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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 11. 1881.

AN. AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued from last week,)

Mrs. Diggs put one slim hand to one claimed. "There is my other cousin, Jane Van Corlear. We won't ask Jane until we are sure of the others. Then we shall be sure of getting her to fill the vacant place. You remember her at Coney Island, don't you? No? Well, in a certain sense nobody ever remem. hers poor Jane, and nobody ever forgets her. She has been a widow for years, like Cornelia. But she never asserts herself. She is tallowy, obese, complaisant. She rarely goes anywhere, and yet she leaves a sort of aristocratic trail wherever she has been. She will accept if I tell her to; she always gives in to me, though in her sluggish way I know she thinks me objectionable. Poor Jane is a perfect goose, and yet I dote on her. She is such a dear. consistent, inoffensive, companionable goose, don't you know? Claire, your dinner-party is entirely arranged." "I am afraid not," said Chaire, du-

The next day she and Mrs. Diggs concocted the invitations together. On the day following, the two ladies whom they had asked each sent a courteous, conventional refusal.

Mrs. Van Horn gave no reason for her refuel. Mrs. Arcularius mentioned a previous engagement as the reason of "You see," said Claire, to her fal-

lacious counselor, "our ladies are not obtainable after all." She was secretly chagrined; but Mrs.

Diags showed herself openly so. "It is too bad!" declared the latter. "I've a lurking belief in the authenticity of Mrs. Arcularius's previous engagement. As for Cornelia, I suspect pique at your not having been to visit her. But we shall see what we shall see, regarding Mrs. Van Horn. Of course our little dinner is ruined. You must preside as the only woman, Claire, and I don't doubt you will do it charmingly. But I shall drop in upon Cornelia to-morrow, and try to sound the unfathomable."

Mrs. Diggs did so, and on the aftermoon of the same day she sought out Claire, filled with her recent exploring

"She received me, my dear Claire, with a great deal of high-nosed graciousness. I hadn't been three minutes in her presence before I felt that her cold, serene eyes were reading me through and through. She mentioned you herself; she made it a point to do so. She spoke of you as that pretty young we-man whom Beverley used to know. Then she recollected that you had asked her to dinner. But of course I could not accept,' she said, with her best sort of ducal look. 'I do not really know your friend. I have met her only once, and then for a few minutes.' wasted to change the conversation after that; she has vaet tect in the way of changing conversations; great leaders like herself always have. But I would sot put up with that at all. I am usually a good deal awel by Cornelia. But I made up my mind not to be awed to day at any hazard. I reminded her that abe had sought to know you and asked you so visit her. I showed her that I would not stand her delicate rapier-thrusts. I swung a bludgeon, and I flatter myself

swung a bludgeon, and I flatter myself that I swung it rather well. I told her that she had given you a perfect right to invite her. I told her that you had areated her with unusual courtery, and that instead of leaving a slip of meaningless pasteboard with her footman, you had resolved on the more honest and significant civility of asking her to linner. Moreover, I added, the fact of lear brother having been your most in-

timate friend had rendered, to my thinking, the civility a still more kindly and "You must have made her very

angry," said Claire, with a peculiar fleeting smile.
"Angry? She was in a white heat. She could never be in a red one, don't you know, she is so constitutionally placid and chill. She replied that you had actually attempted to offer her pat-ronage, and that your effort had amused

her not a little.'

"Did she say that?" questioned Claire, with a certain quick eagerness. Then I was right at first. She had some unpleasant purpose in wanting me

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Diggs; "you never suggested such a thing before!"

Claire had grown very grave and calm again. "Did I not?" she said. "Well, I had supposed it. It was a sort of Mrs. Diggs took one of Claire's hands

and held it, at the same time giving her an intent look. "You're keeping something from me," she said. "Yes, Claire, I know you are.

