," and he took the folded bills she had

family," and he took the folded bills she had laid upon the malachite stand.
"Of my family !" she repeated, bitterly.
"Yes, madaine—of the race of L'Echelle.
Would I keep this secret, think you, if it concerned any but your mother! I may be a poor man, madaine—despised by many, yourself among the number—but I have, notwithstanding, a conscience, and "the L'Echelles were my masters long before you were born." Do any of them still live?" asked Ida,

"Alas! no—except we talk of your "Giuseppe," said Ida, turning her heavy eyes surrounded by dark rings, which de-noted the mental distress she had gone through during the last few days, toward

through during the last lew us, a, him, and speaking with sudden, imperative emphasis, "Who is my mother? I will

emphasis. "Who is my mother? I will know!"

Giuseppe smiled.
"Well, madame, there is no reason why youshould not know now. Yesterday I could not have told you who she was; now I can tell you who she is. It's a pretty name, a high-bred name—a name, they tell me, that stands high in the lists of fashion in this gay city of Paris. Ah, I see you are impatient—and perhaps with reason. Your mother, lady"—and he lowered his voice as Ida bent forward, with pallid cheeks and eyes of wild suckening fear rather than ex-

Ida bent forward, with pallid cheeks and eyes of wild sickening fear rather, than expectation—"is Madame la Comtesse Avioli."
Ida uttered a low stifled cry.
"Madame Avioli! Impossible!
"Not only possible, madame, but true," nonchalantly answered Giuseppe. "Ah, you may well look surprised; but the L'Echelles have gay hearts, and bold ones. A murder more or less on their consciences signifies but little; and, my faith, the lady holds her head high. She has managed to evade me skilfully all these years, but I knew I should find her out at last."

"Madame Avioli is my mother," slowly

"Madame Avioli is my mother," slowly repeated Ida, as if the full significance of the words had not yet penetrated to her brain.
"Madame Avioli is your mother, and the murderess of Pierre L'Echelle," said Giu-"And I had learned to love her so !" broke

from Ida's parched lips.

"Is it thus?" questioned the Italian, with foreign sentimentality. "Truly the instincts of nature are marvellous! You could not have dreamed that hers was the life whence your own sprung; and yet—"
Ida shuddered, and motioned him to d

Ida shuddered, and motioned him to desist.

"Does she know that—that—"

"That you are her child? No, madame; it is no part of my plan that she should have the tapture of folding a recovered daughter to her heart—a child whom she has long mourned as dead?"

"She will never do that, in any event," said Ida, with an involuntary tightening of her hands within each other.

Giuseppe observed her with a smile.

"Madame shares my sentiments," he said, cruelly exultant. "I knew from the first that there was no necessity for enjoining upon madame the slightest secreey."

"Giuseppe," said Ida, angrily, "I despise myself more than I can tell, for having one thought or sensation in common with "I wanted to talk to you, Ida! I had much to say to you!"

"What was it!" demanded Ida, looking full at her visitor, with dilated eyes and a cheek that was again paling.

"Perhaps I had better not speak of it today," heartated Mme, Avioli. "You are ill!"

"I am not ill," Ida mechanically replied.
"I am as well as I ever shall be again. Say what you have to say, quickly." "I am as well as I ever shall be again. Say what you have to say, quickly."

Mme, Avioli hardly knew what to make of the hard, defiant mood, one so unlike Ida's usual loving, confiding self.

"Come and sit by me, then, cara. !"

"Thank you," coldly responded Ida, "I am very comfortable here." one thought or sensation in common with you! but it is too much for my endurance to be taunted with it. Oh, if it had been any am very comfortable here."

"Then may I draw my chair up to yours?"

"If you please,"
But Mme. Avioli saw with surprise that Ida shuddered and recoiled as she laid her hand upon the cold little palm which lay in the nand upon the cold little paim which lay in the young wife's lap.

"Ida, you are unhappy," she began softly,

"Yes, you have spoken truly. I am unhappy. So unhappy, that death would be a blessed relief from my misery!"

(Surely this much she might speak to prevent her overburdened heart from break-

e alone!"
"And when," craftily began Giuseppe,
"shall I come for the rest of the little sum
which madame's generosity—"
"I don't know—I don't care!" ejaculated

Mrs. Delamere, in a voice which warned Ginseppe that his interests would best be consulted by abandoning the point for the present. "I tell you to be gone!"

And Giuseppe departed, receiving no recegnition whatever to his courteous words

strange that he should be!" she answered, recklessly.

"But this is not as it should be, Ida," pleaded Mme. Avioti, wistfully.

"Is anything as it should be in this world?" was the reply, spoken almost fiercely.

"Ida, I am older than you. I have lived longer in the world than you, and my experience must be of some value."

"Yes," quivered mockingly on Ida's lips, "your experience must have been strange and varied. You have led an eventful existence, Madame Avioli."

"I have indeed, Ida—more sventful than you have any idea of."

"How do you know how unlimited my ideas may be?"

Mme. Avioli looked puzzled.

dressed in costly silks and lustrous velvets, without restraints either external or from her own conscience. Was she not a walking lie—a whited sepulchre?

As these things passed disjointedly through Ida's mind, Mme, Avioli was surprised at the expression of aversion in her eyes.

"Ida," she said. "you are so atrange today I cannot comprehend your moods."

