THE POET'S SACRIFICE: A CHAP. TER OF THE HEART.*

TER OF THE REARI.

[The Poet Goldsmith loves Mary Horneck, a young and beautiful London woman of fashion; but being twice her age, unattractive, and without means, he feels the unsuitableness and hopelessness of his attachment, and remains outwardly only the family friend. Mary, her self, has divined his feeling, and in gratitude at her delivery, through Goldsmith's aid from a perilous though innocent entanglement into which her youth, inexperience and warm heart had led her, she has been almost ready to reward his devotion with the bestowal of her hand and affection if not her love. With heroic unselfishness, in this Goldsmith again saves her from herself; and with even greater and more unselfish love, he has now come to the country home of Mrs. Burbury, Mary's sister, where she is visiting, to plead the cause of Captain Gwyn, the suitor for her hand most favored by her mother, at whose instance, indeed, Goldsmith has consented to try his influence in persuading her to make a suitable life-settlement.]

The opportunity for making an attempt in this direction occured on the afternoon of the fourth day of his visit. He found himself alone with Mary in the still-room. She had just put on an apron in order to put new covers on the jars of preserved walnuts. As she stood in the middle of the many scented room, surrounded by bottles of distilled waters and jars of preserved fruits and great Worcester bowls of pot pourri, with bundles of sweet herbs and drying lavenders arounded from the calling Charles.

sweet herbs and drying lavenders suspended from the ceiling, Charles Bunbury, passing along the corridor with his dogs, glanced in.

"What a house wife we have become?" he cried. Quite right, my dear; the head of the Gwyn household will need to be deft."

Mary laughed, throwing a sprig of thyme at him, and Oliver spoke be-fore the dog's paws sounded on the pol-ished oak of the stair case.

"I am afraid, my Jessamy Bride," said he "that I do not enter into the spirit of this jest about Colonel Gwyn o heartly as your sister or her hus-

"'Tis foolish on their part," said she. "But Little Comedy is ever on the watch for a subject for her jests, and Charles is an active abetter of her in her folly. This particular jest is, I think, a trifle threadbare by now."

"Colonel Gwyn is a gentleman who deserves the respect of every one," said he. "Indeed, I agree with you," she cried. I agree with you heartily. I

do not know a man whom I respect more highly. Had I not every right to feel flattered by his attention?" "No-no; you have no reason to feel flattered by the attention of any man, from the Prince down-or should

I say up?" he replied.
"'Twould be treason to say so," she
laughed. "Well, let poor Colonel
Gwyn be. What a pity 'tis, Sir Isaac Newton did not discover a new way of treating walnuts for pickling? That discovery would have been more valuable to us than his theory of gravita-tion, which, I hold, never saved a poor

woman a day's work."
"I do not want to let Colonel Gwyne be," said he, quietly. "On the contrary, I came down here specially to

"Ah, I perceive that you have been speaking with my mother," said she, continuing her work.
"Mary, dear, I have been thinking

about you very earnestly of late," said

"Only of late," she cried. "Ah, I flattered myself that I had some of your

"My sweet Jessamy Bride," said he, "I have thought of your future with great uneasiness of heart. I feel toward you as—as—perhaps a father might feel, or an elder brother. My happiness in the future is dependent upon yours, and, alas! I fear for you; the world is full of snares."

"I know that," she quietly said. "Ah, you know that I have had some experience of the snares. If you had not come to my help what shame would "Dear child, there was no blame to

be attached to you in that painful affair," said he. "It was your tender heart that led you astray at first, and thank God you have the same good heart in your bosom. But alas! 'tis just the tenderness of your heart that makes me fear for you.'

"Nay; it can become as steel upon occasions," said she. "Did not I send Colonel Gwyn away from me?"

"You were wrong to do so, my Mary," he said. "Colonel Gwyn is a good man—he is a man with whom your future would be sure. He would be able to shelter you from all dangers -from the dangers into which your own heart may lead you again, as it led you before.

"You must have come here to plead the cause of Colonel Gwyn?" she said.
"Yes," he replied. "I believe him
to be a good man. I believe that as
his wife you would be safe from all the dangers which surround such a girl as

you in the world." 'Ah! my dear friend," she cried. "I have seen enough of the world to know that a woman is not sheltered from the dangers of the world from the

day she marries. Nay, is it not often the case that the dangers only begin to beset her on that day?" "Often-often. But it would not be so with you, dear child-at least,

not if you marry Colonel Gwyn." "Even if I do not love him? Ah I fear that you have become a worldly man all at once, Dr. Goldsmith. You counsel a poor, standpoint of her match making

"Nay, God knows, my sweet Mary, A selected reading from "The Jessamy do not l Bride," by F. Frankfort Moore. Herbert S. Stone & Co., publishers.

