LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XX.

"I am your wife, Lance; let others say what they will, you will not deny it."

"Not I, Leone. You are my wife; and the very first day the law permits you shall bear my name, just as you now share my heart and life."

"On the thirtieth day of June," she sighed. ',I will count every hour, every minute until then. I wish, Lance, I could sleep a long sleep from the hour of parting until the hour of meeting—if I could turn my face from the light of day and not open my eyes until they rest on you again. I shall have to live through every hour and every minute, and they will be torture."

"The time will soon pass, Leone, my darling; it will be full of hope, not despair. When the green leaves spring and the sunshine warms the land, you will say to yourself, 'June is coming, and June brings back my love;' when the lark sings and the wood pigeons make their nests, when the hawthorne blooms on the hedges and the lilac rears its tall plumes, you will say 'June is near.' When the roses laugh and the lilies bloom, when the brook sings in the wood, when the corn grows ripe in the meadows, you will say 'June is come, and it brings my love.'"

"My love—oh, my love," sighed the girl and her voice had the passionate sweetness of a siren.

"I shall come back to you, Leone, with everything bright, smiling, and beautiful; every rose that blooms, every bird that sings, every green leaf that springs will be a message from me to you to say that I am coming; when the wind whispers, and the trees murmur, it will be the same story, hat I am coming back to my darling. Let us picture the thirtieth of June, and your mind shall rest on that picture. It will be a bright day, I know, the sky all blue and clear, not a cloud in it; but with the half-golden light one sees in June skies. You can see that picture, Leone?"

"Yes," she replied, drawing nearer him, and resting her head again on his breast.

"The sun will be low on the hills, and every living thing will be laughing in its light. The great trees will have grown strong in it, the flowers will have brightened, and the river there, Leone, will be running so deep and clear, kissing the green banks and the osier beds, carrying with it the leaves and flowers that will fall on its bosom, and the garden will be filled with the flowers we love the best. You see that picture, too, my love?"

"Yes, I see it," she whispers.

"Wherever I may be," he continued, "I shall so arrange my journey that I may be with you on the morning of my birthday. You see the pretty white gate yonder where the tall white roses climb in summer? My darling, rise early on the thirtieth of June and watch that gate. Even should such an impossible thing be as that you should never have one word of or from me, get up and watch that gate on the thirtieth of June. You will see me enter. I will part the clustering roses; I shall gather the sweetest, together with the fairest lily that blooms, and bring them to you as emblems of your own dearest self. You will see me walk down the broad path there, and you will meet me at the door."

"Oh, my love, my love!" sighed the girl, "would that it were June now."

He bent down to kiss the loving lips.

"It will come," he said "let me finish the picture. I shall have a special license with me so that we can be re-married that day; and then the world shall know who is Lady Chandos. Then my lady mother shall seek you who have sought her; then she shall ask to know you, my darling, and this hideous past shall be to us a dream and nothing more. Leone, when sad thoughts come to you promise me that you will dwell on this picture and forget the other."

"I promise, Lance," she said, gently.

"You see, my love—whom I shall so soon call again by the beautiful name of wife—you see that your life does not lie in ruins round you; the only difference is that I shall be away."

"And that makes the difference of the whole world to me," said Leone.

"And to me," said Lord Chandos; "but it will soon be over, Leone. You can go on living here—it is no unusual thing for a lady to live alone while her husband is abroad. You can keep the same servants; you need not make the least alteration in your life in any way. Only remain here in silence and patience until I return. Now do you see, my darling, it is not so dreadful?"

"It is hard enough," she replied; "but you have taken away the sting. Oh, my darling, you will be true to me? I am only a simple village girl, with nothing, your mother says, to recommend me; but I love you—I love you. You will be true to me?"

"My dearest Leone, you may as well ask if the stars will be true to heaven, or heaven to itself, as ask me if I will be true to you. You are my life—a man is not false to his own life. You are soul of my soul—no man betrays his soul! It would be easier for me to die than be false to you, my love."

The passionate words reassured her—something of hope came over the beautiful face.

"Lance," she said, "do you remember the mill-wheel and how the water used to sing the words of the song?"

"Yes, I remember it; but these will never come true over us, Leone, never. I shall never break my vows or you yours."

"No; yet how the water sung it over and over again:

"'These vows were all forgotten,
The ring asunder broke.'

I can hear it now, Lance. It seems to me the wind is repeating it."

"It is only your fancy, my darling," he said.

But she went on:

"'I would the grave would hide me,
For there alone is peace.'

Ah, Lance, my love—Lance, will it happen to either of us to find peace in the grave?"

