LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XIV.

"TRUE UNTIL DEATH."

For some long months that case stood on the records. Every paper in England had some mention of it; as a rale people laughed when they read anything about it. They said it was a case of Corydon and Phyllis, a dairy-maid's love, a farce, a piece of romantic nonsense on the part of a young nobleman who ought to know better. It created no sensation; the papers did not make much of it; they simply reported a petition on the part of the Right Honorable the Earl of Landswell and Lucia, his wife, that the so-called marriage contracted by their son, Lancelot, Lord Chandos, should be set aside as illegal, on account of his being a minor, and having married without their consent.

There was a long hearing, a long consideration, a long lawsuit; and it was, as every one had forseen it would be, in favor of the earl against his son. The marriage wa sdeclared null and void—the contract illegal; there could be no legal marriage on Lord Chandos' side without tthe full and perfect consent of his parents.

When this decision was given Lady Lanswell smiled. Mr. Sewell congratulated her on it. My lady smiled again.

"I may thank the law," she said, "which saved me from the consequence of his own folly."

"Remember," said the lawyer, "that he can marry her, my lady, when he comes of age."

"I know perfectly well that he will not," replied the countess: but Mr. Sewell did not feel so sure.

The earl, the countess, and the solicitor sat together at Dunmore House in solemn consultation; they were quite uncertain what should be the next step taken. Due legal notice had been given Lord Chandos; he had simply torn the paper into shreds and laughed at it—laughed at the idea that any law, human or divine, could separate him from his young wife; he took no notice of it; he never appeared in answer to any inquiry or summons; he answered no questions; the lawyer into whose hands he had half laughingly placed the whole matter had everything to do for him, and wondered at the recklessness with which the young lord treated the whole affair. It was all over now and the decree which had parted them, which severed the tie between them, had gone forth— the marriage was void and worth nothing.

The matrons of Belgravia who read it said it was perfectly right; there was no doubt that he had been inveigled into it: and if such a thing were allowed to go unpunished there would be no more safety for their curled darlings; they would be at the mercy of any designing, underbred girl who chose to angle for them.

Men of the world smiled as they read it, and thought Lord Chandos well out of what might have been a very serious trouble. Young people thought little about it; the Belgravian belles merely said one to another that Lord Chandos had been in some kind of trouble, but that his parents had extricated him. And then all comment ended; even the second day after the judgment was given it had been forgotten.

When the Countess of Lanswell held in her hands the letter which told her the desire of her heart was granted, and her son free, for a few moments she was started; her handsome face paled, her hands trembled; it had been a desperate step, but she had won. She had the greatest faith in her own resources; she felt a certain conviction that in the end she would win; but for one moment she was half startled at her own success.

"Let us send for Lance here to Cawdor," she said to the earl," while Mr. Sewell sees the girl and arranges with her. He must have *carte blanche* over money matters; whatever he thinks fit to mention I shall agree to. If a thousand a year contents her, I am willing."

"Yes, yes—it is no question of money," said the earl.

"It will be a great trouble to her naturally and we are bound to make what compensation we can. If you wish me to send for Lance I will do so at once. I will send a telegram from the station at Dunmore; he will be here soon after noon."

There had been little or no communication between the young heir and his parents since the lawsuit began. Once or twice Lord Chandos and the earl had met; but the earl always refused to discuss matters with him.

"You must talk to my lady, my dear boy," he would reply; "you know that she manages everything;" and Lord Chandos fearing no evil, laughed at what he considered an amiable weakness on his father's part.

"I love my wife," he said to himself, "but no woman should ever be so completely mistress of me. I shall always keep my independence, even though I love my wife perhaps better than any man living; but I will never give up my independence."

He was somewhat startled that morning in September to find a telegram waiting him at River View, from Cawdor, stating that Lord Lanswell wished him to take the first train, as he had news of the utmost importance to him. Lady Lanswell, who was a complete woman of the world, had warily contrived that a piece of real good fortune should at the same time fall to his lot. She had great influence at court, and she used it to some purpose. There was a royal wedding on the Continent, and he was one of the two Englisn noblemen chosen as the representatives of English royalty. There could be no refusal of such an honor, Lady Lanswell knew that; and she, knowing that Lord Chandos would be delighted over it, had used all her influence, hoping that it would distract his attention from the decision given and from his wife. She had arranged a little programme in her mind—how it should all be managed; she would send a telegram summoning him to Cawdor; she would first show him the letter of appointment, induce him to answer by accepting it, then when the letter accepting the appointment had gone, and he was committed beyond recall, she would tell him the judicial decision over his marriage.

