

Love Reasons Not.

CHAPTER I.

A DISCONTENTED BEAUTY.

"Leone," cried a loud voice, "where are you? Here, there, everywhere, except just in the place where you should be."

The speaker was a tall, stout good-looking man. Farmer Noel people called him all over the country-side. He stood in the farmyard, looking all the warmer this warm day for his exertions in finding his niece.

"Leone," he cried again and again.

At last the answer came, "I am here, uncle," and if the first voice startled one with its loudness, this second was equally startling from its music, its depth, its pathos.

"I am here, uncle," she said. "I wish you would not shout so loudly. I am quite sure that the people at Rashleigh can hear you. What is it that you want?"

"Have you made up the packets of wheat I asked you for?" he said.

"No," she replied. "I have not."

He looked disappointed.

"I shall be late for market," he said. "I must do them myself."

He went back into the house without another word. He never reproached Leone, let her do what she would.

On Leone's most beautiful face were evident marks of bad temper, and she did not care to conceal it. With a gesture of impatience she started forward, passed over the farmyard and went through the gate out into the lane, from the lane to the high road, and she stood there leaning over the white gate, watching the cattle as they drank from the deep, clear pool.

The sun shone full upon her, and the warm, sweet beams never fell on anything more lovely; the only drawback to the perfection of the picture was this: she did not look in harmony with the scene—the quiet English landscape, the golden corn-fields, the green meadows, the great spreading trees where the birds sang, the tall spire of the little church, the quaint little town in the distance, the brook that ran gurgling by.

She looked out of harmony with them all; she would have been in perfect keeping had the background been of snow-capped mountains and foaming cascades. Here she looked out of place; she was on an English farm; she wore a plain English dress, yet she had the magnificent beauty of the daughters of sunny Spain. Her beauty was of a peculiar type—dark passionate, and picturesque like that of the pomegranate, the damask rose or the passion-flower.

There was a world in her face—of passion, of genius, of power; a face, as much out of place over the gates of a farm as a stately gladiolus would be among daisies and buttercups. An artist looking for a model of some great queen who had conquered the world, for some great heroine for whom men had fought madly and died, might have chosen her. But in a farmyard there are no words to tell how out of place it was. She stood by the gate holding the ribbons of her hat in her hand—beautiful, imperious, defiant—with a power of passion about her that was perhaps the greatest characteristic.

She looked round the quiet picture of country life with unutterable contempt. "If I could but fly away," she said; "I would be anything on earth if I could get away from this—I would not mind what; I would work, teaching, anything; the dull monotony of this life is killing me."

Her face was so expressive that every emotion was shown on it, every thought could be read there: the languid scorn of the dark eyes, and the proud curves of the daintily arched lips, all told of unconcealed contempt.

"A farm," she said to herself; "to think that when the world is full of beautiful places, my lot must be cast on a farm. If it had been in a palace, or a gypsy's camp—anywhere where I could have tasted life, but a farm."

The beautiful restless face looked contemptuously on the green and fertile land. "A farm means chickens running under one's feet, pigeons whirling round one's head, cows lowing, dogs barking, no conversation but crows—"

She stopped suddenly. Coming up the lane she saw that which had never gladdened her eyes here before; she saw a gentleman, handsome and young, walking carelessly down the high road, and as he drew near, another gentleman, also handsome, but not quite so young, joined him.

They came laughing down the high road together, but neither of them saw her until they reached the great elm tree. The sight of that wondrous young face, with its rich piquant beauty, startled them. One passed her by without a word, the other almost stopped, so entirely was he charmed by the lovely picture. As he passed he raised his hat; her beautiful face flushed; she neither smiled nor bowed in return, but accepted the salute as a tribute to her beauty, after the same fashion a queen acknowledges the salutes and homage of her subjects.

With one keen glance, she divided him from his companion, the man who had not bowed to her. She took in that one glance a comprehensive view. She knew the color of his eyes, of his hair, the shape of his face, the peculiar cut of his clothes, so different to those worn by the young farmers; the clustering hair, the clear-cut face, the delicate profile, the graceful ease of the tall, thin figure, were with her from that moment through all time.

