tensity belonging to her years; and passed beauties, whose lives had been passed in the shadow of royalty, could not but smile to see the innocent happiness of this lovely brightered child.

St. Argyle."
Mr. Delamere's brow darkened.

ald," she answered haughtily.

him again."
"But Reginald, I have promised."

"I request that you will not dance with

"Once, then—but not oftener."

Delamere turned gloomily away, while Ida, smiling an affirmative to Colonel St. Argyle's

whispered question as to whether she was ready, floated away on his arm to the en-chanting music of the Imperial band.

"Rex needn't be so cross," thought Ida, with a little pout; "and now to punish him

I'll keep my engagement card for the rest of

the evening."

Ida kept her word. Between Colonel St

Argyle, several agreeable young French officers of the Imperial household, an English haronet, and a bevy of New Yorkers, she had not a word or look for Reginald, and finished the evening with a dizzily rapid redowa,

danced with Colonel St. Argyle.

Reginald, hurt and wounded by his wife's

thoughtless conduct, uttered notatingle word as the carriage rolled homeward, in the grey

of the morning.
"You don't ask me what sort of an even-

ilence at length.
"I did not think it necessary," was the

never waltzed with so perfect a dancer in my

Reginald did not answer, but looked intently out of the window.
"Rex," cried Ida, "how silly you are!"

'I am obliged to you for your good opin-

are acting up to its rules and regulations."

right to be a fashionable wife if you choose."
"What did you bring me to Paris for

work to prevent my doing anything of the

"Then I suppose you will be very much cortified when I tell you that Colonel St.

Argyle is coming to morrow to drive me out with his cream-coloured ponies?"

"Well, why shouldn't I go? Where's the

harm? Madame Avioli went with him last week, and Lady Bernmouth but a little while

She laid her gloved hand on his arm. The

"Am I, then, less to you than Colonel St. Argyle?"

"You are more—a great deal more, Rex," langhed Ida, rather in mischief than malice.

"That is you seeld more, and can be infinitely more disa freeable,"

"And does it never occur to you that you yourself are not absolutely perfect?"

"If it doesn't, it is not for lack of being told of it."

Recginal was allegt and

Reginald was silent and annoyed. This

To enjoy yourself."

Ida.

"Rex, you are jealous."
"Not in the least. I fully recognize you

dry reply.
"And why not?"

CHAPTER XVI. -Continued.

The Duchess of Bernmouth assumed her sweetest air of grace and languor as she bent before the Empress, but Engenie had no special word of compliment for the fat blonde with the dazzling shoulders and the parure of Neapolitan coral. Since she had been declared by the studies little girl with the before the Empress, but Engenie had no special word of compliment for the fat blonds with the dazzling shoulders and the parure of Neapolitan coral. Since she had been defeated by the styleless little girl with the bold, black eyes, and the complexion of a Spanish creole. Lady Bernmouth could have gnashed her beautiful white teeth as she thought of it. And when, a few hours later, the report of the compliment Mrs. Delamere had received from the august lips of royalty itself was ringing through every drawing-room in the gay world of Paris, Lady Bernmouth actualty cried.

greed child.

Presently Mme. Avioli brought up a friend of hers from Scotland, and begged to be allowed to introduce "Mr. St. Argyle." He was a tall, handsome man, with regular features and large hazel eyes. But the chief beauty of his face lay in his mouth, carved in red flexile lines, and shaded by a silky brown moustache. His dress, the uniform of a colonel in some Scotlish regiment, was picturesque in the extreme, from the plaided scarf at his belt to the claymore hanging at his side. Moreover, what was of considerably more consequence, his manners were soft and "I am tired of this horrid Paris," she ex-

claimed, when questioned by the much astonished Duke as to the cause of her tears. Let's go on to Rome to-morrow?"
"Not until after the ball at the palace!"
"Well," said Lady Bernmouth, wiping away her tears, as the judicious after-thought occurred to her that a red nose and swelled

eyelids were not beneficial to the prettiest of aces, "we'll wait for the ball at the palace.

Do you suppose that horrid upstart little American will be there?"
"I don't know; I should suppose so, after what her Imperial Majesty said about her beauty." "I'll have one more trial before I'll be stared down by those bold black eyes," said

Lady Bernmouth, energetically.
She drove to Mile. Micharde's that very afternoon, and was closeted with the fashion-able modeste for over an hour, giving her, what she called "the roughidea" of an unapproach-able to it to rose du Chine silk, which was to dazzle the world at the approaching palace

But as the days passed by no card of invitation arrived. Lady Bernmouth marvelled at the delay, and at length decided so far to ignore her pride as to consult a fitting authority on the subject, Mme. la Marquise le Beaumont, who was cousin to M. Partier, whose sister was the Comtesse d'Elemonde, me of the ladies-in-waiting to the Empress "I suppose the list of invitations to the sall is not made out yet?" she said, casually,

Mme. la Marquise.
"My dear," said the Marquise, "it was made out long ago."
"Then what do you suppose was the reason I haven't received mine?" asked Lady Bernmouth, quite forgetting her diplomacy

in her eager anxiety.
"Oh," said Mme. de Beaumont, quite enjoying Lady Bernmouth's face, "your name is not on the list. There are so many English "Not on the list !"

No. I'm sure of it. Marie d'Elemonde told me herself, and she saw the names."

Lady Bernmouth had grown first livid and

then green as she sat twisting the emerald and diamond sings on her plump fingers.

