LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A MEETING OF EYES.

The newspapers had already given many details of Madame Vanira. For many long years there had been nothing seen like her. They said her passion and power, her dramatic instinct, her intensity were so great, that she was like electric fire. One said of another great actress:

No one who saw her ever forgot her, even if they only saw her once, her face lived owed as though by some great doubt or clear, distinct, and vivid in their memory fear. forever afterward. No one knew which to admire most, her face or her voice. Her face was the most wondrously beautiful ever seen on the stage, and her voice was face more plainly, and then she continued: the most marvelous ever heard-it thrilled dear: nothing will interest me without you, it made you tremble; its grand pathos, you.' its unutterable sadness, its marvelous sweetness; those clear, passionate tones reached every heart, no matter how cold, of it. how hardened it might be-one telt that in listening to it that it was the voice of a grand, passionate soul. It was full, too, of a kind of electricity; when Madame Vanira sung she could sway the minds and hearts of her hearers as the winter winds sway the strong boughs. She drew all hearts to terself and opened them. When she sung, it was as though she sung the secret of each heart to its owner.

They said that her soul was of fire and that the fire caught her listeners; she had power, genius, dramatic force enough in her to electrify a whole theatre full of people, to lift them out of the commonplace, to take them with her into the fairyland of romance and genius, to make them forget everything and anything except herself.

Such a woman comes once in a century, not oftener. They called her a siren, a Circe. She was a woman with a passionate soul full of poetry; a genius with a soul full of power; a woman made to attract souls as the magnet attracts the needle.

She made her debut in the theatre of San Carle, in Naples, and the people had gone wild over her; they serenaded her through | it be? Of Leone he had never heard one the long starlit night; they cried out her | syllable. name with every epithet of praise that could be lavished on her; they raved about her beautiful eyes, her glorious face, her voice, her acting, her attitudes.

Then a royal request took her to Russia; a still warn,er welcome met her there royal hands crowned her with diamonds, royal voices swelled her triumph; there was no one like La Vanira. She was invited to court and all honors were lavished on her.

From there she went to Vienna, where her success was as great; to Paris, where it was greater, and she was now to make her ed; he never knew what it was to forget debut before the most critical, calm, appre- her for one minute. His heart was always ciative audience in Europe. The papers sad, his soul sorrowful, his mind ill at ease. for weeks had been full of her; they could describe her grand, queenly beauty, her the thought of it, he loathed the very wonderful acting, her genius, which was alone in the world, her jewels, her dresses, her attitudes; but there was nothing to say about her life.

fiven the society journals, usually so well informed, had nothing to say about | Could this brilliant, gifted singer be Leone Madame Vanira. Whether she were single, or was he misled by a wonderful likeness? or married, or a widow, none of them | He could not understand it, he was bewildknew; of what town, of what nation, ered. even of hat family, none of them knew.

She seemed to be quite alone in the world, and against her even the faintest her wonderful talent, how she read these rumor had never been heard; she was of irreproachable propriety, nay, more, she was of angelic goodness-generous, truthful, sible Leone had become the finest singer charitable and high-minded. There was not a whisper against her good name-not one. She had a legion of admirers, none of | that their eyes met, and for one half mowhom could boast of a favor; she answered ment the gifted woman, on whose lightest no letters; she gave no interviews; she breath the vast crowd hung, swayed to and accepted no invitations; she visited among fro as though she would have fallen; the some of the most exclusive circles, where next minute she was pouring out the richest she was received as an equal; she had had offers of marriage that would have made any other woman vain; she refused them Vanira looking at you?" all; she seemed to live for her art, and nothing else. Such a description naturally excited curiosity of people, and the result | skies, I think." was a house so crowded that it was almost impossible to find room.

"We may think ourselves fortunate," said Lady Chandos. "I have never seen the house so crowded, and, do not laugh, Lance, I do not see a prettier toilet than

my own." when her husband complimented her on that beautiful singer was really looking at her dress; if he forgot it, she generally you. It seemed to me that the moment reminded him of it. She looked very her eyes caught yours she faltered and albeautiful this evening; her dress was of most failed. white satin, effectively trimmed with dead gold, and she wore diamonds with rubies-no one there looked better than the queen of blondes.

Vanira," she said to her husband. "I hearts." wonder why she has chosen this opera, · L'Etoile du Nord ;' it is not the usual reckless laugh. thing for a debutante,"

Then the words died on her lips and for | won mine, Marion," he said, and, if that some minutes she said no more. The be true, it cannot be won again.' curtain was drawn up and Madame Vanira appeared. There was a dead silence for she continued: some few minutes, then there was a storm of applause; her beautiful face won it, her | Lance, blonde or brunette, tell me?" grand figure, her eyes, with their fire of passion, seemed to demand it.

