her quickly, with a look of appre- neys, and not a sign of life was to be hension, half raising himself in his seen or heard. Fairly alarmed at last, she, in a fine Cosmopolitan spirit, had chair.

only-as before."

smile. "My poor Rose! And it is awakened. thy misfortune, never thy fault, my daughter."

had been her fault.

say his name was Dane? A name of along the passage, and were followed ill-omen, my child, that should have by a great unbarring and unchaining frivolities of the one being presumwarned you from admitting him with- and unlocking within. Then the door ably tempered by the solidity of the in your doors. Of course, he is no re- opened wide, and a very dirty-faced, other. lation?-I think you told me that." | rough-haired woman, with her sleeves

at Hidden House that the name of the in her grimy face. clergyman had startled her, and it was in truth, a brother of Matthew Dane, could be aringing so." an unwelcome and unexpected coin- charing." cidence to him?

house; as a friend, he would not be a face as white as death. received, and as priest, their religion protected them from his possible visits. to shield him from annoying ideas.

to him, it had been merely as the Anglican clergyman's son, that he was the nephew of his uncle had never been was off guite sudden like, and Mr. revealed to him.

herself in her remorse.

To Monsieur de Brefour the notion | But I says to my old man, says I--" that Rose had admirers, was an amuslittle to himself; it did not occur to gone." him that to Rose herself there could possibly be any tragic complication in knows, I don't." the situation.

Old Martine entering with the tray for his dinner-little delicacies which she had cooked herself of sweetbread and daintily fried potatoes—was greeted by an unwonted outburst of hilarity from her old master.

"See here, Martine," stretching out daughter-in-law, "Madame has lovers -impertinent young donkeys, who want to pay court to her. We must the dozen, the heartless one, and much she cares! Ah! what it is to be young and beautiful!"

Martine threw a swift look of termight be a joke to the old man, but ble. was it one to her? Martine knew better.

she joined faintly in the laughter, es, and stayed to help him to them.

hands.

"Ah, my poor treasure," said the faithful creature brokenly, "is it never to end-never And this one-such a beau jeune homme! Grande dieu, but it is hard!"

"Hush, Martine, you must not talk like that; Monsieur is right to laugh, it is ridiculous you know for me, quite ridiculous."

And then the tears burst forth, and Rose turned and fled into the sanctu-

ary of her own bedchamber. A week later-the east winds still blew cold and keen over the Downs; the daffodils and primroses still bloomed in a blaze of yellow in sheltered corners under the hedges and along the tangled border of the drive; there were a few more little bright green buds upon the sycamores and the lilac bushes than a week ago, a little further promise of summer that struggled out into life in spite of adverse circumstances-no other change; when a young man came springing up the hill with that light, buoyant step which youth, and hope, and happy love alone can give. His face was bright with a glad expectancy, his brown eyes shone, his lips were curled into a smile as he came. She had not sent to meet him at the station, but that was nothing; he gave his bag to a porter and hurried on on foot, eager to look once more into the face that was so dear to him. When he came in sight of the grey gateway, he wondered perhaps a little that the familiar graceful figure was not standing there to greet him; wondered a little too, that the sharp bark of her little curse. dog did not ring as usual upon his ears. It was only a small, mild wonder, nothing more, no apprehension, no anxiety was in his mind; perhaps she was out driving, perhaps the old man was ailing, and she was in his room. What did it matter? In a few min-

be with her. house, something strange and unexflower-pot filled with daffodils upon china-with Burne-Jonesian wall de- me whilst I am out."

"You have heard news?" he asked closed; no smoke came from the chim-Geoffrey hastened forward and rang endeavoured to carry out the ideas of "No, no-nothing," she answered the door-bell; it clanged loudly at his soothingly, passing her hand caressing- touch, and the echoes went ringing on ly upon the sleeve of his coat; "it is and on in a ghostly fashion within, of it; some new fancy had cropped up, dying away by degrees into the per-"Ah-des amants?" he said, with a fect silence from which they had been itself, a standing monument of half-

utes, then, sick with a horrible dread strictly speaking, it was false in art and She was silent, looking away from of he knew not what, he rang again him, for this time she knew that it | This time, distant sounds from the further side of the house responded to whole. Lady Lessiter's friends always "It is that young man-did you not his call. Heavy steps came stumping told her, either that her house was a She had never told him. He had tucked up above her elbows, and her taken it for granted, and she had not gown gathered up about her waist, cared to undeceive him. It was only confronted him, with a dustpan in her after they had settled themselves down | hand and a look of much astonishment

