

LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XXVI.
MAN'S PICKLENESS.

They did meet again and again, always with pleasure on his part, and very soon with something else on hers. Wherever she was she looked out above the dark Italian heads for the tall, erect figure and brave English face of Lord Chandos. She did not talk much to him, but there was a light in her eyes and a smile on her face most pleasant to see when he was near. She never sought him, she never, either directly or indirectly, gave him any idea of where she was going. She never contrived to meet him, but there were very few days during which they did not spend some hours together.

Lady Lanswell paid not the least attention when Lady Erskine joined their party. She was kind and cordial, but she never made the least effort either to entertain her or to induce her to stay. If ever by chance Lord Chandos named her, his mother received the remark in total silence—in fact, she completely ignored her—in which she showed her tact. Had she ever made the least attempt to bring them together, he would have seen through the little plot; and would have taken fright; as it was, the net was so skillfully woven, that he was caught in it before he knew there was a net at all. If the countess arranged a party for any place, she never included the young heiress among her guests.

So that their frequent interviews were so completely accidental, neither of them thought anything of it; they drifted unawares into an intimacy at which every one smiled but themselves. It flattered Lord Chandos to see dukes and princes draw back when he came near the beautiful heiress, as though it were quite understood that he had the right to claim her attention—to see a proud Roman prince, with a long pedigree, make way with a bow—to see a courtly French duke resign the seat he had waited half the night for—to see the eyes of envy that followed him—it flattered him, and he never asked where it would end.

Lady Lanswell saw it all with well-pleased eyes, but said nothing; she was biding her time.

One evening they met at Mrs. Chester's. There was neither ball nor party, but a quiet at home; and their friendship made greater strides than it hitherto had done.

Some one asked Lady Erskine to sing. Lord Chandos looked at her.

"Do you sing?" he asked.

And she answered with a quiet smile: "Yes, it is one of the few things I do well enough to content myself. I have a good voice and I sing well."

"Are you what people call fond of music?" he asked.

And she answered: "Yes, I often put my own thoughts to music, and if I meet any words that seem to me very good or very sweet I never rest until I have found a melody that fits them. I came across some the other day. Shall I sing them to you?"

There was a slight commotion in the room when people saw the beautiful English girl led to the piano. She turned with a smile to Lord Chandos.

"My song is English," she said, "and will not be understood by every one."

"I shall understand it," he said; "you must sing it to me."

When he heard the words he understood the blush that covered her face.

"I should change my song," she said, "if another came into my mind. These words are by a poetess I read and admire much. It is called 'Somewhere or Other.'"

She sang in a sweet, pure voice; there was neither fire, power, nor passion in it; but the words were clear and distinct.

"Somewhere or other, there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that never yet—never yet—ah, me,
Made answer to my word.

"Somewhere or other, may be near or far,
Past land and sea, clear out of sight,
Beyond the wandering moon the star,
That tracks her night by night.

"Somewhere or other, may be far or near,
With just a wall, a hedge between,
With just the last leaves of the dying year
Fallen on a turf so green."

He stood by her side while she sang, his eyes fixed on her face, thinking how pure and fair she was. When the sweet strain of music ended, he said:

"Somewhere or other—you will find it soon, Lady Marion."

"Find what?" she said.

"The heart that has never yet answered a word," he replied, quoting the words of her song. "People do often meet their fate without knowing it."

When he saw the fair face grow crimson he knew at once that she thought he was speaking of himself and her. After that there seemed to be a kind of understanding between them. When others were speaking he would quote the words: "Somewhere or other," and then Lady Marion would blush until her face burned. So a kind of secret understanding grew between them; it was not either of them quite understanding how it was.

Lady Lanswell was quite happy; the bait was taking; there was no need for her to interfere, all was going well.

"Mother," said Lord Chandos, "I cannot understand it; you invite all the old dowagers, and spinners in Rome to your afternoon teas and soirees, but you never invite any young ladies, and there are some very pretty ones."

