LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE RIVALS FACE TO FACE.

Madame De Chandalle gave a grand soiree, and she said to herself that it should be one of the greatest successes of the season. Three women were especially popular and sought after: Madame Vanira whose beauty and genius made her queen of society; Lady Chandos, whose fair, tranquil lovliness was to man like the light of the fair moon, and Miss Bygrave, the most brilliant of brunettes—the most proud and exclusive of ladies.

Madame de Chandalle thought if she could but insure the presence of all three at once, her soiree would be the success of the season. She went in person to invite the great singer herself, a compliment she seldom paid to any one, and Leone at first refused. Madame de Chandalle looked imploringly at her.

"What can I offer as an inducement? The lovelist woman in London, Lady Chandos, will be there. That will not tempt you, I am afraid.'

She little knew how much.

As Leone heard the words her heart beat wildly. Lady Chandos, the fair woman who was her rival. She had longed to see her, and here was a chance. She dreaded, yet desired to look at her, to see what the woman was like whom Lance had forsaken her for. The longing tempted her.

"Your desire to welcome me," she said, gracefully, "is the greatest inducement you can offer me."

And Madame de Chandalle smiled at her victory.

Madame de Chandalle was the widow of an eminent French general. She preferred London to Paris. She was mistress of a large fortune, and gave the best entertainments of the season.

She knew that the beautiful singer accepted but few of the many invitations sent to her. Last week she had declined the invitations of a duchess and the wife of an American millionaire. She was doubly delighted that her own was accepted. The same was for Tuesday evening. On that evening Leone was free, and she had some idea that madame had chosen it purposely.

At last she was to see Lance's wife, the woman who the laws of man, of society, and the world had placed in her place, given her position, her name, her love—the woman whom a mere legal quibble had put in her place.

The hours seemed long until Tuesday evening came. It struck her that if Lady Chandos were there Lord Chandos would be there too; he would see her at last in the regal position her own genius had won for herself; a position that seemed to her a thousand times greater than the one derived from the mere accident by birth. He would see then the world's estimation of the woman he had forsaken. She was pleased, yet half frightened, to know that at last she and her rival would meet face to face.

She had so noble a soul that vanity was not among her faults, but on this evening she was more than usually particular. Never had the matchless beauty of the great actress shown to greater advantage. She wore a dress of faint cream-colored brocade, half hidden in fine, costly lace, in the beautiful waves of her hair, a large, cream-colored rose nestled, and with that she wore a set of diamonds a princess might have envied. The superb beauty, the half stately, half languid grace, the southern eyes, the full, sweet lips, the wondrous beauty of her white neck and arms, the inexpressable charm of her attitudes, the play of her superb features—all made her marvellous to look upon. A dainty, delicate perfume came from the folds of her dress. She had a richly jewelled fan, made from the delicate amber plumage of some rare tropical bird; the radiance and light of her beauty would have made a whole room bright. She reached Madame de Chandalle's rather late. She gave one hasty glance round the superb reception room and she passed to where madame was receiving her guests but the dark handsome head and face of Lord Chandos was nowhere to be seen.

Madame overwhelmed her with civilities, and Leone soon found herself the centre of an admiring crowd. The assembly was a most brilliant one; there were princes of the blood, royal dukes, marshals of France, peers of England, men of highest note in the land; to each and all the radiant, beautiful artist was the centre of all attraction.

A royal duke was bending over her chair, one of the noblest marshals of France, with the young Marquis of Tyrol to assist him, was trying to entertain her. They were lavishing compliments upon her.

Suddenly she saw some slight stir in the groups, the French marshal murmured: "*Comme elle est belle!*" and, looking up she saw a fair, regal woman bowing to Madame de Chandalle—a woman whose fair, tranquil loveliness was like moonlight on a summer's lake. Leone was charmed by her,. The graceful figure was shown to the best advantage by the dress of rich white silk; she wore a superb suit of opals, whose hundred tints gleamed and glistened as she moved.

"The very queen of blondes," she overheard one gentleman say to another, her eyes riveted by the fair, tranquil loveliness of this beautiful woman, whose dress was trimmed with white water-lilies, who wore a water-lily in her hair and one on her white breast.

Leone watched her intently. Watching her was like reading a sweet, half sad poem, or listening to sweet, half-sad music—every movement was full of sweet, harmony. Leone watched this beautiful woman for some time; every one appeared to know her; she was evidently a leader of fashion; still she had no idea who she was. She expected, she did know why, to see Lord and Lady Chandos enter together.

The French marshal was the first to speak.

"You admire La Reine des Blondes, madame?" he said.