what it costs me to speak to you in this of you always as I think of you now—bound to no man—the dearest of all my friends. I know it would be impossible for me to occur, the second of the composition of th way. God knows how much sweeter it would be for me to be able to think position as I now do in regard to you if you were married. Ah! I have seen that there is no more potent divid-

"And yet you urge upon me to marry Colonel Gwyn?" "Yes-yes-I say I do think it would mean the assurance of youryour happiness—yes, happiness in the

er of friendship than marilage.

future. "Surely no man ever had so good a heart as you!" she cried. "You are ready to sacrifice yourself-I mean you are ready to forego all the pleasure which our meeting, as we have been in the habit of meeting for the past four years, gives you, for the sake of seeing me on the way to happiness - or

what you fancy will be happiness."
"I am ready, my dear child; you know what the sacrifice means to me." "I do," she said after a pause. do, because I know what it would mean to me. But you shall not be called to

make that sacrifice. I will not marry "Nay-nay-do not speak so defin-

"Nay—nay—do not speak so dennitely," he said.
"I will speak definitely," she cried.
"Yes, the time is come for me to speak definitely. I might agree to marry Colonel Gwyn in the hope of being happy if I did not love some one else; but loving some one else with else; but loving some one else with all my heart, I dare not—oh! I dare not even entertain the thought of marrying Colonel Gwynn.'

"You love some one else?" he said slowly, wonderingly. For a moment there went through his mind the though:

"Her heart has led her astray once again. "I love someone else with all my heart and all my strength," she cried;
"I love some one who is worthy of all

the love of the best that lives in the said she. "You know that our world. I love one who is cruel enough mother has had her heart set upon my to wish to turn me away from his heart, though that heart of his has known the secret of mine for long. Now he knew what she meant. He put his hands together before her, say.

ing in a hushed voice:

"Ah, child-child-spare me that pain—let me go from you."
"Not till you hear me," she said.
"Ah, can not you perceive that I love you—only you, Oliver Goldsmith?"
"Hush—for God's sake!" he cried.

"I will not hush," she said. "I will speak for love's sake-for the sake of that love which I bear you-for the sake of that love which I know you re-

turn."
"Alas—alas!"
"I know it. Is there any shame in such a girl as I am confessing her love for such a man as you? I think that there is none. The shame before heaven would be in my keeping silence -in marrying a man I do not love.
Ah! I have known you as no one else has known you. I have understood your nature—so sweet—so simple—so great—so true. I thought last year when you saved me from worse than death that the feeling which I had for you might perhaps be gratitude; but now I have come to know the truth."

flattered myself that I had some of your thoughts long ago as well."

"I have always thought of you with the truest affection, dear child. But latterly you have never been out of my thoughts."

She ceased her work and looked toward him gratefully—attentively. He left his seat and went to her side.

"My sweat Lessamy Bride," said he, upon him, as he stood before her looking at the floor.

"You do not love me?" she said in a slow whisper. "Will you say those words again with your eyes looking into mine?

"Do not humiliate me further," he aid. "Have some pity upon me."

"No-no; pity is not for me," she said. "If you spoke the truth when you said those words, speak it again now. Tell me again that you do not love me."

"You say you know me," he cried,
"and yet you think it possible that I
could take advantage of this second
mistake that your kind and sympathe tic heart has made for your own un doing. Look there-there-into that glass, and see what a terrible mistake your heart has made."

He pointed to a long, narrow mirror between the windows. It reflected ar exquisite face and figure by the side of a face on which long suffering and struggle, long years of hardship and toil, had left their mark-a figure attenuated by want and ill health.

"Look at that ludicrous contrast, my child," he said, "and you will see what a mistake your heart has made. Have I not heard the jests which have been made when we were walking to gether? Have I not noticed the pain they gave you? Do you think me capable of increasing that pain in the future? Do you think me capable of bringing upon your family, who have been kinder than any living beings to me, the greatest misfortune that could befall them? Nay, nay, my dear child; you can not think that

I could be so base." "I will not think of anything except that I love the man who is best worthy of being loved of all men in the world," said she. "Ah, sir, can not world," said she. "Ah, sir, can not you perceive that your attitude toward me now but strengthens my affection for you?"

"Mary-Mary-this is madness!"
"Listen to me," said she. "I feel that you return my affection; but I will put you to the test. If you can look into my face and tell me that you love shall live until I go to him."
do not love me. I will marry Colonel "My poor child!" said her sister. do not love me, I will marry Colonel

said:
"Have I not spoken once? Why "Not until you answer me—not un-til I have proved you. Look into my eyes, O.iver Goldsmith, and speak those words to me that you spoke just

now."
"Ah, dear child-"

"Ah, dear child—"
"You cannot speak those words."
There was another long silence.
He lifted up his bead. His lips
moved. He put out a nard to her a little way, but with a moan he drew it Then he looked into her eyes, back. and said slowly:

It is the truth. I do not love you

with the heart of a lover. "That is enough. Leave me! My heart is broken!"

her face with her hand.

