# LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Meanwhile Constantia had gone home with Lady Varley. At first the girl's mind was so distraught with recollections of Donna's treachery, and Featherston's falseness, that she could hardly think of anything else, and had not even wondered at the fact of Lady Varley's abrupt departure. But after awhile she became sensible of the extreme quiet of her companion, whose face she could not see in the brougham. She put out her hand at last and touched hers, to find that it was icy cold,and that the fingers were clinched. Her touch woke Yolande from her fit of dumb misery, and with a sharp sigh she roused herself.

"How slow Hunt is driving!" she cried, feverishly. "Shall we ever be at home? Speak to him, Constantia."

Constantia did as she was desired, and then, a little unnerved by Lady Varley's manner, waited in silence for what she next might say. But she said nothing. She sought and found the girl's hand again and pressed it with a convulsive earnestness, but no words escaped her.

"You are unhappy—uneasy," returned Constantia at last.

"Uneasy! What a word!" returned she, with terrible though repressed agitation. "My child, my darling, how could I have left her, even for a moment! And all this horrible night, it has seemed like a nightmare. Yes, I have been justly punished. But I did not leave her willingly, Connie, you will believe that. It was forced upon me. I could hardly have refused to enter that woman's house, and yet— Oh, forgive me, dear! I forgot she was your cousin."

"She is no cousin of mine," cried Constantia, vehemently, "I disown her. She is nothing to me. Nothing!"

"Yes, yes? Is it so between you? Yet I should not have spoken. Has she been cruel to you, Connie—to a girl like you? What! Is this only Hillside? Why, we should be at Araglin by this time. Oh, what hours can lie in thirty minutes! Connie! Connie! If anything should have happened."

An awful fear had seized hold on her. She was trembling violently. She half rose in the carriage as though it was impossible, to her, in her state of impatience to sit any longer still, but Constantia placed her arms round her, and drew her back very gently into her seat. It was a shock to her to see Lady Varley, who was always so studiously cold and calm, thus given over to despair, and half wild with nervous dread.

"Why should you give way like this?" she said. "Why should you let a fear so vague disturb you? Baby was as—as well as usual when you left her. What could occur in three hours? And besides, would they not have sent you word?"

She sought eagerly to soothe her, and by degrees Lady Varley grew comparatively calm. The arrival at the hall door, however, tended more to calm her nerves than even Constantia's tender endeavors. She sprung from the carriage, and hurried past the servants and up to the nursery, with only a sign to Constantia to follow her. She had apparently forgotten to drop the girl at The Cottage, and Constantia had been too alarmed about her to mention it. Besides, would it not be selfish to leave her in her present mood? Connie was sufficiently read in human nature to understand that there was something beneath her anxiety for her child,something inferior to that sacred care, but yet strong enough to disturb and harass her.

After all, there was nothing in the nursery to cause fresh grief. The baby was no worse. It could hardly be that, poor little thing, unless it lay within its shroud; and then, no doubt, it would be better! It lay, apparently asleep, in the calm stupor that had composed its life during the greater part of the past week. That it was slowly dying, that days, nay hours alone divided it from the moment when its soul should quit the earth, was plain—to every one save the mother, who would not, who dared not believe it. She hung over it now with such a passion of love and longing on her face as made Constantia's heart contract with fear. She dropped into a chair in the background, and clasped her hands.

Her own grievance was forgotten in this supreme grief. Here was Lady Varley's all—a little morsel, hardly worth the counting in the great roll-call of humanity, yet to her of more value than the whole world itself. Tears welled to Constantia's eyes as she lay back listlessly in her chair, whilst her friend talked eagerly in soft murmurs to the nurse.

How sad it all was for her—her child dying, her husband, faithless! Constantia clinched her hands, as she thought of Donna's gay triumphant laugh—as she pictured her making a light jest out of the knowledge of Varley's submission to her power, his treachery to his wife. Could such things be and the world still go on in all its round of careless mirth, its swift pleasure that scarce gave time for thought or justice? Surely the day of reckoning would come! But in the meantime must Yolande suffer—must she sink beneath her troubles with no hand held out to help her?

