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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

"Poor soul!" sighed Vixen; "she has never been kind to me; but what a dreary life I have led in that old house!"

They had Argus in the fly with them, sitting up, with his mouth open, and his tail flapping against the bottom of the vehicle in perpetual motion. He kept giving his paw first to Vixen, and then to Rorie, and exhaled a great deal of attention, inasmuch that Mr. Vawdrey exclaimed:

"Vixen, if you don't keep that dog within bounds, I shall think him as great a nuisance as a stepson. I offered to marry you, you know, not you and your dog."

"You don't expect me to be polite, I hope. What is the use of carrying one's old playmate if one cannot be unwell to her now and then? To me you will always be the lovely-haired little girl I used to tease."

"Who used to tease you, you mean. You were very weak in those days."

"Oh, what a happy voyage that was, ever the summer sea! They sat side by side upon the bridge, sheltered from wind and sun, and talked the happy nonsense lovers talk; but which can hardly be so sweet between lovers whose youth and childhood have been spent far apart, as between those who have and had every desire and every thought in unison. How brief the voyage seemed! It was but an hour or so since Rorie had been buying peaches and grapes, and here was the end of the pier at Gurnsey, and here were the Needles and the chalky cliffs and the uplifting downs of the Wight. The Wight! That meant Hampshire and home!"

"How often those downs have been our weather-class, Rorie, when we have been riding across the hills between Lyndhurst and Beaulieu!" said Vixen.

She had a world of questions to ask her ex-husband, but she almost expected to hear that Lyndhurst had died of old age; that the hounds had died of old age; that the Knightwood Oak had been struck by lightning; or that some among these calamities which time naturally brings had befallen the surroundings of her home. It was the strangest thing in the world to hear that nothing had happened, that everything was exactly the same as it had been when she went away. That dreary year of exile had seemed long enough for earthquakes and destructions, or even for slow decay.

"Do you know what became of Arion?" asked Vixen, almost afraid to shape the question.

"Oh, I believe he was sold, soon after you left home," Rorie answered, carelessly.

"Self! left home, Rorie, dear! 'Poor dear thing! Yes, I felt sure Captain Carmichael would sell him. But I hoped—"

"What?"

"That some one I knew might buy him, Lord Mallock, perhaps."

"Lord Mallock! Ah, you thought he would buy your horse, for love of the rider. But you see constancy isn't one of that noble Irishman's virtues. He loves and he rides away—when the lady won't have him, he'll extend. No, Arion was sent up to Tallegally's, and disposed of in the usual way. Some fellow bought him for a covert hack."

"I hope the man wasn't a heavy-weight," exclaimed Vixen, almost in tears.

"She thought Rorie was horribly unfeeling."

"What does it matter? A horse must earn his salt."

"I had rather my poor pet had been shot, and buried in one of the meadows at home," said Vixen, plaintively.

"Captain Carmichael was too wise to allow that. Your poor pet would have a hundred and forty-five guineas under the hammer."

"I don't think it is very kind of you to talk of him so lightly," said Vixen.

This was the only little cloud that came between them in all the voyage. Long before sunset they were leaning into Southampton Water, and the velvet light was still shining on the furzy levels, when the brougham that contained Vixen and her fortunes drove along the road to Lyndhurst.

She had asked the coachman for news of his mistress, and had been told that Mrs. Carmichael was pretty much the same. The answer was in some measure reassuring; yet Vixen's spirits began to sink as she drew nearer home, and must soon find herself face to face with the truth. There was a sadness in that quiet evening hour, and the shallow distances seemed full of gloom after the dancing waves, and the gay morning light.

The dusk was creeping slowly on as the carriage passed the lodge, and drove between green walls of rhododendron to the house. Captain Carmichael was smoking his cigar in the porch, leaning against the Gothic masonry, in the attitude Vixen knew so well of old.

"If my mother were lying in her coffin, I dare say he would be just the same," she thought, bitterly.

The captain came down to open the carriage-door. Vixen's first glance at his face showed her that he looked worn and anxious.

"Is mamma very ill?" she said tremulously.

"Very ill," he answered, in a low voice. "Mind, you are to do or say nothing that can agitate her. You must be quiet and cheerful. If you see a

your good taste. You know how little I have of my own."

"Ah, Violet, if you had only married Lord Mallock! He would have given my whole mind to your touseau then; but it is too late now, dear. I have not strength enough to interest myself in anything."