"My dear Lance, I know it, and deeply regret it; but you see I have no one to entertain young ladies."

He raised his head with an injured air. "You have me," he replied.

The countess laughed.

"True, I have you, but I mean some one free and eligible."

"Am I not free and eligible?" he asked, quickly; and then his brave young face grew fiery red under his mother's slow, sneering smile. "I do not mean that; of course I am not free or eligible in that sense of the word, yet I think I am quite as well able to entertain young and pretty girls as old dowagers."

Lady Lanswell looked keenly at him. "My dear Lance, I will do anything to please you," she said, "but if you persist in considering yourself an engaged man, you must forego the society of charming girls. I have no desire for another visit from that tempestuous young person."

Lance, Lord Chandos, shuddered at the words—"a tempestuous young person"—this was the heroine of his romance, his beautiful Leone, whose voice always came to him with the whisper of the wind, and the sweet ripple of falling water. "A tempestuous young person," his beautiful Leone, whose passionate kisses were still warm on his lips, whose bitter tears seemed wet on his face—Leone, who was a queen by right divine. He turned angrily away, and Lady Lanswell, seeing that she had gone far enough, affected not to see his anger, but spoke next in a laughing tone of voice.

"You see, Lance, in my eyes you are very eligible, indeed, and it seems to me almost cruel to bring you into a circle of young girls, one of whom might admire you, while I know that you can never admire them. Is it not so?"

"I am not free, mother, you know as well as all the world knows; still, I repeat it that it is no reason why you should fill the house with dowagers and never bring the bloom of a young face near it."

"I will do as you wish, Lance," said my lady, and her son smiled.

"Though I consider myself, and am, in all solemn truth, engaged, still that does not make me a slave, mother. I am free to do as I like."

"Certainly," said my lady, and for some minutes there was silence between them.

Lord Chandos broke in. "Why do you never ask Lady Erskine to visit you, mother? She is a charming girl, and you like her."

The countess looked at him straight in the face. "I think it is more prudent not to do so," she said. "Lady Marion is one of the most perfect women I know; I know too, that she admires you, and as you are not free to admire her, you are better a art."

He flung himself down on the carpet, and laid his handsome head on his mother's knee, looking up to her with coaxing eyes as he had done when he was a boy.

"Does she really admire me, mother? This beautiful girl, who has all the grandees in Rome at her feet—does she really admire me?"

"I have said it," laughed my lady. "Who told you, mother? How do you know?"

"I shall not tell you, Lance; sufficient for you to know that it is quite true, and that I consider I am simply acting as prudence dictates. I should admire you, Lance, if I were a young girl myself."

"I am very much flattered," he said, slowly. "Even if it be true, mother, I do not quite see why you should think so much prudence needful. I admire Lady Marion; why should we not be friends?"

"Would the tempestuous young person like it, Lance?" asked my lady.

And it is very painful to state that an exceedingly strong and highly improper word came from between Lord Chandos' closed lips.

"Do not tease me, mother. I see no harm in it; if I did, he quite sure I would not do it. Lady Marion and I can always be friends. I like her and admire her; there is a certain kind of repose about her that I enjoy. Why should we not be friends?"

"Be friends if you like," said Lady Lanswell; "but, if, in the course of a few weeks, you find that mutual admiration does not answer, do not blame me."

From that day Lady Lanswell laid aside all pretense at scruple, and allowed matters to go as they would; she visited the young heiress constantly, and smiled when she saw that her son was becoming, day by day, more attracted to her. She noticed another thing, too, with keen pleasure, and it was that, although the same number of letters came from England, not half so many went there.

"A step in the right direction," thought my lady; "I shall succeed after all."

To do Lord Chandos justice, he was quite blind to the danger that surrounded him. He intended to be true to Leone—he had no other desire, no other wish—he had never contemplated for one moment the act of deserting her; he would have denounced anyone who even hinted at such a thing.

