LOVE REASONS NOT.

CHAPTER LII.

A GATHERING CLOUD.

It was strange that she should use the same words which Leone had used.

"I cannot bear it, Lance," she said "Why have you done this?"

He was quite at a loss what to say to her; he was grieved for her, vexed with those who told her, and the mental emotions caused him to turn angrily round to her.

"Why did you take her? What is Madame Vanira to you?" she asked.

"My dear Marion, can you see any harm in my giving madame a day's holiday and rest, whether on water or on land?"

She was silent for a minute before she answered him.

"No," she replied, "the harm lay in concealing it from me; if you had told me about it I would have gone with you?"

Poor, simple, innocent Lady Marion! The words touched him deeply; he thought of the boat among the water-lilies, the beautiful, passionate voice floating over the water, the beautiful, passionate face, with its defiance as the words of the sweet, sad song fell from her lips.

"Lance, why did you not tell me? Why did you not ask me to go with you? I cannot understand."

When a man has no proper excuse to make, no sensible reason to give, he takes refuge in anger. Lord Chandos did that now; he was quite at a loss what to say; he knew that he had done wrong; that he could say nothing which could set matters straight; obviously the best thing to do was to grow angry with his wife.

"I cannot see much harm in it," he said "*I should not suppose that I am the* first gentleman in England who has taken a lady out for a holiday and felt himself highly honored in so doing."

"But, Lance," repeated his fair wife, sorrowfully, "why did you not take me or tell me?"

"My dear Marion, I did not think that I was compelled to tell you every action of my life, everywhere I went, everything I did, everyone I see; I would never submit to such a thing. Of all things in the world, I abhor the idea of a jealous wife."

She rose from her knees, her fair face growing paler, and stood looking at him with a strangely perplexed, wondering gaze.

"I cannot argue with you, Lance," she said, gently; "I cannot dispute what you say. You are your own master; you have a perfect right to go where you will, and with whom you will, but my instinct and my heart tell me that you are wrong. You have no right to take any lady out without telling me. You belong to me, and to no one else."

"My dear Marion, you are talking nonsense," he said, abruptly; "you know nothing of the world. Pray cease."

She looked at him with more of anger on her fair face than he had ever seen before.

"Lord Chandos," she said, "is this all you have to say to me? I am told that you have spent a whole day in the society of the most beautiful actress in the world, perhaps, and when I ask for an explanation you have none to give me."

"No," he replied, "I have none."

"Lance, I do not like it," she said, slowly; "and I do not understand. I thought Madame Vanira was so good and true?"

"So she is," he replied. "You must not say one word against her."

"I have no wish; but if she is so good why should she try to take my husband from me?"

"She has not done so," he replied angrily. "Marion, I will not be annoyed by a jealous wife."

"I am not jealous, Lance," she replied; "but when I am told such a story, and it proves to be true, what am I to do?"

"Say nothing, Marion, which is always the wisest thing a woman can do," he replied.

His wife gazed at him with proud indignation.

"I do not like the tone in which you speak of this; tell me frankly, is it with Madame Vanira you spend all the time which you pass away from home?"

"I shall say nothing of Madame Vanira," he replied.

She drew nearer to him; she laid one white hand on his shoulder and looked wistfully into his face.

"Lance," she said, "are we to quarrel—over a woman, too? I will not believe it. You have always been honest with me; tell me what Madame Vanira is to you?"

"She is nothing to me," he replied.

Then the remembrance of what she had been to him came over him and froze the words on his lips. His wife was quick to notice it.

"You cannot say it with truth. Oh Lance, how you pain me."

There was such absolute, physical pain in her face that he was grieved for her.

"Say no more about it, Marion," he cried. "I did ask madame to let me row her on the river; I know she loves the river; I ought to have asked you to go with us, or to have told you about it," he said; "I know that; but people often do imprudent things. Kiss me and say no more about it."

But for the first time that sweet girl looked coldly on him. Instead of bending down to kiss him, she looked straight into his face.

"Lance," she said, "do you like Madame Vanira?"

His answer was prompt.

"Most decidedly I do," he answered; "every one must like her."

"Lady Ilfield says that you are her shadow, is that true?"

"Lady Ilfield is a gossip, and the wife who listens to scandal about her husband lowers herself."

She did not shrink now from his words.

"I have not gossiped about you, Lance," she said; "but I wish you yourself to tell me why people talk about you and Madame Vanira."

"How can I tell? Why do people talk? Because they have nothing better to do."