Did Beverley Thurston ever ask you to marry him ?" Claire colored to the roots of her rich-

tinted tresses. She tried to draw her hand away, but Mrs. Diggs still retained "He did!" exclaimed her friend. Your complexion tells me so! Every-

thing is explained now. You refused Beverley. Yes, my dear, you refused him. And she somehow got wind of it. Perhaps Beverley told, or perhaps his complexion, like yours, divulged secrets, don't you know? . . And yet, on second thought, Beverley's complexion could do nothing so expressive; it is too hattered and care worn; its capability for blushing is entirely null. . . No, he told her. And she has not forgiven you, and never will. Her monstrous pride would not permit her to do so. I understand everything, now. You re-member what I told you about her clannish feeling - how she loves to quietly exalt her family name? . . Ah, my dear Claire, you have committed,

in her eyes, the great unpardonable sin. I was right: I felt it to be in the air that you and she would prove enemies. I begin to think myself a sort of haphazard sibyl: I divined what would happen, and it has happened. You have presumed to refuse her brother, and Cornelia knows it. Prepare to be crushed.

Claire lightly tossed her graceful head, and her lip curled a little as she

"I am not prepared to be crushed," she said. "Mrs. Van Horn has spoiled our prospective dinner-party, as regards ladies, but she has not spoiled me." " Delightful!" declared Mrs. Diggs,

softly clapping her hands. "That's the spirit I like to see. The fight has begun; it's going to be serious. But remember that I am always your devoted auxiliary!" The dinner took place. There were

no ladies present except Claire herself. It was an extremely elegant dinner. Claire rose when coffee was being served and left the gentlemen together. She pale temple, and drooped her bright performed, so to speak, her unaided eyes. "I have it!" she presently exand dignity. And during the progress of the dinner she made a friend.

> This was Mr. Stuart Goldwin. Everybody on Wall Street knew Stuart Goldwin. He had drifted into that stormy region of success about four years ago. He had so drifted from a remote New England town, and his speculative success had been phenomenal. He was reputed to be worth at present

a good many millions of dollars. He had acquired an enormous influence among his constituents: he was the reigning Wall Street king. He had none of the vulgarity which had marked a few of his immediate predecessors; he had always shown a full appreciation of his royalty, and the duties re-sultant from it. He had been admitted with singular promptness into the social holy of holies; he was hand in glove with what are termed the best people; he belonged to three or four of the most select clubs; his circle of acquaintances had rapidly become huge.

Women liked him as much as men. He was personally the type of man whom women like. His frame was tall and imposing; he wore a large, tawny moustache, which drooped with silky abundance below a delicately-cut nostril. His eyes were large, and of a soft, glistening hazel. His manners were full of a fascinating frankness. His age was about forty years, but he might have passed for considerably younger. Books had not fed his rapid and distinctive intelligence, for he had no time to read them; and yet he had caught the reverberation, as it were, of the best and newest ideas announced by the best and newest writers.

Claire thought him delightful. He, in turn, thought her even more than this. She was a discovery to him. He had never married, and he was fond of saying in his blithe, epigrammatic way, that half womankind was so enchanting to him, as to have made, in his own case, anything except the most Oriental polygamy quite out of the question. He had wit in no small store, but when he liked a woman greatly it was his most deft of arts to keep this in very judi-cious reserve, and employ it only as a means of subtly wooing forth the mental sparkle of her to whom he paid court.

Claire found herself vain, in a covert way, of her own conversational gifts, before she had talked with Goldwin more than twenty minutes. She would have liked to talk with him exclusively during the dinner, but her two other guests were persons of importance who ought not to receive her impolitic neglect. She managed matters with tact and skill. Everybody thought her charming when she glided from the dining room, in decorous retreat before that little anti-feminine hayonet, the after dinner cigar. She had made a distinct success. She felt it as she sat in the drawing-room, waiting for the

gentlemen to secend and join her. Goldwin had not deceived her. read him with lucid insight. She saw him to be imposingly superficial; she perceived him to be a man whose polishperceived him to be a man whose polished filigrees would ring hollow at so much as one sincere tap of the fingernail. He was agreeable to her, but not admirable; he captivated, but he did not dazzle her. She compared him with Beverley Thurston, (never thinking to compare him with her husband), and noted all the more clearly his lack of genuine and manly magnitude. He came and joined her before any of the other gentlemen. His face was a little flushed from the wine he had taken, but with no unbestming suggestion.