"Ah Heaven, how we should rave in Paris over so fair a lady. Do you know who she is?"

"No," answered Leone, "but I should like to know very much. She is very beautiful."

"It is the beauty of an angel," cried the marshal. "She is the wife of one of the most famous men in England—she is Lady Chandos."

"Ah," said Leone, with a long, low cry. The very mention of the name had stabbed her through the heart.

The marshal looked up in wonder.

"I beg pardon," she said, quickly, "what name did you say? A sudden faintness seized me; the room is warm. What is the lady's name?"

She would not for the whole world that he should have known what caused either the pain or the cry.

The marshal repeated:

"That is Lady Chandos, the wife of Lord Chandos, who is the rising light of this generation."

"There are so many rising lights," she said, carelessly; but her heart was beating fast the while.

Ah, me! so fair, so graceful, so high-bred! Was it any wonder that he had loved her? Yet to this gorgeous woman, with her soul of fire, it seemed that those perfect features were almost too gentle, and lacked the fire of life. She saw several gentlemen gather round the chair on which Lady Chandos sat, like a queen on a throne; and then the golden head was hidden from her sight.

So at last she was face to face with her rival—at last she could see and hear her—this fair woman who had taken her lover from her. It was with difficulty that she was herself, that she maintained her brilliant repartees; her fire of wit, her *bon mots* that were repeated from one to the other. Her powers of conversation were of the highest order. She could enchain twenty people at once, and keep all their intellects in active exercise. It was with difficulty she did that now; she was thinking so entirely of the golden head, with its opal stars. Then came another stir among the brillant groups—the entree of a prince, beloved and revered by all who knew him. Leone, with her quick, artistic eye, throught she had never seen a more brilliant picture than this—the magnificent apartment, with its superb pictures, its background of flowers, its flood of light; the splendid dresses and jewels of the women, the blending of rich colors, the flashing of light made it a picture never to be forgotton.

Suddenly she saw Madame de Chandalle smiling in her face, and by her side was the beautiful rival who supplanted her.

"Madame Vanira," said their hostess, "permit me to make known to you Lady Chandos, who greatly desires the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Then the two who had crossed each other's lives so strangely looked at each other face to face. Leone's heart almost stood still with a great throb of pain as she glanced steadily at the fair, lovely face of her rival. How often had he sunned himself in those blue eyes? how often had he kissed those sweet lips and held those white hands in his own? She recovered herself with a violent effort and listened. Lady Chandos was speaking to her.

"I am charmed to see you, Madame Vanira," she said; "I am one of your greatest admirers."

"You are very kind, Lady Chandos," said Leone.

Then Lady Marion turned to her hostess.

"I should like to remain with Madame Vanira," she said; "that is, if you will, madame?"

Leone drew aside her rich cream-colored draperies and lace. Lady Chandos sat down by her side.

"I am so pleased to meet you," she continued, with what was unusual animation with her. "I have longed to see you off the stage."

Leone smiled in the fair face.

"I can only hope," she said, "that you will like me as well off the stage as you do on."

"I am sure of that," said Lady Chandos, with charming frankness.

She admired the beautiful and gifted singer more than she cared to say. She added, timidly:

"Now that I have met you here, madame I shall hope for the pleasure and honor of receiving you at my own house."

She wondered why Madame Vanira drew back with a slight start; it seemed so strange to be asked into the house that she believed to be her own.

"I shall be delighted," continued Lady Chandos. "I give a ball on Wednesday week; promise me that you will come."

"I will promise you to think of it," she replied, and Lady Chandos laughed blithely.

"That means you will come," she said, and the next moment Lord Chandos entered the room.

CHAPTER XLV.

AN INVITATION.

They both saw him at the same moment. Leone, with a sudden paling of her beautiful face, with a keen sense of sharp pain, and Lady Chandos with a bright, happy flush.

"Here is my husband," she said, proudly, little dreaming that the beautiful singer had called him husband, too.

He came toward them slowly; it seemed to him so wonderful that these two should be sitting side by side—the woman he loved with passionate love, and the woman he married under his mother's influence.

There were so many people present that it was some time before he could get up to them and by that time he had recovered himself.

"Lance," cried Lady Chandos, in a low voice," see how fortunate I am; I have been introduced to Madame Vanira."

Yes, his heart smote him again; it seemed so cruel to deceive her when she was so kind, so gentle; she trusted in him so implicity that it seemed cruel to deceive her. She turned with a radiant face to Leone.

"Let me introduce my husband, Lord Chandos, to you, Madame Vanira," she said, and they looked at each other for one moment as though they were paralyzed.

