

# LOVE REASONS NOT.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE RECONCILIATION.

Those few months had been filled with excitement for Lord Chandos. The pain he had felt at leaving his wife had been great and hard to bear, but life differs so greatly for men and women. Women must sit at home and weep. For them comes no great field of action, no stir of battle, no rush of fight; their sorrow weighs them down because they have nothing to shake it off. With men it is so different; they rush into action and forget it.

Leone was for some days prostrate with the pains of her sorrow. Lord Chandos suffered acutely for a couple of hours; then came the excitement of his journey, the whirl of travel and adventure, the thousand sources of interest and pleasure.

He was compelled to take his thoughts from Leone. He had a hundred other interests; not that he loved or cared for her less, but that he was compelled to give his attention to the duties intrusted to him. He was compelled to set his sorrow aside.

"I must work now," he said to himself, "I shall have time to think afterward."

He would have time to look his sorrow in the face—now it must stand aside.

When he really brought himself to face with the world, it was impossible to help feeling flattered by the position he held. Every one congratulated him.

"You start to-morrow," one would say. "Glad to hear you have been chosen," said another. One prophesied continual court favor. Another that he would receive great honors. Every one seemed to consider him quite a favorite of fortune. No one even ever so faintly alluded to his marriage, to the lawsuit, or to the decision.

He was divided between gratitude for the relief, and irritation that what had been of such moment to him had been nothing to others. Yet it was a relief to find his darling's name held sacred. He had dreaded to hear about it—to have the matter discussed in any word or shape; but it seemed as though the world had formed one grand conspiracy not to mention it.

Then came the excitement of travelling. His companion, Lord Dunferline, one of the most famous statesmen and noblest peers of England, was many years older than himself. He was a keen, shrewd, clever man, full of practical knowledge and common sense; he was the best friend who could have been chosen for the young lord; and Lady Lanswell congratulated herself on that as a magnificent piece of business. Lord Dunferline had not an iota of sentiment in his whole composition; his idea was that people came into this world to make the very best use they can of it—to increase in wealth, prosperity, and fortune; he believed in buying well, selling well, doing everything well, making the best use of life while it is ours to enjoy; he believed in always being comfortable, bright, cheery; he knew nothing of trouble; sickness, poverty, loss of friends, were all unknown evils to him; he had a prosperous busy, happy life.

He was one on whom no honor was ever wasted, lost, or thrown away. He made the most of everything; he was rigid in the observation of etiquette, and exacted the utmost deference in his turn. He talked so long and so grandly of the honor conferred on them both that at last Lord Chandos began to find the importance of it too.

The marriage was to take place at Berlin; and they were received with something like royal honors. Society opened its arms to them; the elite of Berlin vied with each other in giving fetes of all kinds to the English noblemen who represented the English queen.

Still Lord Chandos made time for his letters; he would rather have gone without food than have missed that daily letter from Leone. He wrote to her as often as possible; and his letters would have satisfied even the most loving and sensitive heart. He told her how he loved her, how he missed her, how empty the world seemed, in spite of all its grandeur, because she was not near him—words that comforted her when she read them. Were they true or false? Who shall tell?

Then when the wedding festivities were held, it was not possible for him to write often, his time was so fully occupied. He wrote one sentence that consoled her, and it was this—that, although he was surrounded by some of the loveliest women in Europe, there was not a face or a figure that could compare with hers. How she kissed the words as she read them, as women do the written words of the men they love!

It was such a different world, this he lived in now. It was all a blaze of color and brightness, a blaze of jewels, a scene of festivity and mirth, a scene of regal splendor and ever-changing gaiety. There was no time for thought or reflection. Lord Chandos was always either being feted or being others.

The few hasty words dashed off home said but little—it was a different world. If ever at night he found himself under the light of the stars, if he heard the ripple of water, if he stood for a moment watching the swaying of green boughs, his thoughts at once flew to her—the happy, simple, home-life at Richmond was like some quiet beautiful dream, the very memory of which gives rest. He found himself at times wondering how he liked it so well, it was such a contrast to the feted courtier's life he led now. He thought of its calm as he thought of a far-off summer lake.

There had been no flash of jewels, no sheen of cloth of gold there, no grand uniforms, no thrones there, no crowns, no kings or queens—Leone and himself; yet how happy they had been. How he loved her; and his young heart warmed with his love.

What would the world say when she came forth in her imperial loveliness? He liked to think about it. There were many handsome women and beautiful girls, but none to compare to her—not one.

