

LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER X. A SHOCKED FATHER.

"I am quite sure of one thing," Lord Chandos had said, as they drew near London, "and that is, Leone—if my father sees you before my mother has time to interfere, it will be all right. He can resist anything but a pretty face—that always conquers him."

"I wish," said Leone, with a sigh, "that I were less proud. Do you know, Lance, that I cannot endure to hear you speak as though I were to be received as a great favor. I wonder why I am so proud! I am a farmer's niece, and you are the son of a powerful earl, yet I—please do not be offended; I cannot help it—I feel quite as good as you."

He laughed aloud. There was nothing he enjoyed better than this proud frankness of hers, which would never yield to or worship rank or title.

"I am glad to hear it, Leone," he replied. "For my own part, I think you very much better than myself. I have no fear, if my father sees you first, and that is why I have telegraphed to him to meet us at Dunmore House."

"But," she insisted, "suppose that he does not like me—what shall we do then?"

"Why," he replied, "the right and proper thing for me to do then will be to try to love you, if possible, even better than I do now. Leone, the first thing we must do is to drive to one of the court milliners; no matter what follows, your dress must be attended to at once—first impressions are everything. You look royally beautiful in all that you wear, but I would much rather that my father saw you in a proper costume. Suppose we drive to a milliner's first, and choose a handsome dress, and all things suitable, then we can go to the Queen's Hotel; the trunks can be sent after us. We can dine there; and when you have dressed à la Lady Chandos, we will go to Dunmore House, and carry everything before us."

He did as he has said. They drove first to Madame Caroline's. Lord Chandos was accustomed to the princely style of doing things. He sent for madame, who looked up in wonder at his fair young face.

"This is my wife," he said, "Lady Chandos." We have been in the country and she wants everything new, in your best style."

It seemed to him hours had passed when madame reappeared. Certainly he hardly knew the superbly beautiful girl with her. Was it possible that after all the poets had said about "beauty unadorned" that dress made such a difference? It had changed his beautiful Leone into a beautiful empress. Madame looked at him for approval.

"I hope your lordship is satisfied," she said; with the usual quickness of her nation, she had detected the fact that this had been a runaway marriage.

"I am more than satisfied," he replied. Before him stood a tall, slender girl, whose superb figure was seen to advantage in one of Worth's most fashionable dresses—trailing silk and rich velvet, so skillfully intermixed with the most exquisite taste; a lace bonnet that seemed to crown the rippling hair; pearl-gray gloves that might have grown on the white hands. Her dress was simply perfect; it was at once elegant and ladylike, rich and costly.

"I shall not be afraid to face my father now," he said, "I have a talisman."

Yet his fair young face grew paler as they reached Dunmore House. It was a terrible risk, and he knew it—a terrible ordeal. He realized what he had done when the housekeeper told him the earl awaited him in the dining-room. A decided sensation of nervousness came over him, and he looked at the fresh, proud, glowing beauty of his young wife to reassure himself. She was perfect, he felt that, and he was satisfied.

"Give me your hand, Leone," he said, and the touch of that little hand gave him new courage.

He went in leading her, and the earl sprang from his seat in startling amazement. Lord Chandos went boldly up to him.

"Father," he said, "allow me to introduce to you my wife, Leone, Lady Chandos."

The earl gave a terrified glance at the beautiful southern face, but made no answer.

"I have to ask your forgiveness," continued the young lordling, "for having married without your consent; but I knew, under the circumstances, it was useless to ask it, so I married without."

Still the same terrified look and utter silence.

"Father," cried Lord Chandos, "why do you not welcome my young wife home?"

Then Lord Lanswell tried to smile—a dreadful, ghastly smile.

"My dear boy," he said, "you are jesting; I am quite sure you are jesting. It cannot be real; you would not be so cruel!"

"Father," repeated the young lord, in an imperative voice, "will you bid my wife welcome home?"

