

All or Nothing.

Happy the man whose fair remove  
From business and the giddy throng  
Pits him in the paternal groove

But he who grooves of renown,  
Too tenacious of his ease,  
Ails for him nor busy town

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE."

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Lord Rylestone was quick enough—few men had greater tact or keener instincts; but he failed to detect one thing—he did not see that Margarita was inclined to be jealous of the young heiress. It never occurred to him; but any one suggested such an idea he would have laughed at it.

In the spring Miss Cameron went to London; it was not so much from her own wish as from the desire of Mrs. de Valmy and her charges' trustees. They represented to her that it was only right and fitting that she should take her place in the great world—that she must do as other heiresses did.

"I will," said Miss Cameron; and she kept her word. They went to London—a pretty house had been taken for them in Mayfair—and then Adelaide began the grand work of her life—to make friends.

"The beautiful Miss Cameron" soon became one of the queens of fashion. Lady Carroll presented her at Court, and then she became the rage; her bright blonde loveliness was the object of universal admiration.

"You must go—you must not refuse; he says it will lead to better things. It is the best thing you can do for yourself."

"I am reasonable now," she said, slowly; "tell me what the letter means, Allan."

"My dear child, what it means matters little, since it alarms you. I shall not even think of it."

"It means that the Earl of Barton is going to Canada, and wants one of you to go with him, as second in command to himself, do you see?"

"Yes, I understand," she replied, with the same strange gentleness.

"As Sir John says, it is not much—the little knows, Margarita, that three thousand per annum would be to us—it is not much, but it will lead to more."

"It is strange," he said to himself. "Miss Cameron is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen; and I know that some of the best men in England are longing to lay titles and wealth at her feet."

CHAPTER XV.

That letter came like a thunderbolt to the little villa at Marpeth. Lord Rylestone had never been tired of his beautiful young wife, nor yet of his home—he was enchanted with both—but he had begun to experience many inconveniences.

"There is something that pleases you, Allan," she cried; "something good has come for you at last."

"It is not all good, sweet; it has a bright and dark side. Read this, Margarita."

He placed Sir John's letter in her hands, and then he reproached himself for being cruel—for startling her—for not remembering how sensitive and tender her heart was.

"My darling Margarita," said Lord Rylestone, "I will not leave you for one week, not even to recover my lost fortune, unless you ask me to go."

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heads, and then let them fall with a passionate cry.

CHAPTER XVI.

During the remainder of the day on which Sir John Freeling's letter offering the colonial diploma returned to him, Margarita tried to keep away from her husband. She made a hundred different pretenses for not sitting with him.

"Look at it how she would, there seemed to be no alternative. Accept it, then, as an insult. The prospect for Lord Rylestone to be in—it could not last. He could not be expected to live always in the little villa, content to bury himself and his talents—to give up his life to one idea, and that simply lowly of her."

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the summer wind. Lord Rylestone reclined on a tempting-looking chair, and his beautiful young wife, with her white arms crossed, sat at his feet.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I think you are right, Margarita," he said; "you are always right."

"I must say, Margarita, that, for my own part, I should like to go; but it is leaving you, dear, that I do not wish to do."

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Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

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We commenced our Great Clearing Sale. Our stock, which at present amounts to over One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, must be reduced to Fifty Thousand before the 1st of February next, as it would be impossible for us to make the changes we contemplate and carry anything like our present stock.

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