LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER L.

"AS DEAD AS MY HOPES."

The broad, beautiful river widened, and the magnificent scenery of the Thames spread out on either side, a picture without parallel in English landscapes. The silvery water, the lights and shades ever changing, the overhanging woods, the distant hills, the pretty islets, the pleasure-boats, the lawns, the great nests of water-lilies, the green banks studded with flowers, the rushes and reeds that grew even on the water edge. On they went, through Richmond, Kew, past Hampton Court, past the picturesque old Hampton windmill, on to one of the prettiest spots on the river—the "Bells" at Ousely, and there Lord Chandos fastened the boat to a tree while they went ashore.

Ah, but it was like a faint, far-off dream of heaven—the lovely, laughing river, the rippling foliage, the gorgeous trees, the quaint old hostelry, the hundreds of blooming flowers—the golden sunlight pouring over all. Sorrow, care and death might come to-morrow, when the sky was gray and the water dull; but not to-day. Oh lovely, happy to-day. Beautiful sun and balmy winds, blooming flowers and singing birds. Lord Chandos made a comfortable seat for Leone on the river bank, and sat down by her side. They did not remember that they had been wedded lovers: or that a tragedy lay between them; they did not talk of love or of sorrow but they gave themselves up to the happiness of the hour, to the warm, golden sunshine, to the thousand beauties that lay around them. They watched a pretty pleasure-boat drifting slowly along the river. It was well filled with what Lord Chandos surmised to be a picnic party, and somewhat to his dismay the whole party landed near the spot where he, with Leone, was sitting. "I hope," he thought to himself, "that there is no one among them who knows me—I should not like it, for Leone's sake."

The thought had hardly shaped itself in his mind, when some one touched him on the arm. Turning hastily he saw Captain Harry Blake, one of his friends, who cried out in astonishment at seeing him there, and then looked in still greater astonishment at the beautiful face of Madame Vanira.

"Lady Evelyn is on board the Water Witch," he said. "Will you come and speak to her?"

The handsome face of Lord Lanswell's son darkened.

"No," he replied, "pray excuse me. And—Harry, say nothing of my being here. I rowed down this morning. There is no need of everyone in London to hear of it before night."

Captain Harry Blake laughed; at the sound of that laugh Lord Chandos felt the greatest impulse to knock him down. His face flushed hotly, and his eyes flashed fire. Leone had not heard one word, and had persistently turned her face from the intruder, quite forgetting that in doing so she was visible to everyone on the boat. Lady Evelyn Blake was the first to see her, and she knew just enough of life to make no comment. When her husband returned she said to him carelessly:

"That was Madame Vanira with Lord Chandos, I am sure."

"You had better bring stronger glasses or clearer eyes with you the next time you come," he replied, laughingly, and then Lady Evelyn knew that she was quite right in her suspicions. It was only a jest to her and she thought nothing of it. That same evening when Lady Ilfield, who was one of Lady Marion's dearest friends, spoke of Stoneland House, Lady Evelyn told the incident as a grand jest. Lady Ilfield looked earnestly at her.

"Do you really mean that you saw Lord Chandos with Madame Vanira at Ousely?" she asked. "Alone, without his wife?"

"Yes," laughed Lady Evelyn, "a stolen expedition, evidently. He looked horrified when Captain Blake spoke to him,"

"I do not like it," said Lady Ilfield, who was one of the old school, and did not understand the science of modern flirtation. "I have heard already more of Lord Chandos than has pleased me, and I like his wife."

This simple conversation was the beginning of the end—the beginning of one of the saddest tragedies on which the sun ever shone.

"I am sorry that he saw me," said Lord Chandos, as the captain waved his final adieu; "but he did not see your face, Leone, did he?"

"No," she replied, "I think not."

"It does not matter about me," he said, "but I should not like to have anyone recognize you."

He forgot the incident soon after. When the boat was again on the bright, dancing river, then they forgot the world and everything else except that they were together.

"Lance," said Leone, "row close to those water-lilies. I should like to gather one."

Obediently enough he went quite close to the white water-lilies, and placed the oars at the bottom of the boat, while he gathered the lilies for her. It was more like a poem than a reality; a golden sun, a blue, shining river, the boat among the water-lilies, the beautiful, regal woman, her glorious face bent over the water, her white hands throwing the drops of spray over the green leaves.

It was the prettiest picture ever seen. Lord Chandos filled the boat with flowers; he heaped the pretty white water-lilies at the feet of Leone, until she looked as though she had grown out of them. Then, while the water ran lazily on, and the sun shown in golden splendor, he asked her if she would sing for him.

