LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INTERESTING TETE-A-TETE.

"Where have you been Leone?" asks Farmer Noel.

She had begun a new life. It seemed years since she had left him, while he sat in the same place, smoking the same pipe, probably thinking the same thoughts. She came in with the brightness and light of the moon in her face; dew-drops lay on her dark hair, her beautiful face was flushed with the wind, so fair, so gracious, so royal so brilliant. He looked at her in helpless surprise.

"Where have you been?" he repeated.

She looked at him with a sweet, dreamy smile.

"I have been to the mill-stream." And she added in a lower tone, "I have been to heaven."

It had been heaven to her—this one hour spent with one refined by nature and by habit—a gentleman, a man of taste and education. Her uncle wondered that evening at the light that came on her face, at the cheerful sound of her voice, the smile that came over her lips. She was usually so restless and discontented.

It was a break in her life. She wanted something to interrupt the monotony, and now it had come. She had seen and spoken to not only a very handsome and distinguished man, but a lord, the son of an earl. He had admired her, said her face was like a poem; and the words brought a sweet, musing smile to her face.

When the sun shone in her room the next morning she awoke with a sense of something new and beautiful in her life; it was a pleasure to hear the birds sing; a pleasure to bathe in the clear, cold, fresh water; a pleasure to breathe the sweet, fragrant morning air. There was a half wonder as to whether she could see him again.

The poetical, dramatic instinct of the girl was all awake; she tried to make herself as pretty as she could. She put on a dress of pale pink—a plain print, it is true, but the beautiful head and face rose from it as a flower from its leaves.

She brushed back the rippling hair and placed a crimson rose in its depths. Then she smiled at herself. Was it likely she should see him? What should bring the great son of an earl to the little farm at Rashleigh? But the blue and white pigeons, the little chickens—all fared well that morning. Leone was content.

In the afternoon Farmer Noel wanted her to go down to the hay-fields. The men were busy with the newly mown hay, and he wished her to take some messages about the stacking of it. She looked like a picture of summer as she walked through the green, shady lane, a red rose in her hair and one in her breast, a cluster of woodbine in her hand. She saw nothing of Lord Chandos, yet she thought of nothing else; every tree, every field, every lane she passed she expected to see him; but of course he was not there; and her heart beat fast as she saw him—he was crossing what the people called the Brook Meadow—and she met him face to face.

They had met for the first time on a moonlight night; they met for the second time on a sultry summer afternoon, when the whole world seemed full of love. The birds were singing of love in the trees, the butterflies were making love to the flowers, the wind was whispering of love to the trees, the sun was kissing the earth that lay silent in its embrace.

"Leone," he cried; and then he flushed crimson. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I ought to say Miss Noel; but I have been thinking of you all night as Leone. I did not think of it before I spoke."

She laughed at the long apology.

"Say it all over again," she said. "Begin at 'Good afternoon, Miss Noel.'"

He repeated it after her, then added:

"I think my kind and good fortune sent me this way. I was longing for some one to speak to—and of all happiness to meet you; but perhaps you are busy."

"No; I have done all that I had to do. I am never busy," she added, with regal calm.

He smiled again.

"No; I could not fancy you busy," he said, "any more than I could fancy the goddess Juno in a hurry. To some fair women their belongs by birthright a calm that is almost divine."

"My calm covers a storm," she replied. "My life has been brief and dull; neither my heart nor my soul has really lived; but I feel in myself a capability of power that sometimes frightens me."

He did not doubt it as he looked at the beautiful, passionate face; it was even more lovely in the gleam of the sunlight than in the soft, sweet light of the moon.

"You cannot stand in the sunshine," he said. "If you are not busy will you go with me through Leigh Woods? I shall remember the way this time."

She hesitated one half minute, and he saw it; he raised his hat and stood bareheaded, waiting for her answer.

"Yes, I will go," she said at length "Why should I not?"