"Was this all you were intending to say to me?"

"No, dearest; I had much else to tell you, but you have not yet answered my question about this unhappy feeling between yourself and your husband."

"Let him ask me himself if he wishes any further explanation upon the subject," Ida answered.

further explanation upon the subject," Ida answered,

"He has asked you, Ida."

"How do yot know?" demanded Ida.

"He told me," responded Madame Avioli.

"He, then, must repose more confidence in you than in his wife," said Ida.

"To a certain extent he has," was Madame's rejoinder.

"He has shown great taste and discrimination in the selection of his confidente."

What do you mean, Ida?"

"Tell me, Madame Avioli," demanded Mrs. Delamere, with her eyes fixed unblenchingly on the soft, blue orbs of the Countess, "if my husband were acquainted

awful and the trivial in our lives that Ida paused, even in this hour of horror, and tried to fancy how she would look at sixty-six, capped, spectacled, and wrinkled, laughing hysterically at the grotesque idea.

"But it is such a long, long gulf of years that separate me from the friendly silence of the grave. Reginald must take me away from Paris, beautiful Paris, where I have been so kanny so thoughtless for I can Countess, "if my husband were acquainted with all the previous history of your life, would he have been as ready as he is now to

would he have been as ready as he is now to entreat your all powerful intercession in his domestic troubles?"

"Certainly, why should he not?"

Mme. Avioli returned Ida's gaze without shrinking, and spoke in the calm, untroubled tones of candour and veracity. Truly she was an adept in the art of hypocrisy.

"You speak of my previous life, Ida," resumed Mme. Avioli, as Ida made no response to her words. "Some day I should like to tell you about it; it has not been without some romance." from Paris, beautiful Paris, where I have been so happy, so thoughtless, for I can never have a peaceful moment here again. And, besides, it is here that she lives—my mother! Oh!" thought Ida, with a new gush of bitterness into the cup of her anguished heart, "I have dreamed of her, my mother, so often: I have prayed, as a little child, to wake up some day and find my mother sitting at my bedside; and I have envied Angie and Eleanor the blessedness of a mother's love until my heart has been like fire within me. But oh! I never thought of finding a mother thus! Father in heaven, my rash prayer is granted—let Thy mercy avert its evil consequences!"

Then came a soft knocking at the door. She heeded it not. She had no ear, no sense, for aught disconnected with this overwhelming anguish of her life. It was repeated somewhat more loudly, and she stopped abruptly in her restless wanderings up and down the room, throwing back her tangled curls with a movement of sharp impatience.

"What is wanting? Who is there?"

"I do not care to hear of it,"
"But, Ida," persisted the Countess, wounded more deeply than she cared to have appear visible, "you have asked me more than ence to tell you the story of my life—now, when I volunteer it to you you have

ience.
'What is wanting? Who is there?" Mathilde's voice answered softly:
"It is I, madame;" and, opening the door
gently, she announced: "Madame la Com-

CHAPTER XXII.

MADAME AVIOLI INTERCEDES.

confront her in ghastly horror. "Then what ails you, Ida? Don't look

at me so strangely !"

Mme. Avioli followed her as she continu

to shrink back, and would have taken her hand in hers, if Ida had not snatched it away

with a low cry.
"Don't touch me!" she cried. "There i

blood on your hands !"
"Blood!" Mme. Avioli had grown as

"But Ida, your hand is hot, your face i flushed."

For, although she had been so pale a mo-ment or two ago, her cheeks were like scarlet

Avioli.

"May I inquire what induced you to favour me with the honour of a visit to-day?

he asked.
"I wanted to talk to you, Ida! I had

sse Avioli."

MADAME AVIOLI INTERCEDES.

Motionless and pale, Ida Delamere stood in the middle of the rooom, her silken draperies dishevelled, her hair all entangled, and her awall, white hands clasped so signify in each other that the blood seemed to acttle in americarimson dots, under each nail, as Mme. Avioli entered her boudoir, richly dressed, and lovely as a picture.

"Ida, my darling," ejaculated Mme. Avioli, in a voice of concern and grief, "you are ill—what can be the matter?"

"I am not ill," answered Ida, hoarsely, as she retreated from her visitor, still eyeing her as if she had been some apparition risen to confront her in ghastly horror.

ness?"

Mme. Avioli rose, pale, indignant, and eeply hurt.
"Ida," she said, "I cannot understand all this, but after the words you have just uttered, it is impossible that I should remain longer. Adieu!"

She proffered her hand, but Ida never

lifted her own to meet it.
"Adieu, Madame Avioli!" "Forever, Ida?"
It was the last cry of the loving heart, oath to be separated from what had grown so dear to it.

"Blood on your hands!"

"Blood!" Mme. Avioli had grown as pale as Ida's self now, as she glanced down at her slender little pink-gloved hands. "Child, what do you mean? There is no blood there."

"I am not your child!" Ida ejaculated, passionately, her ear caught by the obnoxions words. "I will not be your child."

"Ida, what can this mean?"

Mme. Avioli looked at Ida with such manifest horror and astonishment that it recalled her somewhat to her senses. The momentary madness passed away. She remembered the necessity for dissimulation in some degree at least, in the eyes of the world, the absolute need that woman above all should not discover that she, her own unrecognized child, held the secret of her awful crime.

