CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XIX. THE BREACH WIDENS.

"Ida, my sweetest—what! weeping all by yourself? Tell me what grieves you?"

Mme. Avioli sat down beside Ida Delamere, and gently lifting the fair, dishevelled head from its hiding place among the satin sofa cushions drew it to her bosom heedless of the embroidered carriage shawl of white China crape that she wore.

Ida threw both arms round the Countess' neck and wept freely upon her shoulder.

neck and wept freely upon her shoulder.

"Ah Madame Aylou—Lucille—I am so miserable!"

"Miserable! You, my surbeam—the very incarnation of youth and happiness." h. "Happiness!" echoed Ida, hitterly, "I do not know what the word means. I tell you I am most miserable!"

"Ah," said Mme. Avioli, smoothing the tangled silky our swhich were so disordered.

"Ah," said Mme. Avioli, smoothing the tangled silky curls which were so disordered, "you have then found out, Ida, that there is a dark and cruel wave that flows through life's brightest current—age and the most skilful voyagers cannot avoid it?"

"Did I not tell you long ago, Lucille, that I had discovered life was not all roses?" asked Ida mournfully.

"Tell me about it sweet one." murmured

"Tell me about it, sweet one," murmured e Countess caressingly.

Ida lifted her head and looked at Mme. Avioli with wistful, heavy eyes.

"I cannot! Oh, Lucille, this is the hardest of it all—It is a sorrow I cannot, must not, breathe to a living soul!"

"Pardon me, Ida, I would not intrude my-

other day, when it leaked out in some of the evidence in court that his money was all gone to pay St. Argyle's sambling debts."

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated Sir John.
"I have no patience with the laws of society which allow a villain like St. Argyle to go unpunished, and visit all their vengeance upon the weak helpless women."

Longsdale shrugged his shoulders. "Pardon me, Ida, I would not intrude myself on your confidence, yet is it not something to know that one heart sympathizes truly with you whatever may be your grief?"

"Oh, Lucille, it is everything!" sobbed Ida. "You love me. You believe in me, whoever else deserts me. I should die without you, dear, dearest Lucille."

"Not so bad as that, my little vehement tropic bird," smiled Mme. Avioli, soothingly. "You have your husband."

"My husband!" Ida's lips involuntarily compressed, and the words she had nearly uttered remained unspoken.

No cold and cruel as he had been, he s her husband still, and she was in duty and to cover his faults with the veil of wife-like silence. Not even to the dove-even friend of her bitterest solitude would she breathe a word of complaint. And Mme. Avioli's next sentence seemed

The different of her bitcreast solitude would she breathe a word of complaint.

And Mine, Aviolis next sentence seemed almost a reflection of her own hurriedly shaped thoughts.

"And, it are member that I am older than you, and don't for a moment think I mean to be impertinent or dictatorial; but you must never allow yourself to forget that your hubband stands to you, God excepted, in the first and nearest place in all the world. Do not let any trifling misunderstanding, any yord torgothen, perchance, as soon as it is attered, come between your soul and his. Oh, Ida I have known so many shipwreck ed lives that, but for this one sunker root—lack of confidence between husband and wife—inight have been happy to their end. Ida lineed in slience to Mine. Avioli's weef, sad voice. She recognized the truth of what she said; yet she could but tall herself, in very truth, Reginald was more to blame than she was—that she was but the helpless victim of a chain of oracl circumstances. Neither could she have explained to her friend, inasmuch as as scarcely age truly comprehended it herself, that the childlike, spontaneous sufficient—it was acquired and derinsed by submitted and the recommendation of a chain of oracl circumstances. Neither could she have explained to her friend, inasmuch as she scarcely age truly comprehended it herself, that the childlike, spontaneous sufficient—it was beginning to fade away, leaving it its stead a growing indifference. Love must be fostered and cherisheed by submitted and the recommendation of the standard properties of the fraction of the standard properties of the

Mme. Avioli felt this, yet she was powe less to help the young people. She had said all she could, both to Ida and her husband, and she recognized too deeply the truth that there is a period in all married lives when no external hand can avail to aid, when the no external hand can avail to aid, when the battle of fate must be waged alone, to ven-

avail will it be? The harm is all done."

As she slowly ascended the broad, parpeted staircase that led to her apartments, Mathilde

That man has been here, madame."

" How long has he been gone, Mathilde?"

"Yours, humbly and hopefully,

tain the required sum was through a direct appeal to her husband's liberality.

question me as to what it is for ! No, I dare not ask so much at once. I will pawn my diamonds for half the money—Mathilde knows how it can be done—and then, in a very short space of time, I can redeem them

ture on any further interference.
"Ida," she said, "see how lovely the sun "ida, she said, "see how lovely the sun-ahine is! Shall we go out for a drive? Come: half an hour in the fresh air will do you a world of good, and restore the car-nation to those white sheeks of yours." "But my eyes?"
"Bathe them, and brush out your tangled

"Bathe them, and brush out your tangled hair, and throw on a shawl, and you will be ready. Don't refuse me, I have set my heart on your companionship for a little while."

And Ida, after many excuses and remonstrances, yielded to the Countess' solicitations.

Mme, Avioli's carriage, a low, open barouche, or drag, lined with blue satin, and painted of a deep Mazarine blue, was at the door, drawn by a pair of magnificent black steeds, which the Countess delighted in driving herself, with the groom sitting up behind with folded arms and a countenance ad with folded arms and a countenance h betokened mild resignation to his reas' freaks, whatever shape they might

The cool, invigorating air and the rapid motion, together with Mme. Avioli's lively chat soon brought back a flush to Ida's cheek, and a momentary sparkle of animation to hereyes, and she was looking quite like herself again, when a voice sounded in her ear, making her start in spite of herself.

