

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Presently we heard that the drag had arrived, and there was a little flutter among the ladies at our stall. As for me, I knew that these gentlemen, who seemed to be thought of so much consequence, would not want any of the things I had to sell; so I went on quite quietly serving the village-women, with whom I was doing very good business. However, when the gentlemen did lounge in, one of them, who was tall and had a long fair moustache, looked for a long time at the things at my end of the stall and asked the price of a tea-kettle. I thought he was amusing himself; but he bought it and carried it off; and presently two more gentlemen came into the marquee and straight up to my corner, and bought the one a gridiron and the other a soap-dish.

Then the first one came back and asked the price of so many things that he took too much attention from my village customers; and at last I told him he would find some ties and cigar-cases and gentlemen's things further up the stall. But he put up his eyes and looked at me gravely, and said he could not afford to spend his money on trumpery—he wanted something useful; and could I oblige him with a teasing mind? Then he was so long making up his mind between a penny one and a sixpenny one that I told him he had better buy them both, and when he had settled which he liked best, he could give the other away. But he said, "That is an extravagant way of going to work," and took the penny one.

When he had gone away, Laurence came up again, and I told him, laughing, about the funny purchases they had made. But he was not at all amused; he said it was tomfoolery.

They came again, though, and some more of them too; and at last the first one of all returned a third time and said he had been entrusted with a sovereign to lay out to the best advantage for a young couple who were setting up housekeeping. I had done such good business with the village women, and these unexpected customers that I had not a sovereign's worth of ironmongery and crockery left; so he bought up all I had, including two pairs of pottens and a number of mouse-traps, and made up the money in holland pinafores.

Presently he came in again with Lady Mills, who asked Mrs. Manners; and, looking down the stall, and seeing me with only a few aprons and children's clothes left to sell, she asked if the little lady in white at the end could come; and Mrs. Manners, looking at me gravely and anxiously, as if she was sending me into a lion's den, asked me to go. But the other ladies at our stall did not like it at all.

The other marquee looked like fairy-land. The two stalls had so many beautiful bright things on them, besides a quantity of flowers, the ladies behind them, in their light dresses, looked so pretty. The village people did not buy much here, but came in shyly in twos and threes, and talked in whispers. But there were all Lady Mills' party, and a lot of Beaconsburgh people, and members of most of the rich families in the neighbourhood. And there was a great deal of laughing and talking going on; and this marquee was altogether a much more amusing place than the other.

Lady Mills, who I thought had sweeter manners than any lady I had ever seen, thrust a big basket of flowers into my hands and told me to walk up and down and ask people to buy them. "Ask the gentleman," she whispered, with a pretty smile. But I did not like to do that; so I stood with my basket in a corner until the tall fair man who had bought so many things of me came up and gave me half-a-sovereign for one little bud; and I thought how silly it had been of him to make such a fuss over the toasting-forks when he was ready to give so much for a flower. And then Laurence found me out, and he walked up and down with me, holding my big basket; and I sold my flowers quickly, and was very happy indeed, for Laurence talked and whispered to me, and looked at me all the time as we moved among the crowd, and never once left me while we were in that tent. He told me everybody said I was the prettiest girl there which of course was nonsense; but it was very nice to hear him say so. When I had sold all the flowers, he whispered—

"Now let us slip out, and we can talk."

So we tucked my basket under one of the stalls, and went out of the tent and away into a lane near the field; and Laurence's face grew very anxious and unhappy as I asked him what was the matter.

"I shall have to go away, Violet," said he looking at me very intently.

"Go away! Why—why?" said I, the tears rushing to my eyes. I had not expected anything so dreadful as that.

"My mother has decided—has been persuaded—that she must go away to the Riviera to escape the wet season we are threatened with, and I shall have to go with her."

"But you will come back? You will soon come back, won't you?"

"I don't know. I don't know what may happen while I am away. I don't know what the plots and plans may be of the person who has caused me to be sent away."

"What do you mean! What person, Laurence? Your mother—your sister?"

Laurence looked at me without answering, in the same searching intent way as before, for a minute or two; then he said—

"Listen, Violet. You are such an innocent little thing that I don't know how to tell you what I must."

I could not help looking rather frightened at this opening; and he stopped a little while to comfort me before he went on—

"Last night, when I had left you and gone home, I found Mr. Rayner just leaving the Hall."

