LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAHTER II.

"WHAT, MARRY A FARMER!"

One can imagine the sensation that a bright, beautiful eagle would produce in a dove's nest; the presence of that beautiful, imperious child at the farm was very much the same. People looked at her in wonder; her beauty dazzled them; her defiance amused them. They asked each other where all her pride came from.

Uncle Robert often said in his slow fashion that he retired from business when Leone was seven. At that early age he gave the management of everything into her baby hands. From the chickens in the yard to the blue and white pigeons on the roof. She could manage him, big as he was, with one stamp of her little foot, one flash of her bright eyes; he was powerless at once, like a great big giant bound hand and foot. She was a strange child, full [of some wonderful power that she hardly understood herself—a child quite out of the common groove of life, quite above the people who surrounded her. They understood her beauty, her defiance, her pride, but not the dramatic instinct and power that innate in her, made every word and action seem strange.

Honest, stolid Robert Noel was bewildered by her; he did his best in every way, but he had an uneasy consciousness that his best was but a poor attempt. He sent her to school, the best in Rashleigh, but she learned anything and everything except obedience.

She looked out of place even there, this dark-eyed Spanish girl, among the pretty pink and white children with fair hair and blue eyes. She bewildered even the children; they obeyed her, and she had the greatest influence over them. She taught them recitations and plays, she fired their imaginations by wonderful stories; she was a new, brilliant, wonderful element in their lives. Even the school mistress, meek through the long suffering of years, even she worshipped and feared her—the brilliant, tiresome girl, who was like a flash of light among the others. She had a face so grand and a voice so thrilling it was no unusual thing when she was reading aloud in the school-room for the others to suspend all work, thrilled to the heart by the sound of her voice. She soon learned all that the Rashleigh governess could teach her—she taught herself even more. She had little taste for drawing, much for music, but her whole heart and soul were in books.

Young as she was, it was grand to hear her trilling out the pretty love speeches of Juliet, declaring the wrong of Constance or Katherine, moaning out the woes of Desdemona. She had Shakespeare almost by heart, and she loved the grand old dramatist.

When she was sixteen her uncle took her from school, and then the perplexities of his honest life began. He wanted her to take her place as mistress of the house, to superintend the farm and the dairy, to take affectionate interest in the poultry and birds, to see that the butter was of a deep yellow, and the new laid eggs sent to market. From the moment he intrusted those matters in her hands, his life became a burden to him, for they were entirely neglected.

Farmer Noel would go into his dairy and find everything wrong, the cream spilled, the butter spoiled; but when he looked at the dark-eyed young princess with the Spanish face he dared not say a word to her.

He would suggest to her meekly that things might be different. She would retaliate with some sarcasm that would reduce him to silence for two days at least. Yet she loved, after a fashion of her own, this great, solid man who admired her with all his heart, and loved her with his whole soul.

So time passed until she was seventeen, and the quiet farm life was unendurable to her.

"Uncle," she would say, "let me go out into the world. I want to see it. I want something to do. I often think I must have two lives and two souls, I long so intensely for more than I have to fill them."

He could not understand her. She had the farm and the dairy.

"Be content," he would answer, "be content, my lady lass, with the home God has given you."

"I want something to do. If I did all the work on this and twenty other farms it would not touch my heart and soul. They are quite empty. People say it is a battlefield. If it be one, I am sitting by with folded hands. Inactivity means death to me."

"My lady lass, you can find plenty to do," he answered, solemnly.

"But not of the kind I want."

She paced up and down the large kitchen, where everything was polished and bright; the fire-light glowed on the splendid face and figure—the face with its unutterable beauty, its restless longing, its troubled desires.

Some fear for the future of the beautiful, restless, passionate girl came over the man, who watched her with anxious eyes. It began to dawn upon him, that if he were to to shut a bright-eyed eagle up in a cage, it would never be happy, and it was very much the same kind of thing to shut this lovely, gifted girl in a quiet farmhouse.

