LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XII.

"THEY WILL NOT FORGIVE ME,"

"Thank Heaven," said the countess, "that the matter can be set straight. If there had been no remedy I should have lost my reason over it. The boy must have been mad or blinded, or very probably drawn into it in seme disgraceful fashion or other."

My lady was triumphant, her handsom face lighted with satisfaction, but the earl looked grave. The lawyer had taken his leave, and they still remained to discus matters. Lord Lanswell did not seem so well pleased; he went up to my lady where she was standing.

"Lucia," he began, "do you think that if we succeed in parting these two we shall do quite right?"

"Right," cried my lady, "I shall think it one of the most virtuous actions of my life."

"Well," said the earl, "I am sorry that I cannot quite agree with you. No doubt this marriage is vexatious enough, but whether it is well to obliterate all traces of it, or rather to do way with it altogether, is quite another thing."

"I am the best judge of what is right in this case," said my lady, haughtily; "I will have no interference. The business part of it must be attended to at once."

"At least you will write to Lance and tell him what you intend doing?"

"Yes, I have no objection to that," she replied, "It can make no possible difference to him."

"He may try to make some compromise," said Lord Lanswell, whose heart smote him as he thought of the passionate beautiful face.

"There can be no compromise; he must give her up at once, and marry some one in his own rank," said the countess. I will write the letter at once, and I must ask you, Ross, not to be weak A weak man is the most contemptible object in creation."

"I will try not to be weak, my dear," said the earl, submissively; "but I am concerned for Lance."

"Lance must take his chance," said my lady, too angry to be conscious of the rhyme; "he has done wrong, and he must suffer for it. He will thank heaven in a year's time from now that I have saved him."

Still Lord Lanswell looked at his wife with a grave expression of doubt.

"You think, then, Lucia, that in a year's time he will have forgotten that poor young wife?"

"I am quite sure of it. Long before I had heard of this foolish affair I had decided in my own mind whom he should marry, and I see no reason for changing my plans."

Lord Lanswell thought with regret and sympathy of the young wife. Could it be possible, he thought, that his son would be so disloyal, so unfaithful as to forget in twelve short months the wife he had risked so much to win? He looked at the countess.

"The matter then lies in a nutshell and depends entirely upon whether Lance continues true to his love or not. If he remains true, your scheme for parting them will have but little effect; if he prove false, why then all will be well, according to your way of thinking."

"We will finish with the subject," she said. "You may make your mind quite easy about it. I guarantee all my knowledge of the world that he will not only have forgotten her in twelve months' time, but that he will be ashamed of having ever fancied himself in love with her."

Lord Lanswell went, in obedience to his wife's command, to assist in the commencement of the proceedings, and as soon as my lady was left alone she sat down to write a letter to her son. She told him in the plainest possible words, that his marriage was not only unlawful, but invalid, as he, being minor could not contract a legal marriage without the consent of his parents. My lady had faith enough in herself to add openly:

"You can of course please yourself as soon as you are of age; you can then remarry the young person without our consent if you will; but my opinion is that you will not."

The time which had passed so unpleasantly for the earl and countess was bright and light for the young bride and bridegroom. Leone had shed some bitter tears when they left Dunmore House, but Lord Chandos laughed; he was angry and irritated, but it seemed to him that such a state of things could not last. His father and mother had indulged him in everything—surely they would let him have his way in marriage. He kissed the tears from his young wife's face, and laughed away her fears.

"It will be all right in the end," he said. "My father may hold out for a few days, but he will give way; in the meantime, we must be happy, Leone. We will stay at the Queen's Hotel until they invite us to Cawdor. It will not be long; my mother and father cannot get on without me. We will go to the opera to-night, that will distract your thoughts."

The opera had been but hitherto an empty word to Leone. She had a vague idea that it consisted of singing. After all there was some compensation to be found; her young husband was devoted to her, she was magnificently dressed, and was going in a beautiful closed carriage to the opera.

She uttered no word of surprise, but her whole soul was filled with wonder. The highest festivity and the greatest gayety she had ever witnessed was a choir tea-party. She had a most beautiful voice; in fact, neither herself nor any of those around her knew the value of her voice or appreciated it.

On great occasions the choir were entertained by the rector—once during the summer when they made merry out in the green woods, and once in the winter when they were entertained in the school-room. Leone had thought these parties the acme of grandeur and perfection; now she sat in that brilliant circle and wondered into what world she had fallen.