"Law, Mr. Geoffrey, fancy it's being long before she discovered that he was you! I couldn't think whoever is

the head of the great merchant house | It was a woman out of his father's of Dane and Trichet. Why disturb parish who earned her living by the the old man's rest by revealing such homely process known as "going out

"Where is Madame de Brefour?" was She knew that a Protestant clergy- all that Geoffrey could find voice to man was not likely to enter their say, and he said it with a gasp, with

"Them furrineering people you mean, sir? Oh! they've left-turned She had not meant to deceive him, only out bag and baggage last Tuesday as ever was, and a good job, says I, to get When Geoffrey had been introduced rid of a lot of Papists and jabbering furrin servants as never do no good in a decent English parish. Yes, they Wright he telegraphs to me-quite giv' Yet there was a certain sense of me a turn, that tallygram did, sirtreachery upon his soul, as though she but knowing as how I'd minded the had tampered with the natural en- place before, Mr. Wright he telegrams, emies of her race. Was that why she that I am to go and clean it down, was so bitterly punished? she asked of and that I and my old man can stop in it if so be like till it's let again.

"Never mind," broke in Geoffrey iming one. He even chuckled over it a patiently, "tell me where they have

> "Have they left no address, no orders about forwarding letters-nothing?"

"What, them furriners, sir? Lord

"Nothing as I knows on, sir." He pushed past her into the house

and entered the library. What a dreadful thing is a room we have loved and been happy in, when shorn of the presence that has beautihis long, lean finger playfully at his fied it in our eyes. A woman's room most especially is utterly desolate, when she who had made it her own, disreputable though fascinatings young and lived in it daily, has left it for leave, I am told, because of Madame's ever. Geoffrey looked round the famadmirers! She breaks their hearts by | iliar place with a sort of despair. The books were all gone, the book-shelves standing bare, and empty, like yawning caverns out of which jewels have been taken; gone too, was the litter ror at Madame's flushing face. It of magazines and papers upon the ta-The vases that were wont to be always filled with fresh flowers, the cushions that used to pillow her lovely As for Rose, she bore it bravely, as head, the footstool upon which her tiny she bore all things. Though the hot slippers were wont to rest-gone the color, partly pain, and partly shame, litter of nick-nacks from the writinghad flooded her beautiful face, yet table and the mantelshelf, and all the small trifles with which a woman's kissed the old man on the forehead, daily life surrounds itself. The room uncovered the dainty little silver dish- was empty and void, silent and cold as the grave; it was like looking upon Only, without, in the narrow passage, a dead face. A bitter misery flooded her heart failed her, when Martine his soul as he looked at it. All at clutched her convulsively by both once he remembered, with a sudden rush of painful memory, how she had satisfy her. said to him, only a week ago, that she would go away and leave no trace behind her by which he could follow her. This, then, was what, she had done to him la

But why had she done it; had he not kept his bargain with her? Had he not been true to his promised word? He had done as she had asked him-and | Cromwell Road. It was not likely that kept his love back out of her sight, so as to preserve her friendship—had crushed away his own feelings so as to respect and consider hers-and this was his reward! He had been faithful to his part of the covenant between them, but she, she had broken hers!

And he was very angry with her. Angry with that anger against those street. we love, that is so terrible in its cut-

ting anguish. Ah! better a thousand times is the coldness of indifference than that sharp pain of wrath that stabs with ing dolls-all day long she was flying knifethrusts into our very hearts!

Hot tears, that almost burnt him as on that sad empty room, strode past the more amusing work, than finding a still gaping charwoman into the open husband for pretty Angel Halliday, air, and away down the daffodil-bord- which she had assured her husband a ered way.

through the bones. Cold as you may be, you are nothing to that bitterest no dearer nor fonder word than

CHAPTER XI.