"One song, Leone," he said, "and that in the faintest voice. It will be clear and distinct as the voice of an angel to me."

There must have been an instinct of pride or defiance in her heart, for she raised her head and looked at him.

"Yes, I will sing for you, Lance," she replied. "Those water-lilies take me home. I will sing a song of which not one word has passed my lips since I saw you. Listen, see if you know the words:

"In sheltered vale a mill-wheel
Still sings its tuneful lay.
My darling once did dwell there,
But now she's far away.
A ring in pledge I gave her,
And vows of love we spoke—
Those vows are all forgotten,
The ring asunder broke.'"

The rich, beautiful voice, low and plaintive, now seemed to float over the water; it died away among the water-lilies; it seemed to hang like a veil over the low boughs; it startled the birds, and hushed even the summer winds to silence. So sweet, so soft, so low, as he listened, it stole into his heart and worked sweet and fatal mischief. He buried his face in his hands and wept aloud.

On went the sweet voice, with its sad story: he held up his hand with a gesture of entreaty.

"Hush, Leone," he said, "for God's sake, hush. I cannot bear it."

On went the sweet voice:

"'But while I hear that mill-whee
My pains will never cease;
I would the grave would hide me,
For there alone is peace.
For there alone is peace.'"

"I will sing that verse again," she said, "it is prophetic."

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

She bent her head as she sung the last few words, and there was silence between them—silence unbroken save for the ripple of the water as it washed past the boat, and the song of a lark that soared high in the sky.

"Leone," said Lord Chandos, "you have killed me, I thought I had a stronger, braver heart, I thought I had a stronger nature—you have killed me."

He looked quite exhausted, and she saw great lines of pain round his mouth, great shadows in his eyes.

"Have I been cruel to you?" she asked, and there was a ring of tenderess in her voice.

"More cruel than you know," he answered. "Once, Leone, soon after I came home we went to a concert, and among other things I heard 'In Sheltered Vale.' At the first sound of the first notes my heart stood still. I thought, Leone, it would never beat again; Iv thought my blood was frozen in my eins; I felt the color die from my face. Lady Marion asked me what was the matter, and the countess thought that I was going to swoon. I staggered out of the room like a man who had drunk too much wine, and it was many hours before I recovered myself; and now, Leone, you sing the same words to me; they are like a death-knell."

"They hold a prophecy," said Leone, sadly, "the only place where any one can find rest is the grave."

"My beautiful Leone," he cried, "you must not talk about the grave. There should be no death and no grave for one like you."

"There will be none to my love, she said, but rather to herself than to him. Then she roused herself and laughed, but the laugh was forced and bitter. "Why should I speak of my love?" she said. "Mine was a 'Mad Love.'"

The day drifted on to a golden, sunlight afternoon, and the wind died on the waters while the lilies slept. And then they went slowlv home.

"Has it been a happy day, Leone?" asked Lord Chandos, as they drew near home.

"It will have no morrow," she answered, sadly. "I shall keep those water-lilies until every leaf is withered and dead; yet they will never be so dead as my hopes—as dead as my life, though art fills it and praises crown it."

"And I," he said, "shall remember this day until I die. I have often wondered, Leone, if people take memory with them to heaven. If they do, I shall think of it there."

"And I," she said, "shall know no heaven, if memory goes with me."

They parted without another word, without a touch of the hands, or one adieu; but there had been ho mention of parting, and that was the last thing thought of.

CHAPTER LI.

THE CONFESSION.

"I do not believe it," said Lady Marion; "it is some absurd mistake. If Lord Chandos had been out alone, or on a party of pleasure where you say, he would have told me."

"I assure you, Lady Chandos, that it is true. Captain Blake spoke to him there, and Lady Evelyn saw him. Madame Vanira was with him."

The speakers were Lady Chandos and Lady Ilfield; the place was the drawing-room at Stoneland House; the time was half past three in the afternoon; and Lady Ilfield had called on her friend because the news which she had heard preyed upon her mind and she felt that she must reveal it. Like all mischief makers Lady Ilfield persuaded herself that she was acting upon conscientious motives; she herself had no nonsensical ideas about singers and actresses; they were quite out of her sphere, quite beneath her notice, and no good, she was in the habit of saying, ever came from associating with them. She had met Madame Vanira several times at Stoneland House, and had always felt annoyed over it, but her idea was that a singer, an actress, let her be beautiful as a goddess and talented above all other women, had no right to stand on terms of any particular friendship vith Lord Chandos. Lady Ilfield persuaded herself it was her duty, her absolute Christian duty, to let Lady Chandos know what was going on. She was quite sure of the truth of what she had to tell, and she chose a beautiful, sunshiny afternoon for telling it. She wore a look of the greatest importance—she seated herself quite close to Lady Marion.