The telegram reached River View one morning when Lord Chandos and Leone sat at a late breakfast-table, Leone looking ike a radiant spring morning, her beautiful face, with its exquisite coloring, and her dainty dress of amber and white.

"A telegram," she said. "Oh, Lance, how I dread the sight of those yellow envelopes; they always fill me with horror, they always seem to be the harbinger of bad news."

He kissed the beautiful face before he poened the telegram.

"There is no very bad news here," he said. "I must go to Cawdor at once; my father has some very important news for me."

Some instinct seemed to warm her of coming danger; she rose from her seat and went over to him; she laid her tender arms around his neck; she laid her beautiful face on his.

"It means harm to us Lance," she said; "I am sure of it."

"Nonesense, my darling," he cried; "how can it be about us? Most likely there is a general election, or some business of that kind coming on, and he wants to see me about it."

Still the beautiful face grew paler, and the shadows deepened in her dark eyes.

"Shall you go at once?" she asked.

Lord Chandos looked at his watch.

"The train starts at twelve," he said. "I must go in half an hour's time, Leone."

"Half an hour," she said, and the tender hands clasped him more tightly, "only half an hour, Lance?"

Some prophetic instinct seemed to come over her; the passionate love on her beautiful face deepened into tradgedy; yet he had never breathed one word to her of what had taken place. She knew nothing of the lawsuit; and Lord Chandos never intended her to know anything about it; but with the chill of the autumn morning came a chill of doubt and fear such as she had never known before.

"How long shall you be away?" she asked.

"Not one moment longer than I am compelled to stay," he replied. "If my father really wants to see me on election affairs I may be absent two days; trust me Leone; the first moment I am free I shall return;" and drawing her beautiful face down to his own the young husband kissed it with passionate devotion, little dreaming of what lay before him,

"Only half an hour." said Leone. "Oh, Lance, let me spend it with you. I will order your portmauteau to be packed: my dear, do not let me leave you for one moment."

She drew a little stool and sat down at his feet.

Lord Chandos laughed.

"One would think we were lovers still."

She looked at him with that wonderful expression of face, so earnest, so intent, so lofty.

"So we are," she said; "we will be lovers until we die; shall we not Lance?"

"I hope so; but we shall be unlike most married people, Leone, if we do that," he replied.

"I will not believe you," she answered. "You laugh, sometimes, Lance, at love; but I am sure if I were your wife for fifty years you would never tire of me or love me less."

"I never wish to do so," he replied.

"You never will," said Leone, "my faith is as strong as my love, and you have it all. I could rather believe now that the heavens would fall over my head than you could ever for one moment forget me."

"I shall never forget you, sweet," he said: "this is the first time we have ever been parted since we have been married: you must not be sad and lonely, Leone."

"I shall spend all my time in thinking of your return," she said. "Lance, it will comfort me all the time you are away; you will say some of these beautiful words I love to hear."

He took both her white hands in his.

"My darling," he said "I love you with all my heart, and I will be true to you until death."

The sweetness of the words seem to content her for a time; she laid her face on his hands for some minutes in wistful silence.

"Leone," said the rich, cheerful voice of the young earl, "I have an idea that I will bring you good news from home. My father would not have sent for me unless he wanted me, and I shall make a bargain with him. If he wants me to do anything, I shall consent only on condition that I take you to Cawdor.

They talked of it for some minutes; then Leone rose and buised herself for some time in helping him—her face was pale and her hands trembled. When the moment came for him to say good-bye he held her in his arms.

"Once again," she whispered.

And he answered:

"My darling wife, I love you, and will be true to you until death."

And those were the last words that for some time she heard him speak.

CHAPTER XV.

AN EXCITING INTERVIEW.

Lady Lanswell looked somewhat startled when her son entered the room. During those few months of his married life he had altered much; he looked taller and stronger; the handsome face was covered with a golden beard and moustache; he looked quite three years older, than before his marriage.

He was a handsome stripling when his mother kissed him and sent him, with many injunctions as to study, to Dr. Hervey's, a handsome stripling, with golden down on his lip, and the hue of a ripe peach on his face; now he was a man of the world, assured, confident, easy in his courage and bearing.