"No, we shall find peace in life first," he said.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Lance," she said, "I had a terrible dream last night. I could not sleep for many hours. When at last my eyes closed I found myself by the old mill-stream. I thought that I had been driven there by some pain too great for words, and I flung myself into the stream. Oh, Lance, my love—Lance, I felt myself drowning. I felt my body floating, then sinking. My hair caught in the bending branches of a tree. The water filled my eyes and my ears. I died. In my sleep I went through all the pain of death. My last thought was of you. 'Lance,' I cried, in death as in life, 'Lance, come back to me in death!' It was a horrible dream, was it not! Do you think it will ever come true?'

"No," he replied: but his handsome face had grown paler, and the shadows of deed trouble lay in his eyes.

She raised her face to his again.

"Lance," she asked gently, "do you think that any creature—any one has ever loved another as well as I love you? I often wonder about it. I see wives happy and contented, and I wonder if their husbands' smiles make heaven to them as yours do to me."

"I do not think there are many people capable of loving as you do, Leone," he replied, "and now, my darling, I must leave you. Leone, spend all your time in study. A few months more of work as hard as the last three months, and my beautiful wife will be as accomplished as she is graceful. Study will help you to pass away the time."

"I will do anything you tell me, Lance. You will let me write to you every day, and you must write often to me."

"I will, sweet; but you will not be uneasy if my letters are not so frequent as yours; the foreign post is not so regular as ours; and if we travel in Germany I may not be always able to write,"

"I will trust you," said the loving voice. "I am sure you will never fail me."

She was proud as an empress, she had the high spirit of a queen; but now that the moments of parting had come, both failed her. She clung to him, weeping passionate tears—it was so cruelly hard, for she loved him so well. Her tears rained on his face, her trembling lips could utter no words for the bitter sobs. Never was sorrow so great, or despair so pitiful. She kissed his face with all the passion of her love.

"Good-bye, my love," she sighed. "Oh Lance, be true to me—my life lies in yours."

"If ever I prove untrue to you, my darling, let Heaven be false to me," he said. "Leone, give me one smile; I cannot go until I have seen one."

She tried. He kissed the white lips and the weeping eyes.

"Good-bye, my beloved," he said. "Think of the thirtieth of June, and the roses I shall bring back with me."

And then he was gone.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAITING FOR THE DAY.

How the days of that dreary summer passed Leone never knew; the keenest smart of the pain came afterward. At first she was too utterly stunned and bewildered by the suddenness of the blow to realize all that happened. It was impossible to believe that her marriage had been set aside, and that her husband, as she called him, had gone away; but, as the days rolled on, she slowly but surely realized it. There was no break in the terrible monotony. The voice that made such music in her ears was silent, the footsteps that had made her heart beat and her pulse thrill were heard no more; the handsome face, always brightened with such tender love for her, no longer brought sunshine and warmth; it was as though the very light had gone out of her life, and left it all bleak, dark and cold.

For some days the proud heart, the proud, unyielding spirit gave way, and she longed for death; life without Lance seemed so utterly unbearable. Then youth and a naturally strong constitution triumphed. She began to think how much she could learn so as to surprise him on his return. Her soul was fired with ambition; in a few months she would achieve wonders. She set herself so much; she would become proficient on the piano and the harp; she would improve her singing; she would practice drawing; she would take lessons in French and Italian.

"I can learn if I will," she said to herself; "I feel power without limit in myself. If I fix my own will on attaining a certain object I shall not fail. Lance shall find an accomplished wife when he returns."

She resolved to give her whole time and attention to it. Thanks to the old books in farmer Noel's house, she was better read than the generality of ladies. No toil, no trouble daunted her. She rose in the morning long hours before the rest of the household were awake, and she read for hours after they were asleep. The masters who attended her, not knowing her motive, wondered at her marvelous industry. They wondered, too, at the great gifts nature had bestowed upon her—at the grand voice capable of such magnificent cultivation; at the suberb dramatic instinct which raised her so completely above the commonplace; at the natural grace, the beauty of face and attitude, the love of the beautiful and picturesque. They wondered why so many great gifts, such remarkable beauty and talent should have been lavished on one creature. They strove with her—the more she learned the more they tried to teach her; the harder she worked the harder they worked with her.

As the weeks passed on her progress was wonderful. She was often amazed at herself. It was so sweet to study for his sake, to rise in the early morning and work for him.