He had intended to love her always with

the same warmth and truth; he meant to be constant to her, to be true to the pole. He believed himself to be so; but insensibly the new life changed him—the gay, bright, glistening world influenced him.

After a time—even though he loved her just the same—after a time his thoughts ceased to dwell with such fervent interest on the pretty simple home. After a time he began to feel his old keen sense of pleasure in all that the world had of the beautiful and bright; he began to feel an interest in its honors and titles.

"I have been lotus-eating," he said to himself; "there is nothing for it but to rouse myself."

In a short time he became very popular in Berlin. The young English noble, Lord Chandos, was as popular as any young sovereign, and there was little need to hurry home.

He went one evening to a very select ball given by the wife of the English ambassador, Lady Baden. She smiled when she saw him.

"I have a surprise for you," she said, warmly. "I have what I know to be a most charming surprise. Will you go to the little salon, the third on the left? The door is closed, open it, and you will see what you will see."

Lord Chandos bowed and went in the direction she indicated. He did not expect to see anything particular, but he respected the caprices of the grandes dames. He opened the door cautiously enough and started back in amazement. There stood his father and mother, his mother's handsome face pale with anxiety, her jeweled arms outstretched, her fine eyes full of love.

"Lance," she said, "my dear son, how good it is to see you again!"

With the cautious avoidance of anything like a scene that distinguishes Englishmen, Lord Chandos turned first and carefully closed the door. Then the earl spoke:

"My dear boy," he said, "I am so pleased to see you."

But there was no response for either on the face of their son. He bowed coldly, and his mother's jeweled arms fell by her side.

"This is a surprise, indeed," he said. "I should have considered some little notice more agreeable."

"Lance, you may say what you will to me," said the earl, "but remember, not one word to your mother."

"My mother was very cruel to me," he said, coldly, turning from her.

But my lady had recovered herself. She held out her hands with charming grace; she looked at her son with a charming smile.

"My dearest Lance," she said, "children call the physician who cuts off a diseased limb cruel, yet he is most merciful. I am even more merciful than he. I did what I did in the spirit of truest kindness to you, my son."

"Let there be no mention of the word kindness between us," he said. "You nearly broke the heart, and certainly ruined the life of the girl whom I loved. Mother, if that be what you call kindness, then I do not understand the English tongue."

"I did it for your sake, my dearest Lance," said my lady, caressingly.

"One would have thought that loving the girl with my whole heart, for my sake you would have loved her also."

"Love plays but a poor part in life. Lance," said the Countess of Lanswell, "you have too much sense to mar one of the brightest futures a man has before him for the sake of sentimental nonsense called love."

"Mother," said the young lord. "I shall marry her on my twenty-first birthday. I shall not delay one hour. You understand that clearly?"

The Countess of Lanswell shrugged her graceful shoulders.

"You will certainly be able to do as you like then," she said; "but we need not quarrel over it in prospective; we can wait until the event happens; then it will be quite time enough to discuss what we shall do."

"I am quite resolved," said Lord Chandos. "No persuasion, no argument shall induce me to change."

"I have no arguments to use," said my lady, with a proud laugh. "When you are of age you shall do as you like, marry whom you will—no interference of mine will avail; but let us wait until the time comes. My object in coming here is to seek a reconciliation with you. You are our only son, and though you think me proud and cold, I still love and do not care to be at variance with you. Let us be friends, Lance, at least until you are of age."

She held out her hands again with a smile he could not resist.

"I tell you frankly," continued my lady, "that the young person has been to see me. We had quite a melodramatic interview. I do not wish to vex you, Lance, but she would make a capital fifth-rate actress for a tragedy in a barn."

"Come, my lady, that is too bad," said the earl.

The countess laughed.

"It was really sensational," she said. "The conclusion of the interview was a very solemn threat on her part that she would be avenged upon me, so that I must be prepared for war. But, Lance, let it be as it may, we must be friends. You will not refuse your mother when she asks a favor; and it is the first favor, mind."

"I cannot refuse," he replied. "I will be friends, as you phrase it, mother, but you must change your opinion about Leone."

"Another time," said my lady, with a wave of the hand. "Kiss me now, Lance, and be friends. Shake hands with your father. We are staying at the Hotel France. When the ball is over, join us at supper."

And in that way the solemn reconciliation was effected.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A SHREWD SCHEME.