But he was young, she was beautiful, they were in sunny Italy. And he never dreamed of loving her.

They were friends, that was all; they were to be exceptions to the general rule—they were to be friends, without any of the elements of love or flirtation marring their intercourse.

Only friends. Yet in the beginning of May when Lady Cambrey and her ward declined to return to England for the summer, but resolved to spend it in Naples, Lord Chandos went there also, without feeling at all sure that he would be back in London by June.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"TELL ME YOUR SECRET."

The sunny summer days at Nice—who can tell of their beauty, the glory of the sunny blue sky, the glory of the foliage, the sweet, balmy breath of the wind, which seemed daily to bring with it the perfume from a hundred new flowers? How did the time pass? No one knew; it was a long roll of pleasure and gaiety. There was pleasure enough in being out-of-doors; a picnic there was a very simple matter. They heard of a very beautiful spot, drove there, remained there so long as it suited them, then went back again. There were, as there always are, some very nice English people at Nice, but none like fair, sweet Lady Marion.

As the charm of her sweet character grew upon him, Lord Chandos liked her more and more. He enjoyed her society. She was not witty, she could not amuse a whole room full of people, she could not create laughter, she was not the cause of wit in others, nor did talking to her awake the

imagination and arouse all the faculties of one's mind.

Talking to her was rest, grateful as the shade of green trees after the glare of the summer's sun. The sweet voice, the clear, refined accent, the gracious and gentle thoughts, the apt quotations, all were something to remember. She was by no means a genius, but she was well read, and had the power of remembering what she read, had the gift of making most of her knowledge. If you wished for an hour's interesting conversation, there was no one like Lady Marion. She had such curious odds and ends of information; her reading had been universal. She had some knowledge on every point. She had her own ideas, too, clearly defined and straightforward, not liable to vary with every paper she read, and in these days one learns to be thankful for consistency. On those lovely, life-giving days, when the sun and sky, earth and air, flower and tree did their best, it was Lord Chandos who liked to linger under the vines talking to this fair girl whose very face was a haven of rest.

He never thought of love at all in connection with her, he felt so sure of one great fact that he loved his wife; he forgot that there could be such a thing as danger or temptation. Lady Marion had grown to love him; it was impossible to help it; he had great and grave faults, as all men have, but he was so brave and fearless, so gallant and generous, so kind and chivalrous, no one could help loving him; his faults were lovable, a fact that was much to be regretted; since, if they had been disagreeable, he might have been cured of them.

Lady Marion, in her quiet, gentle fashion, had learned to love him. She appealed to him continually; the reading of a book, the singing of a song, the arrangement of a day's plans, the choosing of acquaintances, on each and all of these points she made him her confidant and guide; it was so gently and naturally done that he insensibly guided her whole life without knowing it. What Lord Chandos said or thought was her rule. It was such a pleasure to guide and advise her, she was so yielding, so gentle, she took such a pride in obeying him; she would apologize to him at times and say:

"I told you, Lord Chandos, that I must always have a stronger mind than my own to lean upon."

He listened to the words with a smile, it did not just occur to him that she would not have his mind to lean upon much longer, for he must go home to England to Leone. Once or twice lately he had been much struck with Lady Marion's manner. She was so gracious, so charming with him. When he had suddenly entered the room where she was sitting he had seen the crimson blush that rose over her white neck and brow. He noticed too, that she had rarely, if ever, raised her eyes to his face until that blush had passed away, lest they should tell their own secret. And one day he said to her:

"Why do you never give me a frank, open look, Lady Marion such as you gave me always when I knew you first? now you turn your face away, and your eyes droop. Have I displeased you?"

"No," she replied, gently; "it is not that; you could not displease me."

"Then you are keeping some secret from me," he said, and she smiled a slow, sweet, half-sad smile that stirred his heart with curious power.