"How fortunate I am in meeting you; and where are you going?"
It was Colonel St. Argyle, who had ridden up to the side of their low carriage, with difficulty restraining the speed of his hand-some horse, whose bit and mane were flecked with foam, while his impatient caracolings and arching neek presented a striking spectacle of equine beauty.

"Anywhere—nowhere!" said Mme. Avioli.

"The fact is, Colonel St. Argyle, we don't

ourselves."
Then I am going nowhere and anywhere," said Colonel St. Argyle, laughing.
"But supppose we don't care for an

The paper dropped into Ida's lap. A thousand pounds! How was she to raise the money? For that it must be ready she knew Giuseppe too well to doubt, unless she chose to have the fatal secret blazoned abroad to the greedy curiosity of the world. She had jewellery to be sure, but she had parted with all the lesser articles and what remains You would not be so cruel as to send me away!" pleaded the Colonel, looking very handsome, and very much in despair, as he

handsome, and very much in despair, as he still rode along by the side of the carriage.

"You must make yourself very amusing then," said Mme. Avioli: "for you haven't an idea what a delicious little chat we were having."

"I shall be inspired by the society I am in," exclaimed the Colonel, gallantly.

But Ida, beyond a few murmured words of necessary greeting, had neither spoken nor looked up. She was sorry they had chanced to encounter St. Argyle, whom she was be considered it in her own mind, the more convinced she was that the only way to obtain the required sum was through a direct But Ida, beyond a few murmured words of necessary greeting, had neither spoken nor looked up. She was sorry they had chanced to encounter St. Argyle, whom she was beginning to dislike. She would have much preferred a continuance of her tele-ù-tele with the Countess, and, moreover, she was unvilling that Reginald should have even the hadow of an express of his "Reginald is always generous," she thought, with a pang of remorse at the consciousness that she was the unwilling cause of this confidence and generosity being abused.

"He will give it to me; but oh! if he should

Have I brought the spirit of silence upon "Have I brought the spirit of silence-upon Mrs. Delamere?" gaily demanded Coionel St. Argyle, after one or two unavailing attempts to draw her into the conversation.

"How is it, Ida?" laughingly asked the Countess. "It must be you, Colonel, for she was talking enough before we met you."

Ida looked up with a sudden sparkle in her eyes to disclaim the charge, for she would not have Colonel St. Argyle suppose that the accident of his companionship affected her either one way or the other—when, suddenly the tramp of several horses feet dashed past them over the smooth causeway, and Ida telt, like a baneful gleam of withering lighting, the flash of her husband's eyes upon large term, reproachful, bitterly scornful.

"Mr. Delamere!" origin Mms. Aviell hawl of India cashmere which accompanied t, and felt bitterly what a child she was in

shawl of India cashmere which accompanied it, and felt bitterly what a child she was in all the essentials of worldly wisdom.

"But what shall I do, Mathilde?"

"Madame must wear a plain black dreas—the gravest she has—and I will lead her an aqua-sentum, and my black worsted hood, with its veil."

And Mathilde, who was intensely fond of tableaux, private theatricals, and all the incidentals of semi-dramatic life, attired her young mistress with infinite satisfaction for their stolen expedition.

Ida's sensations are hardly to be described as she went down stairs side by side with Mathilde, shrinking beneath the astonished stare of old Anastase, the concierge.

"It is my cousin, Anastase—my cousin, only," glibly lied the French maid, as the old woman rose up in her lurking place to unlock the door.

"And when, then, did she come in, your cousin?" demanded Anastase, as if the riddles were still unsolved in her mind.

Mathilde laughed.

"Be easy, good Anastase. It is not I who will tell madame of the little naps so refreshing, which you take when the key is in the door. I shall be old myself some day, and infirm."

"It is false," grumbled Anastase; but she let them pass without any further comment.

trian party. But why does he not stop and speak to us?"
"Again," thought Ida, her hands involun-"Again," thought Ida, her hands involun-rily tightening over each other, as they lay her lap. "Or what use is it for me to ive against Fate? I may as well abandon self to the over-mastering current at

Meanwhile Reginald Delamere, slackening the speed of his horse, when they were some little distance beyond, allowed his companions, Mr. Longsdale and Sir John Dalton, to overtake him.

Dalton, to overtake him.

"Was that St. Argyle talking to your wife and the Countess Avioli?" demanded Sir John, considerably out of breath with his gallop. "I thought I recognized that white horse of his, but faith, we swept by so like a whirlwind, that I had much ado to keep my seat."

my seat."

"Yes, it was," said Mr. Longsdale.

"Queer story, isn't it, about St. Argyle and that poor chap, Du Plessis?"

"I haven't heard it. Any new development?" asked Sir John, on the qui vive for fashionable scandal.

"Why, it seems that Argyle has a pretty little way of gambling, and he hasn't any particular income of his own to spend. Madame Du Plessis has been in the habit of asking her husband for fabulous sums of money, giving this, that, and the other

and cor. I shall be old myself some day, and infirm."

"It is false," grumbled Anastase; but she let them pass without any further comment, and Ida breathed freer when they were fairly in the street.

"Is this a pawnbroker's shop?" she whispered to Mathilde, when at length they sat in whatlooked like an elegant private parlour, with an open piano, and plants and birds in the sunshiny windows.

"Hush, madame!"

Mathilde motioned toward the door, through which was entering a bald-headed old gentleman, in a suit of glossy, irreproachable black. With this personage, by dint of Mathilde's arristance, their business was speedily transacted. The diamonds were pledged for a sum amounting to five hundred pounds in English money, and Ida, carefully concealing in her bosom the little crimson paper ticket, which was her only surety for the glittering stones so admired during the winter in Paris, left the handsome private house, whose proprietor so obligingly "lent money on temporary security."