She watched with the keenest of love the last leaves fall from the trees—she watched with the keen avidity of love for the white snow and the wail of wintry winds, for the long, dark nights and gray, cold dawn. Each one brought her nearer and nearer; every day was a pain past and a nearer joy. Welcome to the nipping frost and the northern winds; welcome the hail, the rain, the sleet—it brought him nearer. How she prayed for him with the loving simplicity of a child. If Heaven would but spare him, would save him from all dangers, would send him sunny skies and favorable winds, would work miracles in his behalf, would avert all accident by rail and road, would bring him back to her longing, loving arms—ah, if the kind, dear Heaven would do this. When she went out for her daily walks she met the poor, the wretched—she would give liberal alms; and when they said:

"God bless your bonny face, my lady," she would say:

"No, not mine; ask him to bless some one else; some one whom I love and who is far away."

It seemed to her like the turning part of a life-time when Christmas Day was passed. Now for the glad New Year which was to bring him back to her.

The first days of the year were months to her. This year was to bring her love, her husband, her marriage—all—blessed new year. When the bells chimed on the first day she went to church, and kneeling with those true of heart and simple faith of herself she prayed the new year might bring him home.

It was pitiful to see how the one precious hour of the day was the hour in which she wrote to him those long, loving letters that were poems in themselves. He wrote, but not so often; and she saw from the newspaper reports of all that he did and where he went.

She will never forget the day on which she saw the first snow-drop. It was like a message from a lovely modest flower, raising its white head as though it would say to her, "No more tears; he is coming."

She went into a very ecstasy of delight then. Golden primroses and pale cowslips came; the sweet violets bloomed, the green leaves budded, the birds began to sing; it was sping, delicate, beautiful spring, and in June he would come.

She was almost ready for him. It was April now, and she had worked without intermission. She loved to think of his pleasure when he found her so improved. She delighted in picturing what he would say, and how he would reward her with kisses and caresses; how he would praise her for her efforts; how proud even he would be of her.

"I want you to tell me the exact truth," she said to one of the masters.

"I will tell you any truth you wish to hear," he said.

"I want you to tell me this. If you met me anywhere, and did not know that in my youth I had received no training, should you, from anything in my manner, find it out?"

"No, he replied frankly. "I would defy any one to know that you have not been born the daughter of a duke. Permit me to say, and believe me I am sincere, your manner and conversation are perfection."

She was happy after that; people would not be able to laugh at him and say he had married a low-born wife. She would be equal to any lady in the land when she was Lady Chandos.

The spring was giving way to the laughing, golden-hued summer. He had gone to Italy; his parents were there; they had been spending the spring in Rome and he had joined them.

Nothing, Leone thought, could be more natural. His letters from Rome were not so frequent or so long; but that was no matter; he had less time, perhaps; and being with his parents not so much opportunity.

Her faith in him never lessened, never faltered, never wavered.

True, she wondered at times why he had gone to his parents, why he had joined them after the cruel way in which they had behaved. She could not quite understand.

It seemed to her at times almost disrespect to her that he should associate with them until they had apologized to her, and made amends for the wrong done; but then, she said to herself, he knew best; all he did was well done, and there was nothing to fear.

Then May came—so short the time was growing. Everything he had spoken of was here—the green leaves, the singing birds, the soaring lark,—the cooing wood-pigeon. Only a few more weeks now, and the girl grew beautiful every day as her hope grew nearer its fulfilment.

She was much struck by a conversation she had one day with Signor Corli, her singing-master. She had sung, to his intense delight and satisfaction, one of the most difficult and beautiful cavatinas from "Der Freischutz," and he marveled at her wonderful voice and execution.

"It is ten thousand pities," he said, "that you have a position which forbids you to think of the stage."

She laughed at the time.

"The stage?" she repeated. "Why, signor?"

"Because you have the genius which would make you the finest dramatic singer in the world," he replied; "you would be the very queen of song. I repeat it—it is ten thousand pities you have been placed in such a position the stage could never attract you."

"No, it certainly will not," she said. "But do you think I have really talent for it, signor?"

"No, not talent," he replied, "but genius. Once in every hundred years such a one is given to the world. If you went on the stage I venture to prophesy you would drive the world mad."

She laughed.

"It is just as well, then, that the world is saved from madness," she said.

"It is not well for the world of art," said Signor Corli.

She smiled after he was gone, half flattered by his words, yet half amazed. Could what he said be true? Was this dramatic power, as he called it the power she had felt within herself which made her different to others? Then she laughed again. What did it matter to her—her life would be spent under the shelter of her husband's love— the husband who was to claim her in June.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Col. James H. Church, of Todd County, Ky., always had faith in his dreams. He dreamed that he was to die on a certain date, and when that day came round, a month later, he really died.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Readable Paragraphs About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

The Prince of Wales says that "Robinson Crusoe" was the favourite book of his childhood. Mr. Ruskin's chief delight in his youth was the "Arabian Nights."