Before the curtain was raised she was engrossed in that brilliant circle. She had never seen such dresses, such diamonds, such jewels, faces so beautiful, toilets so exquisite: it was all quite new to her. The beautiful and poetic side of it appealed to her. Her beautiful face flushed with delight, her dark eyes were lustrous and radiant.

Lord Chandos, looking around the opera-house, where some of the handsomest women in England were, said to himself that among all these fair and noble faces there was not one so beautiful as Leone's.

She herself was quite unconscious of the admiration she excited; she did not see how the opera-glasses were turned to her face; she could not hear people asking: "Who is that with Lord Chandos? What a beautiful face, what a lovely girl! Who is she?" Lord Chandos saw it, and was not only proud, but flattered by it.

"My mother will yield at once when she sees her," he thought; "she will be pleased that the most beautiful woman in England is my wife."

He made no introductions, though many of his friends bowed to him, with a secret hope that he would ask them into his box But he had arranged his own plans. His mother—the proud exclusive, haughty Countess of Lanswell—should be the one to introduce his beautiful wife to the world; that of itself would be a passport for her. So that he was careful not to ask any one into his box, or even to exchange a word with any of the people he knew.

From the time the curtain was drawn up until the opera ended, Leone was in a trance. Quite suddenly she had entered this new and beautiful world of music and art—a world so bright and dazzling that it bewildered her.

Lord Chandos watched her with keen delight—her lustrous eyes, the intense face, the parted lips.

The opera was one of the most beautiful—"Norma"—and the part Norma was taken by the greatest prima donna of her time. Leone's eyes filled with tears as those passionate reproaches were sung; she knew nothing of the language, but the music was full of eloquence for her. She turned suddenly to her husband; her whole soul seemed awake and thrilling with dramatic instinct.

"Lance," she said, in a low voice, "I could do that; I do not mean that I could sing so well, but I could feel the jealousy she feels. I could utter those reproaches. Something seems to have awoke in my soul that never lived before: it is all new to me, yet I understand it all; my heart is on fire as I listen."

"And you have enjoyed it?" he said, when the curtain fell on the last grand scene.

She answered him with a low sigh of perfect content.

So it was that to her her wedding-day became the most marked day of her life for on it she awoke to the knowledge of the world of art and music.

There was nothing for it but to remain at the hotel.

Lord Chandos merely laughed at the notion of his parents holding out against him. He was wonderfully sanguine.

"We shall hear the carriage stop some fine morning," he said, "and they will be here to seek a reconciliation."

He laughed when the waiter gave him my lady's letter; he turned triumphantly to his wife.

"This is from my mother," he said: "I knew she would relent, it is probably to ask us to Cawdor."

But as he read it his face changed; the smile and the truimph died from it. He said no word to Leone, but tore the letter into shreds. She looked on with a wistful face.

"Is it from your mother, Lance?" she asked.

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My darling do not trouble about them; you are all the world to me. They will not forgive me; but it does not matter. I am proud of what I have done. I am quite independent. I shall take a pretty little villa at Richmond, and we shall live there until they come to their senses."

"That will be giving up all the world for me," she said.

"The world will be well lost, Leone. We will go to-morrow and find a pretty little house where we shall be quite happy. Remember one thing always—that my mother will love you when she sees you."

"Then let her see me now, Lance, at once," she cried, eagerly, "if you think so. Why wait? I should be more happy than any one else in the world if you would do that."

"It is too soon yet," he replied; "all will be right in time."

She wished that he had offered to show her his mother's letter: but she did not like to ask what the contents were.

Lord Chandos dare not tell her, besides which he laughed in scorn at the idea. They might threaten as they would; but he felt quite certain there was no power on earth which could set aside his marriage, therefore he should not trouble himself about it. He would go to Richmond and look out for a house there.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PERFECTLY HAPPY WOMAN.

"They would never dare do it," Lord Chandos repeated to himself with a laugh of contempt. Set his marriage aside. They were mad to think of such a thing.

From time to time strange-looking documents came to him; he thrust them aside without even looking at them. He only laughed at the notion. Part him from Leone. It was not in the power of any one on earth to do it. He never mentioned the matter to Leone at all; it was not worth while to disturb her.

They had been to Richmond, and had found there a villa so beautiful it seemed to have been built for them—a quaint, picturesque, old English house, full of pretty nooks and corners, with large latticed windows, over which roses and jasmine hung in abundance; a smooth, green lawn on which stood a superb cedar-tree; beautiful grounds that reached down to the river. The views from the windows were superb. It was worth anything to stand on that green lawn and watch the sunset on the Thames.

