



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Glady's Rane and Captain Wynyard were old friends, who had danced together a hundred times before, and would in all probability dance together a hundred times again; there was nothing surprising in it. But any one who saw Lady Laura Wynyard when her eyes first fell on the pair would have thought that something terrible had occurred. Her face grew perfectly white, the color died even from her lips, and her eyes gleamed even with a strange light. She stood watching them in silence for a few seconds, and then passed on. There was nothing unusual in their manner; but it seemed to her as though she had received some deadly wound. Then she tried to laugh herself out of her unpleasant thoughts. There was nothing in it; her husband was merely dancing with an old friend. Yet at that moment Lady Laura's martyrdom began.

The ball was a most brilliant one. Angels seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and she and her mother were surrounded with admirers. Lady Laura looked radiantly beautiful; but, though she laughed and chatted gayly, her blue eyes were restless and wandered continually in search of her husband. She did not quite recover her color, and there was something in her smile that to a close observer would have suggested tears. And for what? When she asked herself that question she was ashamed.

A time came when she found herself near Angela, and she hastened to her.

"Angel," she asked, "where is the Captain? I cannot see him. Is he in the ballroom?"

Angela looked round with innocent, unconscious eyes.

"I do not see him, mamma. Ah, yes, there he is—near the conservatory door with Miss Rane."

"Do not wish to stay here any longer," said Lady Laura. "Do you not think it is time we left? We shall be late for Pembridge."

As plainly as if her mother had spoken them, Angela read her thoughts, read her jealousy and fear.

"I am quite willing to go home," she replied.

"Tell the Captain I want to speak to him, will you, Angela?"

Much against her will, the young girl crossed the room to him. He was so deeply engrossed in conversation that at first he did not notice her; but Gladys saw her and welcomed her kindly.

"Mamma wishes to speak to you, Captain Wynyard," said Angela, with her usual cold formality.

"I am engaged," he replied, brusquely.

Half an hour afterward he made his way to his wife's side.

"We had better go," she said; "we shall be late for Pembridge House."

But he did not care to leave Gladys Rane.

"I find it so pleasant here," he said, turning away, "that, with your permission, I shall stay an hour longer."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not without many a hard struggle that Gladys Rane had compromised with her conscience, and accepted, under the name of friendship, what she well knew to be love.

A few weeks ran pleasantly on. The Captain was careful to do nothing that could arouse his wife's suspicion. He was kind to her in a careless fashion, and she had not the faintest idea that his whole heart was consumed with love for another woman. He was absent from home a great deal, but then he had so many engagements.

One evening, when he had been dancing with Gladys at the house of a friend, and had taken her afterward into the conservatory, she said to him:

"Do you know, Vance, we have not had a ride together for a long time? and, of all things, I enjoyed most a ride with you. I suppose you are always on duty with her ladyship?"

"I will ride with you to-morrow, if you wish it," he answered, eagerly. "It will be a greater pleasure to me than it can be to you."

"I should like it," she said. "But what will Lady Laura say?" she asked.

"Just what she likes. But there will be need to tell her. We will not wait for the fashionable hour; let us go in the early morning. You can manage that, Gladys!"

"I will manage it, whatever the cost," she replied, and she did.

They had a long ride together, and both enjoyed it all the more because it was a stolen pleasure.

But, seeing her husband looking somewhat tired that evening, Lady Laura said to him suddenly:

"Have you been riding to-day, Vance?"

And he answered quickly, "No."

Later that same evening the Captain and his wife attended an "at home" given by one of the leaders of fashion, the Duchess of Everton. Among the guests was an old friend of Lady Laura's, a Mrs. Gilder Langton, a pretty, fashionable woman, who came to her now with a smiling face.

"I have just heard some one say that your ladyship has one of the handsomest husbands in London," she said. "And I am half inclined to believe it is true. I suppose he takes those early rides to preserve his health and beauty?"

"Early rides!" echoed Lady Laura. "I do not see how you can call them early. He rides with the rest of the world."

"It was not noon when I saw him with Miss Rane in the park this morning."

Lady Laura remembered suddenly what her husband had said.

"You are mistaken," she replied; "my husband has not been riding to-day; he told me so."

Mrs. Gilder Langton had not the faintest intention of making mischief, but she did not like to be contradicted, and she knew that she had seen the handsome Captain.

