# LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XII.

"THEY WILL NOT FORGIVE ME,"

"Thank Heaven," said the countes: that the matter can be set straight. If there had been no remedy I should have lost my reason over it. The boy must have been mad or blinded, or very probably drawn into it in seme disgraceful fashion or other."

My lady was triumphant, her handsom face lighted with satisfaction, but the earl looked grave. The lawyer had taken hi leave, and they still remained to discus matters. Lord Linswell did not seem so well pleased; he went up to my lady where she was standing.

if we succeed in parting these two we shall do quite right ?"

it one of the most virtuous actions of my is she?" Lord Chandos saw it, and was life."

"Well," said the earl, "I am sorry that I I cannot quite agree with you. No doubt that the most beautiful woman in England this marriage is vexatious enough, but is my wife." whether it is well to obliterate all traces of it, or rather to do way with it altogether, is quite another thing."

"I am the best judge of what is right in this case," said my lady, haughtily; "I wil have no interference. The business part of it must be attended to at once."

tell him what you intend doing ?"

"Yes, "I have no objection to that," she ence to him."

"He may try to make some compromise," said Lord Lanswell, whose heart smote him as he thought of the passionate beautiful face.

"There can be no compromise; he must give her up at once, and marry some one write the letter at once, and I must ask you, Ross, not to be weak A weak man is the most contemptible object in creation."

"I will try not to be weak, my dear," said the earl, submissively; "but I am conce rned for Lance."

lady, too angry to be conscious of the rhyme; "he has done wrong, and he must year's time from now that I have saved, on fire as I listen." him."

Still Lord Lanswell looked at his wife with a grave expression of doubt.

"You think, then, Lucia, that in a year's time he will have forgotten that poor young wife ?"

"I am quite sure of it. Long before I had heard of this foolish affair I had decided in my own mind whom he should marry, at the hotel. and I see no reason for changing my plans.

sympathy of the young wife. Could it be possible, he thought, that his son would be so disloyal, so unfaithful as to forget in twelve short months the wife he had risked so mu h to win ? He looked at the countess.

"The matter then lies in a nutshell and depends entirely upon whether Lance continues true to his love or not. If he remains true, your scheme for parting them will have but little effect; if he prove false, us to Cawdor." why then all will be well, according to your But as he read it his face changed; the Then Lord Chandos went up to town for successful and may come to be no mean way of thinking."

"We will finish with the subject," she said. "You may make your mind quite easy about it. I guarantee all my knowledge of the world that he will not only have forgotten her in twelve months' time, but that he will be ashamed of having ever

fancied himself in love with her." Lord Lanswell went, in obedience to his wife's command, to assist in the commencement of the proceedings, and as soon as my lady was left alone she sat down to write a letter to her son. She told him in the plainest possible words, that his marriage was not only unlawful, but invalid, as he, being minor could not contract a legal marriage without the consent of his parents. My lady had faith enough in herself to add openly:

"You can of course please yourself as soon as you are of age; you can then remarry the young person without our consent if you will; but my opinion is that you you." will not."

The time which had passed so unpleasantly for the earl and countess was bright and light for the young bride and bridegroom. Leone had shed some bitter tears when they left Dunmore House, but Lord Chandes laughed; he was angry and irritated, but it seemed to him that such a state of things could not last. His father and mother had indulged him in everythingsurely they would let him have his way in marriage. He kissed the tears from his young wife's face, and laughed away her fears.

"It will be all right in the end," he said. "My father may hold out for a few days, but he will give way; in the meantime, we must be happy, Leone. We will stay at the Queen's Hotel until they invite us to Cawder. It will not be long; my mother and father cannot get on without me. We will go to the opera to-night, that will

distract your thoughts."

The opera had been but hitherto an empty word to Leone. She had a vague idea that it consisted of singing. After all there was some compensation to be found ; her young husband was devoted to her, she was magnificently dressed, and was going in a ments came to him; he thrust them aside sure to do," replied the lover-husband. beautiful closed carriage to the opera.

whole soul was filled with wonder. The It was not in the power of any one on earth highest festivity and the greatest gavety to do it. He never mentioned the matter to she had ever witnessed was a choir tea. Leone at all; it was not worth while to dis. Chandos; "but we shall have to bear it. party. She had a most beautiful voice ; in turb her. fact, neither herself nor any of those around her knew the value of her voice or appreciated it.

green woods, and once in the winter when sunset on the Thames. they were entertained in the school-room. Leone had thought these parties the acme never dreamed of a home so beautiful. sung. of grandeur and perfection; now she sat in | Lord Chandos furnished it with the utmost world she had fallen.

engrossed in that brilliant circle. She had marriage should be kept secret, but he did never seen such dresses, such diamonds, not want it known to the world in general such jewels, faces so beautiful, toilets so until his mother was willing to introduce exquisite: it was all quite new to her. The and receive his wife. beautiful and poetic side of it appealed to her. Her beautiful face flushed with de- was like a heaven on earth; her husband they were out together on the fair river and

"Lucia," he began, "do you think that admiration she excited; she did not see great that she was soon proficient. how the opera-glasses were turned to her face; she could not hear people asking : not only proud, but flattered by it.