"I have no secret," she said; "or if I have it matters little to any one but myself."

"Tell me your secret, Lady Marion," he said, with a sigh.

"I will answer you in the words of my favorite poet," she said; "listen, Lord Chandos."

They were standing near the shade of a clustering vine, the wind that kissed both fair young faces was full of perfume, the flowers that bloomed around them were full of sweetest odors, the whisper of the odoriferous wind was no sweeter than the voice in which she quoted the words:

"Perhaps some languid summer day,
When drowsy birds sing less and less,
And golden fruits are ripening to excess;
If there's not too much wind or too much cloud
And the warm wind is neither still nor loud
Perhaps my secret I may say,
Or—you may guess."

"What beautiful words," he cried. "It seems to me, Lady Marion, that you have a whole storehouse full of the most apt and beautiful quotations. You ought to have been a poet yourself."

"No," she replied, "I can appreciate, but I cannot invent. I can make the words and the thoughts of a poet my own, but I cannot invent or create; I have no originality."

"You have what is rarer, still," he cried; "a graceful humility that raises you higher than any other gift could do."

He spoke so warmly that she looked up in wonder, but Lord Chandos turned abruptly away; there might be danger if he said more.

So the lovely, leafy month of May ended, and June began. Then Lord Chandos began to think of home—his birthday was on the thirtieth of June, and he knew what he had promised for that day. He could see the pretty, flower-covered window—the roses which must be thrust aside—the gate he had promised to open; he remembered every detail. Well, it was all very pretty and very pleasant; but he could not tell why, the bloom of the romance was gone, that was quite certain. He had learned to associate poetry with the pale moonlight and golden hair, with a very fair face and soft ripple of sweet speech. Still he intended most honorably to keep his promise; he took great delight, too, in thinking of Leone's passionate happiness, of her beautiful face of the ecstasy of welcome she would give him. Then, of course, he must marry her, the very day after that would be the first of July, and, for the first time, he thought of his coming marriage with a sigh—it would separate him so entirely from his mother, and from Lady Marion; in all probability he would never see much of her again. He thought more of her loss than of his own.

"How she will miss me," he said to himself; "she will have no one to consult, no one to advise her. I wish we could always be the same good friends as now."

Then it occurred to him that perhaps, after all, his wife would not care to know that he was on such confidential terms with any one but herself.

He would have felt far less sure of either his return or his marriage if he had overheard a slight conversation that took place between his mother and Lady Marion. The Countess of Lanswell called one day and

took the young heiress out for a drive with her; when they were seated, driving through scenery so beautiful one could hardly believe it to be a fallen world, the countess in her sweetest manner, which she knew how to make quite irresistible, said:

"Lady Marion I want you to help me to do something, if you will."

"You know I will do anything I can for you, Lady Lanswell," said the girl, gently; "I could have no greater pleasure."

She did not add, because I love your son, but this was in her mind, and the countess quite understood it.

She continued: "You know how I love my dear and only son, how anxious I am for his welfare, how devoted to his interests."

"I can imagine it all," said Lady Marion, warmly.

The countess went on: "He has an idea, a quixotic, foolish and most unhappy one, one that if carried out will mar his life and ruin his prospects, and in the end break his heart. Now, I want you to help me break off this idea; he thinks of returning to England in June, and if he does, all hope is over. He never allows himself to be coerced or persuaded; as to the word 'marriage' it would be a fatal one, but we might, I am sure, influence him—that is, if you will help me."

"I will do all I can," said Lady Marion, earnestly; her sweet face had grown very pale.

"He must not go back to England," said the countess; "we must keep him here until August—how can we do it?"

"Ask him to stay," said the young girl, simply; that seems to be the most straightforward plan."

"Yes but it would not be of the least use he must be influenced. Now I think that he prefers your society to any other; suppose you plan a tour through Spain, and ask him to go with us."

The pale face flushed.

"I will if you think he would agree," she replied.