The deep low bow gratified her. She knew that she was gifted with a wondrous dowry of beauty. She knew that men were meek when a beautiful face charmed them. The involuntary homage of this handsome young man pleased her. She would have more of it. When he rejoined his companion, she heard him say:

"What a wonderful face, Euston—the most beautiful I have ever seen in my life."

That pleased her still more; she smiled to herself.

"Perhaps I shall see him again," she thought.

Then one of the girls from the village passed the gate, and stopped for a few minutes conversation.

"Did you see those gentlemen?" asked the girl; and Leone answered:

"Yes." "They have both come to live at Dr. Hervey's, to 'read,' whatever that means. The young one, with the fair hair, is a lord, the eldest son of a great earl; I do not remember the name."

So it was a great lord who had bowed to her, and thought her more beautiful than any one he had ever seen. Her heart beat with triumph.

She bade the girl good-morning, and went back. Her beautiful face was brilliant with smiles.

She entered the house and went up to her glass. She wanted to see again, for herself, the face he had called beautiful.

Mirrored there, she saw two dark eyes, full of fire, bright, radiant, and luminous—eyes that could have lured and swayed a nation; a beautiful, oval face, the features of which were perfect; a white brow, with dark, straight eyebrows; sweet, red lips, like a cloven rose; the most beautiful chin, with a rare dimple; an imperial face, suited for a queen's crown or the diadem of an empress, but one out of place on this simple farm. She saw grand, sloping shoulders, beautiful arms, and a figure that was perfect in its symmetry and grace.

She smiled contentedly. She was beautiful, undoubtedly. She was glad that others saw it. If a young lord admired her, she must be worth admiring. Her good humor was quite restored.

How came it that this girl, with the beauty of a young princess, was at home in the farmhouse? It was a simple story. The farmer, Robert Noel, had only one brother, who loved romance and travel.

Stephen Noel, after trying every profession, and every means of obtaining a livelihood, at last decided on becoming a civil engineer; he went to Spain to help with a railroad in the province of Andalusia, and there fell in love with and married a beautiful Andalusian, Pepita by name.

Dark-eyed Pepita died on the same day Leone was borne, and the young father, distracted by his loss, took the child home to England. The old housekeeper at the Rashleigh farm took the girl, and Robert Noel consented that she should be brought up as a child of his own.

The two brothers differed as light and darkness differ. Stephen was all quickness and intelligence, Robert was stolid and slow. Leone always said it took him ten minutes to turn around. He had never married, he had never found time; but he gave the whole love of his heart to the beautiful dark-eyed child who was brought to his house sixteen years ago.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A piano contains nearly a mile of wire. Eastport, Me., has fifty-nine sardine-packing establishments.

Some of the spiders of the East Indies are so large that they devour small birds.

Chicago gaming houses are now euphoniouly designated as "speculation parlors." The consumption of wine in Nimes, France, averages a bottle a day for every man, woman, and child in the city.

Philadelphia makes its own gas at a cost of seventy-seven cents a thousand feet, and it is sold to consumers for \$1.25.

A man in Franklin, Me., pays fourteen dollars a month to his divorced wife, and for this sum she acts as his housekeeper.

The leaf of the cocoanut tree is nearly thirty feet long. A single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon affords shade for fifteen or twenty persons.

The cold is so intense in Northern Siberia that the earth never thaws to a greater depth than five or six feet. Bodies buried at a greater depth remain perpetually frozen.

A new scrubbing-machine is whirled over the floor like a lawn-mower. It soaps, wets, rubs, and dries the floor, and two or three movements of the machine make the boards shine.

In Hungary, at the close of the marriage ceremony, the groom gives the bride a gentle kick, to indicate her subjection to him. In other countries, sometimes, the kicks are continued long after the honeymoon, and in many cases they are not very gentle.