Leone was delighted with it; she had never dreamed of a home so beautiful. Lord Chandos furnished it with the utmost luxury, and there the first few happy months of their life was spent. Lord Chandos did not wish exactly that his marriage should be kept secret, but he did not want it known to the world in general until his mother was willing to introduce and receive his wife.

To Leone that life that opened to her was like a heaven on earth; her husband surrounded her with "kind observances;" he purchased for her a wardrobe that was a marvel of beauty and elegance; he found a French lady's-maid, who understood all the duties of the toilet. What was more, he had the best masters in London to instruct her. Her voice was one of the finest ever heard, her taste for music so great that she was soon proficient.

He taught her himself to ride. There was one thing singular, every master who attended her was aware of a great hidden power within her, they said among each other that she was something wonderful—that the world would hear of her some day. There was an innate sense of power, a grand dramatic instinct, a keen sense of everything beautiful, noble and great. There were times when an electric flash of genius made them marvel.

"It is a thousand pities," said the music-master to himself, "that she has married a nobleman. If she had been dependent on her own exertion, I could have made her one of the finest singers in the world"

Again the drawing-master said:

"If I had the training of Lady Chandos I would make her the finest artist in England."

None of them had discovered the real secret of her genius, or what was the true fire that every now and then seemed to brighten them all as it flashed over them.

A few weeks completely changed her; she had that keen, quick insight into everything, that wondrous tact and intelligence which make some woman seem as though they were magicians.

When she went first to River View, she had some traces of her rustic training. Before six weeks had passed over it had all disappeared. Lord Chandos himself had taught her; her intonation and accent were clear and refined, her words well chosen, her expressions always poetical and full of grace; no one meeting her then could have told that she had spent her life in the rural shades of Rashleigh.

New beauty came to her with this development of mind; new, spiritual, poetical loveliness; and Lord Chandos, looking at his peerless young wife, felt always quite confident that when his mother saw her all would be well—she would be proud of her.

While Leone seemed to have gone straight to heaven, she could not realize that this was the same life she rebelled against with such fierce rebellion. Now the days were not long enough to hold in them all the happiness that fell to her share. The birds woke her with their singing; the sun with its shining; another beautiful day had dawned for her—a day that was full of beauty and love. They passed like a dream.

She took breakfast always with her husband; perhaps the happiest hour of the day was that. The windows of the pretty breakfast-room looked over a wilderness of flowers; the windows were always open. The soft, sweet summer air came in, parting the long, white curtains, bringing with it the breath of roses and the odor of a hundred flowers.

She looked as fresh and fair as the morning itself. Lord Chandos wondered more and more at her radiant loveliness. Her soul was awake now, and looked out of her dark eyes into the world she found so beautiful.

Then Lord Chandos went up to town for a few hours while Leone took her different lessons and studied. They met again at lunch, and they spent the afternoon out-of-doors. An ideal life—an idyl in itself. Leone, while she lived, retained a vivid remembrance of those afternoons, of the shade of the deep woods, of the ripple of the river through the green banks of the valleys where flowers and ferns grew, of the long alleys where the pleasant shade made a perfect paradise. She remembered them—the golden glow, the fragrance, the music of them, remained with her until she died. All the most pleasant times of our lives are dreams.

Then they dined together; and in the evening Lord Chandos took his beautiful young wife to the opera or the play, to concert or lecture.

"As soon as I am of age," he would say, "I shall take you on the Continent; there is no education we get like that we get by traveling one year on the Continent; and you will be at home on every subject, Leone," he would say; and Leone longed for the time to come.

"When I am of age," was his universal cry.

When Leone expressed any anxiety or sorrow over his separation from his parents, he would laugh and answer:

"Never mind, my darling, it will be all right when I am of age. Never mind, darling, you will have my mother asking for the pleasure of knowing you then—the tables will be turned; let the great world once see you, and you will be worshiped for your beauty, your grace, and your talent."

She looked wistfully at him.

"Do they love beauty so much in your world, Lance? she asked.

"Yes, as a rule, a beautiful face has a wonderful influence. I have known women without a tithe of your beauty, Leone, rise from quite third-rate society to find a place among the most exclusive and noblest people in the land. Your face would win for you, darling, an entrance anywhere."

"The only thing I want my face to do," "she said, "it is to please your mother."

"And that, when she sees it, it is quite sure to do," replied the lover-husband.

"Lance," said Lady Chandos, "what shall we do if your parents will neither forgive us nor see us?"

"It will be very uncomfortable," said Lord Chandos; "but we shall have to bear it. It will not much matter so far as worldly matters are concerned; when I am of age I shall have a separate and very handsome fortune of my own. My mother will soon want to know you when you become the fashion—as you will, Leone."