Then the simple innate truth of Leone's disposition came uppermost. With the most dignified manner she returned the bow that Lord Chandos made.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Lord Chandos before," she said.

And Lady Marion looked at her husband in reproachful wonder.

"And you never told me," she said. "Knowing my great admiration for Madame Vanira, you did not tell me"

"Where was it, madame?" he asked, looking at her with an air of helpless, hopeless entreaty.

Then she bethought herself that perhaps those few words might cause unpleasantness between husband and wife, and she tried to make little of them.

"I was at the French Embassy here in London, Lord Chandos, at the same time you were," she said.

And Lady Marion was quite satisfied with the explanation, which was perfectly true.

Then they talked for a few minutes, at the end of which Lady Chandos was claimed by her hostess for a series of introductions.

Lord Chandos and Leone were left alone.

She spoke to him quickly and in an undertone of voice.

"Lord Chandos," she said, "I wish to speak to you; take me into the conservatory where we shall not be interrupted."

He obeyed in silence; they walked through the brilliant throng of guests, through the crowded, brilliant room, until they reached the quiet conservatory at the end.

The lamps were lighted and shone like huge pearls among the blossoms. There were few people and those few desired no attention from the new-comers. He led her to a pretty chair, placed among the hyacinths; the fragrance was very strong.

"I am afraid you will find this odor too much, beautiful as it is," he said.

"I do not notice," she said; "my heart and soul are full of one thing. Oh, Lord Chandos, your wife likes me, likes me," she repeated, eagerly.

"I am not surprised at it; indeed, I should have been surprised if she had not liked you," he said.

The dark, beautiful eyes had a wistful look in them as they were raised to his face.

"How beautiful she is, how fair and stately!" she said.

"Yes, beautiful; but compared to you, Leone, as I said before, she is like moonlight to sunlight, like water to wine."

"I have done no wrong," continued Leone, with a thrill of subdued passion in her voice; "on the contrary, a cruel wrong was done to me. But when I am with her, I feel in some vague way that I am guilty. Does she knew anything of your story and mine?"

His dark face burned.

"No," he replied; "she knows nothing of that except that in my youth—ah, Leone, that I must say this to you—in my youth I made some mistake; so my lady mother was pleased to call it," he added bitterly. "She does not know exactly what it was, nor could she ever dream for one moment that it was you."

She looked at him with a serious, questioning gaze.

"Surely you did not marry her without telling her that you had gone though that service already, did you? If so, I think you acted disloyally and dishonorably."

He bent his head in lowly humility before her.

"Leone," he said—"ah, forgive me fo calling you Leone, but the name is so sweet and so dear to me—Leone, I am a miserable sinner. When I think of my weakness and cowardice, I loathe myself; I could kill myself; yet I can never undo the wrong I have done to either. She knows little, and I believe implicitly she has forgotten that little. Why do you ask me?"

"It seems so strange," said Leone, musingly, "I asked you to come here to speak to me that I might ask your advice. She, Lady Marion, has asked me to her house—has pressed me, urged me to go; and I have said that I will think of it. I want you to advise me and tell me what I should do."

"My dear Leone, I—I cannot. I should love above all things to see you at my house but it would be painful for you and painful to me."

She continued, in a low voice:

"Lady Marion has asked me to be her friend; she is good enough to say she admires me. What shall I do?"

He was silent for some minutes, then he said:

"There is one thing, Leone, if you become a friend, or even a visitor of Lady Marion's, I should see a great deal of you, and that would be very pleasant; it is all there is left in life. I should like it, Leone—would you?"

Looking up, she met the loving light of the dark eyes full upon her. Her face flushed.

"Yes," she whispered, "I, too, should like it."

There was silence between them for some little time; then Leone said:

"Would it be quite safe for me to visit you? Do you think that Lady Lanswell would recognize me?"

"No," he answered, "if the eyes of love failed to recognize you at one glance, the eyes of indifference will fail altogether. My mother is here to-night; risk an introduction to her, and you will see. It would give fresh zest and pleasure to my life if you could visit us."

"It would be pleasant," said Leone, musingly; "and yet to my mind, I cannot tell why, there is something that savors of wrong about it. Lord Chandos," she added, "I like your wife, she was kindness itself to me. We must mind one thing if I enter your house; I must be to you no more than any other person in it—I must be a stranger—and you must never even by one word allude to the past; you promise that, do you not?"

"I will promise everything and anything," he replied; "I will ask Madame de Chandalle to introduce you to my mother—I should not have the nerve for it."

"If she should recognize me there will be a scene," said Leone, with a faint smile; "it seems to me that eyes of hate are keener than the eyes of love."