"Window-gazing" is a profession in London. A couple of stylishly-dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes, and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass on to another store on their list of patrons.

At a funeral in St. Joseph, Mo., the clergyman tried to inject into his address some political dogmas; but he rapidly switched off when some of his listeners reminded him, by the display of pistols, that a funeral was not the proper occasion for a political speech.

ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

The Opinions of Two Scientists Who Differ on the Question.

As usual upon disputed points, speculation has been busy about the origin of the diamond, and a number of theories, all more or less probable, have been propounded to set the matter at rest. The two most reasonable explanations are, perhaps, the explanations put forward by M. Parrot and Baron Liebig.

The former scientist, who has laboriously investigated the perplexing subject, is of the opinion that the diamond arises from the operation of violent volcanic heat on small particles of carbon contained in the rock, or on a substance composed of a large proportion of carbon and a smaller quantity of hydrogen.

By this theory, as he conceives, we are best able to account for the cracks and flaws so often noticed in the gem, and the frequent occurrence of included particles of black carbonaceous matter.

Baron Liebig, on the other hand, claims the credit of offering a simple explanation of the probable process which actually takes place in the formation of the diamond. His contention is that science can point to no process capable of accounting for the origin and production of diamonds except the powers of decay.

If we suppose decay to proceed in a liquid containing carbon and hydrogen, then a compound with still more carbon must be formed; and if the compound thus formed were itself to undergo further decay, the final result, says this eminent authority, must be the separation of carbon in a crystalline form.

The New Inmate of Hilfont.

A THRILLING STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXV.

But before Bertie had been very long away, it proved—ought I to say to my confusion and dismay—that I had been rather premature; and by and by it could no longer be said of Derwent that he had no heir.

The blessing of God came to Hilfont one summer day. A child on earth to stand in the earthly stead of the child in Heaven—a child of old age, a perilous joy, to strain our hearts with the exceeding love which there was no one to share. Such a child as in the first years of our marriage I had found to love, thinking of my own youth; but God knows with what thanks, beyond thanks, I received this gift of His goodness now.

A boy. Fathers and mothers do not lay such jealous grips of love upon a boy as upon the sole daughter of their declining years; and could Derwent and I, think you, even by the wildest chance of human thought, stand between that child and his happiness? Sooner, bit by bit, and hour by hour, give up every vestige of our own.

But there he lies, happy as the sweetest majesty of infant rest can make him, and Derwent, standing by his side, looking at his son. When I looked at the two, I was afraid of myself, lest I should not be able to carry the cross of this joy. But yet the joy is the easiest. Oh mournful soul! is not this the explanation of those words that are writ in tears, "Whom He loveth, He chasteneth"? Whoso bears his sorrow bravely, tenderly; whoso, rising up, goes on from it with an undiscouraged heart, is victor over all life and all its trials, and is able for the joy.

That night, when the child had added as name to the number of the church and the nation, we sat talking over our great gladness together. "And Bertie?" I said, with a sudden start. I had scarcely even thought of Bertie for many a day.

"Is not Hilfont enough for your son, Clare?" said my husband. "Nay, we are very well able to provide for our own; and I may as well tell you, that, knowing your intentions, I should have insisted on having them carried out, even had this happened before. A Crofton for Hilfont, and a Nugent for Estcourt. I am not to be deluded into covetousness because I have an heir."

I need not enter into the conversation that followed. I had been urging upon Derwent the necessity of doing something to further the interests of Harry Crofton, who was now no longer heir at Hilfont. Mrs. Robert had, of course, sent me sisterly congratulations, but I am not sure that this event was hailed with much delight in Russell Square.

"So, after all, Lucy has done much better for herself than if she had adopted my plan," said Derwent. "Yes, certainly, I shall look after Harry; but I suppose Lucy longs for the unattainable splendour, and does not enjoy the good she has. Are they still in Westmoreland, Clare?"