"I believe he would; if he seems inclined to refuse, and you are in the least degree disturbed over it, I believe firmly that he will go. I do not think that he knows the strength of his own feelings for you. Let us try it. You can speak to me about it before him, then I will leave you with him and you can finish your good work."

"He is not likely to be vexed, is he?" asked Lady Marion, timidly.

"Vexed, my dear child, no; he will consider himself highly favored. You see it is in this way. I cannot show any eagerness for it, and you can. My son would suspect my motive; he knows your's must be a good one, and will feel sure that it is liking for his society—you do like it, do you not, Lady Marion?"

"Yes, I cannot deny it," replied the young girl, "and I will help you all I can. You do not wish him to return to England in June. I will do my best to keep him away."

And the question was—would she succeed?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BENEATH HIS DIGNITY.

Some Curious Scenes and Incidents After the Relief of Lucknow.

Sir Hope Grant was the first to greet General Havelock after the relief of Lucknow, and describes the affecting scene when the soldiers flocked round the hero and gave him three cheers. Their welcome was too much for General Havelock; he could not keep back the tears. Smiles and tears are strangely mingled in this world, however, and Sir Hope goes on to relate another incident of the day, which stood in ridiculous and almost painful contrast to the one in which he had just participated. It was connected with the removal of the women and children.

The misery they had endured must have been intense. I saw one little girl run up to her mother, saying:

"O mamma, there is a loaf of bread on the table! I am certain of it; I saw it with my own eyes!"

The poor little thing had seen nothing so good for a long time.

I asked one gentle, delicate-looking lady if I could do anything to assist her.

"Oh yes," she replied. "If you could procure me a piece of cheese, I should be so thankful! It is for a poor sick lady."

I thought the remedy a pretty strong one, and I confess I was rather taken aback. I ventured to say that it would be hard to find what she asked for; but she answered that if I could only find a gentleman by the name of Captain Ximenes she knew he would give me some.

I therefore proceeded on my delicate errand, and at last found the individual in question, who at once supplied me with a large piece of high-flavored, strong-smelling, greasy looking cheese wrapped up in a dirty old newspaper.

To the commander of a fine force relieving a large number of his country women from a terrible imprisonment, and under the influence of high-wrought feelings of sublimity, it was rather a comedown, both in dignity and in sentiment, to be the bearer of a piece of nasty strong cheese and I must own that I very reluctantly went about, in the darkness of twilight, seeking the lady who had made the request.

For some time my inquiries were fruitless but just as I was about to throw away my unpleasant burden in despair, the lady appeared and relieved me of the cheese and of my anxiety.

Dog is not Bad Eating.

There is actually nothing in the flesh of the dog that is distasteful or repulsive. Lewis and Clark, the explorers, who learned to eat it through compulsion, actually became fond of it in time. It is not generally known that it is still a favorite article of diet among certain people, but a French paper says that the number of dogs slaughtered at the abattoirs in Munich has increased amazingly in the past few months. The taste for dog's flesh is said to have been imported by Italian laborers, who have recently come in large numbers to the Bavarian capital. The meat is not used only as an adulterant for sausages, but is eaten openly, under its own name, prepared in various ways.

The love men have for little sins is the same kind devils have for big ones.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting happenings of Recent Date.

Mineral oils are not so efficient as animal and vegetable oils in stilling troubled waters.

The squirrel monkey has a larger brain in proportion to his size than any animal except man.

The grape and wine industry in Hungary is suffering greatly from phylloxera and black rot.

The very first private library mentioned by the historians was that of Aristotle, who lived 334 B.C.

Single teeth of the mastodon have been found in America weighing as much as thirteen pounds.

The Princess of Wales, who occasionally tries her hand at an flung, has a gold mounted rod that cost \$200.

It was stated at the labor congress in Norwich, England, that there are 56,000 foreign sailors on British ships.