"Is—is that pert little Mrs. Delamere's name down?" she asked in a choking voice, as if the necklace of Neapolitan coral were too Oh ves." Mme, de Beaumont answered.

promptly; "her name is first on the American list?" ject again, but left Paris the next morning, taking the rose du Chine dress with her. The Duchesa of Bernmouth had no mind

The Duchess of Bernmouth and no mind to risk another such signal discomfiture. As for our little Ida, she, in the royal away of youth and beauty, and the intoxicating at mosphere of adulation which surrounded her, would scarcely have envied the Empress' self the diadem that crowned her beautiful brow, it had not been for one shadow, which like that of Mordecai in the King's gate, came perpetually between her and the sunshine of her happiness—Giuseppe Antonardi! For, not content with what she had so

generously given, he came again and again, claiming yet more as his right, and growing insolent in proportion as he succeeded in working more and more upon her feelings. His face haunted her as she drove along the fashionable avenues—she saw him lurking around her door as she alighted from her carriage; he followed her everywhere like a

shadow.

"I shall appeal to the police if this persecution is continued," she cried, passionately, to him one day.

"Appeal then, madame," Giuseppe replied, with a mocking sort of humility. "I

place no restraint upon you."

And Ida bit her lips until the blood came, to think how utterly powerless she was in the hands of this villain.

"I could almost murder you when you look at me in that evil way!" she said, as Giuseppe watched her under his sly, cat-like

"It is easy for the L'Echelles to commit murder!" he said, lightly. "I can believe you, lady." Aud Ida, between the sickening aversion she felt to the man himself, and the fear lest, in some of his persistent visits, Reginald Delamere should encounter him, was nearly

out money, "that is all I have g Giuseppe's brow darkened. "This—it is a mere trifle!" 'that is all I have got to-day.'

'It is all I have, I tell you!" I must have more !' Ida knew the firm metallic voice too well to

parley longer.

Her husband's carriage was driving up at the same moment. She tore a diamond ring from her finger, and tossed it into his palm. "Take that," she said, checking his rapture of thanks with a gesture of disgust. "Go to Mathilde, and tell her to let you out at the

back entrance—quickly!"

It she could have seen the smile on Giuseppe's face as he obeyed her hurried words. CHAPTER XVII. THE SHADOW OF CHANGE.

The ball at the Tuileries, although Ida Delamere was not at the time aware of it, was yet another stone placed by the hands of the Master Artificer, Destiny, on the edifice of her fate. She had looked so pale and wearied all the day long that Reginald had hesitated as to the propriety of her course. hesitated as to the propriety of her going when at length the hour came for her to

cal words he spoke.

He was inexpressibly annoyed at this new-freak of Ida's. Had she returned alone, they would have been reconciled ere this: for his heart was full of tenderness toward But her child-like coaxings and earnest entreaties finally prevailed; and when he saw her enter the room in a draw of white silk, covered with floating skirts of tulle, which made her look like a snow-cloud, while her cheeks glowed like carnations, and her eyes were softly brilliant, he could not but tell himself that her lack of health and spirits was nothing more than distorted fancy on his part.

"That dress is like the white fringes of sea-foam, Ida," he said smilingly, as he rose her, and regret for the seeming unkindness of

rat dress is like the white fringes of sea-foam, Ida," he said smilingly, as he rose to lead her down to the carriage; "and your pearls somehow add to the illusion. You will assuredly be the belle of the room; but remember not to firt." had never met.
"Ida," he said, when they had at length
taken leave, "shall we go to the Louvre to-

orrow?"
"Thank you," said Ida, suppressing a Hs spoke in jest, and she made some light answer, as she took up the bouquet of white reses and japoneas, which had just been sent in, wrapped in silver paper, and tied in a box, from the fashionable florist of Paris. yawn; "but I don't care to go to the Louvr to-morrow."

"If Colonel St. Argyle had asked you,"
bitterly rejoined Reginald, "you would have
accepted the invitation at once."

"Perhaps I might," said Ida, carelessly.

"Am I, then, less to you than Colonel St.

The superb rooms at the palace were all ready througed when Mrs. Delamere entered, and she had the satisfaction of being the cynosure of all eyes, partly for her own surpassing beauty, partly on account of the unusual compliment which had been accorded to her by the Empress. The respect for her by the Empress. The requests for reductions followed one after another with sildering rapidity, and Ida found herself,

oved it with the fervour and in-

ppant mood was something as new as it was pellant in Ida. repellant in Ida.

"By the way, Rex," she said, after a few moments, during which not a word was spoken on either side, "we are going to getup a carriage party to Madame Latour's château, a little way out of Paris. Do you want to join us?"

"We? And who may 'we' mean?"

"Myself, of course," with a purse-up of the mouth, "and Madame Avioli, and Madame d'Ancour, and Mr. Armand, and Colonel St. Argyle—"

Argyle—
Reginald interrupted her at this point.

"Do you mean that the party is absolutely nade up, Ida?"

"I believe so," she answered.

"And who was to be your escort?" he "Colonel St. Argyle, of course," said Ida

"Leaving me quite out of the question,"
rejoined Delamere. "Upon my word, Mrs.
Delamere, you are acquiring the habits of
free-and-easy Parisian ladies with a facility
that is really admirable!"
"Free-and-easy? I am at a loss to under-

"' Free-and-easy'? Iam at a loss to understand your meaning, Reginald."

"And I yours. Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to discuss the matter, as our opinions differ so widely."

"Rex, you are getting intolerable. Do you expect me to tell people, on receiving an invitation, that I cannot accept it until I go home and ask my husband's permission? The cruellest of domestic tyrants cannot wish that the marks of his chains should be visible to the whole world." consequence, his manners were soft and fascinating enough to charm a much more fastidious beauty than our little Ida. There was more than one meaning glance exchanged among the assembled guests at the desperate flirtation at once inaugurated

that the marks of his chains should be visible to the whole world."