At that moment a letter was brought to me. When I had read it, I threw it to Derwent, clapping my hands. "I told you so!" I cried, pleased to magnify my own wisdom; but Derwent, of course, did not find out the occasion of my triumph till he had plodded through the whole of the epistle. It was from Mrs. Reginald Broom, full of congratulations, and it was dated in a flush of triumphant self-felicitation still more urgent, from Plantagenet Hall.

Lucy had made good her point at last. It was longer than six months, but it was not a full year; in that time she had managed to pay her husband's debts, to make that fast young gentleman quite a moralist and improved character (I do not know if she had mended his spelling), to become tenderly intimate by correspondence with his young sisters, and to captivate every friend of Mr. Broom's whom she could obtain access to; and at last, the climax and culmination of all, Lucy had overcome her unwilling father-in-law, and out of the Lakeland, and the romance, and the cottage which she did not appreciate, had carried the lucky Reginald home in triumph to the undisputed kinship of Plantagenet Hall.

"I wish her joy," said Derwent, laughing; "but really the little witch has got everything she wished for. There is no poetic justice in this world."

Which is admirably true, as everybody knows. I do not remember from that time to this that Lucy had anything which can really be called trouble. Sorrow has never troubled her. She is rather more fortunate indeed in everything than her neighbors. Can I or any one tell why it is so? or why, too, people equal in all respects should one have all the blessings of the human lot, and one be a mark for all the arrows? It is so, that is all; and by and by we shall know that "why" which we all seek after so vainly here.

Alice Harley is not married, but is at the cottage with her mother, not finding it quite necessary to be the housemaid, but doing her duty better than if she had gone out for a governess. And, notwithstanding that I do not train them for governesses, several members of that profession have gone out of Estcourt—more have gone to poor homes, where some of them show an understanding of my sentiment, and are not ashamed to be housemaids, and serve with their own hands their own people; and Clara Harley's is not the only marriage which has gone from those doors. The house is still full of children, for whom, perhaps, I have even more patience now than I used to have, and who would smother my little Derwent with kisses, and make him a shapeless mass of embroidery, with garnishings of knitting, netting, and crochet, if they had their will. Once I was rash enough to suggest that a ball was a safe toy for his babyhood, and he had twenty-four balls directly, of all varieties of juvenile manufacture; but they are very good children, and so much part of my life, that I think even Derwent would miss them did any chance scatter these pleasant birds from the old house.

Bertie is still in India, and I think he has got over that first disenchantment—got over it, too, without having to suspect

everybody—without doubting the honesty and questioning the truth of all the men and women he chances to meet. I dare say his version of it has come to be that he never knew the real Lucy Crofton, and that the Lucy of his imagination, who must now have another name, waits for him somewhere still, if he could but find her out. I think I could tell him where to find her out, if he consulted me. I think I could give my boy most excellent counsel, if he were once safely home again. I think I should not say a word on the subject to him, but leave him to Providence, his good eyes, and his honest heart, which latter after all, is seldom permanently deceived; and that being so, I begin to let the old fancies wander as they will about my own mind, and see again visionary scenes of the Estcourt that is to be—the Escourt of the young Nugents who will restore again to its original name and honor my father's house.

For I beg all my excellent friends to understand that there is but one heir, and that my boy will be Derwent Crofton, of Hilfont, like his father, the master of better lands and a richer inheritance than mine. The young gentleman begins to grow up to a sense of the grandeur of his position. Though he is very young to suffer from feminine worship, I begin to see the propriety of restricting his visits to Estcourt; a circle of female adorers is not good for any man, and I do not mean to surround with that snare and danger the first uncertain footsteps of my son.

(THE END.)

BABIES IN INDIA.

Curiousity of Crocodile Hunting in East India.

"We used to have great sport in India going out after crocodiles with Hindoo babies for bait," said an ex-army officer of the British army. "The baby wasn't baited on a hook like a minnow or a fish worm, but simply secured on the river bank so that it couldn't creep or toddle away or tumble into the river. Some babies don't like being made crocodile bait of, but that fact increased their value to the sportsmen, for then they yelled and made a great noise, which was just what the crocodiles were waiting to hear, and they'd come hurrying from all directions to have a chance at the babies."