"She will not know you. I believe that she has forgotten even your name; who would think of finding Leone in the brilliant actress for whose friendship all men sigh? Why, Leone, forgive me for using the word—life will be quite different to me if we are to be friends, if I may see your face sometimes in the home that should have been yours. It will make all the difference in the world, and I am absurdly happy at the bare thought of it."

"I think our conference has lasted long enough," she said, rising. "You think, then, that I should accept Lady Marion's invitation?"

"Yes it will give us more opportunities of meeting, and will bring about between Lady Marion and yourself a great intimacy," he said.

"Heaven send it may end well," she said, half sadly.

"Thank Heaven for its kindness," he replied, and then they left the quiet conservatory, where the soft ripple of the scented fountain made sweetest music.

Lord Chandos quitted her, much to his regret, and Leone sought out Madame de Chandalle.

"I should like to ask you, madame, for one more introduction," she said. "I should much like to know the Countess of Lanswell."

Nothing could exceed madame's delight and courtesy. She took Leone to the blue saloon, as it was called, where the Countess of Lanswell sat in state. She looked up in gratified surprise as the name of the great singer was pronounced. If Leone felt any nervousness she did not show it; there must be no hesitation or all would be lost. She raised her eyes bravely to the handsome, haughty face of the woman who had spurned her. In the one moment during which her eyes met, Leone's heart almost stood still, the next it beat freely, for not even the faintest gleam of recognition came into my lady's eyes.

But when they had been talking for some minutes, and the countess had excelled herself in the grace of her compliments, she gazed with keen, bright eyes in that beautiful face.

"Do you know, Madame Vanira, that the first time I saw you there was something quite familiar in your face."

There was something startling in the crimson blush that mounts even to the locks of her dark hair.

"Is it so?" she asked.

And the countess did not relax the questioning gaze.

"I think now," she added, "that I am wrong. I cannot think of anyone who is like you. I shall be glad to see you at Dunmore House, Madame Vanira. We have a dinner-party next week, and I hope you will be inclined to favor us. Do you know Lady Chandos?"

"Yes," was the half sad reply, "I was introduced to her this evening."

They talked on indifferent subjects. The countess was most charming to the gifted singer, and Leone could not help contrasting this interview with the last that she had with Lady Lanswell. One thing was quite certain. The countess did not recognize her, and her visits to Dunmore House would be quite safe.

She talked to Lady Lanswell for some time, and went away that night quite pleased with the new prospects opening before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GIFTED PARISIAN DOG.

He Knew a Better Trick Than Barking at the Burglars.

An amazing story of canine sagacity is told in a recent number of La Lanterne, of Paris. M. and Mme. Herisson, living in the Rue St. Sauveur, went to the theatre one evening, leaving their domicile guarded only by a very intelligent little dog, who answered to the name of Castor. They valued him highly, and often remarked:

"Castor? We would not sell him for 10,000 francs—not even to the Pope himself."

They had not been long away when burglars entered the house. Castor, who was at that moment in the kitchen, whiling away the hours by chasing his tail, heard the noise, and not recognizing his master's step, pricked up his ears and listened. A moment more and he decided it must be thieves. To the proverbial fidelity of his race there was added in this wonderful dog the wisdom of serpents. Realizing that if he barked the intruders would seize and silence him forever, he sat down, covered his head with his paws and thought intently. At last a light broke over his mind and he stole noiselessly from the house and ran swiftly to a near-by building which was in the course of construction. There he seized a lighted lantern in his mouth and returned with it to the house.

The ruse met with the success it deserved. The thieves, seeing the light in the adjoining room, believed themselves detected, and fled. Castor's joy knew no bounds, and when his owners returned they found him still rubbing his paws with satisfaction.

An Armless Artist.

Bartram Hiles, the armless artist of Bristol, England, whose pictures, sketches and designs have won for him several prizes is only twenty-eight years old, and though he grasps his brush between his teeth and paints with much dexterity, he was not born armless. His arms were amputated above the elbow in consequence of a tram-car accident when he was eight years old. Instead, however, of sitting down and bewailing his cruel fate, he determined to make the most of his innate artistic talent. Only two years after his accident he had so far mastered the control of his pencil, held in his mouth, that he was placed in the first-class division of the second grade of freehand drawing of the National School of Bristol, and he was only sixteen when he exhibited a work—a study of a sycamore leaf—at the local academy of pictures. For the next few years he studied both in London and Paris, so assiduously and successfully that in 1890 he won a scholarship open to competition throughout the United Kingdom of a 100 guineas, and tenable for two years, offered by the National Art Department of the South Kensington Museum. Since then further honors have been won by him on equal terms with other competitors. He is a cheery, good-looking, and intelligent young man, and seems to suffer little inconvenience on account of his misfortune.