They went together to Leigh Woods, where the great oak-trees made a pleasant shade, and the ground was a mass of wild flowers; great streams of bluebells that stirred so gently in the wind, violets that hid themselves under their leaves, cowslips like little tips of gold, while strawberry blossoms that looked like snow-flakes.

How fair it was. The sunbeams fell through the great green boughs, throwing long shadows on the grass. It was a beautiful, silent world, all perfume and light. The poetry of it touched both of them.

Lord Chandos was the first to speak; he had been watching the proud, beautiful face of Leone; and suddenly he said:

"You look out of place here, Miss Noel I can hardly tell you why."

"That is what my uncle says; he is always asking me if I cannot make myself more like the girls of Rashleigh."

"I hope you never will." he cried, warmly.

"I do not know how" she said. "I must always be what God and nature made me."

"They made you fair enough," he whispered.

And then he owned to himself that she was not like other girls.

She drew back proudly, swiftly; no smile came to her lips, no laughing light to her eyes.

"Speak to me as you would to one in your own rank, my lord," she said, haughtily. "Though fate has made me a farmer's niece, nature made me——"

"A queen," he interrupted

And she was satisfied with the acknowledgement. They sat down under one of the great oak-trees, a great carpet of bluebells under their feet.

Leone looked thoughtful; she gathered some sprays of bluebell, and held them in her hands, her white fingers toying with the little flowers; then she spoke:

"I know," she said, "that no lady—for instance, in your own rank of life—would walk through this wood with you on a summer's afternoon."

A laugh came over his handsome, happy young face.

"I do not know—I am inclined to think the opposite."

"I do not understand what you would call etiquette; but I am quite sure you would never ask one."

"I am not sure. If I had met one in what you are pleased to call my rank of life last night by the millstream, looking as you looked, I am quite sure that I should ask her to walk with me and talk with me at any time."

"I should like to see your world," she said. "I know the world of the poor and the middle class, but I do not know yours."

"You will know some day," he said, quietly. "Do not be angry with me if I tell you that in all my world I have never seen one like you. Do not be angry, I am not flattering you, I am saying just what I think."

"Why do you think that some day I may see your world?" she asked.

"Because with your face you are sure to marry well," he replied.

"I shall marry where I love," said Leone.

"And you may love where you will," he replied; "no man will ever resist you."

"I would rather you did not speak to me in that fashion," she said, gravely; and Lord Chandos found, that seated by this farmer's niece, in the wood full of bluebells, he was compelled to be more circumspect than if he were speaking to some countess-elect in a Mayfair drawing-room. Leone, when she had set him quite straight in his place, as she called it; when she had taught him that he was to treat her with as much, if not more courtesy, than he bestowed on those of his own rank; Leone, when she had done all this, she felt quite at home with him. She had never had an opportunity for exercising her natural talent for conversation; her uncle was quite incapable of following or understanding her; the girls who were her companions lost themselves in trying to follow her flights of fancy.

But now there was some one who understood her; talk asshe would, he appreciated it; he knew her quotations; no matter how original her ideas were he understood and followed them; it was the first time she had ever had the opportunity of talking to an educated gentleman.

How she enjoyed it; his wit seemed waiting on hers, and seemed to catch fire from it; his eyes caught fire from hers. She described her simple life and its homely surroundings in words that burned.

It was in her simple, sweet, pathetic description of stolid Uncle Robert that she excelled herself; she painted his character with the most graphic touches.

"Do you know, Miss Noel," said Lord Chandos at last, "that you are a genius, that you have a talent truly marvelous, that you can describe a character or a place better than I have heard any one else?"

"No, I did not know anything about it," she said. "I am so accustomed to being looked upon as something not to be understood, admired, or imitated that I can hardly believe that I am clever. Uncle Robert is really a character; nowadays men and women are very much alike; but he stands out in bold relief, quite by himself, the slowest, the most stolid of men, yet with a great heart full of love."