Angel Halliday stood leaning somewhat disconsolately against the lace ry when Angel made Dulcie's arrival window curtains of Lady Lessiter's an excuse for not going out with her smart house in Pont Street. It was as usual. a new, red brick abode of the latest utes, a few seconds indeed, he would Queen Anne pattern; more Queen take Mrs. Vere out in the Victoria-she Anne, in fact, than any edifice ever will have the next stall to mine, you When he got within sight of the erected within the reign of that Grac- know, on the 10th; she is, going to sell ious Sovereign of happy memory. It flowers and ferns, and wants me to from general functional derangement. ricultural population of this country pected in its appearance struck upon was great in red gables and white drive her to that pottery shop to get Mr. Parvenu - I knew it. Maybe is unbounded, is one of the most inhim with a cold chill. There was a woodwork, in small colored window some little pots and vases; and then I she'll give me credit with knowing a teresting figures in modern Hungarstillness as of death itself upon Hid- panes, and in quaint projecting bal- can go again to Liberty's for the gold few things after a while. I told her ian life. den House. There were no muslin conies. Inside it was a miracle of embroidery-and do, like a dear thing, to quit gadding around to all these curtains at the windows, no bright Wardour Street furniture and blue finish dressing that Circassian slave for swell functions or she'd be sick. Now

latest novelty of textile fabrics . from | to the garments of the Circassian slave Maple's. Lady Lessiter had had once when her hostess had left her. She a mania for furnishing and decorating only stood in a melancholy mood by -for six months she had gone mad over the window, and looked listlessly into t-she had tried fifty different experi- the street. ments in every room in the house, had | Everything looked gay and sunshiny fitted up her drawing-room successively |-flower boxes of geraniums and white in the Moresque, the Earl English, and daisies bloomed at the open windows the Japanese styles ,had flown about of the houses opposite; carriages flashto every second-hand dealer in London, picking-up' what she called bar- men; children ran gayly along the gains, but which were in truth but bad bargains for poor Sir George, who py and busy in the sweet summer after was required in time to pay for them, She had held committees of art and taste in her house, wherein everybody had suggested something different, and all, and finally, after she had spent a small fortune, suddenly she got sick and the High Art House was left to finished incongruity and inconsistency. He waited, perhaps three whole min- Yet it cannot be denied that, although meretricious in decoration, it was, nevertheless, exceedingly effective on the paradise, or that it was a museum-the

Whether Angel Halliday, in her week's sojourn with her friend, had enjoyed it as a museum is uncertain, but very decidedly she had not looked upon it as a paradise.

Lady Lessiter had, nevertheless, done her duty as a hostess to the pretty girl whom she had invited to stay with a stall, you know, at the bazaar; and her. She had taken her about to con- she has settled upon dolls, in the her to dinner at Hurlingham, and to supper at the New Club. She had driven her down to Sandown Races, and had invited a great many smart young men, in immaculate collars and exotic button-hole bouquets, to dine and to lunch at the house in her honour. Yet all these delights had totally failed to satisfy her.

When a young woman's soul is set upon one particular young man, then, not all the joys of the whole earth nor yet the entire male population of Christendom, can render her happy if that one particular young man be missing. Now that is an incontrovertible truism, quite as old as the hills and quite as unchangeable, and yet it is constantly being left out of our calculations in our dealings with young women.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asks a mother of a sad, languid daughter, whom she is vainly endeavouring to

render happy.

"Nothing, mamma," answers the young lady, and the mother rests satisfied with the unsatisfactory answer. "Why does Edith look so pale, or Maggie eat nothing, or Florence sit so silent?" enquires John Bull of his wife, with affectionate solicitude; and Edith is forthwith taken to the seaside, and Maggie is ordered horse exercise, and Florence is taken more into society. But neither father nor mother remember that briefless barrister who has been civilly dropped, or that captain, who has not had an invitation to dinner for ever so long, or the penniless younger son of the country vicar, whom from obvious reasons it has been considered expedient to ignore,-and so the girls pine after the "one man," until they are tired of piningg, and by and bye they get over that miseryfor girls do not often die of broken hearts-and they marry somebody else because there is nothing else left for them to do, and they settle down contentedly into a quiet, common-place sort of happiness, which, perhaps, is the best thing in the long run for them, but with which the first fever of

Thus it was that Angel Halliday pined for the unattainable, and that all the joys of the London season failed to

For Horace Lessiter had not been once to his sister-in-law's house since she had been in town-he was in London she knew, and yet he had never been to rest, and yet look at the way the poor see her-surely he could not love her. To-day, Dulcie was coming, up to join her, and to-morrow they were both to go on and stay with old Mr. Dane, in

Diamond Cut Diamond there. All hope, therefore, seemed to have come to an end to-day. No wonder that Anger had declined to go out driving with her hostess, and now stood sadly, in her loneliness looking vaguely and miserably out into the sunny