was faultlessly dressed, in garments that seemed to accept every bend of his fine-moulded figure without a wrinkle of their dark, flexible surface. "Your husband smokes the nicest sort of cigar, but he has another possession that seems to me vastly superior." Then he broke into a mellow laugh, and waved one hand hither and thither with an air of mock explanation. "I allude to this beautiful little drawing-room,"

he continued. His mirthful, side-long glance made Claire echo his laugh. "I will tell Herbert how much you like it," she said;
"He will be so pleased to know."
"Pray do nothing of the sort!" he said with a good deal of comic serious-

ness. "I should never forgive you if you did. Husbands are such oddly ealous fellows. There is no telling what innocent little outbursts of esteem may sometimes offend them." Claire thought the time had come for

a decisive parry in the parlance of fencers. "Oh, Herbert is not at all jealous," she said, measuring the words just enough not to make them seem out it no less darkly than her kinswoman, of accord with her bright smile. "He Mrs. Van Horn, but for a different reahas never had the least occasion to be, I

He fixed his eyes with soft intentness on her sweet, blooming face. " Never?" he questioned, quite low of tone. "Never," she answered, gently la-

"But he might take some stupid pre-"Oh, if he did I would soon show him the stupidity of it. We understand each other excellently."

They talked on for at least half an hour. The other gentlemen remained below. Goldwin made no more daring complimentary hazards. Their converse turned upon social matters-upon what sort of a season it would be-upon the coming opera-upon the nature of New York entertainments—upon the men and women who were to give them. Claire made it very plain to him that she wanted to enter the gay lists. She at length said:

"Do you know Mrs. Van Horn?" Goldwin laughed. "Why don't you ask me if I know the City Hall," he said, "or the Stock Exchange? Of course I know her.'

"Do you like her?" "Nobody ever likes her. Who likes

"People sometimes worship them." "Oh, she is a good deal worshipped; you mean that.

Hollister and his two remaining guests now appeared. Claire re-welcomed both the latter gentlemen with beaming suavity. They were both important personages, as it has been re-corded. They had both important wives, to whom they repaired a little later, and to whom they loudly sang praises of Claire's loveliness. The remarks of each took substantially the same form, and the following might be given as their connubial and somewhat florid "That fellow Hollister's wife, you

know. The man I dined with to-night.

Didn't know he had a wife? Well, you'd

have known it if you had been there.

She's a splendid young creature. Hand-

some as a picture, and good style, too. By the way, Stuart Goldwin was there; you know how hard it is to get him. I shouldn't wonder if these Hollisters were going to make a dash for society soon. Now, don't repeat it, my dear, but the fact is, this Hollister can be of considerable service to me in a business way. There's no use going into particulars, for women never understand business. But . . . if anything should occur-any card be left, I mean, you may he sure what my wishes are. . . . Oh, of course; look sour and refuse point blank. Bless my soul, when did you ever do anything to help along my interests? You'll spend the money fast enough, but you won't turn a hand to help me make it. All right; do as you please. Hollister is to-day the most rising young man on the Street. There's a regular boom on him. He's got Gold-

Both ladies did know what it meant. Both ladies had looked sour, but both in due time entertained their after. thoughts.

win for a friend. You must know what

They were ladies of high fashion, each prominent within an exclusive clique. They were not powerful enough to indorse any new struggler for position; their own right of tenure was not unassailable. They dreaded this Mrs. Hollister, as it were, but they secretly resolved that it would be folly to ignore her. Meanwhile a certain interview, held by Stuart Goldwin with a certain lady of his acquaintance, was of quite different character. Goldwin did not reach the house of Mrs. Ridgeway Lee until some time after ten o'clock. It was an exceedingly pretty house. Its drawing-room, though as small as Claire's, must by comparison have put the latter completely in the shade. It was an exquisite artistic commingling of all that was rare and fine in upholstery and general embellishment.