To Ida's infinite relief, Reginald did not come in until she was dressed for dinner.

"You are late to-night," she said.

"A few minutes late," was his cold reply; "but as I am ready in time it does not signify."

"The carriage is at the door," announced asking her husband for fabilious sums of money, giving this, that, and the other excuse for her extravagant requirements. Poor Dn Plessis never discovered it until the other day, when it leaked out in some of the

"but as I am ready in time it does not signify."

"The carriage is at the door," announced Achille, for Mr. and Mrs. Delamere were going out to dinner that evening, at Mme. Avoli's, to meet a select party of friends.

"Are you ready, Ida?" he asked.

"Yes, quite ready," she answered, "but—Reginald—" She stopped half way to the door with a surprised expression.

"I wanted to ask you something before we went out," began Ida, hurriedly.

"What is it?"

"I—I havenot as much necessar I required. "If there were no women like Maris Du Plessis," he said, "there would be no men like St. Argyle. Moreover, they say Du Plessis isn't the only husband in Paris who has ignorantly paid for the support of this fashionable villain."

Reginald Delamere listened to these disclesures in silence, mentally resolving that if he had any shadow of authority left, Ida should break off all association with this

St. Argyle's unpaid debts were in question. Reginald Delamere's mental arguments were not logical—people under the influence of strong passion seldom are logical. In the seething maelstrom of his mind, possibilities became probabilities, and probabilities assumed the shape of what actually is. Ida was arraigned, tried, and condemned, at the bar of her husband's heart, during the half minute in which he stood looking down at her with a sterner face than she had everbeheld. "Impossible!" ejaculated Ida, pushing back the jetty curls from her forehead.
"He was not to return for a fortnight at persisted Mathilde, "and waited nearly an

hour for you."

Ida sat down with a gesture of despairing But, he resolved within himself, he would But, he resolved within himself, he would be calm—he would not judge rashly, however overwhelming the evidence might be; and with a mighty effort he restrained the torrent of reproachful words which rose to his lips, and asked as collectedly as possible: "What do you want this money for?"

There was a moment's silence; he repeated the question in a colder, more metallic voice "How long has he been gone, Mathilde?"

"About fitteen minutes, madame. He seemed very much annoyed at not being able to see you, and left this note."

"I am glad Reginald was out, at all events," thought Ida, as, without removing her hat and gloves, she unfolded the slip of paper on which were written these words:

than ever. "I cannot tell you, Reginald." Had he been less excited, he might per-haps have read in the anguish and humilia-

paper on which were written these words:

"Cara Signorina" ("The insolence of the man!" thought Ida, indignantly.),—"I find myself in a position from which only an immediate supply of money can extricate me. I know that I promised not to annoy you again at present; but what is a poor man to do when fate and destiny pit themselves against him? A thousand pounds of good English money is what I want and what I must have, It seems much, but, after all, what is it compared with the value of what I hide within my faithful, my unrevealing

haps have read in the anguish and humiliation of her voice an appeal to the noble feeling of his nature, but he was past all such delicate discrimination now.

"You cannot tell me," he repeated in a voice that was like muffled thunder. "Then I can tell you one thing, madame—no money of mine shall ever go to pay the debts of that miserable scoundrel—"

He stopped abruptly. Ida was looking at him with such an expression of pale horror as convinced him of the accuracy of his suspicions. Yet, infuriated as he was, he dared not say more with that innocent rosebud of a face turned toward his own, and checked himself, the last words still unspoken: what is it compared with the value of what I hide within my faithful, my unrevealing bosom? With this trifling sum, which you, signoriua, can easily raise. I shall be able to keep myself from pestering you with entreaties and complaints, for at least one year, and perhaps longer. Surely you cannot hesitate, signorina. But in case you do not see fit to extend a generous helping hand to one who has ever been the sport of an unpropitious fortune, I must try the alternative of an appeal to the signor, your husband, whom I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing. To morrow, at an early hour, I will call to receive your answer, and, as I trust, your bountiful consideration for my discreation.

checked himself, the last words still unspoken:

"No," he said, abruptly, "I will not give you five hundred pounds, Mrs. Delamere, although I am sorry to cause you any inconvenience in your financial arrangements."

Ida shrunk away from his tone. Actual anger she might have combated with, but this sneering Mephistophelian moodseemed to blight her, as the desert simoom blights all that is fair and tender in its path.

"What shall I do?" she cried, half aloud, clasping her jewelled hands. "Oh what shall I do?"

"You should have asked yourself that

do?"
"You should have asked yourself that "You should have asked yourself that question long ago, madame," was the cold reply, as her husband drew on, and buttoned his lavender kid gloves. "I certainly shall not help you out of the dilemma. Allow me to hand you down to the carriage."

"I cannot go out to night, Reginald," said Ida, pressing her hand to her forehead. "I think I am going to have a headache."

"What convenient things headaches are !" sneered her husband. "Perhaps it was brought on by your carriage ride with Colonel St. Argyle for an escort."

He rang the bell violently.'

Mathilde, who was just about to sit down.

Mathilde, who was just about to sit down to a cozy little game of cards in Anastase's room, below stairs, answered the summons. "Your mistress is ill: attend to her?" was his stern behest, and the wondering Mathilde removed her young lady's glittering raiment, unclasped her jewels, disengaged her flower wreath from her hair, and deluged her with colognes and scented waters before she would leave her to the blessed balsam of silence and

solitude.
"I will try to go to sleep now, if you will leave me, Mathilde," she said.
And she did sleep, after awhile, in spite of And she did sleep, after awhile, in spite of the fears and suspicions which harassed her mind, the heavy, cheerless aleep which exhausts without refreshing. Nor did she know me the place where they advance money on jewels—the place, you know, that is like a private house."