Mr. Rayner! Then he must have gone on there from the Vicarage, and he must have come straight from the Hall when he passed me to go to his room, as I crouched in the shrubbery. Laurence continued—

"I went straight into the study to speak to my father. You know there is more sympathy between him and me than there is between any of the rest of us, so I went straight ahead and told him all about you, and what a sweet little thing you were; and I asked him to find me some occupation in an office, or on a farm or something, at once for I must have a home to take you

to before the year was out. And the dear old dad said you had a good sweet face, and he should like to have such a daughter; but what would the matter say? You know my mother rules him with a pretty tight hand; and he may say 'Yes' to anything when her back is turned, but he doesn't say 'No' to her to her face. And my mother has strong prejudices, and wants me to marry some one with money, to improve our position in the country." And I told him I was twenty-four, and old enough to know my own mind, and I didn't care what she wanted. But he begged me not to offend her, and then said, "She has just been in to say something that may have a bearing on the matter. It seems she has set her heart on going to the Riviera, and insists on your going with her. Now supposing I took a farm for you while you are away, you can step into it directly you come back—I suppose she won't want to be gone more than a couple of months—and you can try your hand at farming for a year or two, and keep it warm for Jack, who wants to take to it, he says. When you are living away from us, you will be more your own master, and your mother will have to submit to your marrying whom you like. So don't say a word to her or to your sisters—you know they always side with her—till you come back. I didn't much like this; but I could not say 'No' to my father—he has been so good to me—and I couldn't refuse to go with my mother; nevertheless I was half mad all the same, for I know who has persuaded her to this."

"Do you? Who?"

"Mr. Rayner. Haven't you noticed how he has been steadily getting round my mother for the last few weeks, till he rules her as surely as she rules my father; I've watched him, and tried to put her on her guard; but I am no match for him. I wondered what he was doing it for; now I see."

"But I don't Laurence. Why are you so prejudiced against Mr. Rayner—when he has been so kind to me too? What should he persuade her to go away for?"

Laurence looked at me earnestly.

"To get me away."

"To get you away? Why should he do that?"

Laurence began to speak, but got very red, and stopped.

"He doesn't like me, Violet, and he doesn't want me to have you."

"Oh, indeed you are mistaken, Laurence! He has often praised you."

"Yes; that is his cunning. But I tell you he would stick at nothing to prevent my marrying you; and as long as you are under his roof I shall never know a moment's peace," said he excitedly. "He is a bad man—"

"Oh, Laurence, you shouldn't say that! I know him better than you do, and as I know that he is goodness and kindness itself."

"Violet, you are no wiser than a child. How can you see the way he treats his wife, and yet call him good?"

"His wife! Ah, I know all about that, but—I must not tell you. Indeed he is not cruel to her, as you think, Laurence. I know all about it; I do indeed."

"Well, then, since I must say it, what do you think of the way he treats you? Doesn't he show he cares for you more than for her? Can't you see he is making love to you?"

"Laurence!" cried I, aghast. "How dare you say such a thing? What have I done that you should think so ill of me as to think I would let a man who is married make love to me? How could you tell me you loved me, thinking that I will never speak to you again."

I turned sharply from him, and was back in the field among the people before he could stop me. Tea was being given to the children, and I went to help; but the enjoyment of the day was gone. In a dazed state I was still handing about cake, too miserable and excited to know quite what I was doing, when Lady Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Rayner came up to me. This lady, who had charmed me so much, had in return taken a fancy to me, and had begged Mr. and Mrs. Rayner to let me go home with her to stay until Monday; and they had consented. At another time this invitation would have made me half mad with delight, but now it seemed only to overwhelm me with terror at the thought of going among so many strangers. However, they sent me home to prepare what things I wanted, and told me to make haste.

As I was packing a muslin frock I had never yet worn, and wishing I had something handsomer for the occasion. I suddenly thought of the paste pendant Mr. Rayner had given me. That would look quite dazzling peeping out of the muslin and lace round my throat. So I packed that and a piece of black velvet to wear it on; and I was scarcely ready before Jane came up to say that Lady Mills' carriage was at the gate waiting for me.

But just outside the hall door I met Laurence, with a rose in his hand.

"Violet, Violet, don't go without a word to me! Here—throw away that rose and wear mine."

"I will wear yours," said I; but I can't throw away this one till it is dead. That would be ungrateful."

"Did Mr. Rayner give it you?"—"Yes."

He snatched out of my hand the rose I had just taken from him, and flung it away.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Christie, for my presumption in thinking you would accept mine after his. Good evening."