"Where did we get these babies for baits? From their mothers. All the fellow who wanted to go crocodiling had to do was to noise abroad his intention and it wasn't long before native women would flock in with their babies to be rented out for bait. The ruling price per head for the young heathen was about six cents for the day. Some mothers required a guarantee that their offspring should be returned safe and sound, but the most of them exacted no such agreement. The babies were brought back all right as a rule, but once in a while some sportsman was a trifle slow with his rifle, or made a bad shot, and the crocodile GOT AWAY WITH THE BAIT, but that didn't happen often.

"If your bait is in good form for crocodiling and starts in with protesting yells, you may expect to get your crocodile very soon; but if the baby proves to be what is known as a sulker and takes the situation in quietness and patience, you may have to wait some time before you get a shot. I used to have the option of an Indian baby that was the most killing bait for crocodiles in all that part of India. I killed more than one hundred crocodiles with that youngster as a lure before she outgrew her usefulness. She had the most persistent and far-reaching yell I ever heard come out of mortal being, and no crocodile could resist it. She was a real siren in luring the big reptiles to their fate, and I was sorry to see her grow and get too big for bait and have to give her up. That dusky infant always commanded a premium in the market and her mother was very proud of her indeed.

"After he had secured his baby at a proper spot it was the custom of the sportsman to hide behind a convenient bush or blind to wait for his game. If his bait was lively and of good lung he would not have long to wait. I've seen half a dozen crocodiles come hurrying from as many different parts of the river toward a baby five minutes after it was set. With such a rush as that, though the sport becomes a trifle trying to the eyes of the baby but generally

THE FIRST CRACK OF THE RIFLE

will scare the big reptiles back into the water, all except the one you have sent your bullet into, and he, if your aim has been good, will flop over and thrash about for a few seconds and then give up the ghost. But in a short time back will come the others again, and if you have time you can eventually stretch them all on the bank. A considerate sportsman, though, will not work his baby more than fifteen minutes at a time. Then he will have his servant soothe it and refresh it from a nursing bottle, which is a part of the crocodile hunter's equipment. I have killed six crocodiles over that favorite baby lure of mine in less than a quarter of an hour.

The Traveler's Tree

On the Island of Madagascar there is a tree which is of the greatest service to the tired and thirsty. It is called "the traveler's tree," and is wonderful in several respects. It has no branches, the leaves growing from the trunk and spreading out like the sections of a fan. These leaves, of which there are generally not more than twenty-four on each tree, are from six to eight feet in length, and from four to six feet broad. At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup, containing about a quart of cool, sweet water. The natives save themselves the trouble of climbing the tree by throwing a spear, which pierces the leaf at the spot where the water is stored. The water then flows down into the vessel held beneath it, and the traveler is enabled to continue his journey, cheered and refreshed by the precious liquid nature has so kindly provided for his use.

He Knew.

Caller—"Can I see Miss Snuggie?"

Servant—"She's engaged, sir."

Caller—"Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to."

Servant—"Oh."

She—"What colored eyes do you admire—brown or blue?" He—"I can't see well enough in this light."

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

It costs England \$50,000 to build a 13 1/2-inch breech loading cannon.

Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to hold a tiger.

Fallen meteors have not brought a single substance which is foreign to our globe.

A single corporation controls more than nine-tenths of the entire world's product of diamonds.

More public money is spent for brass bands than for schools in the Argentine provinces.

It is considered unlucky in Ireland to view a funeral procession while the beholder is under an umbrella.

The Eiffel Tower is the property of the builder for ten years, beginning with 1889, after which it reverts to the city of Paris.

Philadelphia has an organized charity which supplies to the poor at actual cost ice, sterilized milk and prepared infant's food.