But, madame, not in this dress! All Paris would know before to-morrow morning that Madame Delamere had pawned her jewels!"

And she did sleep, after awhile, in spite of the fears and suspicions which harassed her mind, the heavy, cheerless aleep which exhausts without refreshing. Nor did she know what might perhaps have altered the fast-turning current of her life, that Reginald, as the evening wore on, came to her bedside, and bending over her, pressed a kiss full of grief, and passion, and wounded love, upon her lovely lips.

Their eyes met—those of the high-bred lounging pariah of the streets—and he lifted his hat from his brows and bowed low, with mocking courtesy.

She sat, silent and pale, as if she had suddenly been transformed to stone, and motioed his recognition neither by word nor look.

"Bhe can sleep," he thought, "while I keep a lonely vigil. Oh, my wife, my false

REGINALD SEEKS FOR HELP

mought, madame—"
matter what you thought. Home, And, as the horses' heads were turned, and they were speeding along through the suu-li-beauty of the streets, Mms. Avioli sun' back among the cushions, pale and breath

Mme, La Comtesse Avioli was sitting at late breakfast the next morning when a card was brought up to her.

"Mr. Delamere," she read, in some surprise. "Show him up at once."

Mme. Avioli's morning room was bright and cheerful, with a deep bay window full of hyacinths in full blossom, looking toward the south. The carpet was of a drab colour with crimson arabesques woven through it in a Persian pattern, and the furniture of brown and crimson estin was not so gay as to distract the attention of the visitor from the bric-d-brac cabinet, the rare little statuettes, and the gem-like paintings which decorated the sober brown wills. Books, newspapers, and magazines lay on the breakfast table, and a bright fire of Liverpool coal blazed in the grate, for Mme. Avioli could not endure the foreign fashion of scanty wood fires.

She herselt looked fairer, younger, and more like a pearl than ever, in her blue cashmere robe du matin with a border of golden wheat embroidered just above the hem, and gold tassels depending from the taper waist. A tiny cofficare of Mechlin lace threaded with blue ribbon was pinned with a jewelled arrow among the luxuriant braids and tresses of her lustrous auburn hair (the graceful tribute which Parisian ladies pay to middle age), and the bloom upon her cheeks was even fresher and more delicate than when she stood in the midst of crowded evening assemblies or in the heated atmosphere of the ball-room.

She looked up with astonishment at Reginald Delamere's haggard countenance as he entered her presence,

"What has produced me the pleasure of

naid Delamere's haggard countenance as he entered her presence.
"What has procured me the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Delamere?" she asked, playfully, as she motioned him toward a chair. But his grave face did not relax in the slight.

est degree,
"You will excuse me, Madame Avioli, if I seem blunt and precipitate," he said, "when you tearn the object of my visit. It is about "About Ida? She is well, I hope?"

"About Ida? She is well, I hope?"

"Yes, she is well, I suppose—but—she is miserable, and so am I.

Mme. Avioli's expressive face betokened her sincere sympathy and concern.

"I have long seen that all is not right between you, Mr. Delamere," she said, earnestly "but I have not ventured to speak to Ida. on a subject so delicate. If you, however, will be more frank with me, and if my advice can avail aught, I need not say how entirely I shall sympathise with you."

"I will be frank, Madame Avioli," said Reginald, and he kept his word, beginning at the beginning, and telling her the whole story of the estrangement growing out of doubts and uncertainties, and ending in actual alienation, which had risen up between them during the past few weeks.

"I appeal to you, Madame Avioli," he continued, "as Ida's dearest friend, for advice and counsel both for her and myself."

"Forgive me, Mr. Delamere," said the Counters gently, "if I say that it seems to me you are both to blame in some degree, Ida has been careless and unthinking; you have, perhaps, failed to make sufficient allowance for her youth and inexperience. As for this fancy of yours, that she cares for Colonel St. Argyle, I believe it to be utterly unfounded."

"I wish I could agree with you," said Reginald bitterly.

"You would, if you were not a prejudiced

Reginald bitterly.
"You would, if you were not a prejudiced "Then, how do you account for her asking or this sum of money, the destined use of which she is determined to keep a secret

which she is determined to keep a secret from me?"

"I cannot account for it at all as yet," said Mme. Avioli, with slow thoughtfulness, "but I am quite certain that Ida will eventually be able to explain it to your entire satisfaction."

"But why not now?"

"There may be a great many reasons. She may be tempted to indulge in some extravagance which she hardly likes to confide to you."

you."

I have not been so niggardly with her as to give cause for any such timidity," said Delamere, bitterly.

"Or." pursued Mme. Avioli, "there may be other reasons. You must be gentle with her Mr. Delamere, and very tolerant—remember what a child she still is!"

"I forget nothing, Madame Avioli," he exclaimed, passionately, "except the one grand, overmastering/fear of my life, that I forced her—yes, forced is the word," he added bitterly—"into a marriage that has since grown hateful in her eyes. I love her dean—in spite of everything. I love her deals—in spite of everything. I love her still—but every day that rises and sets over my head brings more deeply to me the conviction that she has ceased to care for me. In fact, I sometimes doubt if she ever loved

me."

"Then why did she marry you? In your country these things are not as with us, the result of calculation and policy,"

"Because she was too young, too much of a child, fully to realize what she was doing. I should have given her more time to reflect; it was all my fault."

"Mme. Aviol made no answer.

it was all my fault."

Mme. Avioli made no answer.

"And I?" she said, after a short interval of silence. "What is it that you wish me to do, Mr. Delamere?"