He strode off towards the plantation path, and he would not turn round when I called "Laurence, Laurence!" I could not stay to run after him, even if I had been able to overtake him; so, with tears in my eyes, I plunged into the flower bed where his rose had fallen and picked it up, and put Mr. Rayner's gently on the ground instead. It was an ungrateful thing to do; but I must do what Laurence wished, even if he did not know it.

And so with a very heavy heart I ran up the path to the carriage, and started on a visit that was to be strangely eventful to me.

CHAPTER XVI.

There were four ladies already in the carriage which was waiting for me at the gate—Lady Mills herself, with another matronly-looking lady by her side, whose name I already knew, was Mrs. Cunningham; and on the opposite seat were a younger lady with a rather sharp expression, named Mrs. Glowes, who was considered very clever, and an unmarried one some

years older than I. I made the third on that seat; but there was plenty of room for us all. We drove back first to the High Field, that Lady Mills might tell the rest of the party to make haste, or they would be late for dinner. There were some ladies on the drag waiting for the gentlemen, who were now amusing themselves selling off by auction some of the things remaining on the stalls, while the grooms were busy packing into the inside of the made by the collection of purchases made by the whole party. There was a dog-cart waiting, with a gentleman in it smoking; and standing by the horse's head, also with a cigar in his mouth, was the tall fair gentleman whose face I now seemed to know the best of all. As soon as we drove up, he came to the side of the carriage.

"You are horribly crowded in there; let me take Miss—Miss Christie in here; get out."

"And what will you do with Charlie, Tom?"

"I'll put Charlie behind."

"Charlie is getting used to being put behind," said the eldest lady of all, looking at Mrs. Glowes, and laughing.

"Proper place for a husband, Mrs. Cunningham," said the fair gentleman.

I afterwards found that the gentleman they called "Charlie" was Captain Glowes. "Well, will you come, Miss Christie?"

"No, Tom; Miss Christie is better where she is."

"She couldn't be better off than with me," said he, in a gravely innocent tone.

Everybody laughed.

"Take my part, Mrs. Glowes. Don't all jump upon me at once when I want to make an impression. Could Miss Christie be safer than with me?"

Everybody glanced rather mischievously at Mrs. Glowes; and I saw a faint color rise in her cheeks.

"Not with Charlie behind," said she; and everybody laughed more than ever.

I was glad Lady Mills would not let me go, though, for I did not care much about the gentleman they called "Tom," and Laurence did not like him either. It was about seven miles from Geldham to Denham Court. The drive seemed to me beautiful, though the country was flat; the rains had kept everything very green, and the sinking sun warmed the landscape with a golden tint. I talked about me and listened to the ladies' talk, but did not say much. Some one "Tom" was silent, and some one else said "Tom" would make me talk; but indeed their conversation was so different from any I had ever heard that I could not have joined in it very well, even if I had known them better. Some of them said things which would have sounded quite wicked if they had said them seriously; but they were all in fun, and they seemed to laugh at everything. They laughed a good deal at Sir Jonas, who was Lady Mills' husband, and she herself imitated the way he would rub his hands and stare up at the ceiling, and say in little jerks he "hoped they had—enjoyed themselves—fine day. Stupid things, bazaar—but bring young people together."

"And keep the old ones away," said Mrs. Glowes, in her sharp tones. And everybody laughed very much.

Denham Court was a pretty place built on the side of a slight hill, with the river Doveney running not far from the foot of it. I was shown up into a room that looked out upon green houses and cucumber-frames, and from which I had a view of the river, just a point where it widened out into a broad expanse like a lake. Just then I had not much time to grieve about my quarrel with Laurence and his cruel conduct about the rose; but I did shed a few tears, and wondered whether he would write and ask me to make it up, and thought that I should not be able to enjoy myself at all in this pretty place without him. Then I shook out my muslin frock and put it on, and when I had fastened the black velvet round my throat, and pinned the beautiful flashing pendant on it, and pined on one side of the face edging, a little lower down, the red rose Laurence had flung away and I had meekly picked up again, I looked so much nicer than I had thought it possible for me to look that I could not help feeling that life was not quite so blank, and wishing that Laurence could see me.

I had left my room, and was going along the corridor, when I met a man the sight of whom made me start and turn quite cold. For he looked so much like the mysterious visitor at the Alders whom Mr. Rayner had described as "a gentleman," and whom I had seen two nights before going into the stable with Tom Parkes and Sarah, that I thought it must be he. But this man stood aside with the stolidly respectful manner of a gentleman, but of a servant; and I hurried past him, feeling quite shocked by the strength of the resemblance; for of course a friend of Mr. Rayner's however familiarly he might choose to speak to Tom Parkes and Sarah, would not be a manservant at Denham Court.