She looked at Lady Varley's clear-cut features, calm again, now that the momentary suspense, was at an end, and told herself that perhaps she wronged her. She was too pure, too proud a woman to sink beneath dishonor undeserved. There were those who dragged down beneath the wave of affliction, but there were also those who rose out of it with senses dulled indeed, and wounds all gaping, but with faces serene and passionless though the cruel rocks had cut sore. These gave no sign of the agony within. These have their reward. The stormy petrel skimming the tempestuous wave knows such wild throes of passion fierce and strong as is unknown to the gentler bird who cowers amidst the fragrant inland branches to hide it from the coming storm.

In Lady Varley there was the divine strength of womanhood, that knows all, endures all, and still is strong.

She turned suddenly to Constantia, and met the girl's eyes bent wistfully upon her. There was genuine love in them, that she saw, and a sorrow that she would not see.

"You are tired," she said. "Come with me. You must go to sleep at once."

"Are you going to stay here?" asked Constantia, quickly.

"Yes; I generally stay here every night. I do not sit up—you must not think that," with a wan smile, "but it eases my heart," laying her hand lightly on her bosom, "to be near her; and so I have had that couch over there," pointing to a distant corner; "prepared for me. I do not martyr myself you see," with another sad attempt at a smile; "I can sleep if I choose, but I like to be near her." A heavy sigh escaped her as she finished. Constantia could see that her heart was broken—that in her secret soul, hard as she battled against it, she had lost all hope in her little one's recovery.

"Let me stay with you," entreated she, miserably. "Do not send me away. This arm-chair is very comfortable, and — Do let me stay with you."

"As you will, dearest," said Lady Varley, gently. She said something in a low voice to one of the women, and presently wine and sandwiches were brought which she pressed on Constantia. She touched nothing herself, and after that took no notice at all of her guest. Between her hours of sleep and waking, the girl saw that Lady Varley had spent her night upon her knees beside the tiny cot, praying for what a a gracious Lord had seen fit to deny her.

The morning dawned and deepened, and still the child lived. Apparently, it was no worse, no better; but was it no worse? Toward noon, Constantia, with whom Lady Varley would not consent to part, entreated and prevailed with her to take a walk for half an hour in the garden as she could not sleep.

"Well, yes; if you think it wise. All this anxiety is perhaps foolish," said Lady Varley. "And of course it is necessary to keep up one's strength; when she is on the mend it would be very awkward if I were laid up and not able to look after her."

It was terrible to Constantia to see how she clung to a belief in the child's recovery, the child who was already half way on its journey to heaven; but she persuaded her to go into the garden with a silent caress, and a hopeful word or two, all the same.

Lady Varley went down the staircase with a languid step, and out into the sweet summer air. It was midday, and the sun was high in the heavens, and the perfume from the open flowers filled the passing breeze. All was cloudless blue above her head, all was green beneath her feet. The day was indeed, a golden one, so rich in sweets that one felt overpowered by it, and thought only of some shady nook where one might sit beneath a branching elm and dream the hour away. A tremulous haze lay over the distant sea, and the rocks shone out white as burnished silver. All round her grew the flowers. Glowing carnations swayed to and fro with the velvet wind, and

"Red roses opened passionate hearts
To wooings of the sky."

It was indeed "the time of roses," and crimson, cream, and white, they bloomed at every turn. As they nodded their sleepy heads, a delicate odor escaped from them that was wafted hither and thither until the very wind grew languid with it, and in the centres of their warm bosoms yellow-winged bees hummed drowsily.

As Yolande turned aside to reach the ivied gate that led to the cool shade of the orchard, she met her husband sauntering slowly in her direction.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

He halted somewhat abruptly and then came on; but it was evident to her that his first impulse had been to avoid her if possible. She gave no sign of having noticed this; and, indeed, the relations between them of late had been so strained that it scarcely troubled her.