There had been nothing very sentimental in the reconciliation scene between parents and son. The earl and Lord Chandos walked home through the quiet streets of Berlin while my lady drove. They smoked the cigar of peace, while Lord Chandos reported his social triumphs to his father. No more passed between them on the most important of all subjects—his love, his marriage, and the lawsuit; they spoke of

anything and everything else. The only words which went from the heart of the father to the heart of the son, were these: "I am glad you have made friends with my lady. Lance. She has pinned after you, and she is so proud. She says nothing, but I know that she has felt the separation from you most keenly. I am glad it is all right; you must not vex her again, Lance."

"I will not, if I can help it," replied the young lord; and so the conversation ended.

Lord Chandos was a clever man, but he was in the hands of a far more clever woman. When a woman has the gift of strategy, she excels in it, and the countess added this to her other accomplishments. She was a magnificent strategist. Her maneuvers were of the finest; quite beyond the power of one less gifted to detect.

A man in her skillful hands was a toy, to be played with as she would. The strongest, the wisest, the most honest, the best, were but wax in her hands. She did just as she would with them, and it was so cleverly done, so skillfully managed, that they never had the faintest idea my lady was twining them around her little fingers. She had two modes of strategy. One was by grand moves, one alone of which was enough to carry a nation. The other means was by a series of finest possible details of intrigue. She said to herself that her son's marriage with this person should be set aside in some fashion or other, and in the end she prevailed. That was by one grand move.

She was equally resolved that her son should marry Lady Marion Erskine, the beauty, the belle, the wealthiest heiress of the season, and by a series of fine, well directed maneuvers, she was determined to accomplish that.

The fates were propitious to her. Lady Marion Erskine was the niece and ward of Lady Cambrey, and Lady Cambrey, though guardian of one of the wealthiest heiresses in Europe, was herself poor and almost needy. She was a distant relative of Lady Marion's mother, who had asked her to undertake the charge of her child, and Lady Cambrey had been only too pleased to undertake it. It was arranged that she should remain with Lady Marion Erskine until her marriage, and Lady Cambrey was wise enough to know that she must find her future fortune from the marriage. She must use her influence in favor of the lover who offered the greatest advantages, and Lady Lanswell was the only woman in England who had the wit to find it out.

That was the darling wish of her life, that her son should marry Lady Marion Erskine, the belle, beauty and heiress; and she saw the beginning of her tactics from this fact, that Lady Cambrey's influence would go with the most munificent lover.

They had one interview in London. The countess had invited Lady Cambrey to a five-o'clock tea.

"We have hardly met this year," said the countess. "We are staying in London for a week or two, though it is quite out of season, and I am so pleased to see you. Is Lady Erskine in town?"

"No; I merely came up to give orders for the redecoration of Erskine House; Lady Marion is tired of it as it is."

"I call it a special providence that you should be in town just now," said Lady Lanswell; "I was quite delighted when I heard it. There is nothing I enjoy more than a cup of tea and a chat with a congenial friend."

This from the countess, to whom champagne and politics were baby play, was refreshing. Lady Cambrey was delighted, and before long the two ladies had opened their hearts to each other. The countess, in the most ingenuous manner possible, told her friend the sad history of her dear boy's entanglement and infatuation; how, in his simplicity, he had positively married the girl, and how, fortunately, the law had freed him.

"You know, my dear Lady Cambrey," she said, "it might have been his ruin, but now, thank Heaven," she added, piously, "it is all over, and my boy is free. I have looked all round England to find a suitable wife for him, and there is no one I should like him to marry half so well as Lady Marion Erskine. You see that I show you the cards in my hand; very freely."

"It would be a very good match," said Lady Cambrey, thoughtfully.

"If you use your influence, you will not find me ungrateful," continued the countess; "indeed, I should consider myself bound to assist you in every way—my home, carriages, purse, would always be at your service."

"You are very kind," said Lady Cambrey, and in those few words they perfectly understood each other.

The mother knew that she had virtually sold the honor and loyalty of her son, as Lady Cambrey had sold the free will of her niece.

Then they enjoyed a cup of tea, after which my lady became more confidential.

"Promise," she said, "to persuade Lady Marion to spend the winter in Rome and I shall be quite content."

"She will do it," said Lady Cambrey.

"We can decide on our plans of action when we meet there," said the countess. "The chief thing is to keep all idea of 'our ideas' from my son. Instead of drawing his attention to Lady Marion, we must seem to avoid bringing them together. I understand men. The first result of that will be an intense anxiety on his part to see her. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said Lady Cambrey. "It is really a pleasure to meet one who understands human nature as you do, Lady Lanswell."

The countess smiled graciously at the compliment, feeling as though it were well deserved.

So it was arranged, and Lady Cambrey's part of the plot was very easy. She had but to suggest to her niece that she should spend the winter in Rome and she would at once fall in with her wish.