"Your isffuence with Ida is very great, Mme. Avioli, and if you could talk with her as you women know how to talk—if you could in any way ascertain the mystery of her changed behaviour. or learn whether her

ner changed behaviour, or learn whether her neart is really estranged from me beyond the cossibility of recall—"

possibility of recall—"

"Be easy, my friend," said Mme. Avioli, with the soft shadow of pitying tenderness in her eyes. "I will do my best for you, and for herself as well. I will see Ida this very day, and before the sun is down I hope to convince you how idle and foundationless are all your fears and conjectures."

Reginald wrung the soft, friendly hand she extended to him.

"It you can do that, Madame Avioli, I shall value your friendship as the most priceless gift of my lifetime. And when will you come to our hotel?"

"I don't know; I can't exactly tell yet;

"I don't know; I can't exactly tell vet

but it will be some time in the course of the day. Ida's well, you tell me?"
"No-not exactly well. She looked pale as a ghost when I left her this morning."
"Poor child," said Mme. Avioli, tenderly.
"Well, it will not be long before I shall see After Mr. Delamere had taken his leave

After Mr. Delamere had taken his leave, Mme. Avioli sat for some time musing over the recital he had given her.

"It is the old, old story," she said to herself, with a smile. "Love, which deems that the roses of springtime never shall fade; youth, which is impatient of the least ripple in the screee tide of its perfect bliss. But with two hearts as true and noble as his and hers, the shadow can be but temporary." Rising, she rang the bell. It was answered by her maid, a middle-aged, substantiallooking woman, very different from the butterfly-like Mathilde. "Ellen," she said, "order the carriage at once, and attend me in my room. I am going out."

"So early, madame!"

"Yes, socarly."

"Yes, so early."
And the clock was striking twelve as Mme. Avioli's carriage rolled away from her door, For her heart was in her task, and she felt that she could not rest until it was com-

As the light little equipage whirled through the streets, Mme. Avioli chanced to look up at a street corner, where a little crowd had at a street corner, where a little crowd had collected round the caricatures in a shop window, and in the midst of the pretty concourse, one face looked out at her—the face of a middle-aged man, with his hands in his pockets, who was leaning idly against a lamppost, his lips compressed as in the act of whistling.

Their eyes met—those of the high-bred lady in her satin-lined barouche, and the lounging pariah of the streets—and he lifted his hat from his brows and bowed low, with mocking courtesy.

in a voice so husky and unnatural that the man turned around to look at her in surprise. "You are creeping like a suail through these streets. Drive faster, I say!"

And then, as the servant quickened the speed of his horses, she called out ence

"I can't go nowhere now," she murmured neoncious that the words had passed he

lips.

Meantime the man at the street corner had looked keenly after the carriage wheels.

"A fine turnout," he said to a fellow lounger. "Now, I wonder whose it may be?"

"The dark-blue one with the black horses? Humph!" ejaculated the other, in all the pride of superior knowledge, "that is the carriage of Madame la Comtesse Avioli."

"Madame la Comtesse Avioli," repeated the man, slowly. "Ma—dame la Comtesse Avioli? A pretty name—and a pretty carriage. Well, well, it's a fine thing to be rich." To be continued.

JUVENILLE DEPARTMENT

The Man in the Moon. Oh, the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back

Ain't you sorry for him? And a mole on his nose that is purple and black And his eyes are so weak that they water an

But isn't he wise,
To just dream of stars as the doctors advise. And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear

Whee!
What a singular thing!
What a singular thing!
I know, but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his car and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;
Whang!
Ho! Why certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels
ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,
And comes back with porridge crumbs all round,
his month.

his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whin!
Whang!
What a marvellous man:
What a very remarkable man!

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY Trotty is standing at the window, looking

disconsolately up at the clouds, and wondering if it will ever stop raining. She is so ared of the rain, and of hearing mamma and Miss Carlotta talk.

"How long they have been at it!" thinks
Trotty. "Most of the whole afternoon."

Then she leans her golden head against the
curtain and listens attentively, with a vague
hope of hearing something that may be
interesting.

Whom have you in that locket, Helen she asks.
"Fred," simply answers mamma. shade comes over her sweet face.
"May I see it?" said Miss Carlotta may lese it: said Miss Carlotta, coming closer to mamma's chair.

Mamma unclasps the chain, and lays the locket in Miss Carlotta's outstretched hand.

Miss Carlotta looks at it a little while in

"Have you no clue to him yet?" she asks presently.

"None at all," replies mamma so mournfully. "Oh, Carlotta, how I wish he would come back! I think father's heart is almost broken."

"I am sure he will," says Miss Carlotta. "Indeed, Helen, I cannot help thinking he will come home. You will certainly see him some day—when your ship comes in."

"Yes," repeated mamma, smiling sadly, "when my ship comes in."

"Has mamma a ship?" thinks Trotty.

"Has mamma a ship?" thinks Trotty.
"How very interesting!"
But what follows is more interesting still.
"What a handsome face," Miss Carlotta
says, "and how much he looks like your
little Trotty!"

But before mamma has time to answer, papa's voice is heard at the door, and she and Miss Carlotta go out into the hall to get the letters he has brought. The locket slips from mamma's lap, where Miss Carlotta has aid it, and falls on the rug.

Trotty is about to follow the others, when The opportunity is too tempting for Trotty to resist. She feels that she must see the mysterious "Fred" who looks like her, and who is coming home in the still more mys-

"Come right along, Jemima," she says taking her long-suffering doll by the arm, and starting for the fire-place.

Jemma, sympathetic as usual in her wood-en-and-sawdusty way, submits passively to being dragged over the expet until she reaches the hearth rug, where she falls pros-trate before the superior attractions of the looket.