"I assure you that he did ride, and with Miss Rane, too. I saw them both."

"You must have been mistaken; it was Captain Wynyard," said her lady-

ship, and then some friends joined them and the subject dropped.

Lady Laura, however, did not forget it. When they were in the drawing-room at home, the Captain recruiting exhausted nature with its favorite remedy, brandy and seltzer, Lady Laura looking beautiful and stately in her rich velvet and diamonds—she said to him:

"Vance, did you ride this morning?"
Again he answered, "No."
"I knew you did not!" she cried. "Mrs. Gilder Langton told me she met you and Miss Rane."

Lady Laura could not help seeing how hotly his face flushed, and how fierce was the gleam that came into his eyes.

If he had laughed good-naturedly, she would have forgotten all about the incident, but his anger made her suspicious, and she resolved to find out the truth for herself. After a few words with Mrs. Gilder Langton, she knew that her husband had been out riding with Gladys Rane and had kept the matter secret from her. It was the secrecy that distressed her. Why had her husband sought to keep the truth from her? From that hour her suspicions and her jealousy were awakened, and she did what she had not done before—she watched her husband and Gladys Rane—watched them, and, in so doing, almost broke her heart. She told herself that she had been blind and credulous—that she had been asleep; for who that saw them together could doubt that her husband loved Gladys Rane? She noticed her frequently, the dances with her, how often, with the dances were ended, she disappeared with her into conservatories or private retreats. She saw the delight in his face when he met her. Slowly she realized the fact, and she remembered with something like terror, Angel's words, "He will marry you for your money, but he loves Gladys Rane."

A horrible fear took possession of her. Suppose that those words were true—that he did love another? The very thought made her heart sink within her. He was the idol of her life; all the brightness and warmth of her existence came from him; and if he cared for some one else, there was an end to her happiness. She could never live and know that his love was given to another.

Nowadays, the "trials" occupy only a few hours; the lord probationer is invariably found qualified, and is at once transformed from an "apprentice" to a regular senator of the college of justice. All Scotch judges are entitled to be called "lord," but that does not confer on their wives the title of "lady," and this, in some instances, where the judge has taken a territorial title, is given rise to some misconception. It is said that a certain lord of sessions, who bore one of these territorial titles, accompanied by his wife, visited a south coast watering place, and inscribed his and his wife's names in the hotel book as "Lord X. and Mrs. Y." This brought the landlord upon the scene at once. "Beg your pardon, my lord," said he, "I fear you must find accommodations elsewhere; this is a respectable house." The use of these territorial designations was much more common in former days than now. Boswell's father, it may be remembered, was Lord Auchinleck. The practice, indeed, seemed to be dying out, when the old custom was recently resuscitated by Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Glong, who occupy seats on the bench with the titles of Lord Kykachy and Lord Khaikachy respectively—Westminster Gazette.

A Holy Fair at Allahabad.
At Allahabad, in the northwest provinces of India, a religious fair is held periodically on the dry part of the bed of the Ganges, to which natives of all castes and from all parts of India travel in order, by bathing in the sacred river, to obtain release from sins or to cure disease. Thousands upon thousands of Hindus make this long and weary pilgrimage, and during the height of this gathering the city teems with natives of all conditions. Some make a vow to measure the whole journey of their pilgrimage, hundreds of miles, perhaps, by the length of their bodies. This they effect by lying flat on the ground, marking a mark where their head comes, rising and toeling this mark, and then lying down again, and so on until they arrive at their destination.

Others carry weights, others gall their flesh with chains. Indeed, the means adopted for self-mortification are countless. The bathing is conducted on remarkable lines. The sacred river itself is by no means inviting. Within a few yards of the devotees who are drinking of the holy stream or bathing in it, vultures may be seen preying on human corpses that float down. Yet this very water is taken away by men in various vessels suspended from long poles decorated with tiny flags, and sold far away up country at many annas, and even rupees, for a single drop, so deep and strong is the Hindu's faith in the water of the sacred river.

Concagua, the highest peak on the Western hemisphere, is to be attempted again this fall by Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, who explored the New Zealand Alps. If he succeeds in getting to the top, which is 23,200 feet above sea level, he will beat the highest mountain-climbing record. Sir W. M. Conway's 22,600 feet ascent of Pioneer Peak in the Himalayas. Dr. Gussfeld has tried Concagua, but got into trouble with his guides and had to turn back two thousand feet from the summit. Mr. Fitzgerald will have in his party the Swiss guide Zurbriggen, who accompanied him in New Zealand and was with Conway in the Himalayas.