Of all characters, perhaps that of the blondes for his wife," he replied. loving, impassionate Star of the North | He would have paid any complimentsuited her best. In it she found expression | said anything to please her-if she would | for love, her passion and despair. She only give him time to think, stood before what was perhaps the most | They were driving home together, but critical audience in the world, and she he felt it was impossible to remain under thrilled them with her power. It was no any roof until he had learned whether more a woman; she seemed more like an Leone and La Vanira were the same. If inspired sibyl; her audience hung on every his dear, good, amable wife would but note, on every word from those wonderful give him time to think. He could hear lips; while she charmed all ears she the sound of the mill-wheel, he could hear charmed all eyes; the beauty of her ma; the ripple of the waters, the words of the nificent face, the heauty of her superb song: figure, the grandeur of her attitudes, the mimitable grace of her actions were

something new and wonderful. From the first moment the curtain rose until it fell the whole audience was breathless.

Lady Chandos laid down her jeweled opera-glass while she drew a breath of relief, it was so wonderful to her, this woman all fire, and genius and power.

"Lance," she said to her husband, "what a wonderful face it is. Have you looked

She glanced carelessly at her husband as critic quoted of her what was so prettily she spoke, then started at the change in him; his whole face had altered, the ex-"She has a soul of fire in a body of gauze." pression of careless interest had died, the a strained, bewildered look; they were shad-

"Lance," said his wife, "are you not well? You look so strange—quite unlike

He turned away lest she should see his "If you are not well, we will go home,

He made a great effort and spoke to her; but the very tone of his voice was altered, all the sweetness and music had gone out

"I am well," he said, "pray do no feel anxious over me; the house is very full and very warm."

"What do you think of La Vanira?" continued Lady Chandos: "how very different she is to any one else."

He laughed, and the sound was forced and unnatural. "I think she is very wonderful," he

"And beautiful?" asked Lady Marion with a look of eager anxiety.

He was too wise and too wary to reply with anything like enthusiasm. "Beautiful for those who like brunettes," he answered coldly, and his wife's heart was at rest. If he had gone into raptures

she would have been disgusted. "If she would but leave me in peace," thought Lord Chandos to himself.

He was bewildered and confused. Before him stood the great and gifted singer whom kings and emperors had delighted to honor, the most beautiful and brilliant of women; yet surely those dark, lustrous eyes had looked in his own; surely he had kissed the quivering lips, over which such rich strains of music rolled; surely he knew that beautiful face. He had seen it under the starlight, under the shade of green trees by the mill-stream; it must be the girl he had loved with such mad love, and had married more than four years ago. Yet, how could

Mr. Sewell had written to Lady Lanswell to tell her of her indignant rejection of all help, of her disappearance, how she never returned to River View for anything belonging to her, and after some time the countess had told her son. He went to River View and he found the house closed and the servants gone; he made some inquiries about Leone, but never heard any; thing about her. He deplored the fact-it added to his misery over her. If he could have known that he had left her well provided for he would not have suffered half so

All these years he had never heard on word of her. He had thought of her con tinually, more than one would have imagin. The more he thought of it, the more despicable his own conduct seemed. He nated

And here was the face he had seem by the mill stream, the face which had haunted him, the face he loved so well-here it was alight with power, passion and genius.

He had wondered a thousand times a day what had become of Leone; he remembered grand old tragedies of Shakespeare until she knew them by heart; but could it be posand the grandest actress in the world?

It was in the last grandly pathetic scene streams of melody, and Lady Chandos said: "Is it my fancy, Lance, or was La

"I should say it was your fancy, Marion -La Vanira sees nothing lower than the

And then the opera ended.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. LANCE'S DETERMINATION.

"You have not much to say to me tonight, Lance," said Lady Marion, in a tone Lady Chandos was always well pleased of gentle expostulation, "I wouder if

> Lord Chandos roused himself. "Give me a woman's fancy," he said; "it

is boundless as the deep sea." "I think a beautiful singer is like a siren" "I am quite impatient to see La continued Lady Chandos, "she wins all

> He laughed again, a tired, indifferent, "I thought we had agreed that you had

She was silent for a few minutes, then to see her again.

"Which do you really admire most,

"A strange question to ask a man who

"In sheltered vale a mill-wheel Still sings its busy lay.

My darling once did dwell there,

But now she's gone away." The stars were shining as they shone when he sat by the mill stream, with that beautiful head on his heart, He shuddered as he remembered her forebodings. Lady Chandos took his hand anxiously in hers.