"No," said the earl stoutly. "I will not. The young lady will excuse me if I decline to bid her welcome to a home that can never be hers."

"Father," cried the young man, reproachfully, "I did not expect this from you."

"I do not understand what else you could expect," cried the earl, angrily. "Do

you mean to tell me that it is true that this person is your wife?"

"My dear and honored wife," replied the young man.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have actually married this lady, Lance—really married her?"

"I have, indeed, father, and it is about the best action of my life," said Lord Chandos.

"How do you intend to face my lady?" asked the earl, with the voice and manner of one who proposes a difficulty not to be solved.

"I thought you would help us, father; at least, speak to my wife."

The earl looked at the beautiful, distressed face.

"I am very sorry," he said, "sorry for you, Lance, and the lady, but I cannot receive her as your wife."

"She is my wife, whether you receive her or not," said Lord Chandos. "Leone, how can I apologize to you? I never expected that my father would receive you in this fashion. Father, look at her; think how young, how beautiful she is; you cannot be unkind to her."

"I have no wish to be unkind," said the earl, "but I cannot receive her as your wife."

Then, seeing the color fade from her face, he hastened to find her a chair, and poured out a glass of wine for her: he turned with a stern face to his son.

"What have you been doing?" he cried. "While your mother and I thought you were working hard to make up for lost time, what have you been doing?"

"I have been working very hard," he replied, "and my work will bring forth good fruit; but, father, I have found leisure for love as well."

"So it seems," said the earl, dryly; "perhaps you will tell me who this lady is, and why she comes home with you?"

"My wife; her name was Leone Noel; she is now Lady Chandos."

For the first time Leone spoke.

"I am a farmer's niece, my lord," she said, simply.

Her voice had a ring of music in it so sweet that it struck the earl with wonder.

"A farmer's niece," he replied. "You will forgive me for saying that a farmer's niece can be no fitting wife for my son."

"I love him, my lord, very dearly, and I will try hard to be all that he can wish me to be."

"Bravely spoken; but it is quite in vain my lady would never hear of such a thing—I dare not—I cannot sanction it, even by a word, my lady would never forgive me. Can you tell me when this rash action was accomplished?"

"This is our wedding-day, father," cried Lord Chandos. "Only think of it, our wedding-day, and you receive us like this. How cruel and cold."

"Nay, I am neither," said the earl; "it is rather you, Lance, who do not seem to realize what you have done. You seem to think you belong to yourself; you are mistaken; a man in your position belongs to his country, his race, to his family, not to himself; that view of the question, probably did not strike you."

"No," replied Lord Chandos, "it certainly did not; but, father, if I have done wrong, forgive me."

"I do forgive you, my dear boy, freely; young men will be foolish—I forgive you; but do not ask me to sanction your marriage or receive your wife. I cannot do it."

"Then, of what use is your forgiveness? Oh, father, I did not expect this from you; you have always been so kind to me. I had fancied difficulties with my mother, but none with you."

"My dear Lance, we had better send for my lady; she is really, as you know, the dominant spirit of our family. She will decide on what is to be done."

"I insist on my wife being treated with due respect," raged the young lord.

"My dear Lance, you must do as you will; I refuse to recognize this lady in any way. Will you tell me when and where you were married?"

"Certainly: this morning, by the Reverend Mr. Barnes, at the Church of St. Barnabas, in Oheton, a little village twenty miles from Rashleigh. The marriage was all on leg; we had the bans published and witnesses present."

"You took great pains to be exact, and the lady, you tell me, is a farmer's niece."

"My uncle is Farmer Robert Noel; he has a farm at Rashleigh," said Leone, "and in his way is an honest, loyal, honorable man."

The earl could not help feeling the sweet, soft music of that voice; it touched his heart.

"I believe you," he said, "but it is a sad thing Farmer Noel did not take more care of his niece. I am sorry it has happened; I can do nothing to help you; my lady must manage it all."