Trotty picks it up, opens it, and sees a frank, boyish face, with a pair of laughing blue eyes, very much like her own, only she does not know that. There is nothing at all about the ship, which disappoints her. She had expected to find something quite different, though she could not have told what. She drops the locket, chain and all, into the wee pocket, and proceeds to pick up the fallen Jemima. Just then nurse comes in at the door. ocket. the door.
"Come, Trotty," she says, "it's bed-

So Trotty is taken into the library to say good night to papa, mamma, and Miss Carlotta, and then walks up the lone stairway along by herself like a grown-up lady. Jemima goes too, carried by the head.

Nurse sits down by the nursery, and takes Trotty on her lap to brush out her pretty yellow curls. This is soon done; the little night dress is put on, and present'y Trotty is asfely tucked in bed. But before she has had time to get asless, mamma's own maid Anne. time to get asleep, mamma's own maid Anne comes in to have a little chat with nurse. At

comes in to have a little chat with nurse. At first they speak in whispers, which is rather foolish, Trotty thinks, as she watches them lazily. She does not pay much attention, and is just about falling asleep when she hears nurse say, "Her uncle Fred."

She was wide awake in an instant.
"You know I never heard the whole of that story," said Anne. "Tell me about it, won't you?"

Then, to Trotty's great joy nurse tells Anne how, long ago, grandpa's pride and delight had been in his handsome boy. But though he loved him so dearly, he was very stern to him sometimes, too; and one day when grandpa had punished him very severely for some alight fault, the boy's proud spirit had rebelled against it.

"And," continued nurse, sinking her

"Dear me!" says Anne.
"Dear me!" repeats Trotty under the

"The poor old man," says nurse, wiping ler eyes, "his heart's most broken,"
"Maybe he would come back yet," says anne, in her funny Irish way.
"Maybe he would," replied nurse, rather

"Maybe he would," replied nurse, rather doubtfully.

Trotty, listening attentively. cannot quite understand all they are saving. She only understands that the handsome boy who looked like her ran away years ago, and that grandpa has been very sad ever since.

"But then," thinks Trotty, triumphantly, "mamma said he was coming home in her ship. I wonder if nurse 'members that."

She listened once more to what nurse and Anne are saying. But they are talking of other things now. Presently the white eyes, shutting out the rose-coloured curtains, the baby brother by the fire, the flickering light on the ceiling—and Trotty is fast asleep.

When the morning comes the sun is shining, oh, so brightly! The minute nurse had finished dressing her, Trotty goes carefully down the stairs, and runs out upon the broad piazza. How fresh and green everything looks after the rain! Over the gate at the end of the garden walk she can see the blue ocean, with myriads of little waves dancing in the morning sunshine. She runs down the walk quite close to the door. There is a, a beautiful great wave rolling in toward the sand. Trotty looks at it admiringly.

The wave breaks into a long line of white foam, and runs back again, leaving a curious looking star fish lying on the sand.

The wave breaks into a long line of white foam, and runs back again, leaving a curious looking star fish lying on the sand.

Then she suddenly remembers what she heard nurse say last night about Uncle Fred, and a new idea comes into her mind, "If I could only get the gate open, I would go and look for him. Maybe I could find him," she thinks

thinks.

She gives the gate an impatient little shake, and to her intense delight it swings open. Trotty runs quickly out on to the beach. Her friend the star fish lies at her feel.

Her friend the star fish lies at her feet. Trotty picks him up, examines him carefully all over, and then invites him to go with her on her travels.

"I'm going to find my uncle Fred," she says. "Yon may go too, if you like, little fish." Then the poor star fish is rudely pushed by some chubby little fingers into a wee pocket, and Trotty, with her pretty golden curls flying in the wind, walks gravely up the beach. She stops every now and then to look at some lovely shell, or to watch the odd little fiddlers running over the sand. She is just beginning to feel tired, when she turns a point running out into the water, and catches sight of what she thinks is the most fascinating thing she has ever seen.

It is a little white boat drawn half-way

It is a little white boat drawn half-way It is a little white boat drawn half-way up on the shore. Stretched over it is a dainty blue and white awning, with blue fringe around the edge. Trotty gives a scream of delight. She climbs on a large stone close by the boat, and finally, after many struggles, succeeds in getting inside. She walks cautiously toward the stern, and looks down into the water. She sees a curious little fish swimming about—very curious indeed, thinks Trotty, as she bobs from one side to the other, trying to follow his moveside to the other, trying to follow his move-ments. Whoever left the little boat on the ments. Whoever left the little boat on the shore that morning must have forgotten that the tide was rising: for in a very short time, loosened by Trotty's exertions, and raised by the incoming waves, it has worked gradually away from the sand, and when Trotty, fired of the fish, looks round in search of other amusements, she finds that she is, what seems to her, w long way out at sea. At first she does not mind it very much, for she is quite used to the water, papa has taken her out'in his own boat so often this summer. But after a while she grows hunger, and the incoming waves, it has worked gradually interesting.

It is such a pretty room she is looking into. The wainscotted walls have lovely plaques hanging on them, the shelves of the mantel hold many a rare bit of porcelain, and the hangings and the furniture are so bright and warm with their rich folds and soft colouring. Mamma sits in her low chair with her slim foot resting on the brass fender, idly smoothing her pet kitten Royal, as he lies curled up like a great white caterpillar on her soft dress.

Mamma's friend Miss Carlotta stands at the end of the mantel shelf, where the lamp, with its globe covered with gold butterflies, sheds a soft light on her golden hair and the pale blue folds of her dress. She looks, as she stands there tall and straight, like the angel in the church window, thinks Trotty.