In the hall I met a maid who showed me into the drawing room, which was empty; so I walked to one of the windows which led into a conservatory, and peeped in. The flowers were so beautiful, the scent so intoxicating, that I crept in step by step with my hands clasped, as if drawn by enchantment; and I had my face close to a large plant with white blossoms like lilies, when I saw peeping through the big fan-shaped leaves of a plant behind it the fair moustache and eye-glass of the gentleman they called "Tom." He was looking intently, not at me, but at the ornament sparkling at my throat. He looked up when I did, and came round to me.

"Nice kept place, isn't it? Sir Jonas is proud of his flowers."

"I never saw any like them. Look at these. Are they lilies?"

"I believe this is called 'Euchaestis Amazonia'; if not, it is something like that. Shall I cut you some?"

"Oh, don't, don't! It would be such a pity!"

"I suppose you wouldn't condescend to wear them?"

"I shouldn't dare to do so. What would Sir Jonas say if you spoilt his beautiful plants?"

"Sir Jonas wouldn't say anything; he never does. Even the gardener, a much more important person, wouldn't say anything to me. I'm a spoilt child here, Miss Christie; so you had better make friends with me, and I'll get you everything you want."

"Make friends! Why, I'm not your enemy, am I?" said I laughing.

"Not at present; but you must be careful. Now I will tell you who is my enemy!"—and he stopped and looked at the flower at my throat—"the man who gave you that rose."

I started, and his mouth twitched a little, as if he wanted to smile.

"How do you know it was a man?" I asked, blushing.

"Never mind how I know. I am a magician, and I am not going to give you lessons in the black art for nothing. But look here! I'll tell you how I know, if you will give it to me in exchange for any flower you like to choose in this place."

I shook my head.

"I don't want to exchange it; and I don't care to have lessons in your black art, thank you."

"Now that is your nasty pride, Miss Christie. But I suppose one must not expect humility from a lady who wears such diamonds;" and he glanced again at my pendant, as he had done several times while we talked.

"They are not real diamonds," said I, laughing, and rather pleased for the moment at his mistake. "They are only paste."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Then allow me to congratulate you, Miss Christie, on possessing the very best imitation of the real thing that I have ever seen. I know something of diamonds, and I never was deceived before."

I was looking at him curiously, for he seemed to speak as if he did not quite believe me.

"Look! I will go to the door," said I, for the light was fading, "and then, as you are such a good judge, you will be able to tell."

I walked to the door, and he bent his face down close to mine and examined my pendant carefully. Presently he gave a slight start.

"Am I taking too great a liberty in asking if there are initials on the other side of that?"

"Yes, there are," said I, surprised.

"And will you tell me what they are?"

I hesitated. If this gentleman persisted in thinking the ornament was made of diamonds, he would think it a very strange thing if he found out that it was Mr. Rayner who had given such a costly present to his child's goodness; so I said quietly—

"I would rather not tell you."

"I beg your pardon. Will you forgive my curiosity? I have seen only one ornament set exactly like that before; but it was in real diamonds"—and again he looked at me. "I was wondering if it had been exactly imitated in paste by the jeweller who set it, and if the sham twin-brother had, by some curious coincidence, come into your possession."

"How lovely the real one must be!"

"No lovelier than yours I assure you."

"Then doesn't it seem a pity to spend so much money on real ones?" said I. "What do you think the real one was worth?"

"About fifteen hundred pounds, I believe."

"And you thought I had on an ornament worth fifteen hundred pounds?" said I, laughing heartily. "Oh, if the person who gave it to me could know, how he would laugh!"

He caught at my words.

"How would he laugh now?"

I was annoyed with myself, for I had not meant to let out even the sex of the giver of my pendant. He continued—

"He would be pleased, I should think, to have his paste taken for diamonds."

I did not answer, but only laughed again.

"Have any of the ladies seen it yet, Miss Christie?"

"No; and, for fear they should make the same mistake that you have made, I shall not let them," said I.

And I had raised my hands to take it off when Mrs. Cunningham and another lady came into the conservatory. The elder lady's eyes fell upon the unlucky trinket at once.

"What are you taking that off for, my dear? It is just what you want round the throat."

"Because I have been teased about wearing diamonds, and they are only sham ones; and I don't want to be teased any more," said I, rather tremulously.