But that did not satisfy her, her heart ached; this was not the manner in which she had expected him to meet the charge—so differently—either to deny it indignantly, or to give her some sensible explanation. As it was, he seemed to avoid the subject, even while he owned that it was true.

"I am not satisfied, Lance," she said; "you have made me very unhappy; if there is anything to tell me tell it now."

"What should I have to tell you?" he asked, impatiently.

"I do not know; but if there is any particular friendship or acquaintance between Madame Vanira and yourself, tell me now."

It would have been better if he had told her, if he had made an open confession of his fault, and have listened to her gentle counsel, but he did not; on the contrary, he looked angrily at her."

"If you wish to please me, you will not continue this conversation, Marion; in fact, I decline to say another word on the subject. I have said all that was needful, let it end now."

"You say this, knowing that I am dissatisfied, Lance," said Lady Marion.

"I say it, hoping that you intend to obey me," he replied.

Without another word, and in perfect silence, Lady Chandos quitted the room, her heart beating with indignation.

"He will not explain," to me she said; "I will find out for myself."

She resolved from that moment to watch him, and to find out for herself that which he refused to tell her. She could not bring herself to believe that there was really anything between her husband and Madame Vanira; he had always been so good, so devoted to herself.

But the result of her watching was bad; it showed that her husband had other interests; much of his time was spent from home; a cloud came between them; when she saw him leaving home she was too proud to ask him where he was going, and if even by chance she did ask, his reply was never a conciliatory one.

It was quite by accident she learned he went often to Highgate. In the stables were a fine pair of grays; she liked using them better than any other horses they had, and one morning the carriage came to the door with a pair of chesnuts she particularly disliked.

"Where are the grays?" she asked of the coachman.

"One of them fell yesterday, my lady," said the man, touching his hat.

"Fell—where?" asked Lady Chandos.

"Coming down Highgate Hill, my lady. It is a terrible hill—so steep and awkward," replied the man.

Then she would have thought nothing of it but for a sudden look of warning she saw flash from the groom to the coachman, from which she shrewdly guessed that they had been told to be silent about the visits to Highgate. Then she remembered that Madame Vanira lived there. She remembered how she had spoken of the hills, of the fresh air, and the distance from town; she watched again and found out that her husband went to Highgate nearly every day of his life, and then Lady Chandos drew her own conclusions and very miserable ones they were.

The cloud between them deepened—deepened daily; all her loving amiability, her gentle, caressing manner vanished; she became silent, watchful, suspicious; no passion deteriorates the human mind or the human heart more quickly than jealousy. If, during those watchful days, Lord Chandos had once told his wife the plain truth, she would have forgiven him, have taken him from the scene of his danger, and all might have gone well; as it was, all went wrong.

One day a sense of regret of her lost happiness came over her, and she determined to speak to him about it. She would destroy this shadow that lay between them; she would dispel the cloud. Surely he would do anything for her sake—she would have given up the world for him. He was alone in his study, in the gloaming of a bright day, when she went in to him and stood once more by his side.

"Lance," she said, bending her fair, sweet face over his. "Lance. I want to speak to you again. I am not happy dear—there is a cloud between us, and it is killing me. You love me, Lance, do you not?"

"You know that I do," he said, but there was no heartiness in his voice.

"I want to tell you, dear, that I have been jealous. I am very unhappy, but I will conquer myself. I will be to you the most loving wife in all the world if you will give up Madame Vanira."

He pushed the outstretched hand away.

"You do not know what you are asking," he said, hoarsely, and his manner so alarmed her that she said no more.

CHAPTER LIII.

A QUARREL.

From that hour all pretense of peace was at an end between them. Lady Chandos was justly indignant and wounded. If her husband had trusted her all might, even then, have been well, but he did not; he said to himself that she would forget the story of her annoyance in time, and all would be well; he did not give his wife credit for the depth of feeling that she really possessed. Fiercest, most cruel jealousy had taken hold of the gentle lady, it racked and tortured her; the color faded from her face, the light from her eyes; she grew thin and pale; at night she could not sleep, by day she could not rest; all her sweetness, grace and amiability, seemed to have given way to a grave sadness; the sound of her laughter, her bright words, died away; nothing interested her. She who had never known a trouble or a care, now wore the expression of one who was heart broken; she shrunk from all gayety, all pleasures, all parties; she was like the ghost of her former self; yet after those words of her husband's she never spoke again of Madame Vanira. The sword was sheathed in her heart and she kept it there.