Reginald laughed hoarsely.

"You are very complimentary to me, Ida."

Ida rose and left the room—perhaps the wisest thing she could have done in her then state of temper, and nothing more was said on the obnoxious subject.

Reginald Delamere joined the carrrage party to the old château, but he evidently did not enjoy the expedition, nor did Ida. But she had, at all events, one satisfaction—that of having her own way. between Colonel St. Argyle and the beautiful Mrs. Delamere. Reginald himself, though he smiled at it at first, could not long blind himself to the fact that his pretty wife was

playing the coquette.

"Ida," he whispered to her as she passed him leaning on Colonel St. Argyle's arm, "the band is striking up a waltz—will you "I can't, Rex," she answered, in the same tone; "I've promised to waltz with Colonel of having her own way.

"Rex is only a little cross and out of sorts,"
thought the young wife: "he'll come around "You have danced with him often enough, Ida," he said, in a tone of ceusure. "I am the best judge of that myself, Regi-

thought the young wife: "he'll come around all right; at any rate I am not going to coax and wheedle him. He may as well learn, first as last, that these petty jealousies are too ridiculous for me to notice."

And so the breach went on, widening until the momentary distance, which a single loving word or kiss might have spanned at first, became deep and wide as a black waved gulf whose waters are shadowed by eternal night. In the meantime, while Reginald Delamere fancied himself the most miserable man on the face of the earth, Ida had frais and annoyances of her own, which he had not the slightest conception of.

Giuseppe's requisitions were growing more and more exorbitant; and Ida, whose morbid fears of the disclosure of his fatal secret increased with every hour in which she allowed herself to muse upon the hideaus rampart of circumstantial evidence he had built up around her, had already parted with many valuable articles of jewellery and bijouterie

around ner, nad already particles of jewellery and bijouterie to supply his greedy demands, and began to feel an absolute dread of returning from a feel an absolute dread of returning from a drive or walk, lest she should see his stealthy form lurking near her residence, or emerging from a gateway, sudden and sly as an emis-sary from the Evil One. Sometimes she re-solved to tell Reginald all, and defy Giuseppe to do his worst—but her courage failed her

ing I've had," said Ida, breaking a long at this idea.
"Reginald," she said one evening, as sh was unclasping the necklace of pearls she had worn at a large dinner party. "do you think it is right to judge children for the faults of their parents?" "Because you seemed to be enjoying your-self to the top of your bent."
"So I was," said Ida mischievously.
"Colonel St. Argyle is delightful, and, as for that dear little Monsieur Estenierre, I

'What do you mean ?" "Suppose a young man were engaged to girl, and was to and that her father"—Id had not the courage to put the case in any more parallel form—"had committed a ter-rible crime. In that case, ought he to marry her, or break the engagement?"
"He would be justified in breaking the en-

gagement, of course."
lda's heart sunk within her. "But why? Surely it would be no fault of the girl? she persisted.
"No, not primarily; but you don't reflect how often vice and depravity are handed down, as a natural blood inheritance, from

ion!" was the somewhat bitter reply.

"As if husband and wife could hance together all the evening. That isn't the style
at all to play Darby and Jean."

"Not at al.," answered Reginald, coldly. Reginald, I think that is very unjust." rotested Ida, eagerly.
"Unjust, perhaps, but a perfectly natural lierence," he answered indifferently.
Ida said nothing more, and Reginald never

dreamed how cruelly be had hurt and disappointed her. There was no very perceptible change about her, except, perhaps, a little more shrinking in his presence which he, not unnaturally, construed into growing aversion; but Ida entertained no more thoughts of taking her husband into be conthoughts of taking her husband into her con-idence. Giuseppe's mouth must be shut aort by a regular system of espionage."

"If enjoying yourself means deliberate flirtation with other gentlemen, Ida, you can hardly blame me." now, at all events.
"The daughter of a murderess," she kept

repeating not herself, amid the gayest scenes, and when her face wore its brightest smiles. Oh, what would he say if he knew?

CHAPTER XVIII. THE HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY.

Things were in this position, when, on afternoon, Reginald Delamere returned from a drive by himself; for lda had gone out ago."
Reginald sat silent.
"Rex." persisted Ida, "don'n you wish me earlier, on a shopping expedition with Mme. d'Ancour. But he had not enjoyed the drive for when the mind is moody and preoccupied nature's sweetest influences appeal to it is

As he entered the pretty apartment which warm, wayward little heart was beginning to melt beneath its crust of caprice and wilfulness. Had Reginald said, in his old, loving served as anteroom or vestibule to the larger drawing-room, Mile. Mathilde started from "Ida, do not go," she would have n up herappointment in an instant. But, her seat near the fire.
"If monsieur pleases, madame is engage
of the most particular—if monsieur would alas! that we cannot read the secrets of one out wait a moment."

another's hearts,
"You can do precisely as you please," was
his cold answer, and Ida sat back in her
feeling that she was She opened the door into a side room as she spoke, as if expecting him to enter it.
"Engaged, Mathilde?" corner of the carriage, feeling that she was "Yes, monsieur; it would be but for the space of one little moment."