"I had no idea I should see you here," he said, less awkwardly than he thought. "I fancied you in the nursery; at least, your women told me you were there. How is she?" He alluded to his child.

"Just the same way, I think." Her eyes were on the ground, and her tone was carefully composed. It was impossible, therefore, for him to know the anguish that was consuming her.

"I dare say it will be nothing," he said cheerfully. He had not seen the child for a week, and so knew nothing about it. His careless tone grated on her. His own child! Was he dead to all things—save one? She controlled herself, however, and stood waiting to hear what he should say. "I often told you that doctors were false prophets," he said; "you should not give ear to their croakings—you should not fret as you do."

"True," she said; "it is a foolish thing to fret over any matter, small or great."

There was meaning in her tone, and Varley winced a little.

"You left very early last night," he said presently. He was regarding her intently, and she felt it.

"Yes; I was tired," she said.

"For one so uniformly truthful—one who so prides herself upon her yea being a yea—that is scarcely honest, is it?" asked he, laughing, yet with an only partially concealed sneer. "Say, rather, you did not care for your company."

"It was very excellent company, as it appeared to me. Almost every one we knew or liked was there."

"That surprised you, perhaps; but, as I have often told you, Mrs. Dundas, in spite of certain rumors that may have reached you, is not so altogether objectionable as you believe."

She lifted her head now, and looked full at him. Her dark eyes flashed.

"Who told you I thought her objectionable?" she asked. "Did it occur to you that there might be reason for my so thinking of her? I certainly never said so."

"Your manner toward her is barely civil, however. She is an old friend of mine, and, of course I am bound to be friendly. As my—"

"Why should you apologize for your —friendship?" interrupted she, with a curious smile. "Pray do not; surely there is no necessity—to your wife!"

"As my wife, I was going to say," he went on quickly, and with a darkened brow, "I had hoped you would have shown her at least courtesy; but to leave her house as you did last night was to give her up to the cruel insinuations of our world. There was a want of refinement in it, a lack of delicacy that I should not have looked for in you."

"You are very good," said Yolande, with a curl of her lip. "You credit me with fine feelings in one breath, and destroy your credit in the next. But a truce to this pretense," she cried, suddenly, lifting to his a face pale and stern. "I do not like your — friend, and let that admission explain all."

"But why?" demanded he, angrily.

"Let that rest."

"I will not. What fault do you find in her?"

"You are a warm partisan," said she, in a low, dangerous tone. "Is it wise, then, to insist?"

"I think so. As you have yourself suggested, it will be well to put an end to all fencing in this matter. In censuring her it has seemed to me, of late, that you censure me."

"You have courage," she said.

"Why not? What is it, I again ask, that you find fault with in her?"

She threw up her head as if about to speak, her face grew deadly white, her lips parted. Whatever she knew she was about then to disclose; but something checked her. She withdrew her eyes, and by a supreme effort beat down the emotion that was trying to conquer her. Presently she was calm again, and only the tight clasp of her hands betrayed any feeling whatsoever.

"I think her vulgar," she said, slowly, contemptuously.

Varley was surprised, and too relieved to be annoyed. He had failed to read between the lines, and did not guess at the sleeping volcano that lay within her breast. He suspects her of knowing, or guessing more than it was expedient she should know; but her answer had convinced him that whatever were her suspicions, her knowledge was sufficiently imperfect to prevent her accusing him openly.

"Oh, if that is all," he said, lightly, "it was a pity you did not remain for the rest of the evening. It was about the best dance we have had here for many a day. I quite enjoyed it."

To this she made no answer. A straggling spray of a blackberry bush near had caught her gown,and she now made herself busy unfastening it.

"As you justly remarked, all our best friends were there," he went on, with an assumption of gayety that sat, however, rather uneasily upon him. "O'Grady, amongst others. By the bye," he said, lightly, turning to her with a lively smile, "you must confess that the time you did spend there, short as it was, was not altogether dull. You and O'Grady, I could see" — here he laughed indulgently—"enjoyed it —together."