With still beautiful face and fine figure, she made herself so attractive and charming that Lord Chandos was soon entirely under her influence.

How many mothers might have taken a hint for the management of their sons from her. She found no fault with cigars or lath-strings. She was the essence of all that was kind, yet, at the same time, she was so animated, so bright, so witty, that the time spent with her passed quickly as a dream. Lord Chandos did not even like to think of parting from her; and then, when she was most kind and most attentive to him she mentioned Rome.

"We are going to Rome, Lance, for the winter," said the countess to her son.

He looked up from the paper he was reading in blank amazement.

"To Rome, mother? Why, what is taking you there?"

"I find there will be some very nice English people there," she said; "I am tired of Paris; it is one eternal glare; I long for the mysterious quiet and dreamy silence of Rome. It will be a pleasant change. I really like a nice circle of English people out of England."

That was the beginning. She was too wise and diplomatic to ask him to go with them. She contented herself by speaking before him of the gayeties they expected, the pleasures they anticipated; then, one day, as they were discussing their plans, she turned to him and said:

"Lance, what do you intend doing this winter? Are you going back to England to think over the fogs?"

"I am not quite sure," he said; and then he wondered why she said nothing about going to Rome with them. At last, when she saw the time had come, she said, carelessly:

"Lance, if you do not care about returning to England, come with us to Rome."

"I shall be delighted."

He looked up with an air of relief. After all, he could not see Leone until summer; why return to England and melancholy? He might just as well enjoy himself in Rome. He knew what select and brilliant circles his mother drew round her. Better for him to be the centre of one of those than alone and solitary in England.

"Of course," said the countess, diplomatically, "I will not urge you, I leave it entirely to you. If you think what the fashion of the day calls your duties demand that you should return, do not let me detain you, even for one day."

"I have no particular duties," he said, half gloomily.

He would have liked his mother to have insisted on his going, to have been more imperative, but as she left it entirely to him, he thought her indifferent over the matter.

He was a true man. If she had pressed him to go, urged him, tried to persuade him, he would have gone back to England, and the tragedy of after years would never have happened. As it occurred to him that his mother simply gave the invitation out of politeness, and did not care whether he accepted or not, he decided on going. So when the festivities of Berlin were all ended, he wrote to Leone, saying that he was going to spend the winter with his parents in Rome; that if he could not spend it with her, it mattered little enough to him where it was; but that he was longing with all his heart for the thirtieth of June.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## CLEARING FOR ACTION.

### The Value of Discipline in Its Most Perfect Development.

To watch a ship's crew in the most exciting moment of clearing for action is to realize the value of discipline in its most perfect development—the result of the constant practice that gives faultless precision.

Whenever bugles sound the call and the boatswain's mates pipe shrill echoes, the men, wherever they may be, whether on watch or asleep in their hammocks, assemble at their allotted posts with marvellous celerity. There is a momentary trampling of feet between decks, a rattle of arms, and then silence so profound that any word of command can be distinctly heard fore and aft along the deck of even such a ship as the "Republic."

At the words "Clear for action," there is a commotion which a landsman might mistake for a panic as men rush from point to point. A bluejacket never walks when an order is given, but does everything at the double. Everyone knows his station, and goes to it by the quickest and shortest way. With a rapidity that seems wonderful, companion ladders, with their ponderous gangways, are unshipped and stowed away; railings around the low decks fore and aft are lowered; the ventilating cowls and chimney stacks disappear to be replaced by covers flush with the deck; hatches are battened down, water tight doors are closed, and tackle rigged for hoisting ammunition from the magazine. Between decks everywhere something of the same kind is being done as quickly and as quietly, and then the men stand to their guns. When the bugles sound for firing to commence, the great barbettes revolve slowly, turned by unseen power, and the quick-firing guns in maindeck batteries are worked with surprising celerity by detachments of Royal Marine Artillery.

### Selecting an Orange.

Big oranges are not good. They are all skin and fiber. If you want a "yellow cup of wine" buy small fruit, that is, fruit that runs 175 to 200 to the box. Weigh it in the hand, take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep-pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright, yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier. When the commission merchant buys in a hurry he saves time by taking an orange between his hands and squeezing it to death. If it runs a cup of wine he takes as much of the cargo as he needs. If it runs dry he cuts the price or refuses to trade. There is no surer way to tell the value of an orange, mandarin or grape fruit.

The most valuable clock in the world is one that was made by the hands of Louis XIV. of France. It is now owned by a member of the Rothschild family, who bought it for \$168,000.

