

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

George had spoken no falsehood when he said that he felt as though he must marry Angela or go mad. Indeed, it is a striking proof of how necessary he thought that step to be to his happiness, that he had been willing to consent to his cousin's Shylock-like terms about the sale of the property, although they would in their result degrade him from his position as a large landed proprietor, and make a comparatively poor man of him.

Love's empire is this globe and all mankind; the most refined and the most degraded, the cleverest and the most stupid, are all liable to become his faithful subjects. He can alike command the devotion of an archbishop and a South Sea Islander, of the most immaculate maiden lady, whatever her age, and of the savage Zulu girl. From the pole to the equator, and from the equator to the further pole, there is no monarch like Love. Where he sets his foot, the rocks bloom with flowers, or the garden becomes a wilderness according to his good-will and pleasure, and at his whisper all other allegiances melt away like ropes of sand.

But to each nature of all the millions beneath his sway, Love comes in a fitting guise, to some as an angel messenger, telling of sympathy and peace, and a strange new hope; to others draped in sad robes indeed, but still divine. Thus when he visits such a one as George Carefoot, it is as a potent fiend, whose mission is to enter through man's lower nature, to torture and destroy; to scorch the heart with fearful heats, and then to crush it, and leave its owner's bosom choked with bitter dust.

And, so far as George is concerned, there is no doubt but what the work was done right well, for under the influence of what is, with doubtful propriety, known as the "tender passion," that estimable character was rapidly drifting within a measurable distance of a lunatic asylum. The checks and repulses that he had met with, instead of cooling his ardor, had only the effect of inflaming it to an extraordinary degree.

Angela's scornful dislike, as water thrown upon burning oil, did but diffuse the flames of his passion throughout the whole system of his mind, till he grew wild with its heat and violence. Her glorious beauty daily took a still stronger hold upon his imagination, till it scorched into his very soul. For whole nights he could not sleep, for whole days he would scarcely eat or do anything but walk, walk, and try to devise means to win her to his side. The irritation of his mind produced its natural effects upon his conduct, and he would burst into fits of the most causeless fury. In one of these he dismissed every servant in the house, and so evil was his reputation among that class, that he had great difficulty in obtaining others to take their places.

In another he hurled a heavy pot containing an azalea-bush at the head of one of the gardeners, and had to compromise an action for assault. In short, the lunatic asylum loomed very near indeed. For a week or so after the memorable night of his interview with Philip, an interview, that he, at least, would never forget, George was quite unable, try as he would, to get a single word with Angela.

she took refuge in an armor of calm and freezing contempt. "I don't understand you," she said. "On the contrary, you understand me very well. You always avoid me; I can never see you, try how I will. Perhaps," he went on, still talking quite quietly, "if you knew what a hell there is in my heart and brain you would not treat me so. I tell you that I am in torture," and the muscles of the pallid face twitched in a way that went far to confirm his words.

"I do not understand your meaning; unless, indeed, you are trying to frighten and insult me, as you have done before," answered Angela. "Poor girl, she did not know what else to say; she was not of a nervous disposition, but there was something about George's manner that alarmed her very much, and she glanced anxiously around to see if any one was within call, but the place was lonely as the grave.

"There is no need for you to look for help—I wish neither to frighten nor insult you; my suit is an honorable one enough. I wish you to promise to marry me, that is all; you must and shall promise it—I will take no refusal. You were made for me and I for you; it is quite useless for you to resist me, for you must marry me at last. I love you—I love you."

"Oh! don't say you won't, for God's all the time that I was ill, and now I am well, don't say you won't," said George with a sudden change of manner from the confident to the supplicatory. "Look I beg you not to, on my knees," and he actually flung himself down on the grass roadway and groveled before her in an abandonment of passion hideous to behold.

She turned very pale, and answered him in a cold, quiet voice, every syllable of which fell upon him like the stroke of a knife. "Such a thing would be quite impossible for many reasons, but I need only repeat you one that you are already aware of. I am engaged to Mr. Heigham."

"Bah, that is nothing. I know that; but you will not throw away such a love as I have to offer for the wavering affection of a boy. We can soon get rid of him. Write and tell him that you have changed your mind. Listen, Angela," he went on, catching her by the skirt of her dress, "he is not rich, he has only got enough for a bare living. I have five times the money, and you shall help to spend it. Don't marry a young beggar like that; it will pay you ever so much better to marry me."

George was convinced from his experience of the sex that every woman could be bought if only you bid high enough; but, as the sequel showed, he could not well have used a worse argument to a person like Angela, or one more likely to excite the indignation that fear of him, together with a certain respect for the evident genuineness of his suffering, had hitherto kept in suppression. She wrenched her dress free from him, leaving a portion of its fabric in his hand.