"But, father, pleaded the young man, "it was on you I relied; it was to your efforts I trusted. Be my friend; if you will receive my wife here and acknowledge her, on one else can say a word."

"My dear boy, only yesterday your mother and I were speaking of something on which the whole desire of her heart was fixed; remembering that conversation I tell you quite frankly that I dare not do what you ask me; your mother would never speak to me again."

"Then, Leone, darling, we will go; Heaven forbid that we should remain where we are not welcome. "Father," he cried, in sudden emotion, "have you not one kind word, not one blessing for me, on my wedding-day?"

"I refuse to believe that it is your wedding-day, Lance. When that day does come, you shall have both kind words and blessings from me."

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAWYER'S STATEMENT.

Lady Lanswell stood in the library at Dunmore House, her handsome face flushed with irritation and annoyance, her fine eyes flashing fire. She looked like one born to command; her tall, stately figure bore no signs of age; her traveling dress of rich silk swept the ground in graceful folds. She had not removed her mantle of rich lace; it hung from her shoulders still; she had removed her bonnet and gloves. With one jeweled hand resting on the table, she stood, the picture of indignation and anger.

Lord Lanswell had sent a telegram at once, when his son left him, begging her to come at once, as Lance had something important to tell her.

My lady lost no time; she was far more quick and keen of judgment than the earl. She never thought of gambling or betting, her thoughts all went to love. It was something about a girl, she said to herself; but she should stand no nonsense. Lance must remember what was due to his family. If he had made any such mistake as that of falling in love with one beneath him, then he must rectify the mistake as quickly as possible; there could be no misalliance in a family like theirs. A sum of money would doubtless have to be expended over the matter, then it would be all right.

So thought my lady, and as the express drew near London she promised herself that all would be well. Her spirits rose, her fears abated; no son of hers would ever make a mistake so utterly absurd. There was something of scorn in my lady's face as she entered Dunmore House. The earl met her in the entrance hall.

"I have lost no time, as you see," she said. "What is all this nonsense, Ross?"

He did not answer until they stood together in the library, with the door closed, and then she repeated the words. Something in her husband's face dismayed her.

"Speak, Ross; I dislike suspense. Tell me at once; what has the boy done?"

"He is married," said the earl, solemnly.

"Great Heaven!" cried my lady. "Married! You cannot mean it. Married—how—whom—when?"

"You will be dreadfully distressed," he began, slowly.

My lady stamped her foot.

"I can bear distress better than suspense. Tell me quickly, Ross, has he disgraced himself?"

"I am afraid so," was the brief reply.

"And I loved him so—I trusted him so; it is impossible; tell me, Ross."

"He has married a farmer's niece. The girl is beautiful. I have seen no one so beautiful; she seems to be well educated and refined. Her uncle has a farm at Rashleigh."

"A farmer's niece," cried my lady; "you cannot possibly mean it. There must be some mistake—the boy has been playing a practical joke on you."

"It is no joke; I only wish it were. Lance gave me the details. He was married yesterday morning by the Reverend Mr. Barnes, at the church of St. Barnabas, at Oheton, a village somewhere near Rashleigh."

"Married—really and actually married," cried my lady. "I will not believe it."

"Unhappily, it is true. He expected, I think, to make his home here; he had no idea of leaving Dunmore House; but I told him that I could not receive him or her."

"Her! You do not really mean to say that he had the audacity to bring her here, Ross?"

"Yes, they came together last night; but I would not receive her. I told them plainly that you must settle the matter, as I could not."

"I should think not," said my lady, with emphasis.

"I must own, though," continued the earl, "that I was rather sorry for Lance; he had trusted entirely to my good offices and seemed to think it very cruel of me to refuse to plead for him."

"And the girl," said my lady, "what of her?"

"You will think I am weak and foolish, without doubt," he said, "but the girl distressed me even more than Lance. She is beautiful enough to arouse the admiration of the world; and she spoke so well for him."