"I don't know," she gasped, sinking down in a low chair. "I think I am a little unwell. Don't touch me, please—I.—I would rather be left to myself."

"But Ida, your hand is hot, your face is loath to be separated from what had grown so dear to it.

"Yes, forever!"

The Countess turned away, and went slowly out of the room, her head drooping, her eyes humid with the tears she would not allow to fall; she had been scorned, repulsed, insulted—yet, through it all, she could not learn to hate the beautiful young creature who had grown so precious to her.

"It is some strange misunderstanding," she thought; "it will soon be cleared up some day, and Ida will laugh at her own folly. But what can it be that has thus turned my dovel into a savage eaglet—my lamb to a lioness? Is it possible—no, it cannot be—that she is—jealous of me?"

Mme. Avioli stood an instant in the vestibule, pondering the new conjecture in har mind; but the next momentishe dismissed it as utterly groundless and absurd. Reginald Delamere was not the kind of a husband for a woman to feel jealous about, and even if he were, Mme. Avioli felt that she was the last one to rouse the resentful anger of a too

"What can I do for you?"
"A glass of water, please, Mathilde will bring it to me."
A draught of iced, sparkling water seemed to revive Ida somewhat. She set down the goblet, and looked inquiringly at Mme. last one to rouse the resentful anger of a too exacting wife.

On the stairway, just beyond the vestibule door, she met Mr. Delamere himself. His face lighted up as he recognized Mme Avioli. "You have seen her then?" he cried, pausing and taking the Countess' hand in his

own.
"Yes, Mr. Delamere, I have seen her."
"And what does she say?"
But to Reginald's infinite consternation.
instead of answering, Mme. Avioli burst into

"Countess! why, what is the matter?"
"She will not listen to me, Mr. Delamere,"
faltered Mme. Avioli; "she rejects my intercession, and drives me away from her
with insults all the more cutting that they
are quite incomprehensible to me!"

Mr. Delamere was silent an instant, but
his brows were contracted, and his eyes full
of angry lustre.

of angry lustre.
"But you will not abandon my cause then, Madame Avioli?"
"What more cau I do, Mr. Delamere?"

"Mr. Delamere, do not proceed rashly, or you may imperil the happiness of your whole future. Remember she is young—she must be dealt gently with. Wait until this defiant mood has passed away."

"But, at all events," pleaded Reginald, "you will soon come again?"

"I cannot, Mr. Delamere, until she herself sends for me. Remember, however, that you shall always have my prayers and best wishes."

shes."
And Mme. Avioli's eyes were full of tears And mee. Avions eyes were full of tears as she pressed his hand, and parted from him.

Reginald went on through the antercom into the Pretty apartment where his young wife was still sitting, staring fixedly at the intertwining roses and violets, whose colours dyed the deep pile of the carpet.

She looked up as he entered, but spoke not a word of greeting.

rginald, vehemently.

"I feel highly gratified by your high estiate of me," rejoined ida, coldly.

"How has she offended you?"

"She has not offended me, but I choose to
reak off our friendship."

"And I choose that you shall not. Ida, are

"And I choose that you erall not. Ida, are you mad?"

"Not yet, Reginald; but I do not know how soon I may be, if this sort of thing goes on much longer."

Her voice, far more piteous than tears, appealed to him with strange electric power. He had vowed at the holy altar to love and cherish her, yet here she was, pale, wretched, and as it were, seeming to isolate herself from the consoling influence of aught in the shape of human sympathy.

Inexpressibly softened, he sat down beside her, and would have drawn her to his side.

"Ida, my poor little darling?" he said in broken accents, "my woended dove, come back to my heart, and let us forget all these jarring discords."

But she shuddered, and sbrunk way from the gentle touch of his hand, as if it were painful to her.

"Don't Rex, don't!" she murmured, tainty, "You would not, if you knew."

"It I knew how entirely your sentiments and feelings toward me had changed, Ida," he assented, drawing back, with an icy coldness succeeding to the softer mood that had for a moment come over his nature, "perhaps you are right, I thank you for reminding me of it."

And without another word he left the room, leaving Ida to the gnawing agony of her own sad thoughts.

And without another word he left the room, leaving Ida to the gnawing agony of her own sad thoughts.

He had misconstrued her again. He was hurt—wounded—and justly so. Well, what of it? Life was a series of mistakes, it seemed, and strive as she would, it seemed to be her destiny to be misunderstood and shrunk from. Was there any use in endeavouring to disentangle this dark and mystic web whose meshes were tightening around her on every side? She sat there quite silent and motionless, her head lying against the side of the sofa, and her hands folded wearily, until Mathilde came into the room to remind her that it was time to dress for an evening reception in one of the most fashionable faubourgs of Paris,

"Yes, Mathilde." she answered, rising languidly, "I suppose the world must roll on though we are crushed beneath its chariot wheels."

"Madame?" said Mathilde, with wideopen eyes.

"Madame?" said Mathilde, with wideopen eyes.

"Nothing. I am ready to dress."
Mathilde surveyed her mistress' colourless
cheeks with an expression of discontent and
a doubtful shake of the head.

"Madame will allow me to put the little
soupon of rouge on her cheeks to-night?"
she coaxed, as Mrs. Delamere entered her
dressing-room, where clusters of wax candles
burned brightly on either side of the Psyche
glass that filled the space between the two
windows. "Madame is so pale."