Lady Varley started as if he had struck her, and raised her eyes slowly to his. She was paler than before, if possible, with a scorn unspeakable. Was this sidelong accusation meant as a condonement of his own offense? Was it a vile effort to kill the sense of shame within him by an attempt to drag her down to his lower level— to sully her, the tall, pale, pure creature who stood before him—to cast filth upon his wife?

With a sharp movement she put her hand to her throat. Her nostrils dilated.

"Take care!" she said in a low tone. "Neglect, insult me, as you will, but do not dare to lower me to the standard of the woman for whom you have betrayed me!"

She had withdrawn from him a step or two, and now stood regarding him with large, contemptuous eyes. Every line of her figure breathed of vehement indignation. Her tall, slender form, girlish still in its outlines, was uplifted to its fullest height, and was filled with the indignant passion that had at last driven her to speech.

An uneasy laugh broke from Varley. "Now I guessed," he said, "that underneath your assumed indifference some such lie as this was working. I don't know who put it into your head, but I suppose that little devil Constantia. You have magnified a very ordinary friendship into an affaire de coeur. Women who insist on living an anchorite life like yours, are bound to find some safety-valve for their fancies. It is a pity you should have chosen this one. It is a pity,too, that you take things so terribly au grand serieux." Here he smiled with an attempt at carelessness, though in reality he was somewhat quelled by the suddenness of her accusation. "If you were a little less intense, you would be easier to—" He hesitated.

"Live with?" she suggested, coldly. She paused, always with her eyes fixed immovably on his. They alone spoke, they seemed to burn into him; but otherwise she was calm, although her heart was on fire, and her soul riven. "There is always a remedy," she said at last, in a tone so low as to sound like a distant bell, yet so clear as to smite heavily upon his ear.

Just yet he was undecided as to whether he would or would not desire a separation, and so he revolted from her suggestion. Donna's hold over him, stong as it was, had not quite led him to despise the world's opinion.

"You must be mad to talk to me like this on so trivial a cause," he was beginning, but she interrupted him.

"Heroics are out of place here," she said. "I know your real desire, and a word will do. Believe me, I would gladly cast my life adrift from yours."

"To join it to—"

(To be Continued.)

## STORIES ABOUT RINGS.

**Solomon Restored His Kingdom by the Recovery of a Lost Ring.**

There is in the Talmud a curious legend about a ring which King Solomon wore, and on the possession of which the keeping of his kingdom depended. Once Solomon went into the bath and left his precious ring on the shelf, when a concubine of his, Amina, filched the ring, and the fiend, Sakhar, flattered Amina and wheedled her out of the ring, and Sakhar took the form of King Solomon and ruled in his stead. Poor Solomon was put to it to regain his power, but he raised such a first-class incantation that Sakhar got afraid and threw the ring into the sea, and a fish swallowed it, and a fisherman caught the fish and found the ring. It was restored to Solomon, and with it he recovered his kingdom.

And Amina? Did Solomon divorce her?

"The Talmud gives no further details. One wife more or less in Solomon's family made no difference.

"But we don't want to go back to such remote periods for ring stories. There was that blessed St. Mungo, the apostle of Strathclyde, whose special patron was the Queen of Cadzow, whose husband was King Roderick, which potentate was a contemporary of the oldest of Irish kings. The queen was rather volage of the Mary Queen of Scots kind, and had parted somehow or other with a ring the king had given her. Then one day Roderick asked for the ring suddenlike, and the queen wilted. She begged St. Mungo to help her. As a good saint he felt sorry for her, so he sent a monk to fish, with instructions to bring him the very first fish he might catch. Whether the knight who had the ring had thrown the ring into the river or not is not known. Anyhow, the monk took his fly rod and reel and swept the river near Glasgow, and a salmon rose, and he played it and gaffed it and brought it to St. Mungo, and in the stomach of that fish was the ring, and so the honour of the queen was saved, and her neck, too, and that is the reason why there is a salmon bearing a ring in his mouth which belongs to the armorial bearing of the good city of Glasgow."