"A farmer's niece—an underbred, forward, designing, vulgar country girl—to be Countess of Lanswell," cried my lady in horror.

"Nay, said the earl, "she is a farmer's niece, it is true, but she is not vulgar."

"It is not possible that she can be presentable said my lady. "We must move heaven and earth to set the marriage aside."

"I had not thought of that," said the earl, simply.

Then my lady took the lace mantilla from her shoulders and sat down at the writing-table.

"I will send for Mr. Sewell," she said.

"If any one can give us good advice, he can."

Mr. Sewell was known as one of the finest, keenest, and cleverest lawyers in England; he had been for more than twenty years agent for the Lanswells of Cawdor. He knew every detail of their history, every event that happened; and the proud countess liked him, because he was thoroughly conservative in all his opinions. She sent for him now as a last resource; the carriage was sent to his office, so that he might lose no time. In less than an hour the brisk, energetic lawyer stood before the distressed parents, listening gravely to the story of the young heir's marriage.

"Have you seen the girl?" he asked.

"Yes, I have seen her," said the earl.

"Is she presentable?" he inquired.

"Would any degree of training enable her to take her rank?"

Lady Lanswell interrupted him.

"The question need never be asked," she said, proudly. "I refuse ever to see her, or acknowledge her. I insist on the marriage being set aside."

"One has to be careful, my lady," said Mr. Sewell.

"I see no need for any great care," she retorted. "My son has not studied us; we shall not study him. I would rather the entail were destroyed, and the property go to one of Charles Seyton's sons, than my son share it with a low-born wife."

My lady's face was inflexible. The earl and the lawyer saw that she was resolved—that she would never give in, never yield, no matter what appeal was made to her.

They both knew that more words were useless. My lady's mind was made up, and they might as well fight the winds and the waves. Lord Lanswell was more inclined to pity and to temporize. He was sorry for his son, and the beautiful face had made some impression on him; but my lady was inflexible.

"The marriage must be set aside," she repeated.

The earl looked at her gravely.

"Who can set aside a thoroughly legal marriage?" he asked.

"You will find out the way," said my lady, turning to Mr. Sewell.

"I can easily do that, Lady Lanswell; of course it is for you to decide; but there is no doubt but that the marriage can easily be disputed—you must decide. If you think the girl could be trained and taught to behave herself—perhaps the

most simple and honorable plan would be to let the matter stand as it is, and do your best for her."

"Never!" cried my lady, proudly. "I would rather that Cawdor were burned to the ground than to have such a person rule over it. It is useless to waste time and words, the marriage must be set aside."

The lawyer looked from one to the other.

"There can be no difficulty whatever in setting the marriage aside," said Mr. Sewell. "In point of fact, I must tell you what I imagined you would have known perfectly well."

My lady looked at him with redoubled interest.

"What is that?" she asked, quickly.

The earl listened with the greatest attention.

"It is simply this, Lady Lanswell, that the marriage is no marriage; Lord Chandos is under age—he cannot marry without your consent; any marriage that he contracts without your consent is illegal and invalid—no marriage at all—the law does not recognize it."

"Is that the English law?" asked Lady Lanswell.

"Yes, the marriage of a minor, like your son, without the consent of his parents, is no marriage; the law utterly ignores it. The remedy lies, therefore, in your own hands."

Husband and wife looked at each other; it was a desperate chance, a desperate remedy. For one moment each thought of the sanctity of the marriage tie, and all that was involved in the breaking of it. Each thought how terribly their only son must suffer if this law was enforced.

Then my lady's face hardened and the earl knew what was to follow.

"It remains for us, then, Mr. Sewell," she said, "to take the needful steps."

"Yes, you must make an appeal to the High Court, and the marriage will be at once set aside," said Mr. Sewell. "It is a terrible thing for the young wife, though."

"She should have had more sense than to have married my son," cried my lady. "I have pity for my son—none for her."