It is estimated that about $10,000,000 has been invested in coffee-houses as an antidote of the saloon in England. It is said there are about 7,000 of them, employing 56,000, and they are a paying investment.

IN DEAD EYES.

PICSURES HAVE BEEN FOUND IN SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

But Nothing Yet Known to Scientific Men to Lead to the Supposition That a Murderer Could be Identified by the Portrait on His Victim's Eyes.

Much discussion has been caused among scientific men by the Lakewood, N.Y., murder and the subsequent attempts to discover the image of the murderer in the eye of one of the victims. Oculist and doctors agree that it is scarcely possible that under such conditions as prevailed in the Lakewood case an image should have been found in the retina of the dead woman's eye, but on the question of whether, under any conditions, images or objects remained impressed on the retina for an appreciable length of time they differ. Many physicians say that the image disappears as soon as the object which is reflected in the eye is cut off from the line of vision.

This view is not held by a well-known physician of New York, who has made a special study of the eye. It is probable that in the coming year he will enter upon a series of experiments, i nconjunction with a well-known amateur photographer, to photograph images retained on the retina of the eye after the vision had been cut off. By these experiment he hopes to prove that under certain conditions, impressions ore retained in the eye just as they are retained on a sensitive plate in he camera. He states positively that it has been proven that images are retained on the retina after death.

"Images are actually found in the retina of the eye" he says. "During life the retina contains in its outer layers a reddish pigment, the visual purple' or (Rhodopsin) which may be preserved by keeping the eye in darkness, but is soon bleached by daylight; it is again restored when the eye is placed in darkness. The visual purple was discovered by Boll in 1876, and Kuehne showed that by illuminating the retina actual pictures could be produced on the retina, but they gradually disappeared; so that in this regard the retina might be compared to the sensitive plate of a photographic apparatus. In a rabbit's eye Ewald and Kuehne obtained a sharp picture or optogram' of a bright object placed at a distance of ten inches—the image was fixed by a four per cent. solution of alum. The story of a murderer's picture being preserved in the eye of his victim seems highly improbable. Very elaborate preparations and safeguards are necessary even in an experiment (instituted for the purpose) to demonstrate the picture of a very bright object, like a window.

"I regard the Lakewood account as almost ridiculous. The conditions were such, if correctly reported, that no image could have remained in the eye. Evidently the statement that the Coroner saw the image of the murderer was a kind of theory based upon a misunderstanding of physiological facts. If a subject, either man or animal, be taken into a dark room and an object with light thrown on it be set before the eye, and the light be then thrown off, an image of the object will be found on the retina of the subject.

"This is true also in the case of men suddenly killed, as was proven by an experiment tried in Vienna, some years ago. Arrangements were made in the case of a criminal condemned to be hanged that after death his eyes should be removed and handed over to a number of doctors for examination. All the necessary conditions were arranged for. The man was kept in darkness for a short time before being led out to the scaffold. He then looked fixedly at a certain building until the black cap shut out all light. The drop was sprung, and when the man was dead a microsopical examination was made of the eyes. In each of them was found an image of the building, inverted of course, and uncertain in formation, because of the irregularity of the retina on which the image was impressed. This proves conclusively that images are retained.

"As to discovering murderers in the eyes of murdered people, however, that is manifestly absurd. In the first place, the object must be looked at for some time, and under such conditions as I have mentioned. Finally, if all conditions are right, a single figure, as that of a man, would leave such an irregular impression on the retina, on acconnt of the irregularity of the surface, that it could scarcely be distinguished as a man's figure when magnified. Experiments will be made, probably before long, with a view to photographing such impressions, but the experiments will require months of hard work, as the operation is an extremely complicated one."

ANOTHER STEAMSHIP LINE.

Canada to be Connected with the Cape of Good Hope.

It is understood that Premier Rhodes, of the Cape of Good Hope, is much impressed with the results of the recent Ottawa Conference, and is disposed, so far as his colony is concerned, to carry them a step further. He would like very much to see closer commercial relations between Canada and the Cape and all the other colonies, and is reported to be not adverse to taking the matter up in the broadest possible way.

According to recent advices from the Cape the question of steamship communication between the Dominion and that colony is receiving considerable attention. The matter has been submitted by Sir Charles Sprigg to the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country for an expression of opinion, and if it is favorable there is little doubt that the matter will make another step in advance. Altogether the outlook is promising, and if communications have not already taken place between the two Governments it is very likely that correspondence will shortly be passing.