"You will be married soon," he said, with a clumsy attempt at comfort, "and then you will be more content."

She flashed one look of scorn from those dark, lustrous eyes that should have annihilated him. She stopped before him, and threw back her head with the gesture of an injured queen.

"May I ask," she said, "whom you suppose I will marry?"

He looked rather frightened, for he began to perceive he had made some mistake, though he could not tell what; he thought all young girls liked to be teased about sweethearts and marriage; still he came valiantly to the front.

"I mean that you will surely have a sweetheart some day, or other," he said, consolingly, though the fire from those dark eyes startled him, and her scarlet lips trembled with angar.

"I shall have a sweetheart, you think, like Jennie Barnes or Lily Coke. A sweetheart. Pray, whom will it be, do you think?"

"I know several of the young farmers about here who would each give his right hand to be a sweetheart of yours."

She laughed a low, contemptuous laugh that made him wince.

"What, marry a farmer! Do you think the life of a farmer's wife would suit me? I shall go unmarried to my grave, unless I can marry as I choose."

Then she seemed to repent of the passionate words, and flung her beautiful arms round his neck and kissed his face.

"I hate myself," she said, "when I speak in that way to you, who have been so good to me."

"I do not mind it," said Robert Noel, honestly. "Never hate yourself for me, my lady lass."

She turned one glance from her beautiful eyes on him.

"When I seem to be ungrateful to you do remember that I am not, Uncle Robert; I am always sorry. I cannot help myself, I cannot explain myself; but I feel always as though my mind and soul were cramped."

"Cramp is a very bad thing," said the stolid farmer."

She looked at him, but did not speak; her irritation was too great; he never understood her; it was not likely he ever would.

"I will go down to the mill-stream," she said.

With an impatient gesture she hastened out of the house.

The mill-stream was certainly the prettiest feature of the farm—a broad, beautiful stream that run between great rows of alder-trees and turned the wheel by the force with which it leaped into the broad, deep basin; it was the loveliest and most picturesque spot that could be imagined, and now as the waters rushed and foamed in the moonlight they were gorgeous to behold.

Leone loved the spot; the restless, gleaming waters suited her; it seemed to have something akin to herself—something restless, full of force and vitality. She sat there for hours; it was her usual refuge when the world went wrong with her.

Round and round went the wheel; on sunlight days the sun glinted on the sullen waters until they resembled a sheet of gold covered with white, shining foam. Green reeds and flowers that love both land and water fringed the edges of the clear, dimpling pool; the alder-trees dipped their branches in it; the great gray stones, covered with green moss, lay here and there. It was a little poem in itself, and the beautiful girl who sat in the moonlight read it aright.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEETING AT THE MILL.

In the depths of the water she saw the reflection of the shining stars; she watched them intently; the pure, pale golden eyes. A voice aroused her—a voice with tone and accent quite unlike any other voice.

"I beg your pardon," it said, "could you show me the way to Rashleigh? I have lost myself in the wood."

Raising her eyes she saw the gentleman who had raised his hat as he passed her in the morning. She knew that he recognized her by the light that suddenly overspread his face.

"Rashleigh lies over there," she replied. "You have but to cross the field and pass the church."

"Even that," said the stranger, with a careless laugh, "even that I am not inclined to do now. It is strange. I am afraid you will think me half mad, but it seems to me that I have just stepped into fairy-land. Two minutes since I was on the bare highway, now I see the prettiest picture earth has to offer."

"It is pretty," she replied, her eyes looking at the clear, dimpling pool; "prettier now even than when the sun shines on it and the wheel turns."

She had told him the way to Rashleigh, and he should have passed on with a bow, but this was his excuse. The moon was shining bright as day, the wind murmured in the alder-trees, the light lay on the clear, sweet, fresh water; the music of the water as it fell was sweet to hear. Away in the woods some night-bird was singing; the odor of the sleeping flowers filled the air; and there on the green bank, at the water's edge, sat the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life.