"I think it would be more fair to tell Lord Chandos what you intend doing," said Mr. Sewell. "Not that he could make either resistance or defence—the law is absolute."

"What will the end be?" asked my lady.

"The marriage will be declared null and void; they will be compelled to separate now; but again he has the remedy in his own hand. If he chooses to remain true and constant to her, the very next day after he becomes of age he can remarry her, and then she becomes his lawful wife; if he forgets her the only remedy for her would be money compensation."

"It shall be the business of my life to see that he does forget her," said my lady.

"You can commence proceedings at once," said Mr. Sewell. "You can file your petition to-morrow."

"It will make the whole matter public," hesitated my lady.

"Yes, that is the one drawback. After all it does not matter," said Mr. Sewell, "many young men make simpletons of themselves in the same way. People do not pay much attention."

Lord Lanswell looked at his wife's handsome, inflexible face.

"It is a desperate thing to do, Lucia," he said, "for Lance loves her very dearly."

"It was a desperate action on his part to marry without consulting us," said my lady.

"He will be of age next June," said the earl, "do you think that he will be true to her?"

"No," said the countess, proudly. "I can safely pledge you my word that he will not."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEY ARE PRIVATE PROPERTY.

The English Landlord Chooses the Clergyman for Every Parish on His Property.

The great majority of the churches of England are private property. When a large estate is purchased, the parish church or churches go with the rest of the property. The landlord—or the patron of the livings, as he is called with reference to his relations to his church property—chooses the clergyman for every parish on his property and sees to it that the revenue attaching thereto goes to him. He can sell his church-living or let it to whom he will; and, although each incumbent is put over the parish for life, at his death the patron may again bestow it upon some one else. So secure was this tenure of the parson in his parish that it is only recently that an act of Parliament permitted his dismissal even for drunkenness or debt. The people of a parish have well-defined rights to the services of the parson, to sittings in the church to burial in the churchyard, and to the sacraments, but to little more.

George William Thomas Brudenell Bruce, fourth Marquis of Ailesbury, who died the other day, was the patron of nine such livings. He married a girl of unexceptionable immorality from the variety stage, was part owner of several music halls, and acquired notoriety as having been ruled off every race track in England as a cheat and a blackguard. There is always a large number—probably 2,000 out of the total of 13,000—of these livings for sale, which are advertised just as other investments are. A wealthy man's daughter marries a clergyman, and the father—if he be of the right sort—purchases one of these livings and presents it as a wedding gift.

A clergyman with capital at his disposal invests some of it in such a purchase, and enjoys the income thereof and an agreeable way of exercising his professional energies at the same time. The clergyman's social position is greatly improved in the last hundred years, and he no longer sits below the salt at his patron's table or contents himself with marrying the lady's maid.

Very Much Taken.

The crowd at the fair were going to have their pictures taken in a group as a souvenir, and the pretty girl, who had been making eyes at the tall young man, smiled up at him and said softly:

"I want to be taken with you."

He looked down into her eyes ineffably.

"I am already taken with you," he murmured, and she liked to have had a conception fit right there.

THE HOME.

The Kitchen Furnishing.

Every woman knows that washing the dishes used for cooking, commonly called pots and kettles, is the most disagreeable part of the kitchen work. For this reason, it is very apt to be neglected or done in a careless manner. Some of the discomfort attending this work may be avoided by using as far as possible granite ware saucepans and kettles for cooking, which may be done more than some people are aware of. Though the original cost is greater than tin, this is more than balanced by their greater durability, aside from greater comfort in cleansing.