It was so pleasant to talk to him and see his handsome young face full of admiration; to startle him by showing her talent, so pleasant that the whole of the summer afternoon had passed before she thought of the time; and he was equally confused, for Dr. Hervey's dinner-hour was over. And yet they both agreed it was the most pleasant hour they had ever spent.

CHAPTER V.

THE RECONCILIATION.

It was of course, the old story; there were one or two meetings by the mill-stream, a morning spent together in some distant hay-field, an afternoon in the woods, and then the mischief was done—they loved each other.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong—
A sigh too deep or a kiss too long;
Then follows a mist and a weeping rain—
And life is never the same again."

It soon became not merely a habit but a necessity for them to meet every day. Farmer Noel understood perfectly well the art of tilling the ground, of sowing the crops, or making the earth productive, but he knew less than a child of the care and watchfulness his young niece required. He contented himself by asking where she had been; he never seemed to imagine that she had had a companion. He saw her growing more and more beautiful, with new loveliness on her face, with new light in her eyes, with a thousand charms growing on her, but he never thought of love or danger—in fact, above the haymaking and the wheat, farmer Noel did not think at all.

She had gone into the glowing heart of fairy-land—all the old life was left far behind; she did not even seem to remember that she had been restless and discontented; that in her heart she had revolted fiercely against her fate; that she had disliked her life and longed for something that would change it; all that was forgotten; the golden glamour of love had fallen over her, and everything was changed. He was young—this brave, generous, gallant lover of hers—only twenty, with a heart full of romance. He fairly worshipped the proud, beautiful girl who carried herself with the stately grace of a young queen. He had fallen in love after the fashion of his age—madly, recklessly, blindly—ready to go mad or to die for his love; after the fashion of his age and sex he loved her all the more because of her half-cold reserve, her indomitable pride, her haughty rejection of all flattery.

Young girls do not always know the secret of their power; a little reserve goes further than the most loving words. Leone's pride attracted Lord Chandos quite as much as her beauty. The first little quarrel they had was an outburst of pride from her; they had been strolling through the sunniest part of Leigh woods, and when it was time to part he bent down to kiss the warm, white hand. She drew it quickly from him.

"You would not have done that to one of your own class," she cried; "why do you do it to me?"

"You are not really angry, Leone?" he cried in wonder.

She turned her beautiful face, colorless with indignation, to him.

"I am so far angry," she said, "that I shall not walk through the woods with you—never again."

She kept her word. For two whole days Lord Chandos wandered through the fields and the lanes, through the woods and by the river, yet he saw no sight of her. It was possible that she punished herself quite as much as she did him; but he must be taught that, were he twenty times an earl, he must never venture on even the least liberty with her; he must wait her permission before he kissed her hand.

The fourth day—he could bear it no longer—he rode past the farm twenty times or more; at length he was fortunate enough to see Farmer Noel, and throwing the reins on his horse's neck he got down and went up to him.

"Have you a dog to sell?" he asked, "Some one told me you had very fine dogs."

"I have good dogs, but none to sell," replied the farmer.

"I want a dog, and I would give a good price for a good one," he said. "Will you let me see yours?"

"Yes, you can see them, but you cannot buy them," said Robert Noel; and the next scene was the handsome young lordling going round the farm, with the stalwart, stolid farmer.

He won the farmer's heart by his warm praises of the farm, the cattle, the dogs, and everything else he saw; still there was no Leone.

"I am very thirsty; should you think me very impertinent if I asked you for a glass of cider?" he said; and the farmer flattered by the request, took him into the little parlor. He looked at his visitor in simple wonder.

"They say you are a great lord' son," he said; "but if you are, you have no pride about you."

Lord Chandos laughed; and the farmer called Leone. There was a pause during which the young lord's heart beat and his face flushed.

"Leone," cried the farmer again.

He turned to his visitor.

"You will wonder what 'Leone' means, it is such a strange name; it is my niece. Here she comes."

The loveliest picture in all the world, trying hard to preserve her usual stately grace, yet with a blushing, dimpling smile that made her lovely beyond words.