He looked at his mother with half-defiance, half amusement in his eyes.

The strong, handsome woman, whose brave nature had never known fear, trembled for one moment when she remembered what she had to tell her son.

He bent down to kiss her, and for one moment her heart relented to her son. She steeled herself with the recollection that what she had done was for his benefit.

I have good news for you, Lance," she said, with her stately grace, "very excellent news."

"I am glad to hear it, mother," replied Lord Chandos, thinking to himself how much more this interview resembled that of a queen and a crown prince than of a mother and son.

"You have traveled quickly and would probably like some refreshment—you would like a glass of Madeira?"

The truth was that her ladyship herself, with all her courage, felt that she required some artificial stimulent—the courage and pride of the proudest woman in England ebbed; she feared what she had to say.

An honor has been bestowed on you," she said, "one which would make any peer in England proud."

His face brightened—he was keenly susceptible to the flattery implied in his mother's words.

"You have been asked, together with Lord Dunferine, to represent our gracious sovereign atthe marriage of the Princess Caroline at Hempsburg. Such an invitation, I need not tell you, is equivalent to a royal command."

"I know it, mother, and I am delighted," he said, wondering in his own mind if he should be able to take Leone with him.

"The notice is rather short," continued the countess; "but that is owing to some delay on the part of Lord Dunferline. I hear that you are the envy of every man at the club. You will have to leave England for Germany in three days; to-morrow you must be at the palace. I congratulate you, Lance; it is very seldom that a man so young as you receives so signal a favor."

He knew it, and was proud accordingly; yet he said to himself that Leone must go with him; he could not live without Leone.

Lady Lanswell continued,

"Your father is delighted over it; I cannot tell you how pleased he is."

Then Lord Chandos looked wonderingly around.

"Where is my father?" he said. "I have not seen him yet."

Lady Lanswell knew that he would not see him. The earl had fled ignominiously; he had declined to be present at the grand fracas between his wife and his son; he had left it all in my lady's hands.

"Your father had some business that took him away this morning; he knew that I could say for him all that he had to say."

Lord Chandos smiled, and the smile was not, perhap, the most respectful in the world. My lady did not observe it.

"I am quite sure," he said, "that you can interpret all my father's ideas."

It was then, with her son's handsome face smiling down on her, that the countess grew pale and laid her hand with instinctive fear on the papers spread before her. She nerved herself for the struggle; it would never do to give way.

"I have other news for you, Lance," she said, and he looked with clear, bright defiant eyes in her face.

She drew herself to her full height, as though the very attitude gave the greatest strength; there was no bend, no yielding in her. Stern, erect, proud, she looked full in her son's face; it was as though they were measuring their strength one against the other.

"I have never said to you, Lance, what I thought of this wretched mistake you call your marriage," she began; "my contempt and indignation were too great that you should dare give the grand old name you bear to a dairy-maid."

Leone's beautiful Spanish face flashed before him, and he laughed at the word dairy-maid; she was peerless as a queen.

"Dare is not the word to use to a man. mother," he retorted.

"Nor should I use it to a man," said my lady, with a satirical smile. "I am not speaking to man, but to a hot-headed boy; a man has self-control, self-denial, self-restraint, you have none; a man weighs the honor of his name or his race in his hands; a man hesitates before he degrades a man that kings have delighted to honor, before he ruins hopelessly the prestige of a grand old race for the sake of a dairy-maid. You, a hot-headed, foolish boy, have done all this, therefore, I repeat that I am not speaking to a man."

"You use strong language, mother," he said.

"I feel strongly; my contempt is strong," she said. "I know not why so great a humiliation should have fallen on me as that my son—the son of whom I was proud—should be first to bring shame on his name."

"I have brought no shame on it mother," he said, angrily.

"No shame" said the countess bitterly.

"I can read, fancy, the short annals of the Lanswells—"Hubert, Earl Lanswell died while fighting loyally for his king and his country; Ross, Earl Lanswell, was famed for political services; Lancelot, Earl Lanswell, married a dairy-maid.' I would rather" she cried with flashing eyes, "that you had died in your childhood, than lived to bring such bitter shame on a loyal race."

His face grew pale with anger, as the bitter words were hurled at him.

"Will you understand, once for all, mother, that I have not married a dairy-maid?" he cried, "My wife is a wonder of beauty; she is dainty and lovely as a princess. Only see her' you would change your opinion at once."