But when it does become necessary to attack these articles, it is well to have the proper appliances and do this, which, like every other work, has a right and a wrong way, in the best and easiest manner. In the schools of domestic economy in Europe, the cleaning of kitchen utensils is a part of the regular course of lessons, and including the cleaning of silver is given the general name of scullery work. A writer who visited one of these schools in Edinburgh thus describes one of the lessons in cleaning an iron pot or pan. It is first thoroughly washed outside and inside with plenty of hot water and soda; then scrubbed vigorously with what is called in Scotland "a pot range" which is a tightly bound bundle of broom twigs dipped in sand and water. In place of this we should recommend one of the dishcloths composed of steel rings, which cost very little. After being scrubbed clean the pot is rinsed in plenty of water and well dried. And there it is, smooth to the touch outside and in; sweet to the smell, pleasing to the eye. If onions have been cooked in it their odor is removed by using ashes instead of sand. Like the iron pot, the enameled or porcelain-lined saucepans are first brushed inside and out with hot water and soda. To clean the inside and smooth all roughnesses, crushed eggshells are used in the scrubbing with soap and a little hot water. The pans are then thoroughly rinsed and dried after which they are rubbed till they shine.

Directions are then given for cleaning copper saucepans, which are not in very general use in this country, but one point is worthy of imitation in cleaning iron utensils that of cleaning the crevices where the handle is joined and around the large round rivets that secure the handle, for which a butcher's wooden skewer can be kept. A tin tea kettle was first washed with hot water and soda, and lemon peel used to remove stains. Then a paste made of whiting and water was applied with a soft woolen rag, then rubbed off with a dry piece of flannel and dry whiting. Steel knives and forks were cleaned by rubbing them on the brick dust, instead of the opposite, which is the usual way. It is sometimes a difficult matter to cleanse the inside of bottles, but may easily be done by means of a thin paring of potato cut in bits and shaken about in warm water. Tea leaves may be used for the same purpose.

Many kitchens are not supplied with these little conveniences which it should be one's first thought to provide, before provision is made for the parlor. The entire sum necessary to furnish an equipment which would save the time and strength of many a weary woman, who tries hard to do her work in the way she feels it should be done, is not more than is often expended on a single piece of furniture to adorn the best room and please the eye of the visitor. We believe in a woman surrounding herself with all the pretty things possible, but do not neglect the kitchen for the sake of them.

Cleaning Old Material.

An exchange gives the following directions: We give them for what they are worth: To clean black silk and cashmere or henrietta, if it is badly soiled, make a tea of five cents' worth of soap bark and a pail of soft water; let this stand overnight, then strain it. Wash the goods in this water, and then rinse slightly, hang up to dry without wringing, and when the cloth ceases to drip iron it on the wrong side with as cold an iron as will take out the wrinkles by patient pressing. Remember that silk and wool are animal fibres and scorch easily. For sponging the same materials use the soap bark tea or dissolve one tablespoonful each of borax and indigo in a pint of water; the borax cleanses the cloth while the indigo brightens the color. Some colored woollens and cottons are successfully washed in bran water. Put some wheat bran in a cloth bag and boil it in water for an hour, strain it and use instead of soap and water.

An old-fashioned and, at the same time, a good way to clean black silk that has become glossy from wear is to sponge it with water to which a little ammonia has been added. This process cleanses it. Then sponge it with cold coffee and the glossy spots will disappear and the whole surface look bright and clear. But the silk ought not to be ironed after this treatment. Stretch it out smoothly and pin it to the carpet or something that will hold it firmly. Black or blue cashmere, henrietta and serge can be washed in soap and water, rinsed well and then put into water that is made almost black with bluing. The black goods may lie in this water for hours, but the blue might become spotted. Half dry the cloth in the shade and then iron on the wrong side.

Recipes.

Sponge Cake.—Five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cups sugar, one and one-half cups flour, flavor with lemon or vanilla, add whites of eggs last. If baked in a wide and long tin it is very nice to cut it in squares after being frosted.

Newport Cake.—One quart flour, three well beaten eggs stirred into the flour, three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, three of butter two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda, mix one cup sweet milk to make stiff batter bake quickly in hot oven.

Spice Cake.—One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups sugar, one cup buttermilk, two and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves, half nutmeg, one cup raisins, half cup currants.