There is no pain so cruel as jealousy; none that so quickly deteriorates a character; it brings so many evils in its train—suspicion, envy, hatred of life, distrust in every one and in everything; it is the most fatal passion that ever takes hold of a human heart, and turns the kindest nature to gall. There was no moment during the day in which Lady Chandos did not picture her husband with her rival; she drove herself almost mad with the pictures she made in her own mind. All the cruel pain, the sullen brooding, the hot anguish, the desolation, the jealousy seemed to surge over her heart and soul like the waves of a deadly sea. If she saw her husband silent and abstracted, she said he was thinking of Madame Vanira; if she saw him laugh and light of heart she said he was pleased because he was going to see Madame Vanira. She had sensible and reasonable grounds for jealousy, but she was unreasonably jealous.

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

It was so with Lady Marion, and her life at last grew too bitter to be borne. There was excuse for Lord Chandos, the mistake was in renewing the acquaintance; a mistake that can never be remedied.

People were beginning to talk; when Lord Chandos was mentioned, they gave significant smiles. Against Madame Vanira there had never been even the faintest rumor of scandal; but a certain idea was current in society—that Lord Chandos admired the queen of song. No one insinuated the least wrong, but significant smiles followed the mention of either name.

"Madame Vanira was at Lady Martyn's last night," one would say.

And the laughing answer was always

"Then Lord Chandos was not very far away."

"La Vanira sung to perfection in 'Fidlio,'" would remark one.

Another would answer:

"Lord Chandos would know how to applaud."

Madame Vanira was more eagerly sought after than other women in London. She reigned queen, not only over the stage, but over the world of fashion also.

The Countess of Easton gave a grand ball—it was the most exclusive of the season. After much praying Madame Vanira had promised to go, and Lady Chandos was the belle of the ball. They had not met since the evening Madame Vanira had sung for her, and Lord Chandos had many an anxious thought as to what their next meeting would be like. He knew that Leone would bear much for his sake, yet he did not know what his wife would be tempted to say.

They met on the night of Lady Easton's ball; neither knew that the other was coming. If Lady Chandos had dreamed of meeting Leone there she would not have gone. As it was, they met face to face in the beautiful anti-room that led to the ball room.

Face to face. Leone wore a superb dress of pale amber brocade, and Lady Chandos a beautiful costume of pale blue velvet, the long train of which was fastened with white shining pearls.

It was like the meeting of rival queens. Leone's face flushed, Lady Marion's grew deadly pale. Leone held out her hand; Lady Marion declined to see it. They looked at each other for a brief space of time, then Leone spoke.

"Lady Marion," she said, in a low pained voice, "have I displeased you?"

"Yes, you have," was the brief reply.

"You will not touch my hand?" said Leone.

"No, I decline to touch your hand," said Lady marion; "I decline to speak to you after this."

"Will you tell me why?" asked Leone.

Lady Marion's face flushed crimson.

"Since you ask me, I will tell you. You have been seeking my husband, and I do not approve of it. You spent a day with him on the river—he never told me about it. I am not a jealous wife, but I despise any woman who would seek to take the love of a husband from his wife.

Conscience, which makes cowards of us all, kept Leone silent.

Lady Chandos continued:

"What is there between my husband and you?"

"True friendship," answered Leone, trying to speak bravely.

"I do not believe it," said Lady Chandos; "true friendship does not hide itself, or make mystery of its actions. Madame Vanira, I loved you when I first saw you; I take my love and my liking both from you. Now that I find that you have acted treacherously I believe in you no more."

"Those are strong words, Lady Chandos," said Leone.

"They are true; henceforth we are strangers. My friends are honorable women, who would seek to steal my jewels rather than seek to steal from me my husband's love."

Leone could have retaliated; the temptation was strong; she could have said:

"He was my husband, as I believed, before he was yours; you stole him from me, not I from you."

The temptation was strong the words leaped in a burning torrent from her heart to her lips; she repressed them for his sake and bore the crushing words without reply.

"I have always heard," she said, "that there was ample reason that singers, even though they be queens of songs, should not be admitted into the heart of one's home; now I see the justice of it; they are not satisfied with legitimate triumphs. You, Madame Vanira, have not been contented with my liking and friendship, with the hospitality of my home, but you must seek to take my husband's interest, time, affection."

"Are you not judging me harshly, Lady Chandos?" asked the singer. "You bring all these accusations against me and give me no opportunity of clearing myself of them."

"You cannot," said Lady Chandos; "I have no wish to hear your defense, you can neither deny nor explain the fact that you spent a day with my husband on the river; all the sophistry in the world cannot deny that fact, and that fact condemns you."

"Would you say the same thing to any of your former friends?" asked Leone—"to Lady Caldwell or Lady Blake?"