Elizabeth, in her old age, had a red nose and was very much ashamed of it. One of her maid's honor has left a very curious account of the scrupulous care with which the queen's nose was painted and powdered before any public appearance.

Nere was near-sighted. He had a transparent gem which enabled him to watch the sports of the gladiators. It was believed to have a magic property, but is now supposed to have been an accidental lens.

"Mr. Darwin was of our party and although unaccompanied by any lady, he was very entertaining, attentive and

ALL RIGHT IN THE END.

Your heart is bowed with a transient grief.
Your eyes are misty with tears;
There's a sorrow deep and there's no relief.
Ahead in the maze of years.
It seems to you as you are weak to-day,
Yet sorrow may be your friend;
So keep up your courage a while and pray.
Twill come out right in the end.

There never was day so dark and drear.
But that, ere the sands had run,
The clouds would shift and the heavens clear.
To the smiling face of the sun.
There never was cruel star or blow
Inflicted by foe or friend.
But there was a balm, God willed it so.
Twill come out right in the end.

There never was love so cruelly wronged.
Or throttled by vengeful lies,
But time attoned for the joys you longed,
And love that was crushed would rise.
O, heart, rise up from the slough's deep sand,
Your faith must not swerve or bend;
Let hope be plained above and beyond—
Twill come out right in the end.

—Roy Farrell Greene.

JUDGES IN SCOTLAND.

Qualifications of a Judge in Scotland.

By an old act of the Scottish parliament the qualifications of a judge in Scotland are qualitatively set out. He is to be "a man that fears God, of gude literature, practic, judgment and understanding of the lawes, of gude fame, havand sufficient living of his aln, and wha can make good expedition and dispatch of matters touching the lieges of the realm," and by a later statute the judge is to be at least 25 years of age. By the act of union writers to the signet of a certain standing are eligible for seats on the bench, as well as members of the faculty of advocates who have always managed to retain the honor for themselves.

The most curious circumstance connected with a new appointment is the probationary trials; the nominee has to go through to show whether he is a fit and proper person. By an old rule of court he was required to sit three days with one of the puisnes, and report on cases heard by him there to the inner house, i. e., the court of appeals, and then sit for one day in the inner house and give his opinion on the cases debated there. In one old case the court rejected a nomine as not being duly qualified, and in another instance they claimed to exercise the same power, which led to the passing of an act which provided that, even if the presentee is reported not to be qualified, the crown may insist on his admission.

Nowadays, the "trials" occupy only a few hours; the lord probationer is invariably found qualified, and is at once transformed from an "apprentice" to a regular senator of the college of justice. All Scotch judges are entitled to be called "lord," but that does not confer on their wives the title of "lady," and this, in some instances, where the judge has taken a territorial title, is given rise to some misconception.

That is the question that I, as speaker for a party of petticoated speakers, put to Mrs. Louise Darwin, the petticoat wife of an honest, upright, very plain, not overeducated, independent farmer, to whom she had been eighteen months married, and whom she loved with her whole heart; while Denton Darwin worshipped her as the devout Persian does his sun-deity.

"Don't you know, we went over the dam together?" was the laconic answer I received in behalf of myself and inquisitive clients; which answer made us only the more clamorous for details, and so we besieged the somewhat reticent Louise in masse, threatening her with suffocation by hugging—all of us right around her neck, unless she surrendered at discretion, and afforded us the information demanded.

"O, yes; most of us remember your going over the dam in company with your husband that is now. But then that was two and a half years ago, and we have never quite determined how that simple circumstance could have so entirely revolutionized Louise Crofton's matrimonial ideas."

"I am well aware how widely you all guessed of the truth in discussing the incident and its results. But as I always argued it was really the business of no one except myself and the man who is now my husband, I know of no reason why you should not be permitted to guess on to your heart's content, without my volunteering an explanation."

"Now, Lou, you're a tyrant, and a barbarian, to snub us in this manner. We only wanted to—"

"Ah, yes, girls—I understand. You only wanted to add a few more meshes to your man-catching nets. Well, you shall be gratified; not that I approve of dimity man-traps; but that one or two of you are in need of an illustrated argument, and perhaps all of you 1

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