"My dear Lady Chandos," she said, "I have called on the most unpleasant business. There is something which I am quite sure I ought to tell you, and I really do not know how. People are saying such things—you ought to know them."

The fair, sweet face lost none of its tranquility, none of its calm. How could she surmise that her heart was to be stabbed by this woman's words?

"The sayings of people trouble me but little, Lady Ilfield," she replied, with a calm smile.

"What I have to say concerns you," she said, "concerns you very much. I would not tell you but that I consider it my duty to do so. I told Lady Evelyn that she, who had actually witnessed the scene, ought to be the one to describe it, but she absolutely refused; unpleasant as the duty is, it has fallen on me."

"What duty? what scene?" asked Lady Chandos, beginning to feel something like alarm. "if you have anything to say, Lady Ilfield, anything to tell me, pray peak out; I am anxious now to hear it."

Then indeed was Lady Ilfield in her glory. She hastened to tell the story. How Captain and Lady Evelyn Blake had gone with a few friends for a river-party, and at Ousely had seen Lord Chandos with Madame Vanira, the great Queen of song.

Lady Marion's sweet face colored with indignation. She denied it emphatically; it was not true. She was surprised that Lady Ilfield should repeat such a calumny.

"But, my dear Lady Chandos, it is true. I should not have repeated it if there had been a single chance of its being a falsehood. Lady Evelyn saw the boat fastened to a tree, your husband and Madame Vanira sat on the river bank, and when the captain spoke to Lord Chandos he seemed annoyed at being seen.

While to Lady Chandos had come the first burst of an intolerable pain, her first anguish of jealousy, her only emotion at the commencement of the conversation was one of extreme indignation. It was a calumny, she told herself, and she had vehemently espoused her husband's cause; but when she was alone and began to think over what had been said her faith was somewhat shaken.

It was a straightforward story. Captain and Lady Evelyn Blake were quite incapable of inventing such a thing. Then she tried to remember how Tuesday had passed. It came back to her with a keen sense of pain that on Tuesday she had not seen him all day. He had risen early and had gone out, leaving word that he should not return for luncheon. She had been to a morning concert and had stayed until nearly dinner-time with the countess. When she returned to Stoneland House he was there; they had a dinner-party, and neither husband nor wife had asked each other how the day was spent. She remembered it now. Certainly so far his absence tallied with the story; but her faith in her husband was not to be destroyed by the gossip of people who had nothing to do but talk.

What was it Lady Ilfield had said? That she was the only person in London who did not know that her husband was Madame Vanira's shadow. Could that be true? She remembered all at once his long absences, his abstraction; how she wondered if he had any friends whom he visited long and intimately.

Madame Vanira's beautiful face rose before her with its noble eloquence, its grandeur and truth. No, that was not the woman who would try to rob a woman of her husband's love. Madame Vanira, the queen of song, the grand and noble woman who swayed men's hearts with her glorious voice; Madame Vanira, who had kissed her face and called herself her friend. It was impossible. She could sooner have believed that the sun and the moon had fallen from the skies than that her husband had connived with her friend to deceive her. The best plan would be to ask her husband. He never spoke falsely; he would tell her at once whether it were true or not. She waited until dinner was over and then said to him:

"Lance, can you spare me a few minutes? I want to speak to you."

They were in the library, where Lord Chandos had gone to write a letter. Lady Marion looked very beautiful in her pale-blue dinner dress and a suite of costly pearls. She went up to her husband and kneeling down by his side, she laid her fair arms round his neck.

"Lance," she said, "before I say what I have to say I want to make an act of faith in you."

He smiled at the expression.

"An act of faith in me, Marion?" he said. "I hope you have all faith."

Then remembering, he stopped, and his face flushed.

"I have need of faith," she said, "for I have heard a strange story about you. I denied it, I deny it now, but I should be better pleased with your denial also."

"What is the story?" he asked, anxiously, and her quick ear detected the anxiety of his voice.

"Lady Ilfield has been here this afternoon, and tells me that last Tuesday you were with Madame Vanira at Ousely, that you rowed her on the river, and that Captain Blake spoke to you there. Is it true?"

"Lady Ilfield is a mischief making old—" began Lord Chandos, but his wife's sweet, pale face startled him.

"Lance," she cried, suddenly, "oh, my God, it is not true?"

The ring of pain and passion in her voice frightened him; she looked at him with eyes full of woe.

"It is not true," she repeated.

"Who said it was true?" he asked, angrily.

Then there was a few minutes of silence between them; and Lady Marion looked at him again.