The latest pretender to the "throne" of France is Mohammed-ben-Bourbon. He claims descent from one of the Bourbon princes, who went to Algiers at the time of Louis XIV. He is a cattle dealer at Bougle, in Algeria.

J.M. Barrie says that nothing equals a day in bed. It is better than a holiday at the seaside. Spend the whole day in bed, and then next morning jump into a cold bath. This treatment will make you fee. as if you have been a week at the seaside

The Japanese, Sisaburi Mikonbata, who saved the life of the Czarewitch of Russia when in Japan in 1891, has been declared exempt from service in the present war by the Mikado. Mikonbata draws a pension of $600 a year from Russian Government

The death is announced of the Rev. Robert Selkirk Scott, D. D., secretary of the United Presbyterian church in England. Dr. Scott was a favorite pupil of Sir William Hamilton, the great Scotch metaphysician, and acted for some time in his place in the University of Edinburgh.

Signor Crispi is writing a history of the Marsala Thousand, or an account of Garibaldi's expedition at the head of 1,000 followers against the two Sicilies in 1860. The expedition was planned by Crispi himself, who has many unpublished documents bearing on it in his possession.

Two Russians, M. Menkhoudjineff and M. Oulanoff, recently arrived at Shanghai after a journey of two years and nine months through Thibet, in the course of which they visited Lhassa, and had an interview with the Dalai Lama. It is the first time since 1811 that Europeans have accomplished this feat.

The Empress Frederick has induced the two Berlin societies of amateur photographers to co-operate in bringing about an international exhibition of photographs by amateurs in 1895. Her Majesty has undertaken to be patroness, and has requested the Princess Henry to act as her substitute on the committee.

A good story is being told in London of Mark Twain, whose little daughter is quite independent in her criticisms of her famous father. Some one recently asked the young lady about one of his recent books, when she replied:—"Really, I can't give an opinion. Papa's books bore me terribly. I haven't read half of them. Papa is the nicest thing in the world, but, oh dear, I do wish he was not a famous funny man." Mark Twain himself is greatly delighted with his child's appreciation of his work.

Campanini was a blacksmith, and Watchtel a postilion. Now we have a woodman from the forest who aspires to become a vocal star. Alois Burgstaller, who sang the part of "Henrich," one of the minstrel knights in "Tannhauser," at Bayreuth, was a woodchopper in Upper Bavaria at 23 cents a day when Frau Wagner discovered him last spring. His heroic tenor voice induced her to bring him to Bayreuth, where he has been studying singing, receiving meanwhile $36 a month for expenses until the first salary day at the theatre comes round.

The youthful Khedive of Egypt does not smoke, and is strictly obedient to the Koran's injunction not to use strong drink, but he finds various ways of amusing himself. One is in his yachts, of which he has four, the largest being about as big as an ocean liner. Under his rule woman's position is fast improving in Egypt, and harem life is disappearing. By the Mohammedan law an Egyptian is permitted to have four wives, but at present it is considered bad form for a man to have more than one helpmate.

A correspondent says that the Attorney-General of Jamaica, Mr. Constantine Burke, is coloured, and there are four distinguished men of colour in the Legislative Council, Mr. George Stiebel has been knighted by the Queen for his services of promoting the success of the Jamaica Exhibition, besides representatives in the Judicial and Administrative departments of the Government, and it is only a question of time when the entire government of the colony will be in their hands.

The Lord's Prayer.

A. N. Jannaris, a native Greek, contributes a long and scholarly article to the Contemporary Review, in answer to the question: "Is the English Version of the Lord's Prayer a faithful representation of the original as recorded in St. Matthew?" He takes up the petitions seriatim; not only translates each word, but tries to get at the significance of the word in the original, and then gives us the Lord's Prayer in this form: "'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name—Thy dominion come—Thy (fixed) purpose be done: as in heaven, so too on earth. Give us this day our mere (or simple) bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors theirs; and let us not fall into a tempter's snare, but deliver us from the evil one.' And if we admit the spurious doxology—'For Thine is the dominion, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.'"

A Popular Bridegroom.

A correspondent telegraphs:—An extraordinary scene was witnessed at a Cheshire wedding yesterday. The bridegroom was received with groans and hisses and a running fire of abuse was kept up throughout the ceremony by a party of ladies from Winsford. Their hostility seemed to arise from the notion that the bridegroom was marrying the wrong girl. On leaving the church he was mobbed, his hat being knocked off, his face scratched and coat torn. The bridegroom was at length rescued by the bride and escaped in a gig.