A westward ocean trip, between Europe and New York, is usually 7 per cent. longer than an eastward one.

Gold, diamonds and twenty-two different chemical elements have been found in aerolites, or "stones from the sky."

There are as yet as many unpublished sermons of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as will require another ten years to get out.

Paul Lindau, the well-known German novelist, has been appointed intendant of the famous Court theatre at Meningen.

The pastor of the Wilberforce Memorial Church, Birmingham, England, Rev. Peter Stanford, is a negro, who was born in slavery.

Pneumatic skates are the latest invention in England, and the first pair was sold to a Scotch housewife, who does her shopping on them.

The wife of the Italian Prime Minister, Crispi, is an ardent lover of cigarettes and enjoys puffing a cloud whenever she is disengaged.

Tailor Dowe, who wanted \$1,000,000 at first for his bullet-proof coat invention, has offered it to the Swedish Government for \$18,000.

The Fastnet Lighthouse, on the Irish coast, is said to be in a dangerous condition, as the iron fastenings of the tower have become corroded.

Within a few months Peking will be connected by wire with St. Petersburg, and, therefore, with the telegram system of the civilized world.

Measurements of human hair prove that its fineness depends much on color and that it varies from the 250th to the 600th of an inch in diameter.

Since January last any one of the 71,000,000 population of Brazil can obtain a five grain dose of quinine at the nearest post-office for one farthing.

A pneumatic horse collar finds favor with many horsemen, and the animals themselves seem to appreciate it as it adjusts itself to every motion of the neck.

The main church of the great monastery of San Francisco, in Mexico, which since 1869 had been in Protestant hands, is to be restored to Catholic worship.

Of over five million children in elementary schools in England only 890,000 pay for their schooling, and of these half a million pay no more than a penny a week.

The rare sight of a rainbow in the sky with the temperature from 12 to 20 degrees below zero is sometimes to be seen in Sweden, Iceland and Nova Zembla.

A letter thrown overboard from a Danish vessel was found six days later in the stomach of a cod caught 1,251 miles from the spot where the missive was dropped into the sea.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has six children engaged in the great work he has in hand, and they are clever, sensible, eloquent and earnest enough to do credit to his training.

There can be no doubt that the talk of grape seeds and appendicitis has affected the price of grapes unfavorably in spite of the fact that the grape cure a few years ago was in high vogue.

Hollow glass bricks, in the forms of cubes, parallelograms, octagons, etc., are used for building purposes in Lyons, France. They admit light, and afford protection from both heat and cold.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir-presumptive to the crown of Austria-Hungary, has placed the articles and curios which he gathered on his recent world tour on exhibition in Vienna.

Paper indestructible by fire has been invented by M. Meyer, of Paris. A specimen of it was subjected to a severe test—148 hours in a potter's furnace—and came out with its glaze almost perfect.

Crispi can swim on his back, on his side and backward. He gets through the water very rapidly when he uses the English overhand stroke. They say his spread-eagle dive is a marvel of natatorial grace.

Among the Duke of Fife's treasures is a photograph frame fashioned by Princess Louise out of her first court train, and presented to him by her three years before their official engagement was announced.

Trabuco, who was implicated in the Orsini conspiracy and condemned to imprisonment for life, but who was released by the commune, has started from Antwerp on a tour of the world. Trabuco is now 70.

At Budapest the congress of hygiene has just unveiled a monument to Seimelweis, who, in 1847, first advocated the chemical washing of the hands of operators in surgical cases, and fought all his life for the antiseptic treatment.

Rudolph Hemings, of London, is writing an epic poem which, when completed, will contain 2,000 stanzas of from 500 to 700 words each. It is a history of England from the time of William the Conqueror up to the time of James II.

Dr. Ehlers, of Copenhagen, has made a special inspection tour of Southern Iceland to ascertain the number of lepers, and found fifty-three, or twice as many as expected. A hospital is to be built to prevent further spread of the disease.