"No," said Ida, stamping her foot with
sudden decision. "I am false enough already,
I will not add to the deception by an acted
lie!"

than ence to tell you the story of my life—now, when I volunteer it to you you have no curiosity."

"Circumstances have altered since then," was the cold answer.

"Ida, have you withdrawn your heart from me entirely?"

"Yes, Countess—entirely."

"And for what reason?"

"And I boundo to give an account of my thoughts and inclinations to you, Madame Avioli;?"

"In justice—yes?"

"Justice!" ejaculated Ida, scornfully.

"What, is justice but a sounding combination of syllables? You and I, Madame will allow me to put the little soungon of rouge on her cheeks to-night?" she coaxed, as Mrs. Delamere entered her dressing room, where clusters of wax candles burned brightly on either side of the Psyche glass that filled the space between the two windows. "Madame is so pale."

"No," said Ida, stamping her foot with sudden decision. "I am false enough already, I will not add to the deception by an acted lie!"

"Ida," said Mme. Avioli, growing more and more bewildered, "I insist upon knowing what you mean!"

"And you shall not know," said Ida, rising to dag feet with the royal air of a queen dismissing her, sadience. "Jarrejel your confidence, Madame Avioli, and I will not submit to any interferences, at your hands, between my husband's and my own affairs. I regard it as officious as it is uncalled for, and, from you, coming with the worst grace in the world. And, now, if you have no further communications to make," with a haughty inclination of the head, "I must beg to be left alone!"

"Have I not spoken with sufficient plainmess?"

Mme. Avioli rose, pale, indignant, and deally burt.

"Madame ?" said Mathilde, with wideopen eyes.

"Mathilde surveyed her mistress' colourless cheeks with an expression of discontent and abunting the lake with an expression of discontent and abunting the lake of the Psyche glass that filled the space between the two windows. "Madame is so pale."

"No," said Ida, stamping her foot with sudden decision. "I am false enough already. I will not add to the deception by an acted lie!"

"CHAPTER XXIII

He made no allowance for the theory of extremes.

He stood leaning against a flower-wreathed column, watching his young wife as one might watch the unfolding of an inscrutable mystery. Nor could he be but proud of her grace and beauty. Yet at the moment he felt that he would have given it all for a face less lovely and a heart that was all his own. Yes, she kept her smiles and dimples and soft attractive ways for society alone. She had a pride and pleasure in attracting the admiration of strangers, while her husband was kept afar off, and only tolerated as the necessary appendage of a lady in Parissociety. So young, too—so much of a child. Reginald could have goaned aloud as he stood there, So young, too—so much of a child. Reginald could have go aned aloud as he stood there, with the scent of hot-house flowers palling upon his senses, and the delicious murmurs of music keeping time to the gay feet of innumerable dancers.

"Monsieur Delamere will not dance?" smilingly questioned his hostess, laying a white satin fan, sparkling with spangles, on his arm.

white satin fan, sparkling with spangles, on his arm.

"Not to-night, madame."

"Monsieur Delamere is not well?" She looked inquiringly at his pale face.

"As well as usual, madame—a little wearied, perhaps. Night after night of gaiety is naturally exhausting to one who was not born in Paris."

The lady laughed softly, and passed on to another group of her guests. And Reginald.

The lady laughed softly, and passed on to another group of her guests. And Reginald, glancing at a tiny clock half hidden in ferns and mignonette on a gilded bracket, crossed the room to Ida's side.

"Are you ready to go home, Ida?"
She was talking to a tall, sleepy-looking young Englishman, whose dreamy eyes seemed actually fascinated by the Spanish glow and sparkle of her dark beauty.

"By Jove!" Sir Edmund Braine said to himself, "the prettiest thing I've een in Paris yet. I was beginning to fancy it a deuced bore, but I think I'll not cut it just yet!"

"Ready to go home, Reginald? Why, it is but a few minutes after one!" she ex-

claimed.

"I am tired, Ida. All this hollow gaiety is inexpressibly sickening to me," he said in a low tone.

"You are turning misanthrope, are you?" she asked, bitterly. "But I have promised Sir Edmund the next quadrille. If you will

she asked, bitterly. "But I have promised Sir Edmund the next quadrille. If you will wait for that."

"Yery well."

Mr. Delamere sat down where a partially open window let in the cool, fresh air and the startight, and waited until the quadrille was over, and Sir Edmund Braine led his flushed, smiling partner back to her seat.

"That was a delightful quadrille, Sir Edmund," she said, gaily.

"Is it possible that you can enjoy the society of such a coxcomb as that?" demanded her husband, as Sir Edmund turned away, and Ida took his proffered arm.

The whole expression of her face changed as he spoke, a scornful curve of the lips usurped the place of the bright, animated smile.

"Am I to enjoy nothing?" she asked, haughtily. "In that case you had better look me up, or immure me in a convent, as some of those jealous Parisians do their wives I am told."

"I am not jealous, Ida," he said stung to the quick by the accusation.

"Heaven knows," she continued, as she passed down the broad stairway, her hand atill resting on his arm, "that I have little enough happiness left, without turning of deliberate purpose, from the chance pleasures that happen to lie in my pathway."

"Are you so very unhappy, Ida?"