He made no introductions, though many of his friends bowed to him, with a secret hope that he would ask them into his box But he had arranged his own plans. His mother-the proud exclusive, haughty Countess of Lanswell-should be the one to one of the finest singers in the world " introduce his beautiful wife to the world : that of itself would be a passport for her. So that he was careful not to ask any I would make her the finest artist in Eng-"At least you will write to Lance and one into his box, or even to exchange land." a word with any of the people he None of them had discovered the real had been most perfectly happy-no shade

replied, "It can make no possible differ- up until the opera ended, Leone was in brighten them all as it flashed over them. a trance. Quite suddenly she had A few weeks completely changed her; she trust. In some lives there comes a pause of entered this new and beautiful world of had that keen, quick insight into every- silent, intense bliss just before the storm,

> zling that it bewildered her. Lord Chandos watched her with keen they were magicians. delight-her lustrous eyes, the intense face,

the parted lips. -"Norma"-and the part Norma was all disappeared. Lord Chandos himself in his own rank," said the countess. I will taken by the greatest prima donna of her had taught her; her intonation and accent , time. Leone's eyes filled with tears as those were clear and refined, her words well passionate reproaches were sung; she knew | chosen, her expressions always poetical and nothing of the language, but the music was | full of grace; no one meeting her then full of eloquence for her. She turned could have told that she had spent her life in suddenly to her husband; her whole soul the rural shades of Rashleigh. seemed awake and thrilling with dramatic | New beauty came to her with this devel-

could do that; I do not mean that I could his peerless young wife, telt always quite "Lance must take his chance," said my sing so well, but I could feel the jealousy confident that when his mother saw her she feels. I could utter those reproaches. all would be well-she would be proud of Something seems to have awoke in my her. soul that never lived before : it is all new suffer for it. He will thank heaven in a to me, yet I understand it all; my heart is to heaven, she could not realize that this

when the curtain fell on the last grand

perfect content. So it was that to her her wedding-day became the most marked day of her life for on it she awoke to the knowledge of the

world of art and music.

Lord Lanswell thought with regret and notion of his parents holding out against were a!ways open. The soft, sweet been floated under this scheme, but him. He was wonderfully sanguine.

> fine morning," he said, "and they will be of roses and the odor of a hundred flow- its ultimate success. It would seem at this here to seek a reconciliation."

smile and the truimph died from it. He a few hours while Leone took her different factor in the promotion of the ends for ing to the great Corsican. Mile. Georges said no word to Leone, but tore the letter lessons and studied. They met again at which woman has been destined. There is an interesting hold-over from empire into shreds. She looked on with a wistful | lunch, and they spent the afternoon out-of- are undoubtedly many "safe risks" in all

you are all the world to me. They will alleys where the pleasant shade made a not forgive me; but it does not matter. perfect paradise. She remembered them-I am proud of what I have done. I am the golden glow, the fragrance, the music quite independent. I shall take a pretty of them, remained with her until she died. little villa at Richmond, and we shall live All the most pleasant times of our lives are there until they come to their senses." "That will be giving up all the world

for me," she said. We will go to-morrow and find a pretty concert or lecture.

little house where we shall be quite happy. Remember one thing always- "I shall take you on the Continent; there that my mother will love you when she sees is no education we get like that we get by the dresser leaned forward reflecting a half. he kept his word.

she cried, eagerly, "ifyou think so. Why Leone," he would say; and Leone longed wait? I should be more happy than any for the time to come. one else in the world if you would do

"It is too soon yet," he replied; "ail will be right in time.

She wished that he had offered to show he would laugh and answer: her his mother's letter; but she did not like to ask what the contents were.

which he laughed in scorn at the idea. They might threaten as they would; but he tables will be turned; let the great world closer. Then she bent over the couch and is the hat worn by Napoleon in the celefelt quite certain there was no power on once see you, and you will be worshiped for laid her head upon the little pillow, then brated days of "Vendemiare" (June 12 earth which could set aside his marriage, therefore he should not trouble himself about it. He would go to Richmond and look out for a house there.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A PERFECTLY HAPPY WOMAN.