The truth of this complaint was painfully obvious. Pamela's day was done. She lay, half effaced among her down pillows, as weak and helpless looking as a snow-drop, whose stem is broken. The life that was left in her was the merest remnant of life. It was as if one could see the last sands running down in the glass of time.

Violet sat by her side, and pressed her cold hands in both her own. Mrs. Carmichael was very cold, although the room seemed stifling, to the traveler who had come out of the cool night air.

"Dear mother, there will be no pleasure in me in being married if you do not take any interest in my touseau," pleaded Vixen, trying to cheer the invalid by dwelling on the things her soul had most loved in life.

"Do not talk about it, my dear," her mother exclaimed peevishly. "I do not know where the money is to come from. Theodore's bill was positively dreadful. Poor Conrad had quite a struggle to pay it. You will be rich when you are of age, but we are awfully poor. If we do not save money during the next few years we shall be destitute. Conrad says so. Fifteen hundred a year, and a big house like this, is no joke. I should be starvation. Conrad has closed Theodore's account. I am sure I don't know where your touseau is to come from."

Here the afflicted Pamela began to sob hysterically, and Vixen found it hard work to comfort her.

"My dearest mother, how can you be poor and I rich?" she said, when the invalid had been tranquillized, and was lying helpless and exhausted. "Do you suppose I would not share my income with you as well as my touseau?" answered Rorie. "In one week's moment of my life I was foolish enough to let my mother choose a wife for me, unconsciously, years before."

"May I go to mamma at once?" asked Vixen.

The captain said yes, and she went up the staircase and along the corridor to Mrs. Carmichael's room. Oh, how dear and familiar the old house looked, how full of richness and color after the bareness and decay of Les Tourelles; how broad, certain, hanging in heavy folds against the carved eiken frame-work of a deep-set window, glowing with evening light, stealing through old stained glass; everywhere a rich glow of form and hue that filled and soothed the eye, a house worth living in, sanctified with but a little love to her, but how worthless these things, if discord and hatred found a habitation among them.

The door of Mrs. Carmichael's room stood half open, and the lamp-light shone faintly from within. Violet went softly in. Her mother was lying on a bed that had been newly lighted, and sitting opposite her, reading aloud in a very sleepy voice out of the Court Journal. "The bride was exquisitely attired in ivory satin with bouffes of old Duchesse, the skirt covered with tulle, poulture, and lace, with garlands of orange blossoms—"

"Pauline," murmured the invalid, feebly, "you never learn to read with expression? You are giving me the sweetest idea of Lady Evelyn Fitzdamer's appearance."

Violet went over to the sofa and knelt by her mother's side and embraced her tenderly, looking at her earnestly all the while, in the clear soft lamp-light. Yes, there was indeed a change. The stricken, delicate face was pinched and lined, but the eyes of the complexion had altered to a dull gray. Premature age had hollowed the cheeks, and lined the forehead. It was a change that meant decline and death. Violet's membered the captain's warning, and bravely strove to put on an appearance of cheerfulness.

"Dear mother, I am so happy to come home to you," she said, gaily; "and I'm going to nurse and pet you, for meekness and so; till you get tired of me, and I shall never be strong again."

"Dearest, I has always been your habit to fancy yourself an invalid."

"Yes, Violet, once I may have been full of fancies, but now I know that I am ill. You will not be unkind or unkind to me, will you? He sent you directly I asked him. He has such a goodness to me. Try and get on with him nicely, dear, for my sake."

This was urged with such piteous supplication, that it would have needed a harder heart than Violet's to deny the prayer.

"Dear mother, forget that the captain and I ever quarrelled," said Vixen, "I mean to be excellent friends with him henceforward. And, darling, I have a secret to tell you, if you would like to hear it."

"What secret, dear?"

"Lady Mabel Ashbourne has filled Rorie's shoes."

"My love, that is no secret. I heard all about it the day before yesterday. People have talked of nothing else since it happened. Lady Mabel has behaved admirably."

"If other women were wise enough to draw back at the last moment, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. But Lady Mabel's elopement is only the prologue to my story."

"What can you mean, child?"

"Rorie came to Jersey to make me an offer."

"So soon? Oh, Violet, what had 'Ought he to have gone into mourning? He did not even sing willow, but he came straight off to me, and told me he had loved me all his life; so now you will have my touseau to think about, dearest, and I shall want all

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Nov. 19.—Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white or red, \$1; No. 2 mixed, 90c; No. 2 yellow, 80c to 90c; Manitoba—No. 1 hard, \$1.13; No. 1 northern, \$1.11; No. 2, \$1.09; Barley—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 70c; No. 3, extra, 77c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 53c, outside; mixed, 52c, outside. Rye—No. 2, 50c, outside. Corn—No. 2 yellow, American, 68c; No. 2, 60c; Toronto freights, No. 2 yellow, 68c to 69c.