Captain Lessiter would find her out

The room behind her was a litter of confusion and disorder. Her ladyship was going to hold a stall at a fancy bazaar, and was hard at work dressabout buying expensive materials for the costumes of her dolls-it was her they welled up from within, blinded latest mania. Every doll on her stall Geoffrey's eyes-he turned his back up- was to be differently attired. Much few weeks ago it was her solemn mis-Ah, cold blast of spring! Ah, cold | sion from on High to do. To make more winds, that cut with nipping keenness money at her doll stall for the Out-of-Work Labourers' phan Society," than that horrid sorrow of a man's young life, when his Mrs. Jenkins, who painted her face and first love has betrayed his trust, and, ogled the men, and who boasted to all for all her sweet beauty, he can find her friends that she would take the wind out of her, Lady Lessiter's, sails at the bazaar-that at present was the end and object of Venetia's existence from morning till night she thought of nothing else. She was not at all sor-

"Oh! all right, dear; then I can

the library window sill, and in one of corations that were draped wuth the But 'Angel did not address herself violent, dock

ed by filled with smartly-dressed wopavements; and everybody looked hapnoon, but Angel only felt miserable

Then all at once her heart beat, and there was a sudden revulsion of joy within her, for a hansom had dashed up to the door, and somebody sprang out of it and ran lightly up the steps below. He had come at last, then! Oh, why would her cheeks burn so hotly, and her heart flutter so wildly!

"All alone, Miss Halliday?" cried Horace Lessiter, in his cheery voice, as he entered; and then he cast a hurried glance round the room, as though he was looking for something. "My sister-in-law out? Good heavens! what is all this about?"

He was confronted by a row of twenty dolls, all in different costumes, that were propped up in a line on the end of the grand piano, while at least as many more, in all states and conditions of incompleteness of toilet, were scattered about the room, on the sofas and tables.

"Is Venetia starting a toyshop?" "Not exactly," answered Angel, laughing and recovering her composure and her cool pink cheeks at the same time by a wonderful process of self-control; "but she is going to keep the earth. We are hard at work dressing them. It makes rather a mess in the room, I must confess."

To Be Continued.

WINTER WRINKLES.

Irishly Speaking .- She is rather wanfaced, think you not? Bedad, she is two-faced. She—It requires money to get into

society nowadays. He-Yes, and it requires brains to keep out of it. Pa, what is a scheme? I can't define

it, my son; but it is something that will fall through quicker than anything else on earth. I'm sorry the golf season has closed,

Why? It is better to have people go and play the game, than to have them sit around and talk about it. Just Filled the Bill-The Heiress-

The man I marry mus the very handsome, afraid of nothing, and clever. Money's no object to me. Mr. Broke -Doesn't it seem like fate that we should have met. Wise Father-And remember this, my

son, that the race is not always to the swift. The Son, who has had some experience,-I should say it wasn't-especially in a professional sprinting

Young man, said the investigating philanthropist, you are an interesting puzzle to me. You are too proud to beg, too honest to steal, and too lazy to work. How in the world do you manage? I get trusted.

Old Lady-Now, porter, you're quite sure you've put all my luggage in ?the big portmanteau and- Porter-All right, mum. Old Lady-And you're certain I've not left anything behind? Porter-No, mum, not even a copper!

What would our wives say if they love's young hopes has very little to only knew where we are to-night? remarked the captain of a vessel beating about in a thick fog. I wouldn't care what they said, replied the mate, if we only knew where we were our-

A Field Day for Both Parties-She-People talk of Sunday being a day of women have to work to get their husbands to go to church. He-Yes, and yet look at the way the poor husbands have to work to get out of going. Wyseman-I make it a rule never to

ask a gentleman to return money he has borrowed of me. Pratt-Then how do you manage to get it? Wyseman-Oh, after I wait a reasonable time if he fails to pay up I conclude that he is not a gentleman and I ask him.

Sunday-School Teacher-Who was the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Bright Pupil-Peter. Teacher-Why, I wasn't aware of any reference being made to his stature. Bright Pupil-He spoke of it himself, when he said, "Silver and gold have I none." Could any one be shorter.

Getting Through the List-What does your Majesty intend to do next? inquired the German Emperor's friend. I don't know, was the answer with a suppressed yawn. I'm afraid the field is pretty near exhausted. When you get time I wish you'd try to think up something more for me to excel in.