Chandos repeated to himself with a laugh for you, darling, an entrance anywhere. of contempt. Set his marriage aside. They were mad to think of such a thing.

From time to time strange-looking docuwithout even looking at them. He only She uttered no word of surprise, but her laughed at the notion. Part him from Leone.

They had been to Richmond, and had matters are concerned; when I am of age I to have been built for them-a quaint, fortune of my own. My mother will soon tained by the rector-once during the sum- pretty nooks and corners, with large fashion-as you will, Leone." mer when they made merry out in the latticed windows, over which roses and | So she dismissed the future from her co'n from de cob.'

beautiful grounds that reached down to the river. The views from the windows were superb. It was worth anything to stand on that green lawn and watch the

Before the curtain was raised she was Chandos did not wish exactly that his happiness?'

light, her dark eyes were lustrous and surrounded her with "kind observances;" he purchased for her a wardrobe that was lazily on the stream. Lady Chandos wore Lord Chandos, looking around the opera- a marvel of beauty and elegance; he found a beautiful dress of amber and black that house, where some of the handsomest a French lady's-maid, who understood all suited her dark, brilliant beauty to perfecwomen in England were, said to himself | the duties of the torlet. What was more, | tion. She lay back among the velvet cushthat among all these fair and noble faces he had the best masters in London to ions, smiling as her eyes lingered on the sky, there was not one so beautiful as Leone's. instruct her. Her voice was one of the trees, the stream. She herself was quite unconscious of the finest ever heard, her taste for music so

He taught her himself to ride. There was one thing singular, every master who "Who is that with Lord Chandos? What attended her was aware of a great hidden "Right," cried my lady, "I shall think a beautiful face, what a lovely girl! Who power within her, they said among eac't other that she was something wonderfulthat the world would hear of her some day. "My mother will yield at once when she | There was an innate sense of power, a grand sees her," he thought ; "she will be pleased dramatic instinct, a keen sense of everything beautiful, noble and great. There were times when an electric flash of genius made them marvel.

"It is a thousand pities," said the musicmaster to himself, "that she has married a nobleman. If she had been dependent on her own exertion, I could have made her Again the drawing-master said:

"It I had the training of Lady Chandos

music and art-a world so bright anddaz. thing, that wondrous tact and intelligence which make some woman seem as though | cane.

The opera was one of the most beautiful Before six weeks had passed over it had the light of heaven eternal.'

opment of mind; new, spiritual, poetical

While Leone seemed to have gone straight found a husband. By paying a given premium was the same life she rebelled against with "And you have enjoyed it?" he said, such fierce rebellion. Now the days were not long enough to hold in them all the She answered him with a low sigh of woke her with their singing; the sun with its shining; another beautiful day had dawned for her-a day that was full of beauty and love. They passed like a dream. in life Insurance. Age, beauty, health and

band; perhaps the happiest hour of wife, are taken into account and the rates the pretty breakfast-room looked over is first examined by an appointed board Lord Chandos merely laughed at the a wilderness of flowers; the windows of examiners. Companies have already summer air came in, parting the long, the experiment is as yet too new "We shall hear the carriage stop some white curtains, bringing with it the breath to furnish conclusive results as to

He laughed when the waiter gave him | She looked as fresh and fair as the ted of much fraud and presented many my lady's letter; he turned triumphantly morning itself. Lord Chandos wondered openings for swindling. One might conmore and more at her radiant loveliness. tract a secret marriage and by keeping it "This is from my mother," he said: "I Her soul was awake now, and looked out from the public knowledge continue to knew she would relent, it is probably to ask of her dark eyes into the world she found draw the annuity. Nevertheless, insurso beautiful.

doors. An ideal life-an idyl in itself. communities. It is also possible that many "Is it from your mother, Lance?" she Leone, while she lived, retained a vivid re- who thus insure will remain single from last time in 1867. She was supposed to be membrance of those afternoons, of the shade | choice believing that a good insurance is | dead, and yet it appears that she is alive He took her in his arms and kissed of the deep woods, of the ripple of the riv- better than a bad husband. We are likely yet near the very place where she was born er through the green banks of the valleys to have the thing over here, in a short "My darling do not trouble about them ; where flowers and ferns grew, of the long time, if there's anything in it.

Then they dined together; and in the evening Lord Chandos took his beautiful "The world will be well lost, Leene. young wife to the opera or the play, to

"As soon as I am of age," he would say, "Then let her see me now, Lance, at once," you will be at home on every subject,

When Leone expressed any anxiety or sorrow over his separation from his parents,

Lord Chandos dare not tell her, besides ling, you will have my mother asking for the pleasure of knowing you then-the your beauty, your grace, and your talent." She looked wistfully at him.