The fire flashes up, and seems to put some of its own life into the locket mamma wears round her neck, so brightly does it shine. It catches Miss Carlotta's eye.

"Whom have you in that locket, Helen!"

cainter, until, rocked by the motion of the boat, Trotty falls asleep as soundly as if she were under the pink curtains of her own bed at home.

Now this same May morning, returning home after a long voyage, a great ship comes sailing over the sea. There are a number of passengers on deck watching the laud they have not seen for so many days. The captain stands on the bridge, looking through his glass at the different places they are passing. By and-bye he looks at something small and white, that comes dancing over the waves. As the ship approaches, he sees that it is a little boat, and that there is, a pretty child lying in it. Now the captain has a little girl at home just the age of Trotty, and when he sees her sleeping under the striped awning, he thinks how hadly he would feel were his own little one carried away, like that; so he gives orders to have the vessel stopped, and sends some sailors in a boat after the little wanderer. By and-bye Trotty wakes up suddenly, and finds that she has been carried on to the great ship, and that she is lying in some one's arms, surrounded by strangers, who are all looking at her. But although Trotty was very much frightened at the water, she is not at all afraid of people; so she struggles down from the Now this same May morning,

ed at the water, she is not at all afraid of people; so she struggles down from the captain's arms, and says gravely, as nurse has taught her.

2 How do you do?"

This makes everybody laugh. Then a tall young man, who is sitting close by her, lifts Trotty on his knee.

"Come here, little one," he says, "and tell me your name, and how you happened to be so far from home."

"I's Trotty. I'm looking for Uncle Kand."

be so far from home."

"I's Trotty. I'm looking for Uncle Fred."
Just then she sees one of the passengers waving a white handkerchief to an outgoing steamer they are passing. She jumps down, and pulls out the wee handkerchief, together with the poor star fish aud mamma's looket, both of which she has entirely forgotten. They fall on the deck, while Trotty dances about, waving a good-by to the steamer. Her new friend stoops to pick up the looket, and tosses the star fish back into the water, where he is quite happy again.

"Trotty." he exclaims, suddenly "who."

"Trotty," he exclaims, suddenly, "who-

"Oh, that's Uncle Fred," answered Trotty. "Oh, that's Uncle Fred," answered Trotty. Then Trotty is more astonished than she has been all day, for the young man snatching her up, kisses her, and asks so many questions that she can hardly answer them but she tells him all about mamma, and thinks it very strange that he has never heard of papa or the baby brother. He is never tired of asking about grandpa; but when they speak of him, Trotty thinks her new acquaintance is a very strange young fellow, for when she tells him what nurse and mamma said about Uncle Fred, and how grandpa grieved for him, a tear rolls down grandpa grieved for him, a tear rolls down his cheek.

"Bless me!" cries Trotty, wiping it away

his cheek.

"Bless me !" cries Trotty, wiping it away with her handkerchief. "Pears to me Uncle Fred makes everybody cry."

"And 'pears to me," answered her friend, "when Trotty goes home she will make everybody very happy. You dear little girl, I believe you are a little angel sent to bring me a hope of forgiveness."

"No, I'm not," replies Trotty; "but Miss. Carlotta is. She's a blue one."

Then Trotty is interrupted in her turn by the captain, who brings the stewardess to take her to her luncheon, which pleases Trotty, for she is very hungry indeed by this time. After luncheon she takes another nap, and then wakes to find that the great ship has stopped, and that her new friend is waiting to take her back to mamma. They have to go a long way, for they take first a cab, then a ferry boat, and finally the cars, before they arrive at the little village by the sea, the name of which Trotty has fortunately remembered. They walk up the street, as the sun is setting, until they reach the cottage with the roses growing over it. Mamma and grandpapa are standing in the

doorway, looking, oh! so worried. The

doorway, looking, oh! so worried. The young man swings the gate open.

"Father!" he falters,
"Oh, dear Mamma!" cries Trotty.
Then Trotty thinks that everyone has gone crazy, for Miss Carlotta comes from the parlour, papa comes from the library, and in a moment there is such laughing and crying both together, that poor Trotty was quite bewildered. By and bye she gathers from what is going on that she has really and truly found her Uncle Fred, and brought him home safely to grandpa, who is now holding him by the hand, as if he never meant to lose sight of him again.

"Dear little puss!" says Uncle Fred. "If it had not been for her, I should not have found you for a long time, you have moved so far from the old home."

"She's a perfect little angel," says mamma, attoping to kiss her. "Do you ever expect to see a sweeter, Fred?"

But Uncle Fred looks at Miss Carlotta. Trotty goes off to the nursery, and finding poor Jemima, tells her all about the wonder-ful day she has had.

An Internal Remedy and a SURE CURE Rheumatic Complaints



## **Kidney Complaints**

TESTIMONIAL From Squire Robertson, who for many years was Reeve of the Township of Normanby, a high-ly respected resident of that part of On-tario, having lived in that Township for the past 20 years:—

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Ont., J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Ont., May 17:

DEAR SIR, --My daughter has been a great sufferer from Rhoumatism. She has been obliged for years now to carry her arm in a sling, and her hand was beginning to wither. During these years she has tried all the many chres that have been advertised, without any result. Seeing your advertisement in the papers, giving testimonials from trustworthy people, I determined to procure some "Rheumatine" for her, and purchased four bottles of it from Mr. A. Jamison, Druggist. of Mount Forest, which she took strictly according to directions, with this result, that her arm is now completely restreed, I cannot praise your medicine too highly. sut, thather arm is now completely restored. I cannot praise your medicine too highly, indeed it is worth its weight in gold to all who suffer from Rheumatism, and it is with pleasure that I come forward to say so. I am yours truly,

JOHN ROBERTSON.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

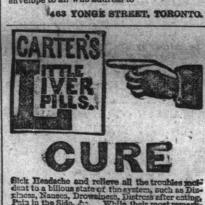


A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S.