The moonlight fell on her exquisite southern face; it seemed to find its home in the lustrous depths of her dark eyes; it kissed the dark ripples of her hair, worn with the simple grace of a Greek goddess; it lay on the white hands that played with the tufted grass.

He was young and loved all things beautiful, and therefore did not go away. His mind was filled with wonder. Who was she—this girl, so like a young Spanish princess? Why was she sitting here by the mill-stream? He must know, and to know he must ask.

"I am inclined," he said, "to lie down here by this pretty stream, and sleep all night under the stars; I am so tired."

She looked at him with a quick, warm glow of sympathy.

"What has tired you?" she asked.

He sat down on one of the great gray stones that lay half in the water, half on the land.

"I have lost myself in the Leigh woods" he said. "I have been there many hours. I had no idea what Leigh woods were like, or I should not have gone for the first time alone."

"They are very large and intricate," she said; "I can never find the right paths."

"Some one told me I should see the finest oak-trees in England there," he said, "and I have a passion for grand old oaks, I would go anywhere to see them. I went to the woods and had very soon involved myself in the greatest difficulties. I should never have found the way out had I not met one of the keepers."

She liked to listen to him; the clear, refined accent, the musical tone; as she listened a longing came over her that his voice might go on speaking to her and of her.

"Now," he continued, embarrassed by her silence, "I have forgotten your directions; may I ask you to repeat them?"

She did so, and looking at her face he saw there was no anger, nothing but proud, calm content. He said to himself he need not go just yet, he could stay a few minutes longer.

"Do you know that beautiful old German ballad," he said.

"'In sheltered vale a mill-wheel
Still tunes its tuneful lay'!"

"No; I never heard or read it," she answered. "Say it for me."

"'In sheltered vale a mill-wheel
Still tunes its tuneful lay.
My darling once did dwell there,
But now she's far away.
A ring in pledge I gave her
And vows of love we spoke—
Those vows are all forgotten,
The ring asunder broke.'"

"Hush," she said, holding up one white hand; "hush, it is too sad. Do you not see that the moonlight has grown dim, and the sound of the falling waters is the sound of falling tears?"

He did not seem to understand her words.

"That song has haunted me," he said, "ever since I heard it. I must say the last verse; it must have been of this very mill wheel it was written.

"'But while I hear the mill-wheel
My pains will never cease;
I would the grave could hide me,
For there alone is peace.'"

"Is it a love story?" she asked, pleased at the pathos and rhythm of the words.

"Yes it is the usual story—the whole love of a man's heart given to one not worthy of it, the vows forgotten, the ring broken. Then he cries out for the grave to hide himself and his unhappy love."

She looked up at him with dark, lustrous, gleaming eyes.

"Does all love end in sorrow?" she asked, simply.

He looked musingly at the moonlit waters, musingly at the starlit sky.

"I cannot tell," he replied, "but it seems to me that it ends more in sorrow than in joy. I should say," he continued. "that when truth meets truth, where loyalty meets loyalty, the ending is good; but where a true heart finds a false one, where loyalty and honor meet lightness and falsehood, then the end must be bad."

Leone seemed suddenly to remember that she was talking to a stranger, and, of all subjects, they had fallen on love.

"I must go," she said, hurriedly. "You will remember the way."

"Pray do not go—just this minute," he said. "History may repeat itself; life never does. There can never be a night half so fair as this again; the water will never fall with so sweet a ripple; the stars will never shine with so bright a light; life may pass, and we may never meet again. You have a face like a poem. Stay a few minutes longer."

"A face like a poem." Did he really think so?

The words pleased her.

"Strange things happen in real life," he said; "things that, told in novels and stories, make people laugh and cry out that they are exaggerated, too romantic to be real. How strange that I should have met you here this evening by the side of the mill-stream—a place always haunted by poetry and romance. You will think it stranger still when I tell you your face has haunted me all day."