"Are you not ashamed?" she said, her voice trembling with indignation and her eyes filled with angry tears; "are you not ashamed to talk to me like this, you, my own father's cousin, and yourself old enough to be my father? I tell you that my love is already given, which would have been a sufficient answer to any gentleman, and you reply by saying that you are richer than the man I love. Do you believe that a woman thinks of nothing but money? or do you suppose that I am to be bought like a beast at the market? Get up from the ground, for since your brutality forces me to speak so plainly in my own defense, I must tell you once and for all that you will get nothing by kneeling to me. Listen: I would rather die than be your wife; rather than always see your face about me, I would pass my life in prison; I had sooner be touched by a snake than by you. You are quite hateful to me. Now you have your answer, and I beg that you will get up and let me pass!"

made behind Angela's back, about forcing her to marry him in the teeth of any opposition that she could offer. George reached home that night very much disheartened about the whole business. How was he to bow the neck of this proud woman to his yoke, and break the strong cord of her allegiance to her absent lover. With many girls it might have been possible to find a way, but Angela was not an ordinary girl. He had tried, and Lady Bellamy had tried, and they had both failed, and as for Philip he would take no active part in the matter. What more could be done? Only one thing that he could think of, he could force Lady Bellamy to search her finer brains for a fresh expedient. Acting upon this idea, he at once dispatched a note to her requesting her to come and see him at Isleworth on the following morning.

That night passed very ill for the love-lorn George. Angela's vigorous and imaginative expression of her entire loathing of him had pierced the thick hide even of his self-conceit, and left him sore as a whipped hound altogether too sore to sleep. When Lady Bellamy arrived on the following morning, she found him marching up and down the dining-room in the worst of his bad tempers, and that was a very shocking temper, indeed. His light-blue eyes were angry and bloodshot, his general appearance slovenly to the last degree, and a red spot burned upon each sallow cheek.

"Well, George, what is the matter? You don't look quite as happy as a lover should." He grunted by way of answer. "Has the lady been unkind, failed to appreciate your advances, eh?" "Now look here, Anne," he answered, savagely, "if I have to put up with things from that confounded girl, I am not going to stand your jeers, so stop them once for all."

"It is very evident that she has been unkind. Supposing that instead of abusing me you tell me the details. No doubt they are interesting," and she settled herself in a low chair and glanced at him keenly from under her heavy eyelids. Thus admonished, George proceeded to give her such a version of his melancholy tale as best suited him, needless to say not a full one, but his hearer's imagination easily supplied the gaps, and as he proceeded, a slow smile crept over her face as she conjured the suppressed details of the scene in the lane.

"Curse you! what are you laughing at? You came here to listen, not laugh," broke out George, furiously, when he saw it. She made no answer, and he continued his thrilling tale without comment on her part. "Now," he said, when it was finished, "what is to be done?" "There is nothing to be done; you have failed to win her affections, and there is an end of the matter."

"Then you mean I must give it up?" "Yes, and a very good thing too, for the ridiculous arrangement that you have entered into with Philip would have half ruined you, and you would be tired of the girl in a month."

"Now, look you here, Anne," said George, in a sort of hiss, and standing over her in a threatening attitude. "I have suspected for some time that you were playing me false in this business, and now I am sure of it. You have put the girl up to treating me like this, you treacherous snake; you have struck me from behind, you Red Indian in petticoats! But, look here, I will be square with you; you shall not have all the laugh on your side."

"George, you must be mad." "You shall see whether I am mad or not. Did you see what the brigands did to a fellow they caught in Greece the other day for whom they wanted ransom? First, they sent his ear to his friends, then his nose, then his foot, and last of all, his head—all by post, mark you. Well, dear Anne, that is just how I am going to pay you out. You shall have a week to find a fresh plan to trap the bird you have frightened, and, if you find none, first I shall post one of those interesting letters that I have yonder to your husband—anonously, you know—not a very compromising one, but one that will pique his curiosity and set him making inquiries; then I shall wait another week."

Lady Bellamy could bear it no longer. She sprang up from her chair, pale with anger. "You fiend in human form, what is it, I wonder, that has kept me so long from destroying you and myself too? Oh! you need not laugh; I have the means to do it, if I choose; I have had them for twenty years."