And Reginald, taking no notice of the "I will go, now, at all events," was her And she kept her word, the next day

girl's flushed face and embarrassed air, went into the side room, and throwing himself in-And she kept her word, the next day, being out all the morning with Colonel St. Argyle and the cream-coloured ponies, while Reginald, sitting at home by his lonely fire-side, mused within himself as to whether he had not committed an act that was cruelly unjust to Ids, as well as to himself, when he led her to the altar of the little stone church to a chair, took up a magazine which lay on As he sat there, reading now and then As he sat there, reading now and then a stray sentence from the pages before him, but oftener indulging in his own morbid reflections, the door of Ida's drawing-room opened, and a swift footstep crossed the

led her to the altar of the little stone church at Lennoxville, six months ago.

It was late in the day when Ida returned, and she was not alone. One or two gay young French gentlemen accompanied her, and she induced them to remain and dine with her.

"Mr. Delamere will be delighted," she said, with a glance in the direction of her husband; and Reginald could not but join in the invitation his wife had so recklessly given. opened, and a switt footstep crossed the antercom and wentout.

Not the footsteps of a weman. No! The colour ebbed away from Reginald's cheeks as he recognized the unmistakable tread of a Springing to his feet he rushed into the antercom, and would have opened the outer door had not Mlle. Mathilde thrown herself the invitation his wife had so recklessly given, little as his heart coincided with the mechaniloor had not Mile. mathing before it in an affrighted sort of way.

'Stand out of the way !" was the answer ejaculated under her master's breath.
"Monsieur is ill, surely," Mathilde cried but she stepped back from the door notwith-standing; and Reginald, throwing it open

standing; and Reginald, throwing it open, ran down stairs.

But the halls and staircases were empty and deserted—the old portiere was not in her room, but came up the lower stairway, as Reginald was looking round.

"Ah! what was it, then, that monsieur would have?" demanded the garrulous old woman.
A thousand pardons that she was absent

A toousand pardons that she was absent when monsieur did her the honour to descend; she had but stepped below to look at the pot au fee, and—no, Reginald wanted nothing but to know who it was had just Mme. Anastase maintained that nobody

had gone out. There was the key on the table—was it then that people could fly through the keyholes? sieur must see that it was simply im Then who was it, Anastase, that went up "When, monsieur?"

"I can't tell exactly when; some time in he course of the afternoon," Anastase shook her head reflectively. "No one, monsieur."

Anastase was quite sure of this; and Regimald, amoyed and unsatisfied, was compelled once more to return upstairs.

Ida sat at the table as he entered the

defiance in it.

"Ida," he said, walking straight up to her, "who has been with you?"

Assamaker—a woman from Mademoi

"It was no woman that just went out, Ida. Do you think that I do not know a man's footstep when I hear it?"

"Just now?"

"Just now?"

Her large eyes looked up into his face with the startled expression of a deer brought finally to bay. She clasped her hands as if she would have pleaded for mercy.

"Ida!" he said, in a husky voice, "Iinsist upon knowing who this man was."

"Then you cannot know."

There are points in the chase when the most timid animal will turn desperately upon its pursuers, and Ida had reached this point.

"Ida!"

pursuers, and Ida had reached this point.

"Ida!"

"I refuse to answer your question!" she cried, desperately. "You have no right to catechise me thus—to spy upon all my actions as if I were an escaped criminal!"

Her cheek grew pale as ashes, as she pronounced the last words, and she shuddered as if a chill had passed over her.

Reginald stood gazing down upon her, scarcely crediting the evidence of his own senses.

"Ida," he began, slowly, "what does this

"I told you I should answer none of you questions."

"Then, what inferences am I to draw?"
he asked, with flashing eyes.
"What you please!" she said passionately.

"What you please!" she said passionately.
"I am past caring now!"
. "Ida, was it Colonel St. Argyle?"
A sudden flush came to her cheeks—in the imminence of the actual danger, she had never once imagined the course which his suspicions, steered by the unreasoning helm of jealousy, might take. Colonel St. Argyle! Well, perhaps it was better that he should be allowed to entertain these groundless fancies for awhile. Some explanation she must accord to him—and anything—anything to keep him from ever approaching the dreadful secret of Giuseppe Antonardi.

She sat sat in silence as these reflections passed hurriedly through her mind—and every second during which she uttered no refutation to the charge added to the array of evidence which was gradually accumulating against her, in her husband's passion-fevered mind.

"I repeat, Ida," he said, "was this mys-

fevered mind.

"I repeat, Ida," he said, "was this mysterious visitor Colonel St. Argyle?"

"You insult me by the question, Reginald."

"And you insult me still more by your silence!" he cried, passionately.

"Even if it were, is there any harm in my receiving a gentleman visitor in my own drawing-room, at this period of the day?"

Reginald hesitated. He could not say absolutely that there was, yet in his eyes the whole thing, from beginning to end, was lacking in discretion and decency.

"There must be harm-in an interview from which your husband is excluded," he said.

"There must be harm in an interview from which your husband is excluded," he said, after a minute yreflection.
"Excluded, Reginald! I was not aware that you were excluded!"
"Was it not by your orders that Mathilde requested me to wait in the cedar-room until your visitor was gone?"
"No—certainly not."
"Then how do you account for the girl's

"Then how do you account for the girl' "I am not responsible for all of Mathilde's freaks!" Ida answered, with some asperity. "Mathilde !" Mr. Delamere opened the door, and called he Frenchwoman.

In she came, glancing warily from her master to her mistress.

"Mathilde," began the former, "why were you so anxious that your mistress should not be intruded upon just now?"

"Anxious? I was not anxious, monsieur.

"You received no orders from your mis-tress, then?"
"No, monsieur tertainly not."
"You may go, Mathille, "a or a feel of a gentleman to obtain any further information by questioning his wife," segment. Ida looked at him mith de la

cheeks dyed of the deepest crimson, as Ma-tuilde softly closed the door behind her. "I hope you are satisfied now," she said tterly. "It is a gentlemanly and considerate thing, is it not, to lower your wife in the eyes of her own domestics?"