She looked at him in surprise. The proud, beautiful face grieved at the words.

"How is that?" she asked.

"I saw you this morning when I was going to Rashleigh with my friend, Sir Frank Euston. You were standing against a white gate, and I thought—well, I must not tell you what I thought."

"Why?" she asked briefly.

"Because it might offend you," he replied.

He began to perceive that there was no coquetry in this beautiful girl. She was proud, with a calm, serene, half-tragic pride. There would be no flirtation by the side of the mill-stream. She looked as far above coquetry as she was above affectation. He liked the proud calm of her manner. She might have been a duchess holding court rather than a country girl sitting by a mill-wheel. The idea occurred to him; and then his wonder increased—who was she? and what was she doing here?

"Do you live near here," he asked.

"Yes," she said, "behind the trees there you can see the chimneys of a farm-house; it is called Rashleigh Farm; my uncle, Robert Noel, lives there; and I am his niece."

"His niece," repeated the young man, in an incredulous voice. She was a farmer's niece, then, after all; and yet she looked like a Spanish princess.

"You do not look like an English girl," he said gravely.

"My father was English and my mother a Spanish lady; and I—well, I fear I have more of the hot fire of Spain than of the chill of England in my nature; my face is Spanish, so is my heart."

"A Spaniard is quick to love, quick to hate; forgives grandly and revenges mercilessly," he said.

"That is my character," she said; "you have described it exactly."

"I do not believe it; neither hate nor revenge could exist with a face like yours. Then your name is Noel.

"Yes, my name is Leone Noel," she replied.

"Leone," he replied, "that is a beautiful name. I have never heard it before; but I like it very much; it is musical and rare two great things in a name."

"It is a German name," she said. "My uncle Robert hates it; he says it reminds him of Lion; but you know it is pronounced Leon. My mother read some German story that had that name in it and gave it to me."

"It suits you," he said simply; "and I should not think there was another name in the world that would. I wonder," he added with a shy laugh, "if you would like my name? It is Lancelot Chados. My friends call me Lance."

"Yes, I like that. I know all the history of Sir Lancelot, I admire him; but I think he was a weak man—do not you?"

"For loving Queen Guinevere? I do not know. Some love is strength, not weakness," he replied.

Leone looked up at him again.

"Are you the son of a great lord?" she asked; "some one told me so."

"Yes; my father is Earl of Lanswell; and people would call him a great earl. He is rich and powerful."

"What has brought you, the son of a great earl, down to Rashleigh?" she asked.

"My own idleness, to begin with," he said. "I have been at Oxford more years than I care to count; and I have idled my time."

"Then you are studying?" she said.

"Yes, that is it. I am trying to make up for lost time. I have some examinations to pass; and my father has sent me down to Dr. Hervey because he is known everywhere as the cleverest coach in England."

A cloud came for just one half minute across the face of the moon; the soft, sweet darkness startled Leone.

"I must go now," she said; "it is not only getting late, but growing dark."

"I shall see you again," he cried, "do promise me."

"Nay, you have little faith in promises," she replied; and he watched her as she vanished from among the alder trees.

It was an unexpected meeting; and stange and startling consequences soon followed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE THE GOLD IS.

How It is Divided Among the Different Countries of the World.

The visible supply of gold coin in the world is $3,500,000,000, against $4,000,000,000 of silver coin. According to the very latest reports of an authentic character, about four-sevenths of the gold currency is held in bank vaults or Government treasuries or depositories, and the balance is in the hands of private individuals or in actual circulation, either in the countries where minted or elsewhere.