"Do they love beauty so much in your |

world, Lance? she asked. "Yes, as a rule, a beautiful face has a wonderful influence. I have known women without a tithe of your beauty, Leone, rise from quite third-rate society to find a place among the most exclusive and noblest "They would never dare do it," Lord people in the land. Your face would win

> "The only thing I want my face to do," "she said, "it is to please your mother." "And that, when she sees it, it is quite

"Lance," said Lady Chandos, "whatshall we do if your parents will neither forgive us nor see us?"

"It will be very uncomfortable," said Lord It will not much matter so far as worldly found there a villa so beautiful it seemed shall have a separate and very handsome you for a good deal." On great occasions the choir were enter. picturesque, old English house, full of want to know you when you become the Dis fat is wuth money. Young ladies pay

jasmine hung in abundance ;a smooth, green mind. She would not think of it. She lawn on which stood a superb cedar-tree; had blind reliance, blind confidence in her husband; he seemed so carelessly happy and indifferent she could not think there was anything vitally wrong. She was so unutterably happy, so wonderfully, so thoroughly happy. Her life was a poem, Leone was delighted with it; she had the sweetest love-story ever written or

"Why am I so happy?" she would ask that brilliant circle and wondered into what luxury, and there the first few happy herself at times; "why has Heaven given be started early next spring, and we have months of their life was spent. Lord me so much ? all I ever asked for -love and

She did not know how to be grateful

One morning in autumn, a warm, beautiful morning, when the sun shone To Leone that life that opened to her on the rich red and brown foliage the tide was rising and the boat floated

"You look very happy, Leone," said Lord Chandos.

"I am very happy," she replied. "I wrote to my uncle yesterday, Lance. should like to send him a box filled with everything he likes best."

"You shall, if it pleases you, my darlin ." he answered. she leaned over the side of the boat

watching the water, drawing her hand through the clear stream. "Happy," she repeated, rather to herself

than to him; "I can safely say this, that I have had so much happiness since I have been here that if I were wretched all my life afterward I should still have had far more happiness than falls to the lot of many people."

She remembered those words in after years; and she owned to herself that they had been most perfectly true.

The few months passed at River View secret of her genius, or what was the true of care had come over her, no doubt, no From the time the curtain was drawn fire that every now and then seemed to fear-nothing that chilled the warmth of her love, nothing that marred its perfect even as the wind rests before the hurri-

> "You make me very proud, Leone," said When she went first to River View, she Lord Chandos, "When you tell me of your had some traces of her rustic training. happiness; I can only say may it be like

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

The "Old World" appears to be trying to keep up with the "New" in the matter of craze over there is popularly known as the "Old Maid Insurance." The scheme is intended to benefit such ladies as have not of a failing to get married by the date distance, however, that the plan admitance against oldmaidenhood may prove

## MOTHER'S LASTING LOVE.

#### Never Does the Thought of the Little On Gone Before Desert the Mind.

rocking chair stood motionless awaiting to keep time to soft lullabies. The glass in traveling one year on the Continent; and turned glove, a bit of veil, a piece of needlework. The presence of a woman filled the room. Beside the couch stood a little bed "When I am of age," was his universal covered with a white spread tucked closely accompanied him during the disastrous in all round. A pillow plump and white campaign of Russia. Not a word was heard rested at the head. Quietly the mother stepped about the room, as if she feared to Bayeux, Orne, her place of birth. She is "Never mind, my darling, it will be all | waken someone sleeping in the little couch. | 107 years old and apparently satisfied with right when I am of age. Never mind, dar- Coming closer she leaned over and smooth- the obscure life she has been leading dured the pillow softly and tucked the cover her eyes filled with tears. For over a year and 13, 1795), when the French consul the little bed had been empty of the precious form that once rested there, the only the revolutionary parties led by Robesone the great God had given her; but a pierre. Mlle. Georges is very religious and mother's love still hovered about the little couch. She saw again the little face that once slumbered there, the little hand so plump that so often had rested outside the cover, and over the pillow fell again the soft brown hair. The soft light of evening, the calm of twilight, seemed like a benediction to her sorrow; and as she rose, her face calm, peaceful, but full of holy love and resignation, silently she prayed. " ] thank thee, oh, Heavenly Father, that thou gavest her to me even for so short a time, and thou will love and tenderly care for her until I come."

# Money in Fatness.

Thin Waiter-" I wouldn't be so fat as

me fer standin' in front of 'em w'en dey eat

IRRIGATION IN THE WEST.