Mrs. Ridgeway Lee, too, was in a man ner rare and fine. She rose from a deep cachemire lounge to receive Goldwin. She was dressed in crimson, with a great cluster of white and crimson roses at her breast. She pretended to be annoyed that he should have presumed to come so late. She had the last French novel in her hand, pressed against her heart, as though she loved its allurements and disliked being thus drawn from them. Goldwin knew perfectly well that she had expected him, that

she was very glad he had come. He often wondered to himself why he did not ask her to be his wife. She was passionately in love with him; she had been a widow almost since girlhood. She had a great deal of money, for which he cared nothing, and a great deal of beauty, for which he could not help but care. She had almost seriously com-promised herself by allowing him to show her attentions, where intimacy, in the judgment of the world, should long

ago eitheir have ceased entirely or else have assumed matrimonial permanence. Yet she was a woman who could, to a ertain degree, compromise herself with

"I couldn't stay away from you," he said, sinking into a happy, half-lounging posture on the sofa at her side. He was faultlessly dressed, in garments that seemed to accept every bend of his fine-moulded figure without a wrinkle disastrous fidelity. She said clever, daring, insolent, or aimable things all in the same slow, measured way, and generally managed to leave an impression that a fund of unuttered experience and observation lay behind them. She was prodigiously pious for one of her pleasure

> Her charity was liberal and incessant. She trailed her Parisian robes through the wards of hospitals, or lifted them in the ill-smelling haunts of dying paupers. Her religion and her charity went hand in hand. For some people they were both shams; for others they were ostentations, half founded on sincerity; for others they implied a forestick region. others they implied a feverish craving to drown the remorse born of persistent indiscretions; and still for others they were an intoxication, indulged in by one who did nothing half-way, and resorted to as some people drug themselves with opium, chloral, or alcohol. She denounced the new intellectual tendency among social equals of her own sex, as something wholly terrible; she frowned upon son. Its occasional lapse into rationalistic and unorthodox thought roused her

lismay and ire. "Science," she would say, in her grave, loitering manner, "is perfectly splendid. I adore it. I read books about it all the time." (There were those who coundly asserted that she did not know protoplasm from evolution.) "But this confusing it with religion is simply blasphemous and awful. I have the prooundest pity for all who do not believe levoutly. I wish I could build asylums for them, and visit them, as I do my sick

Goldwin always listened to these melincholy outbursts with a twinkling eye. the had long since ceased to try and convert him to her High Church ritualisms. He would never go to church with her and witness, in the edifice which she atended, the Episcopal ceremonial imitate, as he said, the Roman Catholic ceremonial, just as far as it dared and no further. But he would never have gone to any church with her, and she knew it, and mourned for him as ungodly. That was the way, some of her foes asserted, in which she made love to him; the mourned him as ungodly. She showed no signs of making love

o him to-night. She received him, as ilready stated, with a shocked air. "It is dreadfully late," she said, givng him her hand. "You ought not to lo it. You know that you ought not to

He kept her hand until she had again seated herself on the cachemire rounge.

Then he sat down beside her.

Her type of beauty had been called color, or rather its lack of color, had little variation. Her hair was black as night; her eyes luminous, large, and very dark; her head small, her figure lissome and extremely slender, her shoulders narrow and falling. could not be ungraceful, and her grace was always what in another would have been called unique awkwardness. She appeared, now, to be gazing at Goldwin across one shoulder. Her crimson dress was in a tight whorl about her feet. She had a twisted look, which in any one else would have suggested an imperiled anatomy. But you somehow accepted her at first sight as capable of a picturesque elasticity denied to commoner physiques. "I dropped in only for a minute,"

about the dinner." "Well? Was it nice?" "Immensely. There was only one woman, but a marvellous woman. She is Hollister's wife. I feel as if I'd been hearing a new opera by Gounod. Don't ask me to describe her.'

said Goldwin. " I wanted to tell you

Mrs. Lee was watching the speaker's face with great intentness. It was a face that she knew very well; she had given it several years of close study. " She is handsome then?"

"She's exquisite. She's going to take things by storm this winter. She wants to do it, too. And I mean to help her." "Who is she?"

"I don't know. And I don't care. am her devoted friend. I hope you will TO THE be. I want you to call on her. "Are you crazy?" said Mrs. Lee. She said it so quietly and slowly, as was her wont to say all things, that she might have been making the most ordi-

nary of queries. "Yes," laughed Goldwin, "quite out "Do you think I will go and see a woman I don't know, merely because

you ask me to do it?" He let his eyes dwell steadily upon her pale, small, piquant face, lifted above the long, round throat, on which sparkled a slim gorget of rubies, to match her

"You have done things that I wanted you to do before now," he said softly. "You'll do this, I am sure." She put one hand on his arm. The hand was so tiny and white that it

seemed to rest there as lightly as a drifted blossom. "Will you tell me all about her?" she said, in her measured "I told you that I couldn't describe her. She's like flowers that I've seen;

she's like music that I've heard; she is like perfumes that I have smelt. There's poetry for you. You're fond of poetry, She still kept her hand on his arm.