So she dismissed the future from her mind. She would not think of it. She had blind reliance, blind confidence in her husband; he seemed so carelessly happy and indifferent she could not think there was anything vitally wrong. She was so unutterably happy, so wonderfully, so thoroughly happy. Her life was a poem, the sweetest love-story ever written or sung.

"Why am I so happy?" she would ask herself at times; "why has Heaven given me so much? all I ever asked for—love and happiness?"

She did not know how to be grateful enough.

One morning in autumn, a warm, beautiful morning, when the sun shone on the rich red and brown foliage—they were out together on the fair river and the tide was rising and the boat floated lazily on the stream. Lady Chandos wore a beautiful dress of amber and black that suited her dark, brilliant beauty to perfection. She lay back among the velvet cushions, smiling as her eyes lingered on the sky, the trees, the stream.

"You look very happy, Leone," said Lord Chandos.

"I am very happy," she replied. "I wrote to my uncle yesterday, Lance. I should like to send him a box filled with everything he likes best."

"You shall, if it pleases you, my darling." he answered.

She leaned over the side of the boat watching the water, drawing her hand through the clear stream.

"Happy," she repeated, rather to herself than to him; "I can safely say this, that I have had so much happiness since I have been here that if I were wretched all my life afterward I should still have had far more happiness than falls to the lot of many people."

She remembered those words in after years; and she owned to herself that they had been most perfectly true.

The few months passed at River View had been most perfectly happy—no shade of care had come over her, no doubt, no fear—nothing that chilled the warmth of her love, nothing that marred its perfect trust. In some lives there comes a pause of silent, intense bliss just before the storm, even as the wind rests before the hurricane.

"You make me very proud, Leone," said Lord Chandos, "When you tell me of your happiness; I can only say may it be like the light of heaven eternal."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LATEST CRAZE.

The "Old World" appears to be trying to keep up with the "New" in the matter of novelties and strange devices. The latest craze over there is popularly known as the "Old Maid Insurance." The scheme is intended to benefit such ladies as have not found a husband. By paying a given premium the policy taker secures either in a lump or in an annuity a stipulated sum in the event of a failing to get married by the date specified in the policy. A table based on the marriageability of females is made up just as the mortality tables are constructed in life Insurance. Age, beauty, health and all the elements that go to make a desirable wife, are taken into account and the rates are adjusted accordingly. Every policy taker is first examined by an appointed board of examiners. Companies have already been floated under this scheme, but the experiment is as yet too new to furnish conclusive results as to its ultimate success. It would seem at this distance, however, that the plan admitted of much fraud and presented many openings for swindling. One might contract a secret marriage and by keeping it from the public knowledge continue to draw the annuity. Nevertheless, insurance against oldmaidenhood may prove successful and may come to be no mean factor in the promotion of the ends for which woman has been destined. There are undoubtedly many "safe risks" in all communities. It is also possible that many who thus insure will remain single from choice believing that a good insurance is better than a bad husband. We are likely to have the thing over here, in a short time, if there's anything in it.

MOTHER'S LASTING LOVE.

Never Does the Thought of the Little One Gone Before Desert the Mind.

Half hiding the windows of the room hung soft, fleecy curtains. A low-seated rocking chair stood motionless awaiting to keep time to soft lullabies. The glass in the dresser leaned forward reflecting a half-turned glove, a bit of veil, a piece of needle-work. The presence of a woman filled the room. Beside the couch stood a little bed covered with a white spread tucked closely in all round. A pillow plump and white rested at the head. Quietly the mother stepped about the room, as if she feared to waken someone sleeping in the little couch. Coming closer she leaned over and smoothed the pillow softly and tucked the cover closer. Then she bent over the couch and laid her head upon the little pillow, then her eyes filled with tears. For over a year the little bed had been empty of the precious form that once rested there, the only one the great God had given her; but a mother's love still hovered about the little couch. She saw again the little face that once slumbered there, the little hand so plump that so often had rested outside the cover, and over the pillow fell again the soft brown hair. The soft light of evening, the calm of twilight, seemed like a benediction to her sorrow; and as she rose, her face calm, peaceful, but full of holy love and resignation, silently she prayed. "I thank thee, oh, Heavenly Father, that thou gavest her to me even for so short a time, and thou will love and tenderly care for her until I come."

Money in Fatness.

Thin Waiter—"I wouldn't be so fat as you for a good deal."

Fat Waiter—"Dat's all you knows. Dis fat is wuth money. Young ladies pay me fer standin' in front of 'em w'en dey eat co'n from de cob.'