Flour—No. 2, 70c, outside. Buckwheat—No. 2, 70c, outside. Bran—\$1 to \$2 in bulk outside. Shorts, \$2 to \$3.

Country Produce.

Butter—With the closing down of these factories comes an easier tone to creamery products.

Creamery prints 29c to 30c
Dairy prints 29c to 30c
Eggs—No. 1, 27c; No. 2, 25c to 26c; No. 3, 23c to 24c.

Poultry—Nice fat chickens are worth from 9c to 10c, with inferior stock selling around 6c to 7c. Choice ducks are scarce and are at 10c to 11c; fat, clean, ducked turkeys are in satisfactory demand at 14c to 15c.

Beans—Steady at \$1.50 to \$1.60 for primes and \$1.50 to \$2 for hand-picked. Honey—Strained steady, at 11c to 12c per lb. and combs at \$1.75 to \$2.50 per lb.

Baled Hay—Timothy, \$18.50 per ton in car lots on track.
Baled Straw—Firm at \$10 to \$10.50 per ton on track.

Provisions.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Lard clear bacon, 11c to 11 1/2c for arcs; cases; ham, medium and light, 15c to 17c; hams, 13 1/2c to 14c; backs, 10 1/2c to 11c; shoulders, 10c to 10 1/2c; ribs, 10c to 11c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; green meats out of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

Dressed Hogs—\$8.50 for lightweight and \$8 for heavy.

Pork—Short cut, \$22.75 to \$23 for bar; mess, \$20 to \$21.

Lard—Firm, 11c; tubs, 12 1/2c; tubs, 13c.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Nov. 19.—Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$6.10 to \$6.20; second patents, \$5.50 to \$5.70; winter wheat patents, \$5.75 to \$6; straight lots, \$5.50 to \$5.75; in bags, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Manitoba—No. 1, \$2.10; No. 2, \$2.00; No. 3, \$1.90; No. 4, \$1.80; No. 5, \$1.70; No. 6, \$1.60; No. 7, \$1.50; No. 8, \$1.40; No. 9, \$1.30; No. 10, \$1.20; No. 11, \$1.10; No. 12, \$1.00; No. 13, \$0.90; No. 14, \$0.80; No. 15, \$0.70; No. 16, \$0.60; No. 17, \$0.50; No. 18, \$0.40; No. 19, \$0.30; No. 20, \$0.20; No. 21, \$0.10; No. 22, \$0.05; No. 23, \$0.02; No. 24, \$0.01.

The local market was fairly quiet today. Manitoba No. 2, white, 60c; Ontario, 58c; Quebec No. 2, 50c to 50 1/2c; No. 3, 48c to 48 1/2c; No. 4, 46 1/2c to 47c per bushel, ex-cistern.

Provisions—Barrels, short-cut mess, \$22.50 to \$23; bar, \$21.75 to \$22.50; long-cut mess, \$21 to \$23; half barrel, \$19.50 to \$21; 3/4 barrel, \$18 to \$20; 1/2 barrel, \$16 to \$18; 1/4 barrel, \$14 to \$16; 1/8 barrel, \$12 to \$14; 1/16 barrel, \$10 to \$12; 1/32 barrel, \$8 to \$10; 1/64 barrel, \$6 to \$8; 1/128 barrel, \$4 to \$6; 1/256 barrel, \$2 to \$4; 1/512 barrel, \$1 to \$2; 1/1024 barrel, \$0.50 to \$1; 1/2048 barrel, \$0.25 to \$0.50; 1/4096 barrel, \$0.125 to \$0.25; 1/8192 barrel, \$0.0625 to \$0.125; 1/16384 barrel, \$0.03125 to \$0.0625; 1/32768 barrel, \$0.015625 to \$0.03125; 1/65536 barrel, \$0.0078125 to \$0.015625; 1/131072 barrel, \$0.00390625 to \$0.0078125; 1/262144 barrel, \$0.001953125 to \$0.00390625; 1/524288 barrel, \$0.0009765625 to \$0.001953125; 1/1048576 barrel, \$0.00048828125 to \$0.0009765625; 1/2097152 barrel, \$0.000244140625 to \$0.00048828125; 1/4194304 barrel, \$0.0001220703125 to \$0.000244140625; 1/8388608 barrel, \$0.00006103515625 to \$0.0001220703125; 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