### The C. P. R. Expects to Reclaim One Mil lion Acres in the Territories

We are glad to learn that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company intend to go on with their irrigation plans in Assiniboia and Alberta almost immediately. Work will no doubt that the proposed interesting operations in the country between Medicine Hat and Gleichen will be prosecuted with entire success. Every credit is due to those who are pushing this great project for\_ ward. It cannot fail to command attention all over the continent by reason of the extensive area planned out for fertilization, as well as on account of the well known character of the soil and climate of the Terra itories. the lands comprize

#### ONE MILLION ACRES

upon which the rainfall is very slight. By an Act of Parliament during the recent session, the land department of the company got permission to select this solid block as the balance of the C. P. R. grant ; the company undertaking to determine whether Assiniboia or Alberta can be made to do even justice to their soil and climate with out the blessing of plenty of rain from the heavens. If a million of acres in the Territories, subjected to a proper system of irrigation, can be brought to a high state of development for the production of all crops, the result must be that similar undertakings will be started elsewhere, and the aspect of great stretches of our western country, which in the dry season look barren and unmanageable for general farming, will be revolutionized. The Dominion Government sent a representative down to the convention held at Denver the other day. Mr. Pierce is one of the best men for such a mission, and on his return he will be able to supply the Government with valuable and additional information on the subject.

Meanwhile the Canadian Pacific railway engineers have confidently reported on the suitability of the company's land for making the first experiment. The Bow river will supply the water, and the soil, given sufficient moisture, may be made to produce, one year with another, per-

#### THE FINEST GENERAL CROPS

of the continent, In a country like Canada, of magnificent rivers and lakes, the question of expense alone keeps the farmer at the mercy of the skies in the dry "Lance," she said, in a low voice, "I loveliness; and Lord Chandos, looking at novelties and strange devices. The latest developement of such a system of irrigation as will be started next spring along the main line of the railway between Medicine Hat and Gleichen presented as an object lesson to other districts, the era of advancement will begin. An English the policy taker secures either in a lump or company not so very long ago tried the in an annuity a stipulated sum in the event efficiency of ordinary watering carts, drawn by horses across parching fields in happiness that fell to her share. The birds specified in the policy. A table based on inevitable conclusion at last presented itthis very district, but we suppose the the marriageability of females is made up self, that the country was not suitable for just as the mortality tables are constructed general farming. Science is on the advance. When we remember that the tendency of modern farming is to cultivate She took breakfast always with her hus- all the elements that go to make a desirable more and more extensive areas of land, we cannot fail to discern the all-important There was nothing for it but to remain the day was that. The windows of areadjusted accordingly. Every policy taker future relationship of irrigation to agricultural prosperity on the prairie.

## NAPOLEON LOVED HER.

#### Mlle Georges, the Once Brilliant Actress still lives, aged 107.

Paris, Sept, 26 .- In this revival of Napoleonic interest it is singular that more attention has not been given to one of the many pieces of feminine bric-a brac belongdays. Her name was mentioned for the in 1787. Her right name is Marguerite Josephine Wemmer. She went on the stage when 5 years old, and followed the old Napoleon through all his campaign. In 180S she was the most brilliant actress of the French comeav, and with Talma, the great tragedian, she played, at the re-Half hiding the windows of the room quest of her imperial lover, before an hung soft, fleecy curtains. A low-seated audience of kings at Dresden. "You shall appear before a 'parterre' of crowned heads," said Napolen, "if I have to declare war against the whole of Europe." And

Alexander, the czar of Russia, wanted her to go to Moscow, his capital, with him. She answered that Bonaparte, the Corsican, was good enough for her and truly she from her after the fall of the first empire and lately she was reported living near ing more than a half century. The only souvenir she has kept of her glorious past received the convention from the hands of no one who can see her going to the church every Sunday could suspect that she has been the mistress of Napoleon.

She abondoned her stage name, being called by her acquaintances the old Mrs. Wemmer. Such is life! And to think that Napoleon was jealous of her! She ran away to Germany with Duport, a societaire of the French comedy. The emperor was so mad that he ordered the whole police of France to look for the fugitive. Fouche, the chief of the imperial police, did his best to bring her back to Paris, but all to no avail. She was jealous herself of Mlle. Maas, another actress belonging also to the

French comedy. It is too bad that Mlle. Georges never could write even a single letter. Her correspondence would have been very interest-Fat Waiter-" Dat's all you knows. ing. She does not talk about the past and the curate of her parish does not suspect that he has such a distinguished parishioner in his congregation.