NOTICE TO YOUNG & OLD

as established an agency in Toronto for the sale t his medicines for the sure cure of all nervous iseases, arising from whatever cause. Enclose tamp for pamphlet, which will be sent in sealed nyelope to all who address to



HEAD

the orchards in that locality, in a the trees being apparently alive w This is not to be wondered at, as th of aphides is almost beyond compr each female producing about four ye a day, and these young produce of the same proportion when three It is said that one female, provided t no disease or accident in the family twenty days have an offspring of Close observation has led to the one impregnation by the male through the descendants of the female for fully fifty generations. consequently, are not required

AGRICULTURA

THE APPLE APHIS.

will always be pleased to

of enquiry from farmers on any n ng agricultural interests, and an given as soon as practicable.

Recent despatches from Brant

Ont., state that this pestilent ins

quently, and they make their isually towards the close of the sea males possess wings.

The farmers of Western Ne are watching their apple tre closely this spring, as they the destruction of last year to the aphis. Among the discove have made, according to the Wester is that the arbits componend better. is that the aphis commenced hatcl leaves expanded; that the u may be seen upon the buds before opened, and that the eggs hatch the weather is still cold, before past. The Rural is of opinion tha young insects may have been the cold weather experienced by the cold weather experience still it is likely that many may sur cover the leaves when they expa orchardists in the Western States of weeks ago spraying their trees with compounds, tobacco water, Paris gr line solutions, whale-oil soap, and of kerosene, milk, and water. Toba was the most successful in destroyin sects, either by penetrating the directly through the pores of the sk

mingling with the juice of the bud, taken into their bodies by suction who tried Paris green thought it the vitality of the bud.

The method of preparing the kero ture is as follows:—Two parts of re osene oil and one part sour milk a ly churned together, and soon for pound of the consistency of lard weather, called kerosene butter. To be added from twelve to sixteen bulk of water, and when stirred too mixture will still be strong enough sene to kill the aphis, bark lice. other insects, and yet not injure the tree. Care should be taken who menting with kerosene, as too stron here might prove injurious to the bu as the insects.

COLORADO POTATO BEE

Nova Scotian exchanges annou this most destructive insect is can siderable approvance to farmers in vince, and that there is every pos the crop being rumed by its rava vices from other parts of Canada in presence, but there is another speci doryphora (D. juncta) that the server would pronounce identical, not improbable that some of our have taken it for the dreaded po Experiments made with the form that while it subsists on solanace it refuses to touch potato leaves. of the beetle are of a deap orange co are deposited on the under side of where they develop into larvie, as reddish yellow colour. Before chang pupa the larvæ enter the ground, and in the beetle state in ten or twelve the changes taking place in about a

the changes taking place in about a What is generally known as the beetie (Dryphora Jo-thedau) is of val form, very convex above, beneath, its colour being of a brig yellow colour, with ten stripes upon of its closed wing covers. It is about f since this insect was first notice hundred miles west of the Mississip Missouri river, but it no doubt alway Missouri river, but it no doubt alway in that region, living upon the wi growing there. It was not until 18 attacked the potato, when it made onslaught that the vines in different Kansas and Western Iowa were of every vestige of their leaves, stalks alone remaining.

The three-lined potato beetle is rether the property of the state of the st

The three-lined potato beetle is rethe above, but not generally so desorted it is of a bright lemon-yellow cold three black stripes upon its closed win and bears a striking resemblance to low stripes cucumber beetle, but it distinguished from that insect by yellow instead of a black head. The beetles are to be found almost. beetles are to be found almost every potato vines, but rarely in sufficient te cause any alarm.

There is only one way to deal with

There is only one way to deal with bugs when they take possession of and that is to kill them. In a smathe best plan to adopt is to catch the tin pan and destroy them with fire, would not be expeditious enough in field. To cause their destruction of scale poison is the only remedy, and purpose some use Paris green and ot don purple. Paris green is the surest as it is difficult to procure good sa London purple, which is the wast of articles used in the manufacture of articles used in the manufacture of aniline dyes. Paris green is frequenterated so as to be offered at a low and the safest plan, therefore, to add buying any is to get the dearest, a certainly be the best. Some au recommend mixing Paris green—a poison—with flour or plaster, dustiful the plants from a tin with a perform tom, which is objected to by other laim that the dangerous mixture is to be carried by the wind to other tables. The wet method, or a mixing pound of the green with 100 grawater and a cupful of molasses well and applied to the plants with a wonsidered the most effective, as infected by wind or dew. It is a considered the most effective, as in affected by wind or dew. It is a point whether Paris green prejudicial

the potato plant, but there is no that it does. One thing, however, shorne in mind, namely, to be excurreful when using it, and always it is excessively points. safe place, as it is excessively THE FARM.

potato plant, but there is no

The use of the commercial fertilizer the ripening of crops a week or thence they are especially important planted corn or potatoes.

It is essential to success with P for potato bugs or other pests that it Much that is offered at reduced rates terated and dear at any price, as it lenended upon. There should be as few dead furrou

There should be as few dead furrow sible in land ploughed for corn or potathe dead furrows the seed planted in certainly thrown away, and with lands these frequent dead furrows altogether too large a portion of the surface. When squash and melon vines beg over the ground, a little fertilizer, we or fine manure should be sown bett hills and hoed in. These vines stri

new roots as they run, and if they a these roots it greatly increases their Take your hoes to the grindst

morning when they are in use, and adge on them that will cut a weed ro It may oblige you to buy a new s next spring, but that will not cost a seventy-five cents, and two men we