"Neither of them would do such a thing," cried Lady Chandos. "Ladies of the class to which I belong do not spend whole days on the river with gentlemen unknown to their wives. Madame Vanira—you and I are strangers from this time."

"You are very hard on me," said Leone; "The day may come when you will admit that."

"The day will never come in which I will mistake good for evil, or right for wrong," said Lady Chandos. "Others may applaud you, you may continue your sway over the minds and hearts of men, but I shall protest against you, and all those like you, who would come between husbands and wives to separate them."

It was such a satire of fate, such a satire of her own life that Leone's beautiful lips curled with a bitter smile. It was she who had been parted from her husband by a quibble of the law, and this fair, angry woman had taken him for herself.

Lady Chandos saw the smile and misunderstood it. She bowed, and would have passed, but Leone tried to stop her.

"Will you not say one kind word to me before you go Lady Chandos?" she asked.

"I have not one word to say," was the brief reply.

She would have passed on, but fate again intervened in the person of Lord Chandos, who was walking with his hostess, the Countess of Easton. They stopped before the two ladies, and Lord Chandos saw at once that something was wrong. Madame Vanira, after exchanging a few words with the countess, went away, and as soon as he could, Lord Chandos rejoined his wife.

"Marion," he said, curtly, "you have had some disagreeable words, with Madame Vanira. I know it by the expression of your face."

"You are right," she said; "I have told her that henceforth she and I shall be strangers."

"You have dared!" he cried, forgetting himself at the thought of Leone's face.

She turned her fair face proudly to him.

"I have dared," she replied; "I refuse to speak or see Madame Vanira again—she must not cross the threshold of my door again."

Lord Chandos grew deadly pale as he heard the words.

"And I say that you wrong a good and blameless woman, Marion, when you say such words."

"My lord, am I or am I not at liberty to choose my friends?" she asked, haughtily.

"Certainly you are at liberty to do just as you please in that respect," he replied.

"Then among them I decline to receive Madame Vanira," she said.

As you refuse to see my friends, I must go to meet them," said Lord Chandos.

And then between husband and wife began one of those scenes which leave a mark on both their lives—cruel, hard, unjust and bitter words—hard and cruel thoughts.

Then Lady Chandos had her carriage called and went home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HYGIENIC FRAUDS.

Sham Medical Prophets Who Terrify Humanity by an Array of Symptoms.

The teaching of hygiene is in itself so laudable an object that it is with some reluctance that we draw attention to the fact that this subject is apt to be taken as a text by wandering lecturers, who use it as a means of introducing a great deal of most objectionable teaching, says the British Medical Journal. Women who in no other way could get a hearing find that by advertising a course of lectures on hygiene they can draw together a wealthy and influential audience, and having once caught their ears, can terrify them with sham pathological horrors regarding the reproductive organs.

The lady lecturer, armed as she may be with some American diploma or degree, is often only a she-wolf in sheep's clothing, whose object is to terrify and then to rob. The trick is ingenious, and unfortunately it pays only too well. For those who accept the invitation various further adventures are open, but unless they have the sense to rush off to their doctor and ask whether it be possible that the terrible things told to them are true, they always end in the same way—much misery and distress, an empty purse, and often fraud upon the husbands, theft in fact—to meet the demands of quackery, and nothing to show for it but a wretched pessary, for which, perhaps, five guineas has been paid.

STEEL INSTEAD OF WOOD.

Metal Now Extensively Used as a Substitute for Lumber.

Since iron and steel are so universally used as a substitute for lumber there has been an enormous increase in the capacity of the iron and steels works of the world. The German Iron Trade Association has lately taken the pains to point out, for the benefit of all concerned, the many advantages to be gained by the resort to steel; and it would seem that there is barely a single use left for wood in constructive detail, and not much in ornamental finish, except genuine carving. The modern edifice is nearest perfection in point of durability and safety, according to the proportion in which metal has excluded wood. It is now proposed that wood shall be dispensed with entirely in the framework of railway rolling stock, and this means something when we remember that there are about 2,500,000 railway vehicles, exclusive of locomotives. In mines metal is doing away with wood, and the use of iron pit props in France has shown that they need to be renewed only half as often as those of wood. At the same time metal has its own special risks, and it is suggested, for example, that unless carefully insulated a large building full of steel and iron might be as susceptible to electrolytic action by stray currents eating it up as though it were rail, forming part of an electric railway circuit, or gas or water pipes adjacent thereto. If this new danger exists its remedy should be readily discoverable.

A Fated Spot.