For a moment Reginald himself was shocked at this new view of his conduct, but the

sullen spirit of recrimination took possession of him again in an instant. "And do you think that I am in any way dignified by the conduct of yours?"
"We will not discuss it further, Reginald," she said, rising with a weary look ; "it is tir for me to dress for dinner. company."
"As usual."

"Yes, as usual," she said, taking no no-tice of the implied taunt; "Mrs. Longsdale is to be here and Lady Helen Dalton and Monsieur de Ramirou and the two Mrs. Jefferson."

Reginald looked somewhat mollified. A all events the obnoxious Colonel St. Argyle was not to be of the party. When Ida descended to her drawing room once more, she appeared to unusual advantage—or at least so Reginald thought. A dress of peach coloured moire antique, with draperies of costly white lace festooned over it, cut low in the coreage, and a puffed berthe of white illusion, half hid, half revealed the lovely dimpled shoulders, which were like a child's. formed the costume she had chosen for this special occasion, while a bunch of artificial each blossoms in her hair, so delicate that they almost simulated nature, was confined by a fillet of white ribbons whose ends flutter

ed on her shoulders. In old times-or in times but a few days removed—Mrs. Delamere would have danced up to her husband, laughingly demanding his opinion of her evening dress; and then, this momentous question settled, would probably have settled herself on a footstool at his knee, or perhaps climbed into his lap to have what she merrily termed "a condhave what she merrily termed "a good old chat," until such time as the arrival of her guests transformed her back again into the demurest of little hostesses.

Now, however, things were different, and Reginald felt the change painfully.

Presently the guests began to drop in, one after another, and the embarrassing prelude was at an end.

The murmur of soft, aristocratically modulated with a routh of the rout lated voices, the rustle of silken garments, and the odour of rich perfumes filled the air. People talked of the last ball and the coming People talked of the last ball and the coming soirée; the gentlemen discussed the latest development in politics, and the ladies commented on the new opera and its singers—a trifling, froth-like bubble of conversation. And Reginald, even while he seemed to listen courteously to Mrs. Longsdale's common-place dissertations on the superior advantages of a republican form of government, was thinking within himself, not without bitterness, that they were like ohildren walking over the flower-draped carpet which is ness, that they were like children walking over the flower-draped carpet which is stretched over a precipice. Could they but read the inner life of host and hostess, who were receiving them so smilingly; could they penetrate into the secret of the heart—well, this was a world of hollow smiles and false

snow, Reginald Delamere told himself. What right had he to look for an exemption from At length the conversation drifted to a divorce in fashionable circles, which was then the topic of small talk everywhere.

the topic of small talk everywhere.

"It's dreadful, isn't it?" said Mrs. Longsdale, lifting her flaxen eyebrows. "But then, you see, she never cared for him; it was only his money she married him for."

"A regular mariage de convenance," added her husband.

"Such things happen very frequently now," said Lady Helen Dalton, carelessly.

"Thank you, Monsieur de Ramirou, just half that banana—not any more wine, please. But did you hear, Mrs. Longsdale, that Colonel St. Argyle's name was mixed up in the affair?"

mounted to her cheeks in crimson billows. Why did she blush? Not because the name of Colonel St. Argyle signified a particle to her, one way or the other; but simply because she felt her husband to be watching her with jealous surgicing and be watching her

th jealous suspicion, and because it was the fealous suspicion at her had been suspicional to the fealous suspicion at her fealous suspicion at her fealous suspicion at the fealous suspicion, and because it was the fealous suspicion at the fealous suspicion at

dale, sagaciously. "I daresay that he's just the sort of man that a silly, infatuated crea-ture like Marie du Plessis would fall in love with; but I don't think he ever cared for

her—"
"Oh," said Lady Helen, satirically, "he's a regular lady-killer, who seems to have no other occupation than that or flirting with every pretty woman in Paris!"
"He ought to have his head broken," said Mr. Longsdale, vindictively, "The sanctity of married life should be respected more than it is in this unaccountable city of Paris. I'm sure I don't know what has become of all the happy marriages. There are no such

I'm sure I don't know what has become of all the happy marriages. There are no such things, nowadays!"

"Here is one," said Lady Helen, placing her hand caressingly on Mrs. Delamere's shoulder. "It isn't necessary to go very far for a refutation to your theory, Mr. Longsdale. I think our host and hostess of to-day will afford a pretty fair illustration that there are such things as happy marriages still extant." still extant.'

Ida never lifted her eyes from the painted wreath of violets upon her plate; and Reginald said, speaking slowly:

"Yes, Lady Helen, you are quite right. My wife and I are, at this moment, perhaps, the happiest couple in Paria."

Oh, the bitter satire of his tone! the cadence of contemptuous scorn! To think that those gay triffers should accept it all as Gospel truth, and never suspect the hidden undercurrent of irony!

undercurrent of irony !

As his voice died away, Ida looked up into his face with a wild, desperate appeal in her large, liquid eyes—a mute entreaty that he would abstain from this sneering comment, which was so much harder to endure than

silence; but there was no mercy in his ex-'If I only dared tell him !" she thought "but no, I must endure it all in silence!"
When, at length, the party broke up, and and Regnald Delamere and his wife were and Reginald Delamere and his wife were left tete-à-tête, neither of them alluded to the eyening that was still so fresh in both of their memories. Reginald was thinking bitterly of the confirmation he had heard of his own private opinion concerning Colonel St. Argyle; and Ida, as she sat before the fire, dreamily gazing into its red, dying embers, was repeating to herself:

"He might have mercy upon me! he might have a little compassion!"