"I am miserable!" she responded, vehemently.

Nothing more was said nutil they were

"Yes,"

"Yes,"

"And you will not tell me why!"

"No; I will not tell you why."

"Ida," said her husband, gloomily, "I sometimes think you are determined to extrange me from you."

She was silent; pulling restlessly at the withered leaves of her ball bonquet.

"You are full of mysteries and concealments; you repei my sympathy, and by your strange conduct drive from you those whose friendship is most precious. At times, Ida, I think it is my duty to mist upon an explanation of this systematically strange conduct of yours."

"It would be useless to insist." she answered, slowly and distinctly. "I would die sooner than tell you."

"Ida," he said, annoyed and indiguant beyond measure, "you tempt me to speak the words that have more than once risen to my lips of late."

"Speak them, then—it matters little whether you speak or remain silent!"

"Then Ida, Ida, I will say them. I wish I had never beheld you!"

The words, often repressed, yet continually haunting his mind, had found expression at last. And the moment they passed his lips he felt sorry they had been uttered. She made no reply, but sat silently looking out of the carriage window, the gleam of a passing lamp now and then irradiating her pale face, with its wreath of roses and shining ornaments of soft, lustrous pearl, as beautiful as a statue, and as cold.

"She does not care for what I have said," rose indignantly to Reginald Delamere's

ful as a statue, and as cold.

"She does not care for what I have said," rose indignantly to Reginald Delamere's mind, but he was mistaken in this surmise. Ida did care, and the bitterest resentment which had ever filled her heart was rankling there, at the cruel words which were to her but a confirmation of the vague doubts that

had tormented her many a time pefore.

The lights in the pleasant drawing-room were burning cheerfully as the husband and wife entered it; the fire glowed on the marble hearth, and Ida's little King Charles spaniel sprung from the warm hearth rug to greet them. greet them.

"Shall I take madame's things?" said

Mathilde, who had been dozing over the

speaking.

"It would be mere mockery for us to live together longer, feeling as we do," she went on, slowly. "Reginald, I have been think-"

much longer. It makes them tough and more pliable. A carpet will not be half as much she does not now wear them constantly, yet suds every week. And never let the broom on the floor; either turn the broom up extraordinary statement. Would "Mother"

(For some time."

(For some time! This, then, was the key to the enigma that had so puzzled him of late—the altered manners, the changed looks.)

"And," went on Ida, looking fixedly into the fire, "I have come to the conclusion that perhaps it would be better for us to

part!"
"To part?" he echoed, hoarsely. "Yes; to seek, as others have done, whom we hear of every day, the merciful aid of the

"Do you mean that you wish for a divorce?"
"I mean to ask you whether you do not consider it better for us to separate before

consider it better for us to separate before we make each othermore hopelessly miserable. I suppose a divorce could be easily obtained on the ground of incompatibility of disposition."

He did not reply; and standing as he did in the shadow of the marble angle of the mantle, she could not see the deathly pallor of his face—the look of mental agony which was convulsing every feature.

"We were both children, Reginald," she pursued, "when we were married—indeed, I suppose we are hardly more than that now

pursued, "when we were married—indeed, I suppose we are hardly more than that now, but we have drunk the bitter cup of experience to the dregs, We did not know our own minds; we construed passing fancy into love, and entered into the gravest of earthly compacts without any deeper consideration than if it had been a sammer day's holiday, to be enjoyed together. I do not blame you any more than I blame myself; but, oh Reginald, we have made a terrible mistake!"

"We have, indeed!" he answered in a low, deep voice.

"We have, indeed!" he answered in a low, deep voice.
"It is getting late," said Ida, as the clock struck three and she rose, gathering her loose draperies around her. "But I could not have rested without telling you what is on my mind. Will you take it into consideration, Reginald?"
"I will think of what you have said, Ida," he replied

where matchine was warting for her—and the door closed.

To Reginald it sounded like the clang of a sepulchre door, which shuts one out forever-from light and life and all God's bleased sun-

For to him Ida wasalreadyas much dead as if he had seen her in her coffin, with burial flowers scattered on her breast. Advancing a step or two, he knelt on the floor in front of the velvet sofa she had occupied and pressed hir lips passionstely to the arm of the conch upon which her arm had rested. A single red rose lay upon the floor, where it had fallen from her bosom. He lifted it, and, kissing it, as a holy relic is kissed by the most faithful of pilgrims, placed it tenderly in his breast.

"Good-by," he murmured, softly, "good-by to the laughing lovely child I married but yesterday; good-by to the beautiful wife whose smile made my heart's sunshine. I have looked my last on them forever!"

With these words on his lips he went into his own dressing-room, separated from Ida's by their mutual sleeping apartment, and, bolting the door, sat down to his desk.

A fire was burning there, and Achille's care had supplied the room with a pair of wax candles, in huge, cumbrous stands of glass, hung with glittering prisms.

Reginald stirred the embers into a brighter blaze and sat down in front of their red shine to think.

To think! But it was in vain. He could

To think! But it was in vain. He could not collect his wandering thoughts, nor systematize the vague visions that throughd through his brain. There was but one allabsorbing idea that filled his heart and mind alike—Ida did not love him! Her own lips had told him so. Ida's affections was estranged from him. There was no loophole or possibility of doubt left now to cling to. She herself had asked him for a divorce, as smally as if hearts would be hartered and ex-

Then he went out of the room and down the stairs, letting himself out with his latch key into the bright morning glow of the (To be Continued.)