The last serious wreck on the Missouri Kansas and Texas Railway, which occurred at Cale, I. T., a few days ago, and resulted in $30,000 damages to the Company, is the eleventh wreck that has occurred within one half mile of that point in the past few years. As the story runs among the employes of the Company, 10 years ago a widow, whose premises join the track, had her only cow killed by a train, and for some reason or other the railroad company refused or failed to satisfy her claim. Then she called down the vengeance of the Almighty to redress her wrongs, and the curse seems to be effectual.

NITRO-GLYCERINE LASTS.

A Workman's Startling Experiment with an Old Felt Hat Strainer.

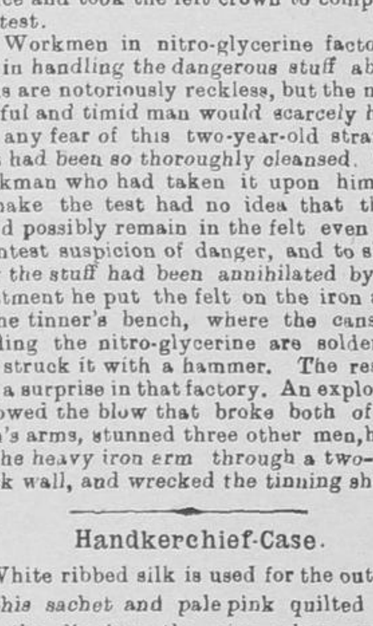
"Nitro-glycerine cannot be annihilated," said a man of long experience in petroleum operations in the oil fields, "and from the reckless manner in which the deadly explosive has been handled ever since it came into use in the oil country it is a wonder that there is a town left standing there. Everybody knows how terribly explosive this compound is by concussion, but few know its lasting properties and how impossible it is to destroy them.

"In manufacturing nitro-glycerine one of the processes is the straining of it through felt, usually through the crowns of old felt hats. After these crowns have served their purpose as strainers of liquid explosive, they are burned to place their saturation with the nitro-glycerine beyond the possible doing of damage in the possession of careless and thoughtless persons. At a nitro-glycerine factory in the Bradford oil field once an employee thought he would put the life and vigor of the explosive to a test. He took a hat crown that had been used as a strainer, washed it thoroughly, and then treated it with strong alkalies. He placed the felt away on a shelf out of reach and knowledge of any one else in the factory to dry. Then he forgot about it for two years, but one day happened to recall the circumstance and took the felt crown to complete his test.

"Workmen in nitro-glycerine factories and in handling the dangerous stuff about wells are notoriously reckless, but the most careful and timid man would scarcely have had any fear of this two-year-old strainer that had been so thoroughly cleansed. The workman who had taken it upon himself to make the test had no idea that there could possibly remain in the felt even the slightest suspicion of danger, and to show how the stuff had been annihilated by the treatment he put the felt on the iron arm of the tinner's bench, where the cans for holding the nitro-glycerine are soldered, and struck it with a hammer. The result was a surprise in that factory. An explosion followed the blow that broke both of the man's arms, stunned three other men, hurled the heavy iron arm through a two-foot brick wall, and wrecked the tinning shop."

Handkerchief-Case.

White ribbed silk is used for the outside of this sachet and pale pink quilted silk for the linning; the size when spread apart, is fifteen inches deep by twenty-one wide. The embroidery on the upper half consists of a spray of chrysanthemums, worked, some in pale rose, some in tawny yellow silks, with foliage in gray and olive greens. The lattice in the corner is defined by laid lines of gold thread. The straight line in the frame is defined by a



HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

laid silver corner, with a line of tawny-yellow chenille on either side of it, while the twisted ribbon is formed by two lines, of white silk braid, which are carried through under the silk, where they disappear and out again to the surface farther on; on either side of the braid is a strand of pale yellow filoselle sewed down with slanting stitches to match. The flowers springing from the points are outlined in silver thread, and filled in with long chain stitches in pale pink silk, The case is edged with white silk cord, twisted into loops at the corners and tied with white ribbons.—*Toronto Ladies' Journal.*

Sponge Bag.

This bag is made of a square of crocheted rings, worked with knitting silk in any desired color. A pink square of cham-

SPONGE BAG.

ois is placed inside the rings, and this has a lining of oiled silk. The bag is hung with rings as shown in the illustration, and four silk pompons give a pretty nish.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

Tried to Speak When Cut in Two.

A horrible feature of the cutting in two of Darling at a sawmill at Newberry, Fla., a day or two ago was that after Darling had been cut in twain he opened his mouth two or three times as though endeavoring to speak, but death quickly sealed his lips