" My dearest Lance, I am quite sure you are not well, I saw you shudder as though you were cold, and yet your hands are burning hot. What is it you say about going to your club? Nothing of the kind, my darling. You must have some white wine whey; you have taken cold. No; pray do not laugh, Lance, prevention is better than cure.

She had exactly her own way, as those very quiet, amiable wives generally have. He did not go to his club, but he sat by his dressing-room fire, and drank white wine whey. He had the satisfaction of hearing his wife say that he was the best husband in the world; then he fell asleep, to dream of the mill-stream and the song.

It grew upon him-he must know i that was Leone. Of course, he said to himself, he did not wish to renew his acquaintance with her-he would never dare, after his cruel treatment of her, even to address one word to her; but he should be quite content if he could know whether this was Leone or not. If he could know that he would be happy, his sorrow and remorse would be lessened,

He knew that the best place for hearing such details was his club-the Royal Junior-everyone and everything were discussed there, no one escaped, and what was neverknown elsewhere was always known at the Royal Junior. He would take luncheon there and by patient listening would be sure to know. He went, although Lady Chandos said plaintively that she could not eat her luncheon alone,

"I am compelled to go," he said. "] have business, Marion, that is imperative." "I think husbands have a reserve fund of business," said Lady Chandos. "What a mysterious word it is, and how much it covers, Lance. Lord Seafield is never at home, but whenever his wife asks him where he is going, he always says 'on busi, ness.' Now, in your case what does bus ness mean?

He laughed at the question. "Parliamentary interests, my dear," he replied, as he hastened away. Such close questions were very difficult to answer.

He found the dining-rooms well filled, and, just as he had foreseen, the one subject was La Vanira. Then, indeed, did he listen to some wonderful stories. The Marquis of Exham declared that she was the daughter of an illustrious Sicilian nobleman, who had so great a love for the stage nothing could keep her from it. The Earl of Haleston said he knew for a fact she was the widow of an Austrian Jew, gaining her livelihood. Lord Bowden said she was the wife of an Australian officer who was possessed of ample means. There were at least twenty different stories about her, and not one agreed with another.

"I wonder," said Lord Chandos, at last, " what is the real truth ?" "

"About what?" said a white-haired major, who sat next to him. "About La Vanira," he replied: "every

one has a different story to tell." "I can tell you as much truth as any one else about her," said the Major, "I was with the manager last evening. La Vanira is English. I grant that she looks like a Spaniard-I never saw such dark eyes in

my life; but she is English; accomplished, clever, good, as gold, and has no one belonging to her in the wide world. That much the manager told me himself." "But where does she come from ?" he asked, impatiently. "Everybody comes

from somewhere.' "The manager's idea is that she was brought up in the midland counties; he thinks so from a few words she said one

"Is she married or single?" asked Lord

"Single," was the reply; "and in no hurry to be married. She has refused some of the best offers that could be made; and yet she wears a ring on the third finger of her left hand-perhaps it is not a wedding-ring."

"I should like to see her," said Tord Chandos.

The white-haired major laugher "So would half the men in London, but no one visits her-she allows no introductions. I know a dozen and more who have tried to see her in vain."

He was not much wiser after this conversation than before; but he was more determined to know. That same evening he made another excuse, and left his wife at Lady Blanchard's ball while he drove to the opera-house. The opera was almost over, but he saw the manager, to whom he briefly stated his errand.

"I believe," he said, "that in Madame Vanira I recognize an old friend. Will you introduce me to her?"

not to make any introductions to her."

the lady I take her to be she will send word whether she wishes to see me or

He soon returned.

" Madame Vanira wishes me to say that she has not the pleasure of your lordship's decline any introduction."

"Then it is not Leone," he said to himself, and a chill of disappointment came

His heart had been beating quickly and warmly, yet he persuaded himself it was only that he was so pleased to know she was all right and safe from the frowns of the world. It was not Leone, but she was so much like Leone that he felt he must go

"The opera to-night?" said Lady Marion, in her sweetest tones, "Why, my dear Lance, you were there three nights since. '

"Yes, I know, but I thought it pleased was fortunate enough to win the queen of you, Marion. We will ask my mother to go with us. It is the 'Crown Diamonds,' a very favorite opera of hers."

Lady Chandos, and her husband quietly for ten cents a day." answered.