IRRIGATION IN THE WEST.

The C. P. R. Expects to Reclaim One Million Acres in the Territories

We are glad to learn that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company intend to go on with their irrigation plans in Assiniboia and Alberta almost immediately. Work will be started early next spring, and we have no doubt that the proposed interesting operations in the country between Medicine Hat and Gleichen will be prosecuted with entire success. Every credit is due to those who are pushing this great project forward. It cannot fail to command attention all over the continent by reason of the extensive area planned out for fertilization, as well as on account of the well known character of the soil and climate of the Territories. the lands comprize

ONE MILLION ACRES

upon which the rainfall is very slight. By an Act of Parliament during the recent session, the land department of the company got permission to select this solid block as the balance of the C.P.R. grant; the company undertaking to determine whether Assiniboia or Alberta can be made to do even justice to their soil and climate without the blessing of plenty of rain from the heavens. If a million of acres in the Territories, subjected to a proper system of irrigation, can be brought to a high state of development for the production of all crops, the result must be that similar undertakings will be started elsewhere, and the aspect of great stretches of our western country, which in the dry season look barren and unmanageable for general farming, will be revolutionized. The Dominion Government sent a representative down to the convention held at Denver the other day. Mr. Pierce is one of the best men for such a mission, and on his return he will be able to supply the Government with valuable and additional information on the subject.

Meanwhile the Canadian Pacific railway engineers have confidently reported on the suitability of the company's land for making the first experiment. The Bow river will supply the water, and the soil, given sufficient moisture, may be made to produce, one year with another, perhaps

THE FINEST GENERAL CROPS

of the continent, In a country like Canada, of magnificent rivers and lakes, the question of expense alone keeps the farmer at the mercy of the skies in the dry regions. But now, with the process of developement of such a system of irrigation as will be started next spring along the main line of the railway between Medicine Hat and Gleichen presented as an object lesson to other districts, the era of advancement will begin. An English company not so very long ago tried the efficiency of ordinary watering carts, drawn by horses across parching fields in this very district, but we suppose the inevitable conclusion at last presented itself, that the country was not suitable for general farming. Science is on the advance. When we remember that the tendency of modern farming is to cultivate more and more extensive areas of land, we cannot fail to discern the all-important future relationship of irrigation to agricultural prosperity on the prairie.

NAPOLEON LOVED HER.

Mlle Georges, the Once Brilliant Actress still lives, aged 107.

PARIS, Sept, 26.—In this revival of Napoleonic interest it is singular that more attention has not been given to one of the many pieces of feminine bric-a-brac belonging to the great Corsican. Mlle. Georges is an interesting hold-over from empire days. Her name was mentioned for the last time in 1867. She was supposed to be dead, and yet it appears that she is alive yet near the very place where she was born in 1787. Her right name is Marguerite Josephine Wemmer. She went on the stage when 5 years old, and followed the old Napoleon through all his campaign. In 1808 she was the most brilliant actress of the French comedy, and with Talma, the great tragedian, she played, at the request of her imperial lover, before an audience of kings at Dresden. "You shall appear before a 'parterre' of crowned heads," said Napolen, "if I have to declare war against the whole of Europe." And he kept his word.

Alexander, the czar of Russia, wanted her to go to Moscow, his capital, with him. She answered that Bonaparte, the Corsican, was good enough for her and truly she accompanied him during the disastrous campaign of Russia. Not a word was heard from her after the fall of the first empire and lately she was reported living near Bayeux, Orne, her place of birth. She is 107 years old and apparently satisfied with the obscure life she has been leading during more than a half century. The only souvenir she has kept of her glorious past is the hat worn by Napoleon in the celebrated days of "Vendemiare" (June 12 and 13, 1795), when the French consul received the convention from the hands of the revolutionary parties led by Robespierre. Mlle. Georges is very religious and no one who can see her going to the church every Sunday could suspect that she has been the mistress of Napoleon.

She abondoned her stage name, being called by her acquaintances the old Mrs. Wemmer. Such is life! And to think that Napoleon was jealous of her! She ran away to Germany with Duport, a societaire of the French comedy. The emperor was so mad that he ordered the whole police of France to look for the fugitive. Fouche, the chief of the imperial police, did his best to bring her back to Paris, but all to no avail. She was jealous herself of Mlle. Maas, another actress belonging also to the French comedy.

It is too bad that Mlle. Georges never could write even a single letter. Her correspondence would have been very interesting. She does not talk about the past and the curate of her parish does not suspect that he has such a distinguished parishioner in his congregation.