"Leone," said the farmer, "will you bring a jug of cider?"

"Pray, cried the lord, "do not trouble yourself, Miss Noel. I cannot think—"

She interrupted him by a gesture of her white hand.

"I will send it, uncle," she said, and disappeared.

"She is very proud," he said; "but she is a fine girl."

The cider came; the visitor duly drank his glass and went; his only reward for all that trouble was the one glance at her face.

That same evening a little note was given to her, in which he begged her so humbly to forgive him, and to meet him again, that she relented.

He had learned his lesson; he wooed her with the deference due to a young princess; no word or action of his displeased her after that, while he loved her with a love that was akin to madness.

So through the long, bright, beautiful summer days, in the early morning, while the sweet, fragrant air seemed to sweep the earth, and in the evening when the dew lay upon flower and tree, they met and learned to love each other.

One evening, as they sat by their favorite spot—the mill-stream—Lord Chandos told her how he had learned to love her, how he had ceased to think of anything in the world but herself.

"I knew you were my fate, Leone," he said, "when I saw you sitting here by the mill-stream. I am quite sure that I have loved you ever since. I do not remember that there has been one moment in which I have not thought of you. I shall always thank Heaven that I came to Rashleigh—I found my darling here."

For once all the pride had died from her face; all the hauteur was gone from her eyes; a lovely gleam of tenderness took its place; a love-light in the shy, sweet eyes that drooped from his.

"My darling Leone," he said, "if I lived a hundred years I could only say over and over again—'I love you.' Those three words say everything. Do you love me?"

She looked up at him. Then she raised her dark eyes to his and a little quiver passed over her beautiful mouth.

"Yes I love you," she said. "Whether it be for weal or for woe, for good or ill, I know not; but I love you."

There was unutterable pathos, unutterable music in those three words; they seemed to rhyme with the chime of the falling waters. She held out her white hands, he clasped them in his.

"Why do you say it so sadly, my darling! Love will bring nothing but happiness for you and for me." he said.

She laid her white arms on his neck, and looked earnestly in his face.

"There can be no comparison," she said. "Love to you is only a small part of your life, to me it is everything—everything. Do you understand? If you forget me or anything of that kind, I could not bear it. I could not school myself into patience as model women do. I should come and throw myself into the mill-stream."

"But, my darling, I shall never forget you—never; you are life of my life. I might live without the air and the sunlight; I might live without sleep or food, but never without you. I must forget my own soul before I forget you."

Still the white hands clasped his shoulders and the dark eyes were fixed on his face.

"You and your love are more than that to me," she said. I throw all my life on this one die; I have nothing else—no other hope. Ah, think well, Lance, before you pledge your faith to me; it means so much. I should exact it whole, unbroken and forever."

"And I would give it so," he replied.

"Think well of it," she said again, with those dark, earnest eyes fixed on his face. "Let there be no mistake, Lance. I am not one of the meek Griselda type; I should not suffer in silence and resignation, let my heart break, and then in silence sink into an early grave. Ah, no, I am no patient Griselda. I should look for revenge and many other things. Think well before you pledge yourself to me. I should never forgive—never forget. There is time now—think before you seal your fate and mine."

"I need not think, Leone," he answered, quietly. "I have thought, and the result is that I pledge you my faith forever and ever."

The earnest, eager gaze died from her eyes, and the beautiful face was hidden on his breast.

"Forever and ever, sweet," he whispered; "do you hear? in all time and for all eternity, I pledge you my love and my faith."

The water seemed to laugh as it rippled on, the wind laughed as it bent the tall branches, the nightingale singing in the wood stopped suddenly, and its next burst of song was like ringing laughter; the mountains quivered over the millstream, the stars seemed to tremble as they shone.

"Forever and ever," he repeated. The wind seemed to catch up the words and repeat them, the leaves seemed to murmur them, the fall of the water to rhyme with them. "Forever and ever, sweet, I pledge you my love and my faith; our hearts will be one, and our souls one, and you will give me the same love in return, my sweet?"