Hadn't Forgotten It .- Mr. Peck-For years I have suffered in silence, but you should remember the old saying that even the worm will turn. Mrs. Peck-Well, I hope you don't call yourself a worm, do you? Mr. Peck-Possibly not-and yet on the day of our marriage I have a distinct recollection of hearing some one refer to you as le early bird.

SOLICITOUS.

Loctor-Your wife, sir, is suffering she's deranged. Is she liable to be

STRANGE REMEDIES.

Lizards are Good for Cancer and Water in a Red Glass Cures Epilepsy.

In the old medieval days the strangest and most remarkable things were used as drugs for the amelioration and cure of disease. Even to-day we may still find curious cures. One of the strangest in this latter category is the use of precious stones for the cure of disease. The diamond is considered one of the most useful of all gems, and is especially indicated in certain diseases of the nervous system. Its successful application in long standing cases of feminine irritability has long been known to the average husband and lover, but its prosaic use as a substitute for asafetida or other objectionable substances will no doubt come as a surprise to everybody. Novel as is the idea, it, however, finds a parallel in the case of certain nations, who believe that a diamond placed in a glass of water communicates many virtues to the fluid, making it exceedingly valuable in the cure of disease. In Jamaica the natives believe resolutely that people with warts can get rid of them provided they use a piece of pork fat to rub the excrescences, and then bury the fat immediately after using it, a new piece being used for each application. For the cure of warts, indeed, a somewhat similar remedy is in vogue certs and exhibitions—she had taken dresses of every nation on the face of in certain parts of England, the excrescences being rubbed with a piece of beef, which must, however, be stolen before it is used, and must then be carefully buried. Breathing on a wart nine times at the time of the new moon is also declared to be very effectual in removing them. Among other remarkable methods of curing must certainly be mentioned one which is much used in certain parts of the Tyrol for cancer. This consists in decapitating and skinning lizards, the flesh of which is cut up into pieces and swallowed by the patient without cooking or any modification. After a few doses of this "drug" have been swallowed they are said to produce a profuse perspiration and gradually a sloughing off of the cancerous growth which is repaired by perfectly healthy tissue. Scarcely less potent is a mode of healing which is much vaunted in certain quarters of India. This may be called "color healing." It consists of administering water in glasses, of different colors, from which color the draft obtains its properties, which are magical in their effect-provided the patient is endowed with sufficient faith. Water in a red glass will cure epilepsy, insomnia, nervous diseases, the plague, fevers and agues and half a score of the other diseases which mortal flesh is heir to. In a blue glass it is a sovereign remedy for the palsy, for falling sickness, for typhoid and for numerous other allied and non-related complaints, while in a green glass it is a specific for other complaints, and in yellow for yet another batch

WHITE MEN AS SLAVES.

In Hungary Peasants Are Harnessed of the Plough Like Beasts of Burden.

Stephen Varkonyi, the leader of the peasants revolution which convulsed Hungary during the early months of the year, has just been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for high trea-

The movement which was inaugurated by Varkonyi, was a revolt against the remnants of serfdom, which still exist in some parts of Hungary. In these districts each peasant is compelled to work fifty days in the year for the landowner without pay.

These fifty days of compulsory labour are not successive, or at fixed intervals, but when the landowner has work to be done he sends a drummer through the village, and every male inhabitant is obliged to respond to the

Thereupon so many men are selected as are required. The landowner almost invariably exacts this labour in the summer when the peasant's time is most valuable to him.

In summer the peasant can earn as much as one shilling a day; in winter not more than fourpence or sixpence. In winter the peasants are compelled to act as beaters in the magnates' hunts for a wage of twopence a day. The occupation is a dangerous one, and the time is not counted in the annual fifty days' compulsory labour.

The wives of the peasants are required to sweep and scrub the local manor house once a week without pay. Finally, many landowners, use the peasants as beasts of burden, harnessing four men

to the plough instead of two oxen. Stephen Varkonyi, who instigated the revolt against these degrading conditions of labour, is a sort of Hungarian Wat Tyler. He is the son of poor peasants, was educated in the farmyard, and graduated in the field.

He is quite a typical horny-handed son of toil, is physically tall, stoutly built, with plenty of character, in his shaggy head and small eyes, with their suggestion of the Mongolian slit, and has that rough kind of natural humor which appeals to the simple, peasant mind.

Varkonyi, whose power over the ag-

Author, after completing a new book -There, that will make me more immortal than ever.