"I hope never to do that. As for seeing her, I shall never so far lose my own self-respect as to allow such a person to speak to me."

Lord Chandos shook his head with a rueful smile.

"If you had ever seen Leone, mother, you would laugh at the idea of calling her a person," he said.

Lady Lanswell moved her hand with a gesture of superb pride.

"Nay do not continue the subject. if the girl was not actually a dairy-maid in all probabilty she was not far removed from it. I have no wish to discuss the question. You have stained the hitherto stainless name of your family by the wretched mistake you call a marriage."

"I do not call it a marriage; it is one," he said.

And then my lady's face grew even paler.

"It is not one. I thank Heaven that the law of the land is just and good; that it very properly refuses to recognize the so-called marriage of a hot-headed boy. You have ignored our letters on the subject. you have laughed at all threats, treated with disdain all advice; now you will find your level. The judicial decree has been pronounced; the marriage you have talked of with such bravado is no marriage; the woman you have insulted me by mentioning is not your wife."

She neither trembled nor faltered when he turned to her with a white, set face.

"Pardon me; I must speak plainly; that which you have said is a lie!"

"You forget yourself, Lord Chandos," she said with cold dignity.

"You force me to use words I do not like, mother," he cried. "Why do you irritate me—why say those things?"

"They are perfectly true; here on the table lie the papers relative to the suit; the judical opinion has been pronounced; our petition is granted, and your marriage, as you choose to call it, is set aside, is pronounced illegal, null, void!"

The fierce, white anger of his face startled her.

"It shall not be!" he cried.

"It must be," she repeated; "you cannot prevent it. You must have been singularly devoid of penetration and knowledge not to know from the first that it must be decided against you; that no minor can marry without the consent of his parents. A wise law it is, too; there would soon be an end of the aristocracy of England if every hot-headed, foolish boy of nineteen could marry without the consent of his parents or guardian."

If his antagonist had been a man, there would have been hot, angry words, perhaps blows; as it was, to a lady, and that lady his mother, he could say nothing. He sunk back with a white face and clinched hands; his mother resolutely stifled all pity, and went on in her clear voice:

"The law has decided for us against you; you know now the truth. If you have any respect for that unfortunate girl, you will not see her again; she is not your wife, she is not married to you. I need not speak more plainly; you know what relationship she will hold to you if you do not leave her at once."

The handsome face had in these five minutes grown quite haggared and worn.

"My God!" he cried; "I refuse to believe it, I refuse to believe one word of it!"

With her clear, pitiless voice, she went on telling him what would happen.

"You have one resource," she said, "and I tell you quite honestly about it; when yon are of age you can remarry this person if you wish."

He sprang from his seat with a cry of wounded pain and love.

"Mother, is it really true?" he asked. "I married that young girl before Heaven, and you tell me that if I persist in returning to her she loses her fair name! If it be so, you have done a very cruel thing."

"It is so," said my lady, coldly. "I grant that it seems cruel, but better that than tarnish the name of a whole race."

"I shall remarry Leone, mother, the day after I am twenty-one," he said.

The countess raised her eyebrows.

"The same man does not often make a simpleton of himself in the same fashion, but if you will do it, you will. For the present, if you have any regard for the person who is not your wife, you will let her go home again. I will return and talk over your journey with you."

So saying, the Countess of Lanswell quitted the room, leaving her son overwhelmed with a sense of defeat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARTHEST NORTH.

A Railway Station Inside the Polar Circle.

Sweden possesses the most northern railway on the globe. It has been only recently finished and opened by King Oscar. The present railway was constructed to open up a district which though rich in soil, timber and minerals, is inside the Polar circle. The new line has been connected with those constructed earlier and together they form a line of railway 1,250 miles long, extending from end to end of Sweden. It is expected that so many Swedes will avail themselves of the opportunity to settle in the new region that emigration to America will cease. The tourist travel on the line will probably be very large as the scenery is almost unsurpassed for picturesqueness. The opening ceremonies and festivities were beyond anything ever seen in that country. King Oscar is famed for his oratorical powers and it is said that he made the speech of his life. The railway was constructed by government grants.

The Lord on Our Side.