To be Continued.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Johnny's Velocipede.

"Hurry out of the way—I am coming With a whiz and a whirl and a flash," And Johnn's velocipede--humming— Went by with a wonderful dash. Away down the road he went spinning,

At a very excitable pace, As if he were certain of winning The prize in some spirited race. The Squirrels grew wild in their chatter (They're always afraid of the boys), The bunnles were asking the matter, The birdies peeped out at the noise, A funny old cow in the clover
Looked up with a comical stare,
As poor little Johnny turned over
And landed with feet in the air.

FALSELY ACCUSED.

"Jones, you haven't got your Latin lesson!" said Mr. March, the teacher. "And it's the second time this week that is has happened!"
Jones, a big, sulky boy of fourteen, looked as black as a thunder cloud.
"I'm sure I studied it hard enough," said

bt that," said Mr. March. te It in not a difficult lesson, you see, —yet here it is not a quarter learned. I can't stand this sort not only a thief, but a miserable, contempof thing any longer, Jones. You will stay after school until it is thoroughly mastered, and then recite it to Johnny Falkland," At this command Jones' brow looked

blacker than ever. "It ain't fair to ask me to recite it to that charity boy !" said he, contemptuously.

Johnny Falkland, who was studying out

Johnny Falkland, who was studying out a problem in equations close by, started and grew very red, but Mr. March motioned him to remain quiet.

"We. are all gentlemen here but you, Jones," said be, with bitter satire. "There are no charity boys in this school. If Johnny Falkland chooses to pay for his tuition in cleaning the school-room windows and keeping the green nice and neat I don't see any reason why it isn't as good coin as your money. And if I hear you repeating that obnoxious name, I will punish you in a way that will impress my commands thoroughly upon your memory for the future!"

Jones pouted as if there was a whole Spitzenberg apple wedged in between his teeth and his lips, but Mr. March took no notice of him. And he found himself compelled to remain after school, over his hated Latin

Johnny Falkland, who was a good-nature boy, waited for him to speak first. But Jones, sitting with his elbows on the desk and his head in his hand, kept a profound silence, and at last Johnny broke the pause.

"Are you ready, Jones?" said he.
"No!" shouted Jones.
Johnny went about his school-room duties dusting the master's desk, carefully folding the coloured maps, and sweeping up the pencel whittlings, the pieces of paper, the apple skins and peanut shells which always remain, like sea-weed on the shore after high tide, on a school-room floor.
"Come," he said, after a while, "I can't

wait much longer, Jones." "I'll thank you to call me Mr. Jones, said that young man, without taking What for ?" said Falkland.

"Because I'm a gentleman, and you ain't!" said Jones, "that's what for." Falk and coloured high, but he did not resent the insult.
"Give me the book," said he.

"I won't !" retorted Jones. "Then you will be disobeying Mr. March."
"I don't care for Mr. March, nor for you neither," said Jones. "There! Do you understand me now? or do you want me to knock it into your head with a slate frame?"

Johnny said nothing more, but quietly left the room. He was determined not to get into any difficulty, lest kind Mr. March should be annoyed. For Jones' reputat as an ill-tempered and quarrelsome boy was well known in the school, and, for that matter, all over the neighbourhood. And Jones

soon followed him, swaggering out like captain of a band of brigands. aptain of a band of brigands.

Jones had intended not to come back to shool at all, but, unluckily, his father took a different view of matters and things. "You'll go back," said old Captain Jone who had some of the family temper about him, "or I'll know the reason why! Step quick, unless you want me to get down the cat-o'-nine-tails, which I brought home with me on my last sea voyage."

Jones did not want any closer acquaint-

Jones did not want any closer acquaintance with the cat-o'-nine-tails, which was a
short wooden handle with some very ugly
looking leather straps attached to it, so he
went, like Shakespeare's little boy, "unwillingly to school." But when he got there
there was a commotion among the children.
"What's the matter?" said he.
"Mr. March's gold sleeve buttons have
been stolen," cried two or three little lads in
chorus.

chorus.

"Stolen!" repeated Jones, stopping short.

"He left 'em in the drawer of the big
desk last night, and when he came to look the affair?"

Ids glanced up suddenly, as she was toying with her silver nut oracker, and met the piercing gaze of her husband. In an instant torted Jones. "Leaving Falkland around I

just as if the whole place belonged to him. Of course he might have known they would be stolen."

The boys looked at each other in dismay. There had been a sort of vague, unexpressed doubt floating around the school all the morning, but Jones' words had put it into shape. Nobody quite believed it—yet everyone looked askance at poor Falkland.

"Nonsense," said the master. "Falkland steal my sleeve-buttons, indeed! You'll tell me next that I stole 'em myself."

"Indeed, indeed, sir, Ididn't steal'em," said Johnny, who was quite pale and had a troubled look in his face.

"A charity scholar is bad enough," said

troubled look in his face.

"A charity scholar is bad enough," said Jones, in a whisper, to little Robbins, who was the tattle-tale general of the school, "But I don't think we respectable boys ought to be asked to associate with a thief." After that Johnny Falkland found it very uncomfortable at school. Nobody said anything in so many words, but they made themselves quietly obnoxious in a score of ways that are known to schoolboys alone. And Johnny was compelled to feel that the current of popular opinion was setting against him.