"Never mind Tom, my dear. Don't take off your pretty pendant for him. They are certainly very like, though," said she, looking first at them and then into my face. "Here, put them on again and snap your fingers at Tom."

I raised the velvet obediently, and the gentleman called Tom came softly behind me and took the ends from my trembling fingers, and fastened them himself around my throat again. He first pretended that he had not got them straight, though, and held the velvet a little way from me to try to look at the back of the pendant. But I was prepared for that; and I put my hand round it, as if fearing it might fall, and would not let him see the initials.

After this first experience of the sensation caused by my one ornament, I watched rather curiously its effect upon the rest of the party, as some of them strolled into the conservatory, and when I met the others in the drawing-room and in the general gathering at dinner. Every one looked at me, the one stranger, a good deal, of course; but I noticed that, while my pendant attracted the attention of the ladies, the gentlemen looked more at me myself, and were not scandalized by my unlucky ornament. Sir Jonas, who was a kind gray-haired gentleman, and looked nearly old enough to be Lady Mills' father, took me into dinner; and, although he did not talk much, he encouraged me to chatter to him, and tell him all about the school-treat, and tried to make me drink a good deal more wine than I wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nubar Pasha.

"Nubar," observes a *Times* correspondent, "is practically an Englishman." What "practically" means I do not know. He is, in fact, an American, who has acquired an enormous fortune by stealing a good deal of the money paid by Englishmen and Frenchmen for Egyptian bonds, and of late years he has lived much in Paris. M. Barrere, the French consul general, had far more to do with his appointment than Sir Evelyn Barrere. Barrere married his niece, an American lady given to political intrigue. Nubar and Gambetta were the official witnesses to the marriage.



FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by diseased kidneys or liver. Before these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good. For Diseases ask for WARNER'S SAFE CURE in all drug stores.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; and for its cure the great anti-scrofulous and blood purifier and strengthener, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

If eggs keep on getting much higher in price millionaires will wear them as shirt studs.

"SIGN NO MORE, LADIES!" For Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

Bismarck making war against the American hog will find that the pen is mightier than the sword.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

Watertown, Mass. Cashier First National bank, Canada, Jan. 26. Thirty-one thousand dollars.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale every where.

Shakespeare said: "There's good in everything." William had evidently never tickled a railroad-restaurant tender.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada

Chinese try to smuggle gold into San Francisco by putting it into the soles of their shoes. Shall the heathen be allowed to thus trample on our laws?

Beware of that Cough! It may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

A perfect rush of Italian artists with their attendant original dudes is expected in America in a few days. The organ-grinders are to be banished from Paris. A. P. 165

SEED! 1881 Canada Grasping Monopolies. Find Prices. JAMES RENNIE. FOREIGN STAMPS. SEND 3c. FOR circulars and 15 stamps. Agents wanted. Good commission. Circulars free. ADDRESS CANADIAN STAMP CO., Montreal, P. Q.

FOR SALE—ONE SET 40 INCH CROWN One New Crompton Loom, 3 box. Two plain and one drop box Stafford, narrow. One wool picker, duster, and custom roll card. All in excellent order. Address E. P. EGLISTON, Ancaster, Ont.

DAKOTA—PARTIES DESIRING INFORMATION relating to free homes, with correct maps, circulars, and reliable facts, free of charge. Apply to HARRY MERCER, Travelling Emigration Agent C. M. and St. P. railway, Chatham, Ont.

COMMON SENSE SILLI TRIUMPHANT, Fiske's "Common sense" Braces. No strain on pants or shoulders. Requires no BUTTONS on the pants. Sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of price, 75c. FISKE and Co., 277 King St., West, Toronto.

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN To grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hips, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 81 Church street, Toronto.

BOON TO FARMERS. Circulars free of new and most productive varieties known of Seed Grain. Testimonials of 110 bushels per acre of Boys Egyptian Oats. Samples of 2 oz., 20 cents. JAS BOYD JR., Cedar Grove, Ontario.

THE LILLY is a perfect gem, equa to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; and very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by THE CROMPTON CORSET CO. 78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

A FAIR OFFER. If you will send us with this slip 25c., or 9 three cent stamps, we will mail you, post-paid, a sample package containing 100 useful articles, which are required in every house, with instructions by which you can make from \$2 to \$4 per day. Suitable for both sexes. This is no humbug, as the samples are well worth the money, and may be returned if not satisfactory. Show this to your friends.

JAS. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.