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

The World of Women.

"Be a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty.
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name,
"Be a woman on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to effort
That shall raise our natures human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman,"

Household Hints. The prevailing fashions in furniture call for brass, mahogany, and Louis XVI. styles. "Dinners of obligation" are now in order. They are given for people to whom you are socially indebted, and make you "even" before leaving town for the summer.

"Shall I take madame's things?" said them.

Mathilde, who had been dozing over the fire.

Ide gave her the hood and wrappings which she had worn, and as she disappeared into the inner room, sat down in front of the fire, the pearls glimmering in her ears, and her arms shining ivory white through the folds of her white lace shawl.

"Reginald," she said, for her huaband was turning away, "do not go yet. I want to speak to you."

"What is it?"

He came back and stood leaning against the mantel, with folded arms and stern, grave eyes fixed steadily upon her face, but there was nothing in his look to melt or soiten the strangely desperate mood which had risen up in the heart of the young wife.

"Reginald," she said, "it seems that we have ceased to love each other; that where we would question and sympathize, we only irritate and annoy."

Mr. Delamere was silent. His heart seemed to turn chill and cold within him, and a choking sensation came into his throat. His worst fears were being realized; her own lips were telling him that alle loved him no longer. Yet, still he stood there, as men have often stood, enduring in silence the agonies of an inquisition worse than death.

"Go on," he said, huskily, as she ceased speaking.

"It would be mere mockery for us to live together longer, feeling as we do," she went to the mantel with the fire, as in the fire, as in the fire, the fire that he were teling him that alle loved him no longer. It makes them tongh and more pliable. A carpet will not be half as much worn by sweeping if a broom is soaked in hot seems that we form by sweeping if a broom is soaked in hot so the fire, the fire, the fire the same way with old papers.

A tablespoonful of black pepper stirred in the first water in which grey or buff times are twater in which grey or buff times are watered in the first water in which grey or buff times are watered in the first water in wh

when through sweeping, leaning the broom corn up, or hang it up immediately. It left resting on the floor it is soon bent out of shape and becomes inconvenient to use.

REQUESTS. Would any of the ladies inform me of a pretty, suitable way to arrange my hair? I am sixteen, and have straight, auburn hair, but it will crimp nicely. It is as long as my waist, and rather thick. My forehead is high, and I have rather a large face.

dark eyebrows and eyelashes. I think the latter are artificially coloured. Can someone tell me how this is done? I am very fair and my brows and lashes are so light as to be scarcely seen, and could I darken them? It would improve my appearance. would improve my appearance.

Country Lass,

Will some correspondent be so kind as to tell me the best way of using vegetable oyster?

Young Houskeeper. REPLIES.

I would like to tell "Farmer's Daughter" that soap suds will not chap or injure the hands, even if kept a long time in them, if on taking them from the suds they are thoroughly sponged or dipped in lemon juice or vinegar. The acid destroys the corrosive effects of the alkali, and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and lemon juice used when washing the hands, when roughed by cold or hard work, will heal and soften them. Vinegar will answer if lemons are not easily vinegar will answer if lemons are not easily obtained. Rub the hands in this, then wash thoroughly, and if you have it, after drying, rub on a few drops of glycerine. Those who suffered from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting, and will make sewing much easier.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

will find this comforting, and will make sewing much easier. ONE WHO KNOWS.

I can give "A Country Mother" the information she wants. When she puts the little girl with the bandy legs to bed, let her take a long roll of linen bandage, such as surgeons use, and bind the legs together, above and below the knees, as tight as she can without causing the child pain. This will straighten the joints until after a time—three or four months—the knees will meet. Do not give up the bandages even then, but keep them up till the joints are strong. After a few nights the child will not mind the bandages. I tried this plan with my own girl, who was very bandy when young, but is now perfectly straight-limbed.

A good plan for "A Country Mother" to A good plan for "A Country Mother" to adopt with her bandy-legged girl is to get two wide leather straps, and when the child is in bed place one above and the other below the knees and draw them moderately tight, and also during the day at intervals use the straps in the same way. This, in a few months, will correct the deformity. At first the straps cause a little pain, but the child will soon get accustomed to the pressure.

CORPULENCY.

MADAME.—Some time since there appeared

CORPULENCY.

MADAME,—Some time since there appeared in your delightful "Woman's Kingdom" two or three letters containing suggestions as to, how to reduce corpulency. Will some of those who have acted on the suggestions say if they were efficacious? I have a daughter only sixteen years of age, who is altogether too fat. I would like to reduce her flesh if I can do so safely.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

FIGURE TRAINING. In some of the recent numbers of The MAIL I have observed several letters for and against the barbarous practice of tight-lacing for young girls, with back-boards and stiff stocks, which are unnecessary instruments of torture. Travellers in Oriental countries who have seen the native girls coming home in the avening from the tountains coursing wases.

CHARLES J. goods store window of a lady with a pair of corsets on. He says:—"I notice, and object to, a picture now on exhibition in some of our store windows, of a female figure in summer attire; a lady apparently not ashamed of herself in a corset, Certainly there is another garment on the figure, but it is very indelicate, and, in my opinion, instead of being an inducement for a lady—after looking at the picture—to buy a corset of that particular kind, I should say it would make that or anyother lady blush and pass on as quick as possible." Now, madam, just tell me, if you do not think this is the very height of mock modesty?