George laughed again, hoarsely. "Quite penny-dreadful, I declare. But I don't think you will come to that; you would be afraid, and, if you do, I don't care much—I am pretty reckless, I can tell you."

known that I had thrown aside that poor fig-leaf, virtue—the green garment that marks a coward or a fool; for mark you, all women, or nearly all, would be vicious if they dared. Fear and poverty of spirit restrain them, not virtue. Why, it is by their vices, and properly managed, that women always have risen, and always will rise. To be really great, I think that a woman must be vicious with discrimination, and I respect vice accordingly. No, it is not that I fear. I am afraid because I have a husband whose bitter resentment is justly piling up against me from year to year, who only lies in wait for an opportunity to destroy me. Nor is he my only enemy. In his skillful hands, the letters you possess can, as society is in this country, be used so as to make me powerless. Yes, George, all the good in me is dead, the good I love I have given you is hourly outraged, and yet I cannot shake it off. There alone my strength fails me, and I am weak as a child. Only the power to exercise my will, my sense of command over the dullards round me, and a yet keener pleasure you do not know of, are left to me. If these are taken away, what will my life be? A void, a waste, a howling wilderness, a place where I will not stay! I had rather tempt the unknown. Even in hell there must be scope for abilities, such as mine?"

She paused awhile, as if for an answer, and then went on: "And as for you, poor creature that you are, words cannot tell how I despise you. You discard me and my devotion, to follow a nature, in its way, it is true, greater even than my own, representing the principle of good, as I represent the principle of evil; but one to which yours is utterly abhorrent. Can you mix light with darkness, or filthy oil with water? As well hope to merge your life, black as it is, with every wickedness, with that of the splendid creature you would defile. Do you suppose that a woman such as she is will ever be really faithful to her love, even though you trap her into marriage? Fool, her heart is as far above you as the stars; and without a heart a woman is a husk that none but such misers as yourself would own. But go on—dash yourself against a white purity that will, in the end, blind and destroy you. Dree your own doom! I will find you expedients; it is my business to obey you. You shall marry her, if you will, and taste of the judgment that will follow. Be still, I will bear no more of your insolence to-day." And she swept out of the room leaving George looking somewhat scared.

When Lady Bellamy reached Rewtham House she went straight to her husband's study. He received her with much politeness, and asked her to sit down. "I have come to consult you on a matter of some importance," she said. "That is, indeed, an unusual occurrence," answered Sir John, rubbing his dry hands and smiling.

"It is not my own affair; listen," and she gave him a full, accurate and clear account of all that had taken place with reference to George's determination to marry Angela, not omitting the most trivial detail. Sir John expressed no surprise; he was a very old bird was Sir John, one for whom every net was spread in vain, whether in or out of sight. Nothing in this world, provided that it did not affect his own comfort or safety, could affect his bland and appreciative smile. He was never surprised. Once or twice he put a shrewd question to elucidate some point in the narrative, and that was all. When his wife had finished, he said:

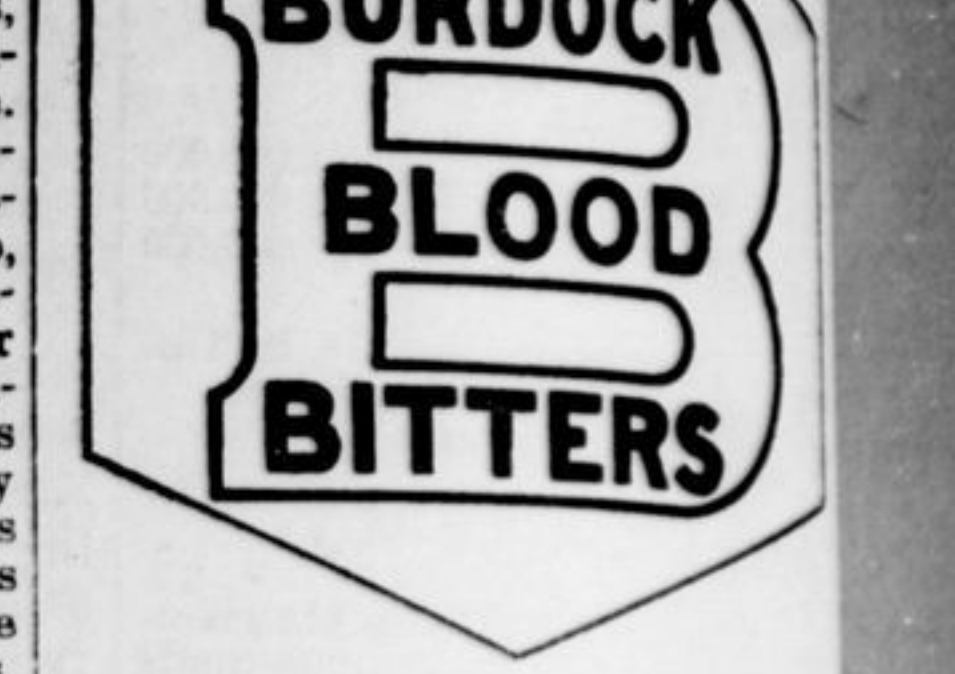
"Well, Anne, you have told a very interesting and amusing little history, doubly so, if you will permit me to say it, seeing that it is told of George Carefoot by Lady Bellamy; but it seems that your joint efforts have failed. What is it that you wish me to do?" "I wish to ask you if you can suggest any plan that will not fail. You are very cunning in your way, and your advice may be good."