"Lance," she said, "is it true?"

Their eyes met, hers full of one eager question. His lips parted; her whole life seemed to hang on the word that was coming from his lips.

"Is it true?" she repeated.

He tried to speak falsely, he would have given much for the power to say "No." He knew that one word would content her—that she would believe it implicitly, and that she would never renew the question. Still with that fair, pure face before him—with those clear eyes fixed on him—he could not speak falsely, he could not tell a lie. He could have cried aloud with anguish, yet he answered, proudly:

"It is true, Marion."

"True?" she repeated, vacantly, "true, Lance?"

"Yes, the gossips have reported correctly; it is quite true."

But he was not prepared for the effect of the words on her. Her fair face grew pale, her tender arms released their hold and fell.

"True?" she repeated, in a low, faint voice, "true that you took Madame Vanira out for a day, and that you were seen by these people with her?"

"Yes, it is true," he replied.

And the poor child flung her arms in the air as she cried out.

"Oh, Lance, it is a sword in my heart, and it has wounded me sorely."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FARM.

A Neglected But Valuable Pear.

The Foreile pear is very seldom seen but it has so many good qualities that it merits a much more general planting. It is called by the Germans, from whom we have it, Forellen-birne, i. e., Trout pear, because it is speckled like the broook trout. The pear is below medium in size, inclining to pyriform in shape. When fully ripe, it is of lemon yellow color, with a deep red

FORELLE PEAR.

cheek on the sunny side, and marked with bright crimson specks. The tree is a good grower and a regular bearer. It is fine grained, buttery and melting in quality. It ripens late in October and with care may be kept until Christmas. With our modern cold storage facilities, there would not be the slightest trouble in prolonging its season until well along in January and perhaps later.

Feeding Wheat.

The knowledge gained this season in the feeding of wheat to stock will be an important factor in the future. The experience gained, while not complete, will at least be a guide, and where there is a large yield and prices are low, a means is afforded of utilizing it to a good advantage.

There is hardly any question that there have been some very wild claims made. This is nearly always the case when new plants are tried. Some men seemingly can not undertake anything new without becoming enthusiastic, and they too often allow their enthusiasm to carry them too far.

But we know now that wheat can be fed to all classes of stock with benefit, the amount of profit depending very largely upon the prices and the conditions under which it is fed. With nearly or quite all materials used for feed, as with different kinds of stock, some feeders will be able to secure much better results than others, even when working under the same conditions.

In this way at least low prices for wheat may prove a benefit. Heretofore it has nearly always been regarded as a money crop, and with the exception of what the farmer considered necessary to supply his family with flour was marketed, and wheat could always be sold for cash. But this year's experience has proved that when prices are low it is possible to realize a better price by feeding to stock rather than marketing as grain, and there is hardly a doubt that the experience will be a valuable one.

With all crops it is an item to reduce the cost of production as much as can be done without lowering the quality. It is also an item to realize the best possible price so far as can be done without increasing the cost too greatly; and, with wheat, whenever a better price can be realized by feeding to stock in preference to selling as grain, feeding is certainly the better plan of selling.

In addition to making a good feed wheat adds to the variety, and one of the best ways of feeding is in connection with corn, as a more complete ration is supplied in this way than when either is fed alone. But there is yet much to learn before wheat can be fed to the best possible advantage. This year's feeding has given a good start.

Weak Points in Sheep Breeding.

I wish to notice what to me seem the weak points in the breeding and management of our established breeds of sheep, says a correspondent.

The first which presents itself to my mind is the want of uniformity in the flock; this is a great weakness and drawback to our success as breeders, and the question arises, why does this exist? First, I think from want of more careful and judicious selection of sires, for, as one of your members has stated in a former paper, "the sire is half the flock." I have said careful and judicious selection of sires, for it is a pretty well-known fact that as a general rule the first cross between an inferior and superior animal is very successful, producing, in many instances, animals equal to the improved breeds used; but the judgment and skill of the breeder are called forth in raising the standard of his pure-bred flock. This has been done, and what has been done can be repeated, but it requires great care and shrewd judgment to bring about the desired results. One reason why failure in this direction is often experienced is, I think, in introducing a sire into the whole flock, without first testing his suitability by using him on a few ewes selected with great care, the breeder having in his mind a well defined ideal of the proper type to be established in his flock. Continued perseverance on these lines will be a great factor towards bringing about that uniformity of character so much to be desired. The second point I notice is a lack of sufficient weeding out of the flock all animals which do not come up to the proper standard of the breed. Also all young and breeding animals are not sufficiently induced to lie out of doors by providing for them sheltered, well littered, roomy yards, where they can lie down through the day—in fact, you will find many will prefer lying outside during the night, except in stormy weather. This I consider very conducive to the raising of vigorous, healthy stock, and the developement of robustness of constitution which combined with large growth of fleece and aptitude to fatten, symmetry and fecundity, should be the flockmaster's aim and ideal. Tups of this class and character will find a ready sale anywhere and the breeder will find he can not afford to breed or sell poor specimens of his breed. Carefully bred stock will bring millions of money into the pockets of the farmers of this country, and furnish healthful, delightful, profitable employment for the young farmer who now seeks employment in town and cities.