"Didn't I tell him I'd be revenged," said One day, however—a very hot day in July One day, however—a very hot day in July—Jones took it into his head to go bathing in the creek which gurgled through the woods just below the school-house. He left his clothes in the low-growing fork of a tree near by, where little Atkinson and Billy Lovejoy found them just as Jones swam merrly down the stream, well out of sight, "Hullo!" said Tom, "here's the Bully's clothes. He's gone in for a swim."

"I only hope he'll get drowned," said Billy Lovejoy. "He always tweaks my ear whenever he goes by. It's sore now."

"Let's hide his clothes," said Tom.

"Hooray!" shouted Billy. "What a jolly go!"

And away scampered the two little pirates with the garments of Master Alaric Augustus Jones. They never stopped until they were under the shadow of the big white pine

"Now let's see what he's got in his pockets," said Billy.

"That would be burglary," said Tom.

"Get out!" said Billy. "Burglary indeed! I've got an uncle who's a lawyer, and he'll see us said through it. Policy and the said through it. deed: I've got an uncie who s a lawyer, and he'll see us saie through it. Besides, I don't mean to take anything! Hallo! A pencil case! Hallo! A piece of chewing tobacco! Hallo! Two marbles and a penny! Hallo!

"I say, what's that last?" said Tom:
"I say, what's that last?" said Tom:
"Why look!" said Billy, with a startled face. "As sure as you live and breathe, it's Mr. March's sleeve buttons. The ones that were lost! Or, perhaps, I'd better say stolen!

"You don't mean it," said Tom.
"Yes, I do, though," nodded Billy.
"Let's go straight to Mr. March's," said

Tom.

Great was the surprise of their kind teacher when the two lads told their story and showed what they had found.

"Give me the sleeve buttons boys," said he. "Now take these clothes back and put them where you found them,—and say nothing of all this at present."

Much wondering, the boys obeyed. And when school was called together by the rinying of the bell in the tower, Master Jones was in his scat, looking refreshed and comforted by his bath in the cool waters of the creek, Little Tom and Billy were in their seats also. So was Johnny Falkland.

their seats also. So was Johnny Falkland.
And when the morning exercises were over, instead of calling the class in Outline Maps, as usual, Mr. March rose up and looked around the assembled school.

"Boys," said he. "I am sure that all of you,—with perhaps one execution—will be you, -with perhaps one exception, -will be glad to learn that I have found my sleeve buttons!"

There was a general tumult through the rooms—many "Oh's" and "Ah's,"—one or two smothered exclamations of satisfaction were uttered. Some of the boys stood up in their seats, and one alone—Jones — put his hands with a startled air into his pockets.

"Jones, come to the front," said the master, who had kept his eyes sternly on him. "What are you feeling in your pockets for? This young gentleman, boys, is the thief! He it is, who has kept the buttons tible sneak, and I will no longer have him this school, to corrupt the other boys. Go,

Jones. You are expelled!"

Jones uttered not a word of apology or denial. He crept out of the school-room like a cat who had been caught stealing cream. And all the boys gathered around Johnny Falkland to congratulate him on the solution of the mystery. land wasn't a thief," said they, and Mr. March patted the boy's head.

"I have always trusted Falkland," said he The Princes and the Colonies Talking of Canada, I may hint that the truth about Mr. Gladstone having refused to send the Duke of Albany out is this:—The Duke wanted to go, but the Queen, on hearing of the matter, peremptorily refused to sanction the appointment. Besides, it is improbable that the Duke's constitution would have stood the test of the climate.

Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, projected a magnificent scheme of imperial satrapies. The Duke of Connaught was to go to Canada because of the need for a good general there. At that time our relations with America were strained. Prince Leopold was to take Ireland, and the Duke of Edinburgh to govern an Australian Confederation. The Marquis of Lorne, from Canada, was to be sent to India with the Princess The idea was a brilliant one, and might have been carried out if the late Premier had lived

ten years ionger.

The next great State office which will be created is another of these huge viceroyal-ties, that of South Africa. I hear that the Colonial Office finished drafting the details.— Correspondence London Sportsman. Setting Hens.

This is the season when hens run mad and will not be comforted unless they can hide away somewhere and sit day and night on a wooden nest egg or an old door knob, Several men were discussing this question in a grocery store one evening recently. 'A man who owns a large flock of Dorkings remarked "Not even an act of Congress can break up a settin' hen."
"Ever tried jammin' 'em under a barrel, and pourin' water on 'em?" demanded the

man on the sugar barrel.
"Yes," said the Dorking man. "I've poured water on 'em till they grew web-looted, like a blame duck, and afterwards found 'em in an old coal hod settin' away on lumps 'o coal."
"Tie a red rag round one wing," said a

man who was eating cheese and crackers.
"That'll fix 'em."
"Might's well offer 'em a chromo," said the Dorking man. "I tied a whole red woolen shirt on one last spring, and dog my cats if she didn't make a nest of it and set three weeks on the buttons!" Then the grocer said it was time to close up, and each man girded up his loins and slowly filed out. Epps's Cocoa-Grateful and Comforting.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that, a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets and tins (½ lb. and lb.), by Grocers, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homæopathic. Chemists, London, Eng.—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence. By a thorough knowledge of the natura



KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNEE'S SAFE CUSEE has achieved its great reputation, it acts directly upon the kidneys and fiver and by lacing shem in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women; for

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Kidney Complaints

TESTIMONIAL

From Squire Robertson, who for many years was Reeve of the Township of Normanby, a highly respected resident of that part of Ontario, having lived in that Township for the past 20 years:

J. N. SUTHEELAND, Niagara Falls, Ont., May \$7:

DEAR SIR, -My daughter has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. 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 cures that have been advertised, without any result. Seeing your advertised, without any result. Seeing your advertised, without any result. Seeing for a different 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 restored. Feannot praise your medicine too highly takes did it worth its weight in gold to alt who suffer from Rheumatism, and it is with pleasure that I come forward to sayso. I am youre truly.