Abner Dorsett, a negro living in Hickory Mountain township, North Carolina, has a head which measures thirty-two inches in circumference.

HE WAS DEAD.

THE DOCTOR DECLARED BUT THE UNDERTAKER MEANT TO BE SURE.

So he Drew a Dagger to Stab the Man in a Trance, and Ever Since Then the Latter's Hair Changes Color Every Day.

Hisam W. Stark, who resides near Morgantown, W. Va., where he owns and cultivates a model farm of 200 acres, has a peculiarity that is most original and striking. This peculiarity is his hair. He never knows, when he pulls off his heavy boots after a hard day's work, and gets ready to retire what color his hair will be when he wakes up the next morning. Sometimes it is grey all over; sometimes it is black; again it is half grey and have black, and perhaps there will be several days in which there will be no change at all. Again he will wake up after a good night's rest to find that he possesses a head of auburn hair, which any society belle would envy.

SAID HE WAS DEAD.

"I can't tell you the reason why these changes of color take place," said Mr. Stark to an enquirer. "If I could I would be doing something which the physicians have been worrying about for years, but I can tell you what brought it about—and there is quite a story connected with it. Up until I was 14 years old, there was not a more healthy boy in the country than I. I was a large and strong youngster for my age, and father used to say that I was worth any two men on the place. Well, about that time I was taken sick with epilepsy. I lingered between life and death for several weeks, and finally—I remember the circumstances well—at 12:03 o'clock Sunday morning, with the family clustered around my bedside, I died. At least, that is what the doctor in charge claimed, and as there was no sign of life about my body, the family had no reason to disbelieve his statement. All this time I lay there and could see all that was going on about me. I wanted to speak and tell them

I WAS NOT DEAD,

but I could not breathe a word. I tried to move, but not a muscle would respond to my wishes. I could hear, but not very distinctly, the arrangements being made for my funeral. All that night I was alone laid out on the stretcher awaiting for the undertaker to put in his unwelcome appearance in the morning. I could hear my mother weeping in an adjoining room and now and then she would offer up a prayer for her darling child. It was in awful agony that I passed the night. Time after time I strived to extricate myself from the horrible fate of being buried alive, but not a finger could I move.

THE UNDERTAKER'S DAGGER.

"At 10 o'clock the undertaker came. I heard him express to my father a desire to be left alone with me and I knew very well what that meant. He was always very particular not to bury anybody alive and for that reason he always carried a small steel dagger which he plunged into his charge as a part of the preparation for burial. He came into the room, took hold of my arm and let it fall.

"'He's dead,' he said half aloud, 'but its only a matter of form,' and with those words he removed the clothes from my left breast and raised the blade above me. Just then I shrieked.

THE DAGGER FELL

and stuck in the floor at my side. The family rushed in, but I was unconscious a second after I cried. They worked with me for several days and I finally recovered. They told me the story of my death, but no one could describe the death that I had lived—as I had experienced it. The sight of that dagger raised above my heart was a picture I can never efface from my memory, and the misery in which I lived during those few seconds could never be fully told.

"Ever since that sickness, that death, and that resurrection, these changes of color have taken place in my hair. There is scarcely a week in which a change of some kind does not occur. My hair is black now and has been so for two days. It will change soon but to what color I can never foretell. It is no particular inconvenience to me except when my hair is half black and half grey and then I am stared at as though I were a preambulating museum.

"No, I've never been dead since then and I don't care to be until it's a real death.'

Japan's Big Contract.

We do not believe that Japan or any other power can break up the Chinese empire. It is a very old institution and a very solid one. It has weathered many vicissitudes during the 5,000 years of its history. It is very well knit together, and is compact and orderly. It has seen many changes of dynasty, but has flourished though them all. Its people, though of different races and languages, live in good accord. Its system of government seems to be, on the whole, very well adapted to their character which is mild and peaceful. Its territory, is about the right size for its population. China a very great and strong empire, by far the most populous country in world. Its customs are of immemorial antiquity. The Japs are talking very loudly of their designs against China. We do not believe they can carry them out, even if they capture Pekin. The Chinese can fight as fiercely as the "foreign devils" when forced to fight, and, in this century, they have shown their ability to do so. We believe that the breaking up of China, or its partition, or its complete subjugation by any other power, would be an unfortunate thing for the whole world, more especially for all the countries and governments of Asia.

Very Good Natured.

Little Johnny—"I guess I must be a very good-natured boy."

Aunty—"Why so?"

Little Johnny—"School has been open about a month, and I haven't wished anything awful would happen to the teacher yet."