

Wedded and Parted.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Between Two Loves," "A Fatal Wedding," "Which Loved Him Best," "Her Second Love."

(CONTINUED.)

She had promised to be given to the man who held their future in his hands. The lawyer, Mr. Grantley, was coming at the same time, and she had ordered dinner to be ready at seven, wondering, as she did so, how many more dinners she would order at Croombe—wondering what she would do without servants—she whose least wish had ever been obeyed.

She dressed herself with exquisite taste, not to attract the attention or excite the admiration of Mr. Culross—she was incapable of such an idea—but to please her father, the Earl; and never had the proud Lady Ianthe looked more lovely. She wore a simple evening dress of white silk trimmed with green leaves, and a suite of opals, the changeable light of which suited well her bright regal beauty. The masses of brown, rippling hair formed a coronet to the beautiful face. She was imperially fair.

She smiled when she thought of presumptuous Herman Culross, the plebeian, the millionaire, for in the days of his early youth he had dared to raise his eyes to her—had dared to worship her as some bright, far-off star—what was worse, had dared to give that worship voice.

It had happened in this way. As a boy, while the terms of the mortgage were being negotiated, he had been taken to Croombe Abbey; and there, walking with her governess in the park, he had seen Lady Ianthe—seen what he thought was the fairest vision on earth. Boy as he was, he had become almost insane about her. She had glanced at him, only once; she had looked at him, with those calm, serene eyes that took so little interest in anything—looked at him, wondering who he was, and why he was there.

"He is a plebeian," she had said to herself, and had passed on scornfully.

He was only a boy, but that one glance had set his heart on fire. He asked her name, and had lingered in the park, hoping to see her again, and had failed. He had gone home haunted by her, dreaming of her, mad about her; and, when he could bear his dreams no longer, he had poured out his boyish, passionate love in verse—verse that would have brought tears to kindly eyes, it was so full of hope and longing.

After many days he sent it addressed to the Lady Ianthe, Carre, and signed with his name. She was quite a child at the time, even as he was a fair-faced boy, but her anger was terrible. A manufacturer's son, a boy lowly born, a plebeian, to dare to send love verses to her! Lady Ianthe simply tore the closely-written pages in two, and returned them. That was years before—but Lady Ianthe had never forgiven the insult, and Herman Culross had never forgotten his love. Through the years of his boyhood and his youth he had remembered her; he had thought of her as the fairest girl in the world—as his ideal of perfect loveliness. He had said to himself over and over again that he would rather a hundred times love her memory than be loved by any living woman. He hoped to have done something worthy of a name when he should meet Lady Ianthe Carre again.

He was too young at the time to understand anything about business, and when he grew older he spent much time abroad, so that he did not understand his father's affairs. When, at his father's death, the will was read, and he found himself a millionaire, his surprise was great; it was greater still when he found that his father's chief creditor was the Earl of Carre, who owed him ten thousand pounds. If he could have consulted his own wish, he would have let the money remain, but it was not in his power to do so. By the terms of the will the business was to be sold; all moneys lent on mortgages or invested in shares were to be called in; and the whole of the vast capital was to be solely invested according to directions.

The testator, John Culross, wished his son to become a country gentleman—to enter Parliament—to found a family; and it was discovered that Herman would inherit not less than a million of money. The story of his wealth spread until it was known all over England. He had asked if he was compelled to call in the ten thousand pounds. His solicitors said "Yes"—he was compelled to call it in, although he could lend it again the day after if he chose.

Would he so choose? His heart beat, his face flushed hotly—he was to see her again, and this time she would not be able to dismiss him with contempt.

He knew nothing of the Earl's misfortunes, and he did not anticipate any difficulty in getting his money. It was something of a surprise to him when he received a letter from Lord Carre asking if it would not be possible to make any other arrangements, as he had a difficulty in finding the money. Then Herman wrote,

answering to go over to London, and that offer was readily dictated by his longing desire to see Lady Ianthe, not to arrange about the money—he would have given it all for one kind glance from the beautiful eyes that ever haunted him.

He had heard much of Lady Ianthe during the last two years; he knew that she had been one of the leading beauties of the London season. He smiled, too, when he heard that she was called one of the proudest girls in England. He could well believe it, remembering the fate of the verses in which he had told the love of his warm boyish heart. He heard, too, that she was strangely contemptuous about love and lovers—that some of the noblest in the land had sued in vain for a smile from her proud lips—but that, while she was proud and haughty to all the world, to her father she was most loving and devoted.

He had smiled again, saying to himself that a girl who could love and honor her father as Lady Ianthe did must have noble qualities, although perhaps the world did not know them.