"Let me see—young Heigham is in Madeira, is he not?" "I am sure I do not know." "But I do," and he extracted a notebook from a drawer. "Let me see—I think I have an entry somewhere here. Ah! here we are—Arthur P. Heigham, Esq., passenger, per Warwick Castle, to Madeira, June 16." (Copied from passenger-list, Western Daily News.) His second name is Preston, is it not? Lucky I kept that. Now, the thing will be to communicate with Madeira, and see if he is still there. I can easily do that; I know a man there."

"Have you formed any plan, then?" "Yes," answered Sir John, with great deliberation, "I think I see my way; but I must have time to think of it. I will speak to you about it to-morrow." When Lady Bellamy had gone the little man rose, peeped round to see that nobody was within hearing, and then, rubbing his dry hands with infinite zest, said aloud, in a voice that was quite solemn in the intensity of its satisfaction: "The Lord hath delivered mine enemies into mine hand."

To be Continued.

A NOVEL RAT-TRAP. The Scientific American describes an invention which it calls "a humane rat-trap." The inventor asserts that not only are ordinary traps cruel, but they cause them to teach rats and mice to be wary. The new device is a wide-open trap, which is so arranged that a rat entering it is clasped round the body with a rubber band, which carries bells and is covered with tufts coated with phosphorescent paint. The trap does not imprison the rat, but simply turns it into a scarecrow. This, the inventor thinks, would be the most effectual method of ridding a house of such pests.



MRS. THOS. McCANN, Mooreville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."

A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.



The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anemia, Nervousness, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Laxa-Liver Pills clean Coated Tongue.

LAUGHLETS.

Wagner is not so bad, after all. Why? They say he has never written anything that can be whistled.

She—Wasn't John Calvin a married man? He—He must have been. He'd be reject the doctrine of free will!

Beth (solicitous that so many feathers are scattered over the benighted)—Papa, oughtn't something to be done to keep the hens from wearing out so?

A Readjustment—She—But Freedom you really running behind so much? He—Well, I keep my clothes in the drawer of my desk, and my unpaid bills in the wardrobe.

The Mystery Explained—Husband—But, Nelly, how is it they afford to sell you everything at less than cost? Wife—Why, Dick, of course they can afford it when they sell such quantities.

Conclusion—Sportsman (who has bargained nothing and is bargaining for a hare)—"Seven-and-sixpence? That's rather high, isn't it? Shopkeeper—Ah, but see what a splendid place it's been in!"

Your Majesty, said the cannibal king's chief, there is among the prisoners a native of Scotland. Good! replied the dusky monarch. Serve him sizzling from the broiler. I have often wondered what a hot Scotch taste like.

Not Their Fault.—Old Party—See here you boys! Don't you know it's wrong to fight that way? The Horse—May be it is, boss; but it's de only way we knows. Yer can't expect us kilt ter be up in de Markey of Queensberry rules.

For the Orphans.—Cousin Ethel—Cur fair was perfectly lovely; we made \$25.75. Aunty—You must have had a large attendance? Cousin Ethel (degloriously)—No, not so very; we took cents at the door, and papa gave us \$100 to repeat it.

Teacher (of juvenile class)—Johnnie, what was the first thing the Partans did when they landed at Plymouth mouth rock? Johnnie—They fell on their knees. Teacher—That's right. Now Tommy, what was the next thing they did? Tommy—Fell on the aboriginals.

But said the neighbor who likes to argue over politics, you surely don't want a paternal government. Well, replied Farmer Cornstossel, not literally, of course. An' yit I dunno but it'd be a good thing if some folks could be tucked out to the woodshed an' brought to see the error of their ways, jes' same as if they was small boys.

Advertisement for Harrow, listing various services and products like "Eleven ed since Last w taking happy the ye fied wi", "I have b year and Custome ever offe", "Hardw Tinwa", "We ha Two Car purchas last year quality d", "Parties bring in and get", "A tin Boi tom, N", "An all for \$2.", "Our Co in the", "W", "IMPLEM", "Our .", "Win", "G", "Consisting of", "CUTTE and ROBES way", "STOVE Cla ing Sto will", "NEW W BELL", "BERLI Sto at p", "WAGON row", "ROOT C cult four", "CHAS. SHOW ROO".