"'The Lord is on my side!' Is not this a truth which has measureless comfort and sustaining power in it? You are trying to extricate yourself from the entanglements and darkness of error and to come into the light and freedom of genuine truth. There are many difficulties in the way, but the Lord is on your side. He is working to remove the veil from your sight; He is sending light; He is quickening your understanding and giving you power to see. You are trying to overcome your evils—evils which have become rooted in your nature and consolidated into habits, and you find it a slow, difficult and painful work. But the Lord is your helper; He encourages every effort; He breathes new life into the heart; He softens its obduracy, and He puts all the strain upon evil that you can bear to loosen its roots and to displace it from your heart."—Rev. Chauncly Giles.

Some Exceptions.

Wife—"There, now! This paper says that married men can live on less than single men."

Husband—"But, my dear, all of us haven't wives to take in washing."

GOOD TIMES IN SIGHT.

The Croakers Are Beginning to Think That the Worst is Passed.

There is a marked change in the tone of general comment upon trade. The voice of the pessimist is not yet hushed, but it is fast blending or drowning in a more cheerful note. This is a relief and a refreshment. For two years there has been a monotonous bearing of testimony to the hardness of the times. People were always saying that trade and industry were extremely dull, and that bottom was not touched yet. Perhaps this could not be gainsaid, but there was no need of its being so often said. After bad times had passed into a stock remark they could hardly fail to become worse. Too much talk of depression tends to exaggerate it into a fate, against which people become too apathetic to struggle. But while the superfluous talk about hard times was undoubtedly bad for trade, trade itself must have been tolerably vigorous to have come out as well as it did. All the croaking could not sink us to the bottom of the depression. But now there is almost an end to such talk. Business men declare

CONDITIONS AND OUTLOOK,

the latter particularly, to be greatly improved. Merchantile reports are brighter reading than they were. Many who a few months ago would not be comforted by the hope that the worst had come say that reaction has begun. The chorus has changed. To produce this better feeling, itself an influential condition for good, there must have been tangible improvement. There has been. Here and there are to be noted little litts in prices, brisker markets for our staples, greater activities in our industries. The United States tariff has given quite a pitch to the prices of lumber, barley, wool, potates, eggs, butter, and some other lines. The British market has opened out unusually for our lumber and sheep, and keeps up for our cheese. The good feeling has set manufactories going that might have remained idle but for its healthy effect. Nearly every manufacturer has to produce for a demand that does not become active until months after he has put his capital into a stock of products. There must be more or less buoyancy in the trading sentiment before he will venture to do this. Hence the importance of refraining from making

NEEDLESS MOAN ABOUT THE TIMES.

Too much of that dissuades men from distributing their capital among wage-earners. They take it as a warning sign of the times and close down for a longer or shorter period. On both sides of the line business is mending, and there are sanguine believers who say next year will be an uncommonly good one. This is prophecy, however, but it should be useful to rouse spirits and assist in its fulfilment, if the gloomy prediction that the bottom was not yet touched helped to depress spirits. As yet we are only beginning the upward slant. It would be pleasant to have to report high prices, abundant employment, good wages for everybody, all manufacturing plans busy, a distended circulation, large earnings, and a general hum of activity. We have not had time to fill in such a grand scale of improvement, but we are making sure steps towards it.

Plain Arithmetic.

Teacher—"Now, Willie, if you and your little sister buy ten peaches and six of them are bad, how many are left?"

Willie—"Two."

Teacher—"Two?"

Willie—"Yes'm; me and my little sister."

A New Light Industry.

When the arc light first came into general use it was remarked that large numbers of moths and other insects were lured to the vicinity of the light by the brightness of its rays, and many of these found their way into the glass globe, which encased a lamp. Entomologists soon realized that a new means of enriching their collections of insects was close to their hand, and many rare specimens were secured through the friendly offices of the lineman who trimmed the lamps daily. The introduction of the arc light for European street lighting has been greatly retarded, but now that it is effected the fascination of the light for night insects is abundantly illustrated. In many parts of Europe this phenomenon has been turned into a source of revenue. At Carlsbad the moth collectors are in force nightly around the arc lamps in the streets of the town, provided with butterfly nets, and those who make a business of procuring specimens of rare insects for sale are doing a thriving business. One and even two dollars is sometimes paid for a valuable insect.

Wisely Chosen.

Mr. Short—"Can I believe it—you will really marry me?"

Miss Tall—"Yes. I always make my own dresses, and, as we are both the same height, you will come real handy when I am cutting and fitting."