Two hundred miles an hour, scientific men have concluded, is a speed which can never be attained by anything that moves on wheels.

The piles which served as the foundation for Trajan's bridge over the Danube, A. D. 105, are said to be still visible at low stages of water.

The largest amount ever paid for a book was \$50,000, which the German government expended for a "missal" formerly owned by Pope Leo X.

A rattlesnake, owned by Arthur Hayes, of Erin, Tennessee, has not tasted a particle of food during the nineteen months of its captivity.

California has one of the most remarkable timber belts in the world, embracing 4,125 square miles and containing 132,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

The oldest and biggest carving fork in the world is kept in the old castle of Pau, in France. It was the property of King Henry of Navarre.

Twenty-four days after the opening of the London tower bridge no fewer than 1,273,000 persons had passed over it, and in twelve days 75,000 vehicles.

Forty families in Junction City, Kansas, have their cooking done on the co-operative plan, and find it more satisfactory than the old custom, and less expensive.

A New York syndicate has been formed for the purpose of buying an island off the coast of Maine, stocking it with black foxes and engaging in the fur trade.

Some people call the stormy petrel the "lamp bird." It is so only that the fishermen of St. Kilda stick a wick in the mouth of a dead specimen, light it and it burns for an hour.

A foxhound, owned by Policeman Byrnes, of Manayunk, Pa., followed his master into the water after a drowning boy and succeeded in reaching the boy first and keeping him up until help arrived.

The test for symmetry is to turn a man with his face toward the wall. If he is perfectly formed his chest will touch it, his nose will be four inches away, his thighs five, the tips of his toes three.

What is generally believed to be the first iron bridge ever built is still in use. It spans a small stream on the Worcester & Shrewsbury Railroad in England, and was erected in 1778. It is ninety-six feet long.

In health and during exercise the average man has about twenty respirations a minute and forty cubic inches are inhaled at each respiration; in an hour 48,000 cubic inches of air will be inspired; in twenty-four hours 1,152,000 cubic inches.

Branding live stock as well as dressed meat by electricity has come largely into use. The ham is held only for a few seconds against the white heat electric brand, and a clear, deep-cut impression remains. It is extremely rapid and cleanly.

The displacement of labor by labor-saving appliances is markedly illustrated by the fact that eleven electric power traveling cranes recently put into use in the yards of the Carnegie Steel Co. at Homestead has dispensed with the services of fifty men.

The capital at Washington has cost more than \$30,000,000. It covers three and a half acres, the dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg.

Alaska's mail service has heretofore been dependent on Esquimaux dogs. Reindeers, however, are so much better for the purpose that the government has imported several families of Laplanders to teach the natives of Alaska how to train and use this animal.

A Damascus sword is made of alternate layers of iron and steel, tempered so nicely that the point can be bent back to the hilt, the edge so keen that it will penetrate a coat of mail, and so fine a polish that the Moslem can use it as a looking glass to arrange his turban.

The number of millionaires in England is not so great as one might believe. According to the report of the income-tax officials there are in England seventy-one persons with an annual income of \$250,000, over 1,100 draw \$50,000 annually, and only about 10,000 have an income of \$10,000.

In some of the German towns when a man is convicted of beating his wife he is allowed to go to his work as usual, but his wife gets his wages, and he is locked up only on Saturday nights, and remains in prison until the following Monday. The punishment usually lasts for ten weeks.

Afraid of Family Jars.

In Auvers, France, some years ago, a man died, and, as is usual when men die, preparations were made for the funeral. In that country, in the villages, the corpse is carried on the shoulders of the pall-bearers, and in this particular instance the procession slowly wended its way to the cemetery. When passing through the gate, one of the pall-bearers knocked against the post and the jar aroused the man supposed to be dead. He came to life, and was taken home and the funeral train dismissed. Now, in the course of several months the same man died again, and another funeral was held. This time everything went smoothly, for when they came to the gate the widow called out: "Now, for Heaven's sake, don't knock against the post," which showed she didn't want any more family jars.