"I give you even more than that," she replied, so earnestly that the words had a ring of tragedy in them; and then bending forward, he kissed the sweet lips that were for evermore to be his own.

"You are mine now forever," he said, "my wife, who is to be."

She was quite silent for some minutes; then, looking up at him, she said:

"I wish you had never sung that pretty ballad of the mill-wheel to me; do you know what the water always says when I listen?

"'Those vows are all forgotten.
The ring asunder broken.'"

"My darling," he said, clasping her to his heart," no words that have any ring of doubt in them will ever apply to us, let the mill-stream say what it will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLINDNESS FROM SMOKING.

Common in English Workingmen From the Over-Use of Strong Tobacco.

"The symptoms of over-indulgence in smoking are more or less clearly defined,' says Dr. Dunn. "They may be caused in one or two ways: in the upper classes by smoking too much; in the lower by smoking too strong tobacco, as, for example, shag.

"The toxic affects of tobacco among the lower classes are comparatively not infrequent. The form which the poisoning takes is that known to ophthalmic surgeons as "Tobacco amblyopia." the men come to the hospitals complaining of loss of sight. Commonly they are found to be bootmakers or those to whom the opportunity occurs of smoking while they are at work. In most cases there is a serious failure of vision. Associated with this is the loss of perception for the colors red and green, which is confined to the central part of the retina. The diagnosis, however, having been made, the treatment is easy enough. Practically this resolves itself into the emphatic prohibition of all smoking. It is always best to give the patients instructions to burn their pipes. As long as an old 'trusty friend' is permitted to lie on the mantelpiece or anywhere within sight and reach the temptation becomes almost irresistible to disobey orders, and in the luxury of renewing a valued companionship to forget the strict injunctions against indulging in he habit which had been laid down.

"Almost invariably in these cases over-indulgence is found to consist in smoking half an ounce of shag daily—that is to say, when the surgeon asks the patient, 'How much do you smoke?' it is seldon that any other answer is given than that of 'About half an ounce of shag a day.' The constancy of this reply is really remarkable. 'Tobacco amblyopia,' is almost unknown in connection with any other form of tobacco than that which is called 'shag'. In addition to the amblyopia the patients are distinctly affected with 'tobacco tremors;' their hands are shaky; they are more or less nervous, and they complain of loss of appetite. Their complexions, moreover, are in that condition which may be described as 'muddy,' and there is a characteristic expression of listlessness in their eyes.

"But what are the results of the treatment? In most cases, the surgeon may speak hopefully of the recovery of vision; provided that the patient absolutely ceases to smoke, and certain treatment be applied, some improvement will begin to take place in the course of a fortnight. Always very gradually, but generally speaking surely, the improvement progresses, until at the end of some weeks the lost sight is nearly quite regained. Most commonly, however, the surgeon never sees the end of the cases. Generally speaking, as soon as the patient finds that his sight is sufficiently improved to enable him to attend to his work, he ceases to come to the hospital, and the subsequent record of his progress is thus lost to the surgeon."

A Fair Question.

Judge—This gentleman charges you with stealing his bull-pup, valued at $75. What have you to say?

Prisoner—Well, Judge, do you honestly think that a man wot's fool enough to pay $75 for a snub-nosed, pig-eyed little brute like that has got sense enough to know his own dog when he sees him?

Household

A Folding Couch.

The illustration shows a homemade couch that is also capable of being turned into a

COMFORTABLE COUCH.

"sofa bed," when desired. It is a rectangular box covered with any material that may be desired. The cushion on top is made separate from the body of couch, while the front of the box has a stout leaf, heavily hinged at the top, which ordinarily is folded down, as shown. This "leaf" is upholstered to match the cushion, and when raised to a horizontal position and two legs inserted under it, there is all in readiness a wide and very comfortable bed. When this front is raised the cushion is, of course, moved back a little. The main body of the couch should be twenty-eight or thirty inches wides, without back or arms, these being supplied by an abundance of cushions.