He was anxious for Lady Lanswell to go. to see if she would recognize Leone, or if any likeness would strike her. As his chief wish seemed to be to give pleasure to his mother, and he expressed no desire to see the beautiful singer again, Lady Chandos was amiable. She sent a kind little note to the countess, saying what pleasure it would give them if she would It back some day."

go the opera with them, and Lady Lanswell was only too pleased. The earl had grown tired of such things and never cared to go out in the evening.

his mother's face. He saw delight, surprise and wonder, but no recognitionexcept once, and then the beautiful arm was raised in denunciation. Then something of bewilderment came over Lady Lanswell's face, and she turned to her

"Lance," she said, "Madame Vanira reminds me of some one, and I cannot think who it is."

"Have you seen her before, mother, do you think ?" he said.

"No, I think not; but she reminds me of some one, I cannot think whom. Her gestures are more familiar to me than her

entered her mind; and Lord Chandos was | Alaska. more puzzled than ever. The countess was

"What fire, what genius, what power! That is really acting," she said. "In all my life I have seen nothing better. There is truth in her tenderness, reality in her sorrow. I shall often come to see Vanira, Lance."

So she did, and was often puzzled over the resemblance of some one she knew; but she never once dreamed of Leone, while, by dint of earnest watching and study, Lord | lection at Philadelphia. It was coined in Chandos became more and more convinced | Aeglna in the year 700 B. C. that it was she.

He was determined to find out. He was foolish enough to think that if he could once be sure of it, his heart and mind would be at rest, but until then there was no rest for him.

What could he do-how could he know? Then the idea came, to follow her carriage home. By dint of perservence he found, at ast, that Madame Vanira had a very pretty house in Hampstead called the Cedars, and he determined to call and see her there. If he had really been mistaken, and 70th birthday day at his home in Mott it were not Leone, he could but apologize; Haven. if it were--

Ah, well, if it were, he would ask her forgiveness, and she would give it to him, on account of the love she bore him - ars

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Greater Than Wellington.

Une of Lord Robertson's anecdotes and imitations of Corrychoillie, otherwise John | relief of the poor. Cameron of Corrychoillie, or Corry as he was designated, is given by the Rev. Dr. in New York has closed, and it is calculat-Norman Macleod in his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." In the chapter on "Tacksmen and Tenants" Dr. Macleod who had taken to the stage as the means of says: "I will close this chapter with a story told of a great sheep-farmer (not one of the old 'gentleman tenants,' verily !) who had, nevertheless, made a large fortune by sheep-farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this | 000. department of labor. A buyer, knowing his weakness and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one of which \$29,415,293 is for navy, \$25,030,. evening over their whisky-toddy to remark: | 412 for army, and \$141,581,570 for pen-'I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater | sions. man than even the duke of Wellington! 'Hoot, toot!' replied the sheep-farmer modestly hanging his head, with a pleased smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff, 'that's too much-too much by far-by far.' But his guest, after expatiating on the great prowess of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a Southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question : 'Could the duke of Wellington have done that?' The sheep-farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy and alowly replied: 'The duke of Wellington was, nae doot, a clever man; very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good soger; but then, d'ye see, he had reasonable men to deal with-captains, majors and generals, that could understand him-every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm no so sure, after all, if he could manage, | single election. say twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that couldna understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst! I doot it

Improved Communication.

I doot it! But I have often done that."

Means of communication between the various parts of the Empire have been vastly improved during the past few years. and the parts most distant from the the venerable father of Thomas A. Edison, Mother Country are being brought nearer day by day. In the steamship service between India and Britain, it is interesting to note that immense improvement to Salt Lake, 1,500 miles; one from Colorhas been made. New and faster steamers have been put upon the P. and O. line and letters are now delivered in London twelve "I am sorry to say that I cannot," was days after their departure from Bombay. the courteous reply. "I promised madame The mail, of course, travels across the of Baltimore, leaves his valuable art colleccontinent by rail to Brindisi, a route which | tion to his son and daughter. It was "Will you take my card to her? If she is would not be available for the transporta- thought that it would be bequeathed to the tion of troops in the event of war, but it is calculated that the new steamers could make the entire trip by way of the Medi-The manager complied with his request. | terranean in seventeen or eighteen days, | Philadelphia. It is 115 ft. long by 15 ft. and that troops could be carried from Great Britain to India in that time. This would mean that reinforcements from the acquaintance, and that she is compelled to Mother Country could be on their way by train to the frontier within three weeks of the date of a declaration of war. The importance of this will be appreciated fully by those who are old enough to remember the sickening anxiety caused by the slow movement of troops in the early days of the Indian mutiny.

Easy to Make Money. Politician-"Where did you get all those

shovels ?" Contractor-" Bought 'em of the city its birth. for ten cents apiece. They were sold for want of use, you know."