He had very rarely praised a woman in her hearing. He had never before praised one in this fashion. "Will you tell me one thing more?" "Have you fallen in love with her ?"

Goldwin threw back his head and laughed. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "she is a married woman, and her husband worships her." "Will you answer my question?" persisted Mrs. Lee.

"Yes," said Goldwin, suddenly jumping up from the lounge. "She is tre-mendously fond of her husband. There · · · your question is answered."

CONTINUED NEXT WERE.

that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried afforded no permanent relief until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all diseases of Thioat, Lungs or Bronchial Tubes, Trial bottles free at S. Pamain's drug store. Large size \$1.00,—304.

MIDISAND DISTRICT NOTES.

The hay fork swindlers have been working in the neighborhood of Napanee, where they mulcted the farmers to the tune of about \$1,600.

-Kingston wags advertised a carnival for the evening of the 1st of April. A large crowd of persons in costume attended, and rowd of persons in costume attended, and cound the words "April fool" on the door. —\$6,000 were spent on the roads of Tiny last year. The Herald says: "How the spirit of Boss Tweed would chuckle could he but see how little was done for the

—Miss Crosby, the new salvation army captain at Kingston is not popular, as she bobs up and down when speaking like a toy jumping jack. She says she cannot help it.

-The Hon. John Stevenson died of congestion Tuesday morning of last week at Napanee. Deceased was speaker of the first parliament of the legislative assembly of

-Mr. J. H. Buck, manager of the Georgian Bay Lumber Co. at Byng Inlet, lost a valuable team of horses by drowning in the lake about twenty miles from the "Inlet" last week. -A Collingwood cow climbed on to snowbank, thence on to the roof of a shed, broke through, falling on a baby carriage, which she crushed to pieces without doing

herself the least injury. —Two Barrie girls, named Grant and McCarthy, arrested for stealing a sewing machine, have been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for vagrancy. The other charge still holds.

-The Bracebridge magistrates convicted Mr. R. Kimber Johns, Gravenhurst, of selling by public auction without a license, and imposed a fine of \$20, and costs, \$14.15. It is said Mr. Johns intends to an

-Sidney Harte of Dalton lost a purse containing a cheque for \$50 and \$3 in cash ast week in Barrie, and although he had gone a considerable distance out of town before he missed it, on returning on his tracks he was fortunate enough to find it where he dropped it.

-Robert Hannah, of Beeton, through false representation was induced to sign a paper purporting to be an agreement for an agency but which proved to be an order for 500 feet of wire, amounting to \$187.50. He now warns the public to beware of agents of the Globe Lightning Rod Com-

- The Whig thinks Kingston is pretty lively just now, as there were seven houses and a church burglarized there in the last few days, and small sums and trifling artiles stolen. The merchants and clerks indulge in pool-playing, one man recently dropped \$200, and there are hundreds of cases which do not come out.

-J. C. Miller, ex-M. P. P., died at Colton, Col., last Wednesday. His health had been poor for several years. Mr. Miller was born in Leeds county, Dec. 16, 1836, and held a prominent position in the crown lands department of Ontario for some years. He subsequently embarked in the umber business and amassed a large fortune. Mr. Miller represented Muskoka in the local legislature from 1875 to 1882, and was a supporter of the Mowat adminis-

that of a serpent. It was true that her present posture on the lounge oddly resembled a sort of coil. Her face wore at nearly all times a warm paleness: its with him, and soon discovered his name and circumstances. One of them introduced himself as Mr. McDonald, a merchant of Barrie. After a short talk one of them eaid, "By the way, Mr. Day, I have a freight bill to pay," and made the usual request for money to pay it. He had only a draft, and of course he would prefer the \$39. Both of the confidence men soon disooliged him with a loan of appeared, and neither of them could be found when the victim searched for them. He went home with a short and unpleasant experience of Toronto.

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