Was she one of the proudest girls in England while she stood by the drawing-room fire, her dress slightly raised, her tiny silk slipper resting on the bright fender? She had strikingly aristocratic grace of figure; her every movement, every action, was dignified and harmonious. Her head was thrown back with a proud, graceful gesture peculiar to herself; her white arms were idly crossed, for she was thinking deeply. Her hands were perfect in shape and color; her face was patrician. There was a splendid light in the beautiful eyes—a proud light that yet could soften into tenderness marvellous.

Was she one of the proudest girls in England? Pride was clearly expressed in the patrician face, in the bright eyes, and the pose of the

whole figure. But there are different kinds of pride. She was not vain; she would never have dreamed of exalting herself, of glorifying herself, because of her own perfections. She was not vain of her face—its marvellous beauty was no source of pride, and money would never have made her proud. She looked upon wealth as an accident.

Her pride lay in the undue importance she ascribed to her birth. To be nobly born was everything. She did not consider nobility an accident; in her own mind the aristocracy were a privileged race, set aside for and by a nobility of soul to which no plebeian could ever attain. They were set aside from more common men, not because of wealth, but because high birth, length of pedigree, nobility of race, entitled them to peculiar honors. The doctrine that all men were equal made Lady Ianthe shudder. Perhaps her views might have been a little more just if she had been trained by a sensible mother; but her mother had died while she was still young, and, although she had had tutors and governesses, she had been much alone.

(To be continued.)

Toronto Owns a Paul Peel.

Ex-Mayor Alexander Manning has presented to the city of Toronto a very fine example of the painting of the late Paul Peel. It is a large picture in oils, and has been hung in the City Hall, in the east corridor, near the Council chamber door. The work is entitled, "The Return of the Harvesters," and depicts a Brittany peasant retiring from the fields, in the red glow of the evening, with his wife and child. The latter are seated on the back of a shaggy pony, the child in front, with its head thrown back, laughing into its mother's face. The mother is looking down at the child with a smile that is eloquent of maternal joy and pride. They are crossing a stream, and the father, a fine physical specimen of the rural laborer, is walking beside the horse, up to his knees in water, and he is looking at his wife and child with an expression of great satisfaction. Over his shoulder he carries a fork and rake. The right arm, with which he holds them, is bared to the elbow. It is a masterly piece of painting. The composition of the whole work is fine, the color is rich and glowing, and the technique is of that quality that has made Paul Peel a name highly prized in Canadian art.

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ADDRESS

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	Assets.	Surplus.
1893	\$6,453,309.56	\$229,292.86
1894	6,597,336.30	359,783.12
1895	6,797,391.05	435,113.55
1896	7,039,323.43	507,348.19
1897	7,236,555.75	548,321.09
1898	7,544,227.02	574,224.75
1899	7,991,042.63	576,807.50
1900	8,482,038.00	586,040.24
1901	9,013,082.63	607,932.00
	Premium Income.	Total Income.
1893	\$ 964,201.08	\$1,261,930.51
1874	989,552.73	1,296,145.86
1895	1,040,240.77	1,353,713.38
1896	1,107,779.45	1,421,686.70
1897	1,182,965.15	1,525,630.16
1898	1,278,649.28	1,665,430.85
1899	1,444,862.27	1,833,919.16
1900	1,575,176.25	1,959,882.01
1901	1,735,036.06	2,105,141.94
	Notices of Death.	Amount of Insurance in Force.
1893	\$456,000.	\$35,914,417
1894	452,628	36,312,041
1895	498,969	36,932,148
1896	418,436	38,086,849
1897	604,811	39,943,575
1898	571,316	42,222,364
1899	600,206	46,054,820
1900	594,110	50,191,853
1901	685,472	52,945,044

From the foregoing tables it will be observed that more than two and one-half million dollars have been added to the Assets during the period outlined, that the Premium Income has increased seven hundred seventy thousand dollars, that the surplus to policy holders has increased nearly three-fold and that over seventeen million dollars more insurance is now in force than at the beginning of the term designated.

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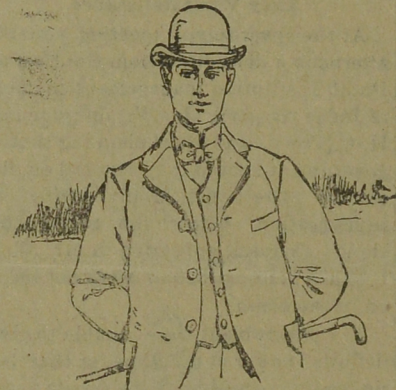
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