The third weak point I wish to name is breeding from excessively fat animals, which have been got up for exhibition purposes. If you will exhibit, and I suppose some one must exhibit to keep the different breeds before the public, I unhesitatingly say sell such animals and not breed from them to the injury of your flock, producing, as they do in many instances, a lot of poor, weakly, scrubby lambs, and these are bred from simply because they are pure-bred. In place of this let the breeder select the quantum of ewe lambs for his own use and set them aside, and let no price tempt him to dispose of them.

Ventilating Cow Stables.

No more important question can engage he attention of the builder of a cow stable than that of ventilation. What is needed is just sufficient air for health and comfort—that is, enough for health and not enough to carry away too much warm air. The closeness with which the cows may be put into a stable very much depends upon the rapidity with which the air is changed. While it is a safe rule to give each cow one cubic foot of air space to each pound of live weight, no one would claim this to be sufficient were the stable airtight or anywhere near it. A one thousand pound cow in one thousand cubic feet of air space would breath that much air in ten hours, and after four hours the air would become so vitiated as to be deadly to breathe. On the other hand cows may be safely housed in much less air space if proper facilities be provided for changing the air often.

With any system of side ventilation, by windows or registers under the sills, no matter how careful the attendant may be, there is constant danger of some cow taking cold. On a warm, murky evening, with little or no wind, the attendant so arranges the ventilator as to suit the conditions, but during the night the wind changes or a blizzard sets in, and in the morning some cow will be found to have stood in a draught and to have a severe cold. Roof ventilation is much better and safer, and if properly arranged is much more effectual. The usual trouble with such ventilation is that the chutes are not large enough. When no more than a foot or fifteen inches square inside, the ascending currents are too weak to carry off the foul air fast enough. Then the ordinary method of slatting the cupola above the roof produces no upward current. As much air comes in on the windward side as can possibly get out on the opposite side, and the tendency is to retard rather than assist the upward flow. This is the reason why so much moisture is often found in the body of the barn where cows are stabled below. The breath of the animals in such cases greatly injures the hay or other forage in the barn.

THE SULTAN AND EDUCATION.

He Has Established a Regular System of Schools Throughout the Empire.

He has done more for the education of his people than all the Sultans who have gone before him. It is true that he does not favor Christian schools, and has devised many new regulations to restrict their influence. Perhaps he feels as one of his Ministers did some years ago when he replied to a protest against the closing of a Christian school, that the Christians were already far ahead of the Mohammedans and must wait until the Turks caught up with them.

But as far as Mohammedan schools are concerned, we live in a new era. The Sultan believes in education as a mighty power for the uplifting of his people. He has not only filled Constantinople with schools of every kind known in European capitals, but he has established a regular system of schools throughout the empire, and all real estate is taxed to support them.

This work was undertaken immediately after the last war, and apparently the Sultan was led to realize the importance of it from what he had learned of the influence of education upon the Bulgarians. But whatever may have first turned his attention to this subject, his interest in it has steadily increased, and the work has been pushed on with unflagging zeal. He was undaunted by the fact that he had neither teachers nor textbooks.

Buildings were erected, students were collected, teachers were appointed, and the schools opened. Probably such schools have never been seen before, but in the reign of universal ignorance there was no one to ridicule them. It was a beginning, and great progress has been made since, in supplying textbooks and improving the teachers. Most of the schools are still of a very inferior order, but their influence is already felt in the country. Whether their influence will be altogether in favor of such a Government as that of Abd-ul-Hamid remains to be seen.

Her New Year's Resolution.

Mamma (New Year's Day)—"Have you made any good resolutions?"

Little Daughter—"Yes'm, one."

"I'm glad of that. What is it?"

"I has resoluted that if ever I grow up and has a little girl, I'll buy her a doll that will sit down better than mine does."

No Style There.

Little Miss Brickrow—"We're livin' in a very stylish and exclusive boarding-house."

Little Miss Backcourt—"Huh! You can't make anybody believe that."

"Why not?"

"You're too fat."