"Wait a few weeks until they are need- Mr. Houston is a trustee. The gift is a "Will Madame Vanira sing?" asked ed again, and then rent them to the city memorial of their dead son, and the build-

The First Word.

ful dog.

with it?"

How anxiously Lord Chandes watched ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings-Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered

from His Daily Record. A caterpillar with three distinct heads was found at Dover, Delaware, last week,

Montana will furnish about 200,000 head of beef-cattle to the eastern markets this The bacilli of tuberculosis cause the death

every year of 150,000 persons in the United The 250,000 Indians of the United States

Evidently the thought of Leone never hold 90,000,000 acres of land, exclusive of

Edward B. Stirling, of Trenten, N. J., owns a stamp worth \$1,000, for which he paid nine cents. It is said that the gold product of Mon-

tana this year will show a 75 per cent. increase over that of 1893. Nine Coxeyites were sentenced to one

month's imprisonment in Grand Forks, N.O. for resisting the police. The oldest coin known is in the mint col-

A gold ledge that assays three ounces of

gold and twenty-eight ounces of silver to the ton was struck at Boise, Ia. Charles McVeagh, of Harpswell, Maine, lifts a barrel of flour with his teeth and

holds a quintal of fish at arm's length. Mr. H. O. Havemeyer received a salary of \$75, 000 a year as President of the sugar

trust and \$25, 000 a year as trustee. Gen. Frauz Sigel, the veteran German-American leader, has been celebrating his

According to the last wishes of Rev. Ashbury C. Clarke, of New York, his body

was laid out for burial in white broadcloth. N. A. Black, of McArthur, O., was mare, ried to the woman from whom he was divorced 30 years ago and who has had two husbands since.

Minneapolis, and to have saloonkeepers, instead pay into a treasury \$10 a week for The loan exhibition of women's portiaits

It is proposed to abolish free lunches in

ed that the receipts will amount to \$49,000. which will go to charity. A live cat was found the other day in a packing box that was billed from Paris, and

which had not been opened in transit, by an employe of a Philadelphia firm. During the last ten years there have been over 21,000 deaths in the United States from yellow fever; while the deaths from alcoholism in that period have been 650,-

The United States estimate of expenditure for the year amounts to \$410,435,079.

W. S. B. O. B. Robinson, who has just been elected judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, is said to be the first Roman Catholic to hold a state office of any

kind. The Countess Frieda Ferymund Rudolf of Germany, and Prof. Luigi Dellaro, who plays a fiddle in a theatrical orchestra, were

recently married by a New York alderman. Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, has pardoned the dispensary constable, Jack Bladen, who was convicted of murdering u negro in Spartansburg while searching for

New York has adopted the Myers ballot machine and it is expected that in addition to securing an absolutely fair count the city alone will save by its use \$249,632 in a

A horse thief in Bay County, Mo., stole a horse one night, and, instead of riding straight away, got lost and rode all night in a circle, and in the morning was captured near where he started.

The survy of a railroad along the Cuyan valley, in West Virginia, has been completed. The road, which will be built by the Vanderbilts, will open one of the rich est coal fields in the world. Samuel Edison, of Fort Gratiot, Mich.

is now in his 91st year, and is in full posses. sion of all his faculties. He is known locally as "Uncle Sam." A railroad is to be built from Los Angeles

from Natchez, Miss., to Texarkana, Texas, and one of 300 miles in Mexico. The will of the late William T. Walters,

ado to the asphalt region of Utah, one

Metropolitan Museum in New York. The largest map ever made will be placed in the Pennsylvania railroad station at wide, and will show the entire system of the Pennyslvania Railroad, with its con-

necting lines. Mr. C.P. Huntington has built a granite mausoleum in Woodlawn Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., of which the architecture is copied from a Doric temple and which contains places for sixteen coffins. The

cost was about \$250,000. Dedham will observe the 250th anniversary of the establishment of free public schools within its limits on January 1st, 1895. The town claims that it was in Dedham that the first free public school in America established by public taxation had

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Houston, of Philadelphia, have contributed \$100,000 to-"I see. What are you going to do with | ward the erection of a students' hall for the University of Pennsylvania, of which ing will be known as Howard Houston Hall.

New York City at present embraces an area of about thirty-nine square miles, Miss Summit-"I wouldn't be surprised which, under the proposed annexation if Mr. Yearner proposed to me soon. The plan, would be enlarged to 317. 77 square other day he made me a present of a beauti- miles, increasing the city's population of 1,515,301 to 2,508,498. Two cities and Miss Palisade-"What has that to do fifteen towns will be taken in, besidesa great deal of farm land, Staten Island, nineteen Miss Summit-"He said he hoped to get | miles from the City Hall, will be included, and also Coney Island,