Country.	Gold stored.
France	$357,000,000
United States	287,400,000
England	268,200,000
Russia	264,800,000
Germany	211,000,000
Austro-Hungary	147,800,000
Italy	105,200,000
Australia	101,400,000
Spain	39,600,000
Holland	22,800,000
Belgium	15,200,000
Switzerland	15,200,000
Denmark	14,000,000
Sweden and Norway	13,000,000
Roumania	10,600,000
Portugal	3,400,000
Bulgaria	1,400,000
Servia	1,200,000
Greece	400,000

The two countries which have of late been absorbing large amounts of gold coin for treasury purposes are Austria and Russia, and the drain has been chiefly, though indirectly, in the United States. France has for many years stood at the head of the countries, having a large accumulation of gold coinage.

BITTEN BY A RATTLER.

Prof. Brier, of New Orleans, Takes Chances in the Interest of Science.

Prof. George Brier, curator of Tulane University museum in New Orleans, subjected himself to a dangerous experiment. He allowed himself to be bitten by a rattlesnake in order to determine if a poison can be inoculated with the venom of serpents. From his large collection of snakes he selected a young rattler that had been caught a few days ago. Teasing the snake he maddened it, and in a few minutes it directed its fangs towards Prof. Brier's little finger. The professor says he did not use any antidote and awaited developments. In the course of a few hours the finger became swollen to twice its normal size. The professor said that during the week he would allow himself to be bitten again. He does not think the bite will prove fatal, because a young snake cannot emit as much poison as an old one. The sensation was like the sting of a bee; the pain became intense and the finger became swollen. Prof. Brier's object in experimenting is to try and establish that by the gradual absorption of a snake's venom the system will become inoculated, and a person in that condition can be bitten without the results proving fatal. The professor thinks his experiment will be successful.

How Bad Money is Passed.

An ex-convict, writing in a London paper, says:—In snide pitching—i.e., passing bad money—there are always two persons employed—one to carry the poke—i.e., the stock—and the other to pass it. The reason of that is, if the one who is trying to pass it is detected, he has only the one bad coin on him, and nine times out of ten he is let go. His pal stands about a hundred yards away from the shop he enters, and if he is successful he touches the brim of his hat with his left hand, and his pal will join him; but if he has been unsuccessful he catches hold of his coat collar with his right hand, when his pal will walk on, and they will not join each other until quite a mile away. When a person who is passing the bad money enters a shop he (or she) at once makes himself chatty, to try and put the tradespeople off their guard. He says, "Is your clock right?" "It has been very warm to-day," or windy, or calm, &c., &c., all the while the tradespeople are serving him, and especially when they are just putting the bad money into the till. There are very few bad sixpences about, as it does not pay to pass them, as they cost as much as shillings to buy of the "smashers," i.e., makers. It is generally shillings, florins, and half crowns that are worked and the one who passes generally spends from 1d to 2½d out of a shilling up a 3d out of a florin, and 4d out of half a-crown. Shillings cost 2s per dozen, florins 3s 6d per dozen, and half-crowns 4s 6d per dozen. The following are the slang names for bad money:—Sixpence, sixer; shilling, a deaner: florin, a twoer; half-crown, a half-wheel or half a tusharoon; and crown piece, a wheel or a tusharoon.

A Rare Catch.

Friend—"You said you didn't love him."

Smart Girl—"I don't."

"You respect him perhaps?"

"Not particularly."

"And yet you intend to marry him?"

"I do. He told me that his mother always got her biscuits at the baker's."

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered From Various Points From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In July 713 immigrants entered Manitoba.

The apple crop about Berlin is very heavy.

Pelee Island will have an abundant grape harvest.

A great many visitors are at Lake Manitoba.

A new Presbyterian church is being built at Acton.

A Port Dalhousie cow recently gave birth to triplet calves.

The Indian patriarch Jim Lewis, of P E. I., is dead.

James Keenan, of Douglasville, N. B., was drowned recently.

A new House of Refuge is to be built in Wentworth County.

A lad named Terryberry died in Hamilton from eating green fruit.

The town of Newmarket has 17 magistrates and 9 constables.

The Presbyterian church at Shediac, P. E.I., has been burned.

Lady Thompson caught a bass at Sans Souci weighing 7¼ pounds.