EVILS OF TIGHT LACING.

It has always been real pleasure to me as a

It has always been real pleasure to me as a native of Canada to see a copy of your excellent paper, but this morning I was shocked to read the startling letters written to the editor of the "Woman's Kingdom," on the subject of tight lacing. I must beg you kindly to let me say one word of warning, simply to tell my experience of a visit last week to what ought to have been a perfectly happy English country home. I have known the eldest daughter almost from her childhood. She had laced dreadfully, but apparently, never felt a bit the worse for it until three years ago when she married. From that time years ago when she married. From that time she has not known what it is to be free from pain. She has one delicate child, whose birth nearly cost her her life. And all this is at-They are given for people to whom yon are socially indebted, and make you "even" before leaving town for the summer.

An English writer makes the statement that soup should not be greasy, and says every particle of fat should be removed. The idea is not original, but the generality of cooks seem to have forgotten all about it.

In goblets the newest shape is a sort of magnified champagne glass of the style in vogue years ago. It is of the finest "tissue," glass, and has fancy work around top and bottom. No dinner table should be without them.

Old newspapers will put the finishing touch to newly cleaned silver spoons, knives, forks, and tin better than any patent polishing powder. After using silver or whiting, rub each article rapidly till perfectly dry with old sake of appearing to men with a waist a few inches smaller than nature ever intended. What sort of women, what sort of mothers must we expect? We all know what the last age of tight-lacing was. Surely the sin is greater now that the laws of health have been explained far and wide. Is the game worth the candle? I do not agree with those who argue that everybody can afford to give up stays, but I do think that many and many a slight delicate girl (and there are surely still some in Canada) who would gain in health, grace, and comfort by learning to go without them. There is a general belief that a girl who does not wear stays must look sloppy, untidy, dowdy. Of course a too-too esthetic person likes to flop about, and dress reformers as a rule prefer being remarkable. But all I can say is that one of my own daughters never wears stays of any sort. No one could look smarter or neater, and she has every sorted garment fitting to perfection, from tailor-made gowns to humble little dotton frocks, turned out by her own maid.

BABA-EL-KEBIR.

BABA-EL-KEBIR

A GOOD FIGURE WITHOUT CORSETS "A Mother" says she did not comm mind telling us her height, how much she measures round the bust, round the hips, and round the waist. A TIGHT-LACER.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ROD.

I see that some mothers can be found who still use and advocate the use of the barbarous rod. I think flogging is hardening. We have no right to torture our children as slaves were tortured down south. But I hear someone saying "children must be punished." Certainly, but not with the rod. This is my plan. When one of my children has committed a serious offence, the culprit is punished by the deprivation of a meal, sometimes two and very rarely three. The offender has to sit down to the table with the family, but is only handed an empty plate and has to remain quietly looking on while the others are enjoying their meal. I do not believe the occasional deprivation of a meal is injurious to the health; while the sharp pangs of hunger felt by a growing boy or girl are strongly deterrent, and in this punishment there is thing brutalizing or degrading.

Father of a Family. A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ROD.

GOVERNING CHILDREN BY KINDNESS. I try to govern my children by kindness and firmness combined, and would have suc-ceeded still better in restraining their self-will if it had not been for some other relatives who did their best to spoil them, not, however, out of unkindness to me or the children,
but a want of firmness. When the little boy
was quite small I made it a rule never to give
way. If no had to be said, it was final, so I
had very little trouble with him, had very little trouble with him, but my girl was more obstinate, and had been left more with friends who would had been left more with friends who would give way for her repeated asking, so she was more difficult to govern. When they were smaller than now I have sometimes struck their little hands slightly, but prefer to do without that even. Now, that they are older, if they wilfully disobey, I punish by deprivation of some accustomed pleasure, or in some way like that. It is seldom they do so or refuse to do what I ask. I always request them as nicely as I would their father, and they are seldom commanded. Of course, if my method should yet fail me, I might take the rod as a last resort. I know a most excellent mother who never struck her two stepchildren a blow during seven or eight years since she had control of them—she seats them upon a chair for a length of time and talks to them, or gives them a task. They are even better behaved than mine. E. H.

I always take great pleasure in reading your answers to correspondents in your paper, and I consider that the information I receive from them alone is worth all I pay each year for the paper. I understand that you will answer any proper question asked by a subscriber, so I make bold enough to ask a few overtions so as to decide a strong argument. answer any proper question asked by a subscriber, so I make bold enough to ask a few questions, so as to decide a strong argument that another party and I had lately in respect to the following points:—(1) If a young couple is married in church, what is the proper mode of entering and going to the altar by the bride and groom? (2) If the minister and his lady go home with the wedding party, who should head the procession?

(3) If the parents of the bride are alive and present on this occasion ought not the father to take the head of the table, the mother the foot, the bride on her father's right hand, the minister on his left; if not, please state how the guests should be seated.

(4) When the bridal party comes to church the first Sunday after the wedding, what is the proper mode or position for them to enter the church and be seated.