Fingers were in the most remote period bedecked with rings. There is a print of two hands of a mummy exhibited in the British museum. The right hand is overloaded, and on the left there is a thumb ring. Thumb rings are things of the past; that is to say, in European adornment, but are still worn in the east. A ring was placed on the thumb of the right hand by archers, and there was a notch in it, so that the string of the bow might be caught in it. Early European archers were in the habit of using something like a guard on the first two fingers of the right hand, so as to save chafing from the bow string.

There really is not so much difference as to the adornment of fingers by modern women, when we compare the mummy hands of those of Lady Stafford as she appears in effigy over her tomb in Bromsgrove church, Staffordshire. Her ladyship was laid to rest in 1450, and her very much beringed fingers are conspicuous as indicative of worldly vanities, though the hands are lifted in prayer.

Sober-sensed modern toxicologists question whether in former periods there were any poison rings or rings capable of containing poison in sufficient quantity to bring about immediate death. Of course a ring of huge size might have been made in the past able to hold a fairly large quantity of poison. But, notwithstanding all the fame Locusta has acquired, it is questionable whether she or any other professional poisoner knew how to concentrate her materials. The Brinvilliers woman used arsenic in fairly large quantities. There can be nothing the ancients did with vegetable poison that we do not know about to-day. Though Juvenal alludes to a poison ring as having done for Hannibal, how Hannibal came to his death will never be known. If Lamoral Egmont tried to poison the Prince of Orange by means of poison kept in a ring, the attempt failed.

Equally absurd are the stories of poisoned keys, which, pressed into a lock, loosed a little needle which darted into the hand and so poisoned and killed the user of the key. Rings labeled "poison rings" find a place in many collections. Some of these rings have figures of the saints engraved on them. them.

The Romans had some very good practical ideas, as shown by their key rings, These rings must have been used to open caskets. The shank of the key might be set on a hinge so as to allow the wards to lie flat on the ring. These rings were not always made of gold, for some have been found in England which are of brass or copper. Possibly these keys of inferior metal belonged to the Roman slaves or servi.

Rings in the middle ages were sometimes so designed as to inflict injury. In Bavaria up to the beginning of the last century the peasants wore rings of brass, on the octagonal bezel of which stood out five steel points, half an inch high. Worn on the middle finger of the hand, a blow from a burly fist, thus armed, would have left a lasting mark on the face of an opponent.

How much gold is used in manufactures? There is a question the bimetallists are always trying to solve. Granted that for bracelets, brooches, chains, the jewellers used a great deal of gold, after all it is the marriage ring which must consume the larger proportion of the precious metal. In England the assay office in a provincial city accounted for £30,000 in six months. In all England the number is infinite. Supposably, no woman in the United States considers herself married unless the golden circlet is passed over her finger. If we had the statistics of all marriages in this country in the year, and the average weight of the gold ring, we might present a figure, in pounds of gold, which would startle the statistician.

When the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning there was no ring, and the parson refused downright to perform the ceremony. Horace Walpole tells us that there was quite a scene. "The Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed curtain at half an hour past 12 at night, at May Fair chapel." As for that, we know of a marriage in confederate times, when, no golden rings being obtainable, a key ring did the business.

## CLOTHED THE YEAR ROUND.

Just look at that young woman, said a crusty old fellow to me this morning. She is dressed like a supreme idiot. Why, she represents the four seasons. She is practically bare-headed—that is summer; she has a fur shoulder cape—that is winter; she has a silk shirt waist—that is spring; and a cloth skirt—that is autumn. This combination is conducive to a wooden overcoat with silver handles; but then some women are tough.

# HINTS ON ROAD-MAKING.

## PUBLISHED BY THE ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

**By A. W. Campbell, C. E., Provincial Instructor in Road-Making, Who Has Just Issued Bulletin No 1.**

### DRAINAGE.

Perfect drainage, first, of the foundation of the road-bed; secondly, of the road surface, are the points in road-making on which too much stress cannot be laid.