Cooking and Serving Beefsteak.

A correspondent writes:—While a properly broiled or fried steak is a perfect dish in and of itself, yet there are little additions or changes that can be made which add to the "variety" that is always desirable on a table. One of these changes that it is easily made is to place a lump of butter on the hot platter; when the butter is soft stir into it a few sprigs of fresh parsley. Place the broiled steak on this and turn over, bringing the parsley on top. If liked, add a few slices of lemon or simply squeeze the juice of a lemon over it, and from a plain dish you have made one on which a high-priced city cook prides himself.

To bake steak is a good change. Pound or score with a knife; place in a pan; sprinkle the top with bread or cracker crumbs; add pepper and salt and little pieces of butter; put water enough in the tin to stand a quarter of an inch deep over the bottom, and bake for twenty minutes or half an hour. To cook in this way the steak should not be cut over half an inch in thickness.

If I think a steak is tough I stew it until tender, place on platter and pour over it a thickened gravy. Cooked in this way I have often been asked, "Where did you get veal at this time of year?" For this way of cooking I like best a "round" steak, cut rather thicker than for broiling. Another way to cook a "round" is to make a dressing as for stuffing a fowl; spread thickly over the steak, roll up and bake. Slice like a roll jelly cake and it is simply delicious, either hot for dinner or cold for tea.

Timely Recipes.

Tomato Preserves.—Take 7 pounds of small, sound, ripe tomatoes; 7 pounds of white sugar and the juice of three lemons. Sprinkle the sugar over the tomatoes and let them stand together over night. In the morning drain off the syrup and boil it, skimming it often; put in the tomatoes and boil them slowly for thirty minutes; take out the tomatoes with a perforated skimmer and spread upon flat dishes; boil the syrup down until it begins to thicken; add just before you take it from the fire the juice of the three lemons. Put the tomatoes in jars and pour over them the hot syrup, and when cold seal or tie up with thick paper.

Tomato Catsup.—Half a bushel of fine, ripe tomatoes; wash them, cut out the stems, break them up, and put on the fire in a large kettle. Take 10 green peppers, 3 ripe ones, 6 medium-sized onions, 3 good-sized pieces of horseradish root; chop these together and add them to the tomatoes on the fire and cook all together for three hours until it becomes thick, then strain it through a coarse sieve into a large pan; put it on the fire again and add one teacupful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of powdered cloves, three of powdered cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful each of black pepper and cayenne; cook ¾ of an hour longer and then bottle, cork and seal while hot. Do not let the tomatoes scorch.

Tomato Soup.—Take one pint of canned tomatoes, or 4 large raw ones; let them be very ripe. Pare the tomatoes and cut them into small bits; put them into a kettle and pour on them one quart of boiling water and let them boil slowly for 15 minutes; season to taste with pepper and salt. After the tomatoes have boiled the required time, add a very small, level teaspoonful of soda, and while it is foaming stir it and immediately add one pint of sweet milk; stir and add a piece of butter larger than an egg; let this come to a boil, and then add two soda crackers rolled very fine; stir until the crackers are all blended and send to table hot.

Tomato Butter.—Take nice, ripe tomatoes; pare and cut them up; weigh, and to each pound allow half a pound of white sugar; mix the cut tomatoes and sugar together, put them into a large preserving kettle and set them over a steady fire, keeping them well stirred from the bottom. After they have commenced to boil, add, for each ten pounds, three sliced lemons. Keep them boiling gently for four hours, and take care that they are well stirred so as not to settle to the bottom of the kettle and burn. After cooking for four hours, if you see they are not thick, cook them longer, for some tomatoes require more cooking than others. When done put into small jars and seal while hot.

Logic.

The Boy's Mother—"Why do you get you hands so dirty?"

The Boy—"Cause then I don't have to take care and not play in the dirt."