(1) The bride goes first on the arm of her father, or whoever gives her away. (2) The

(1) The bride goes first on the arm of her father, or whoever gives her away. (2) The minister, as such, has no special place assigned to him. (3) The father takes the head of table, the mother the foot, and the bride and groom are seated together at the side of the table, to the right of the father, and middistance between him and the mother. (4) The young couple enter the church together, the groom precedes the bride up the aisle; but she enters the raw first.

AGRICULTURA

always be pleased to rece uiry from farmers on any mat gricultural interests, and answ as soon as practicable, BLOAT IN CATTLE

The carelessness frequently dis many farmers when they first

cattle out to pasture each season is injurious to the stock, but often ex the owners, as dangerous results o odically. The sudden change fro der to young watery grass is too consequently trouble is experience fermentation of green food in th bloat or hoven, and possibly scours cattle, being the attendant evils. blost or scours should be the aim of ers, as frequently the affected cattl discovered until too late to admit of being administered. Some breede ably limit their cattle for the first on the pasture field to a half-hour donbling the time for the next t and so on increasing gradually unit safely remain in pasture all ding this time they are given of hay night and morning omitting the former, as wet grass i irritant in the early part of the se addition to this is given from half a quart—according to size and ageor cottonseed meal; night and which keeps the bowels in good and prevents securing. Indian me mixed with the linseed, but av Several remedies are used in case the most popular being to pun doubling the time for the next t the most popular being to pun stomach with a narrow-bladed knif the skin at a point between the and the last rib, and allowing the escape, but this should not be unless by an experienced person. the personal supervision of such cattle men usually give a mixture of two tablespo nsful of chloride with a pint of water, lessening the

with a pint of water, lessening the calves and sheep.

A correspondent of the Breede gives the following as his mode of a bloat:—"* For some years back I tised drawing a small load of strain hay into the clover field before turn cattle, and since then I have had culty. I got this idea from a stoc Hillsdale county, and believe it to prevention of bloat. I find the o o to the straw heap often when f into the clover field, and eat straw, which, no doubt, prevents of the fermentation by absorbing produced by the clover. Whatever the rationale, I would not dare to into clover a foot high without the Baron Puschalstein, a German fa years ago accidentally stumbed cold water cure while conveying son sheep from the field to the pen for "They were," he says, "near a ba creek, and it happened in the that some of them were pushed water. To my surprise I saw ashore, beleh out the air, and go on if nothing had happened. I ord thrown into the water, and when I thrown into the water, and when do the same thing, took courage a whole flock thrown in, and the ressaving of all my sheep without any ever. A second case was where a had eaten of green clover, and bloated. My water bath was reso empthed it, a bucket at a time, over of the cows, put some garlie in the and in about an hour had the sat and in about an hour had the sat seeing all the animals relieved." has practised the water cure for tw and never knew it to fail ; but more satisfactory to prevent the affect a cure even in such a simple

SORGHUM CULTIVATI During the past few weeks selved several enquiries regarding of sorghum and its adaptability and climate. In reply to the latte give the statements of gentleme when Professor Brown, of the Or sultural College, said : "There se no difficulty either in growing wh the sugar cane or sorghum. If it its seed and stalk as it does on the high hill at Guelph, it ought to almost any other part of the provi anyone who chooses to experim need have no fear of being un Mr. Alanson Elliott, of Colche county, in his evidence said : "V it a profitable crop to raise, thou mand is not sufficient for us to

largely."

The above statements certain there are draw; acks connected w experiments are made, the chie that wheat cannot f llow it, as it late that fall ploughing is inter Mr. Elliott, however, says that to in his locality got over that d planting corn after sorghum, and such rotation works satisfactor years ago the United States A Society went into this subject to for which purpose seed was pro France and distributed in ninet localities, between New Brunswic Washington Territory on the oth ports, as may be supposed, being tory or conflicting in many insta result of their labours, however, sorghum proved profitable in i lands or in moist, loamy manured. In some instances fair of produced in dry, sandy, or gravell poor to give a remunerative crop plants, but the application of wood ashes, or gypsum greatly inc crop. It was found that this p endure cold much better than corn without injury, ordinary autum and withstood excessive drought, able seasons when planted in May in September, but later planting prejudicial, as experiments were in Northern States by planting it in results being satisfactory. The coture of sorghum does not differ from that of corn, and if it is in fodder it may be sown broad weight of the entire crop to the green, varies from ten to forty to without injury, ordinary autum green, varies from ten to forty to nount of seed to the acre ranges to sixty bushels. The opinion e

no more profitable than any oth the Nor hern States, and later e the judgment then passed.

If grawn for fodder sorghum we a good investment in many portion ada, as it is wholesome, nutritious nomical, all parts of it being greed ed in a green or dried state by hore sheep, or swine, without injurishe latter fattening upon it as we corn. In the last report of the Ka of Agriculture, a successful grower cultivated sorghum for six yether severages that the severage of the

his experience thus:"I plant any time between Ma June 20th, using a corn-planter. exactly as you would corn, and ough work. The plant will be rea and put in shock by September is time cut and shock the same as conference in the field until it is a feed in the winter. It makes exce at any time, and especially when is covered with snow. I only fee during bad weather, unless I ha usual supply, when I feed it at all makes a very rich food, and all kir will eat with a relish, eating it cle

If raised in the production of syr of juice in weight of well-trin