The first is accomplished by underdrainage, tile drains being laid at a depth of three or more feet below the surface on each side of the roadbed at the foot of the grade and parallel to it. Care should be taken to fit and settle the tile in the trench so that, when refiling with earth, they will not be displaced. As a rule two and a half inch to four inch tile will be sufficient. The joints should be close and the grade a true line. Loose joints and an uneven grade allow silt to pass into the tile and remain there, destroying the drain.

Surface drainage is accomplished by open drains on each side of the grade, having sufficient capacity to drain, not only the road-bed, but the land adjoining. With open drains and with tile drains make and maintain a free outlet to the nearest watercourse. A drain without an outlet is useless. In constructing a good road a dry foundation is the matter of first importance.

### CROWNING THE ROAD.

The graded portion of the road should be wide enough to accommodate the travel upon it, and not greater, the slope being uniform, not heaped in the centre. The crown should be well above the overflow of storm water, and should have a grade sufficient to shed water readily to the open ditches on either side. Do not round it up so as to make the grade steep and dangerous, under the mistaken impression that better drainage will thereby be secured. Nor should it be so low as to allow water to stand upon it in depressions. Under ordinary circumstances one inch or one inch and a half to the foot is a proper grade; that is, a roadbed twenty-six feet wide should be from thirteen to twenty inches higher at the centre than at the side.

### QUALITY OF GRAVEL.

The gravel should preferably be sharp, clean and of uniform size. Pit gravel usually contains too much earthy matter, and where the latter is in excess, the gravel, as a road-making material, is useless. Lake gravel is apt to be rounded, water-wornm and lacking in the necessary earthy matter to make a solid and compact surface, but is generally a better road metal than pit gravel. A coating of pit gravel with a surfacing of creek gravel is a good combination. All large stones should be removed as they will work to the surface, and will then roll loosely or form rough protuberances.

### PLACING THE GRAVEL.

The gravel should be spread evenly over the surface of the subgrade to a depth of six or eight inches, and to the required width, then rolled with a heavy roller. Rolling should be performed in showery weather, as it is impossible to consolidate dry earth or gravel. The heavier the roller the better will be the results, but if a heavy roller cannot be obtained, a light roller is much better than none. The roller should be passed over the surface until the gravel or earth is so compact as not to be displaced and rutted by the wheels of a wagon passing over it with an ordinary load. The surface must be maintained smooth and hard, to shed water and resist wear. Every municipality should have a roller, but whether one can be obtained or not the gravel should not be left in a heap just as it falls from the wagon. Spread it evenly.

### REPAIRS.

Gravel roads already constructed will need repair. By the use of road machinery scrape the surface and cut off the corners, which will have formed at the foot of the grade by the washing down of dusty material from the crown of the road. Loosen the surface, particularly that part of the travelled portion and where the road is rutted, with picks, or, if possible, with road machinery, then apply a coating of gravel and roll thoroughly. It is of more importance, however, to see that the drains are not obstructed in their course and that their outlets are free and open.

## THE PRINCE'S KINDNESS.

The following story is told of a piece of silverware now existing in the plate room at Marlborough House: One day the Prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage at the door of a house where he was about to pay a visit, saw a blind man and his dog vainly trying to effect a passage across the thoroughfare in the midst of a throng of carriages. With characteristic good nature the Prince came to the rescue, and successfully piloted the pair to the other side of the street. A short time afterwards he received a massive silver inkstand with the following inscription: "To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action." Neither note nor card accompanied the offering, and the name of the donor has never been discovered.

## AN OLD NEEDLE.

A curious needle with a polished triangular eye large enough to carry stripes of beaten gold and for use upon embroidery of linen was once shown to an American woman in Constantinople. The particular interest attaching to the needle was the assertion of its owner that it had been in the possession of his family more than 300 years.