## THE CZAR AND THE LADY.

### An English Girl's Meeting With Him in a Toy Shop at Copenhagen.

Every autumn at about this time the Czarine has been in the habit of going with the Czar to Copenhagen to visit her parents, the aged King and Queen of Denmark. At the same time the Princess of Wales would journey northward to Denmark's shores accompanied by the Prince, and from Greece would come King George and Queen Olga, until the Danish King and Queen had all their children about them. Three years ago an English lady and her daughter were visiting in Copenhagen at the time of the royal gathering. In vain they tried several times to get near enough to Fredenborg, the castle of the Danish hosts, to see some of the royalities; and when once the daughter caught a glimpse of the Princesses Victoria and Maud driving a pony through the town, she felt herself well rewarded for the hours of watching. For so do mortals love the sight of royalty.

One morning the younger lady wanted to do a little shopping. She went to a toy store to buy a few of the queer-looking Danish playthings to take home to her little nephews, and she also wanted to buy a box of the queer-shaped candies made there. The toy store was crowded. There were nearly a dozen children, and with them half a dozen maids. The whole party seemed to be in charge of a tall stout man with a fair beard and a pleasant face. He had the build of an athlete and the mild expression of a woman.

"Wait on the lady first," he said pleasantly in Russian to the shopkeeper, and then to the young lady he said in English: "I will not allow you to wait and be served after this horde of youngsters. They can wait."

At this the youngest child of all, a boy carried in the big man's arms, began to kick and cry and behave very badly.

"I will wait," said the young lady laughing at the youngster's screams and kicks, "for I see you have an impatient member of your party."

With a bow of thanks the athletic-looking man picked up a small drum with the Danish colors upon it and handed it to the struggling child in his arms. Then the others each received a pretty present, while some town children who had wandered in were treated to gifts and toys of pretty trifles.

When all had been served with playthings the gentleman whispered to the child in his arms, and a minute afterward the little one stretching out his little hands toward the young lady, handed her a book.

"Uncle Xander says I must give you this because I was so rude," he said in fairly plain English, "and I will give you this myself," handing over a stick of many colored candy.

When the company had filed out a great sleigh-like affair on wheels drove up to the door and all piled in. There was a struggle to get near the gentleman whom the little lad had called "Uncle Xander," and a tiny but pretty child who spoke nothing but English began to cry and show as much temper as the other had. But they were well-behaved children considering that they were all the way from two years up to fourteen; but the American girl and the shopkeeper cast admiring eyes after them as they drove away. From the back seat of the queer-looking vehicle a child waved his little hands as far as he could be seen.

"That is the Czar of Russia," said the hopkeeper. "He is on his annual visit to Copenhagen, and this is the way he amuses himself. He buys alternately of all the shopkeepers and is a friend to every one."

"And who was the child in his arms? Oh, that is the son of our Crown Prince. He may be the King of Denmark some day. And the little girl who cried because she could not sit on the Czar's knee was Lady Alexandra Duff, who comes here every fall with her mother and grandmother. This year her father, the Duke of Fife, is here also. The child is a dainty mite, and if she were to come to the English throne [the Duke of York had not then married the Princess May] everybody around here would rejoice. The baby waving his hands from the back of the wagon is the Crown Prince of Greece. His father is the best of all the family, I think, and that is saying a great deal."

The Czar nodded back at the young lady and the shopkeeper just before the vehicle went out of sight, and his tall shoulders and fine head were outlined like a silhouette against the sky.

"I have read a great many pretty things about the Czar, and have known people who received friendly words from him at their presentation to the Russian court," the young lady said afterward; "but I think I am the only English girl who ever saw Alexander at his best, among his little nephews and nieces, laughing with them over a toy counter."

### Findings at Babylon.

On the site of the great palace of the kings of Babylon, where Belshazzar held his feast, a black basalt statue, covered with fine inscriptions, has been found by Arab diggers and sent to Constantinople. The finds of the French and American explorers in southern Babylonia all belong to the Turkish Government, and are taken to the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, where there are now no less than 50,000 newly discovered inscribed objects from Sippara, where the Turks themselves are excavating; from Tel-loh, where the French are, and from Niffir, the American field. At Tel-loh, lately, after M. Sarzac, the French agent left, the Arabs employed by him came upon a large chamber filled with inscribed clay tablets, most of which they sold to Armenian, Syrian, and Jewish brokers, who succeeded in getting a part of the collection to London and Paris. The remainder was seized by the authorities at Bagdad.

A woman in Boston is suing the estate of a deceased physician for \$150,000 because of his breach of promise to marry her.