JOHN ROBERTSON.



torthes caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. It a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C, WEST & CO., \$1 and \$3 King street east (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all drugxists in Canada.



wire Tencing. BARB WIRE FENCING. FIRST PRIZE awarded us at Exhibition held in Nontreal, September, 1822, and Silver Medal



AGRICULTURAL

ve will always be pleased to receive of enquiry from farmers on any mattering agricultural interests, and answe given as soon as practicable.

FOREST TENT CATERPILI

A subscriber in New Glasgow,

warded to this office four specimens pillars, which he says "infest th and fruit trees," and asks us to name of the insects, which reached lively condition. The specimens re long to the Forest Tent Caterpills and are known to naturalists as Cl sylvatica, resembling in many res orchard tent caterpillar, which was in THE WEEKLY MAIL of May 24th. the forest caterpillar was very & in Western New York, and was erroneous name of the "army wor true army worm being a Souther which destroys sometimes hundred of grass in a few days. About 50 the forest caterpillar was so abu Western New York that it nearly the foliage from large forests in the of the summer, and although the were replaced in a few weeks. given to the growth was a seriou like the common orchard catern miller deposits its eggs in the form of or cylinder on the young twigs, but of the rounded form given to the ma of the orenard caterpillar, the eg forest caterpillar form a distinct cylinder, with square ends. Each tains about three hundred eggs, small, being about the twenty-fifth inch long and the fiftieth part of a diameter. The forest caterpillar de leaves of different kinds of trees, bu prefer the basswood, of which land have been stripped entirely bare orchard it is particularly destruct orenard it is particularly foliage of the apple, and on accommunity wandering character it is very difficult tack and destroy in masses. For the care should be taken, as soon as the found, to destroy them before hatched, and the proper plan is to c rings of eggs with a sharp knife.

SCOURS IN CALVES OR LA An outbreak of "scouring," or among lambs or calves is alway

upon as a very serious matter, as known that unless prompt measure for the suppression of the disease will' be considerable. Sometimes of the disease is attributable to th ceived from the mother, and at oth pasture, especially in hot weath herbage, or pasture, grown on what "tart" lands invariably produces so investigations have recently been Great Britain for the purpose of as the peculiar properties of such land been discovered that pastures of th tion are generally found on tenaci which rest on clay subsoils, the which is largely charged with matter, containing large quantitie gative salts of soda and magnesia. Farm says, when the disease can to the consumption of indigestib dose of some purgative agent, as should be given at first, and afterw lies with aromatics; bicarbonate potash, with a little ginger or an e given in gruel every three or until the diarrhœa ceases. Afterwa a time, as very slight irritation in tive membrane will be followed by sion of disease. Another remedy, derangement is caused by too rich of food, or deterioration of the midam, is the following:—Gentian verized, 2 oz. ; Jamaica ginger r ized; rhubarb, pulverized; willow pulverized; one ounce of each; min gether, then divide into twelve meal gruel.

PINK-EYE IN HORSES

Recent despatches announce tha is affecting horses in various parts Monday a fatal case was reported in This disease is not, as some people a new one, as it has existed as far b tenth century. Its scientific name typhoid catarrh, but it is also kn flammatory fever, influenza, prot-and distemper. It is known to th as "La Grippe," but Americans hav given it the name of pink-eye. Aitken's "Science and Practice of are some very interesting notes, disease prevails among mankind lower animals, they are of some in as the following extracts will show

"In 1311 and in 1403 it preva France, and over a large portion of and in the later year the death human beings were so great that courts in Paris were closed. In 15t another large outbreak of the direction of the sime it originated in Asia, and through the whole of Europe and the ern hemisphere, where it assume characters of a fatal epidemic, and westward till it reached America. progress terminated. In the eight tury it again appeared, and taking a course as far as the Elbe, passed countries intermediate, and fell upon where two streams were produced ca, the other returning in a sout direction, attacking the inhabit animals of France, Spain, and mately disappearing in the Mediter "Between 1728 and 1847 we have

and alone, records of no less that serious outbreaks. In each case of influenza among the people have companied by a similar attack a mals, and of these latter the hore fered the most severely. Since la had it in Great Britain and in A either a severe form (as in 1872-modified form, pretty regularly; year we have intelligence of the making among the hard-working large towns. As there has been some years during which we have the disease was in 1871 called t can horse disease; but in 1881 Chicago gave it the name of spin some writers in England at once the conclusion that it was a new wrote and spoke of it as such in The London (Eng.) Journal

disease itself is of a very compli-acter, there being in the more s catarrh of the mucous membra the respiratory and alimentar typhoid fever, acute rheumat some cases, inflammation of the bowels, and brain, and occasional ts name of 'pink-eye' comes fro ness of the eyes, which is a promit tom in all cases. The first sympt will be langour, dulness in hara-ness, sweating easily, and, in m actual staggering from weakness are prostration in the course of ten being first taken. The horse hang the ears droop, the eyes become vethe ears droop, the eyes become ver the pulse very quick—frequent as seventy to eighty per minute, ibut gradually getting weak; the are rapid; the eyelide swell, some to close entirely, and the temperange as high as 105 deg. to I All these symptoms will appear in of the first twelve hours. During twelve hours there will be colick-constitution and the exception we pation, and the excret hard and dry, and covered wit