Rev. R. T. Dixon has left Hamilton for his new parish at Harriston.

London has a new lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers.

A Fergus butcher recently bought two heifers weighing 2,110 pounds.

A largely attended colored camp-meeting near Hamilton has just closed.

A thousand G. T. R Loop Line employes recently had a picnic at Sarnia.

The Harrow cheese factory turned out 300 cheeses during the month of July.

The Albion Hotel at Goderich has been sold to J. W. Marsden, of Ingersoll.

There is discord among Guelph policemen, and two of them have been dismissed.

A tarantula with four young ones was found in some fruit shipped to Stratford.

Burglars recently secured a lot of provisions at Wm. Shoebottom's house London.

A Plympton turkey gobbler hatched out a brood of turkeys and looks after them himself.

Thirty cattle in one herd suffering from tuberculosis have been shot at Vancouver, B C.

One-tenth of the men enrolled in A battery, stationed at Kingston, deserted during July.

An old-fashioned 22-carat gold ring was dug up recently at Hamer's farm, near Bradford.

The business houses in Amherstburg will soon be lighted with the incandescent system.

There was recently a fat woman's excursion to Prince Edward Island, average 200 pounds.

Rev. Fathers John Mahoney and Rudolph Lehman were ordained at Hamilton by Bishop Dowling.

Mr. John Chapman, of Torquay, England, a noted Masonic author, has been visiting the North-West.

Mr. Geo. Mabee, of Simcoe, has been appointed classical master in the Port Hope Collegiate Institute.

The new cable connecting Thousand Island and Westminster Parks with the American shore is completed.

Mr. Lemuel Mellett, Cliff House, Stanhope, P. E I., was accidentally shot while gunning on the beach

Francis C. Walker of St. John, N. B., has been appointed classical master in Fredericton high school.

Rev. R. A. Ball, pastor of the B. M. E. church, Amherstburg, will be succeeded by Rev. Dr. Oliver of Guelph.

The carriage makers of Montreal have subscribed $100,000 to form an association to protect Canadian trade.

The French treaty will not go into effect until it has been ratified by the Parliament of France, and that body has been prorogued for a lengthy period.

On a farm in Guelph township last week, one day, 320 bushels of wheat, 250 bushels of rye and 150 bushels of barley were threshed in 9½ hours.

A young woman named Beatrice Besant, while working a loom in a Chatham mill Friday was caught in the machinery and her right arm badly mangled.

It is estimated that west of Toronto there are 75,000 boxes of cheese in cold storage, east of Toronto 30,000 boxes, and 100,000 to 120,000 boxes in Montreal.

Thomas Taylor, of Galt, while pulling the trap at a club match received a charge of shot in the head. Nine shots were removed and the lad is out of danger.

The total production of the Canadian farmers is about $500,000,000, of which $50,000,000, is sent to the markets of the world and $450,000,000 consumed at home.

Supplementary letters patent have been issued to the Hamilton Vinegar Works Co., authorizing an increase in its capital stock from $100,000 to $300,000 and changing the name to the Hamilton Distillery Company, limited.

All crops give promise of being unprecedently large in Nova Scotia. The hay crop averages 110 per cent., oats 101, and potatoes 98 per cent. of a full crop, whereas last year these staples were twenty-five per cent. below an average crop.

Archbishop Cleary unveiled a statue at the General Hospital grounds, Kingston, upon the mound marking the resting place of 1,200 fever victims of 1847. The statue was cut in Italy from a solid block of marble three tons in weight, and cost $1,500.

The battalions of garrison artillery at Halifax, Montreal and British Columbia are each to have a permanent regimental sergeant-major from the Royal Canadian Artillery. There is also to be a permanent artillery force stationed in Prince Edward Island.

The grasshoppers in London township and in Westminster have done much damage. Some of the oat fields are nearly stripped, and in others more than half the oats are off the straw. The turnips are being stripped by them, and in some parts they are eating the corn.