He looked at her for a moment; He looked at her for a moment: know that while you live your fondest then, with a cry of agony, he went out reflection will be that the thought

of the room-out of the house. the high road, there was not much of the exaltation of a man who knows

that he has overcame an unworthy

impulse.

When he did not return toward night, Charles Bunbury and his wife became alarmed. He had only taken his hat and cloak from the hall as he went out; he had left no line to tell them that he did not mean to re-

turn Bunbury questioned Mary about him. Had he not been with her in the still room? he inquired.

She told him the truth - as much of the truth as she could tell.

"I am afraid that his running away was due to me," she said. "If so, I shall never forgive myself." "What can be your meaning, my dear?" he inquired. "I thought that you and he had always been the closest

friends. "If we had not been such friends we should never have quarrelled, said she. "You know that our acceptance of Colonel Gwyn. Well, she went to see Goldsmith at his cottage, and begged of him to come to me with a view of inducing me to accept

the proposal of Colonel Gwyn. "I heard nothing of that," said he. with a lock of astonishment. "And so I suppose when he began to be urgent in his pleading you got an-noyed and said something that offended

She held down her head.

"You should be ashamed of your-self," said he. "Have you not seen long ago that that man is no more

for my harshness.

for my harshness."
"That will not bring him back,"
said her brother in-law. "Oh it is always the best of friends who part in
this fashion."
"Iname McKinley on the tombstone. She
read the epitaph of one which was:
"Here lie the remains of Francis
McKinley, who departed this life on
the 7th of July, 1798, aged forty-two Two days afterward he told his wife

that he was going to London. He had so sincere an attachment for Gold smith, his wife knew very well that he felt this sudden departure of his very deeply, and that he would try and in-duce him to return. But when Bunbury came back after

the lapse of a couple of days, he came back alone. His wife met him in the chaise when the coach came up. His face was very grave.

"I saw the poor fellow," he said.
"I found him at his chambers in Brick
Court. He is very ill indeed."
"What, too ill to be moved?" she

He shook his head. Far too ill to be moved," he said.

"I never saw a man in worse condition. He declared, however, that he had often had as severe attacks before now, and that he has no doubt he will recover. He sent his love to you and to Mary. He hopes you will forgive him for his rudeness, he says."

" His rudeness! his rudeness!" said Katherine, her eyes streaming with tears.

"Oh, my poor friend - my poor

friend. The doctor who was in attendance on him had promised to write if he thought it advisable for him to have a change to the country. The next morning the two sisters were sitting together when the postboy's horn sounded. They started up simultaneously, awaiting a letter from the doctor.

No letter arrievd, only a narrow parcel, clumsily sealed, addressed to Miss Horneck in a strange hand-writ-

When she had broken the seals she gave a cry, for the packet contained sheet after sheet in Goldsmith's hand ns addressed to her - the love songs which his heart had been singing to her through the long, hopeless years.
She glanced at one, then at another, and another, with beating heart.

She started up, crying:"Ah! I knew it, I knew it! He loves me-he loves me as I love himoaly his love is deep, while mine was shallow! Oh, my dear love—he loves me, and now he is dying! Ah! I know that he is dying, or he would not have sent me these; he would have sacrificed himself-nay, he has sacrificed himself-for me!'

She threw herself on a sofa and buried her face in her hands. "My dear-dear sister," said Katherine, "is it possible that you-

you-"
"That I loved him, do you ask?"
"Yes cried Mary, raising her head. "Yes, I loved him-I love him still-I shall never love any one else, and I am going to him to tell him so. Ah! God will be good-God will be good. My

"I could never have guessed your

There was another pause before he secret. Come away. We will go to him

together."
They left by the c ach that day, and early the next morning they went to-gether to Brick Court. A woman weeping met them at the foot of the stairs. They recognized

Mrs. Abington.
"Do not tell me that I am too late for God's sake say that he still lives !

cried Mary. The actress took her handkerchief from her eyes.

She did not speak. She did not even shake her head. She only looked at the girl, and the girl understood.
"He is dead!" she cried, "But.

thank God, he did not die without knowing that one woman in the world loved him truly for his own sake." "That is enough. Leave me! My heart is broken!"
Sne fell into a chair, and covered that a man can have going into the Presence, "said Mrs. Abington. "Ah, my child, I am a wicked woman, but I

of the room—out of the house.

In his heart, as he wandered on to be bigh road, there was not much of the exaltation of a man who knows him—a man of such sweet simplicity that every word he spoke came from his heart. Let others talk about his works; you and I love the man, for we know that he was greater and not less than those works. And now he is in the presence of God, telling the Son, who on earth was born of a woman, that he had all a woman's

> Mary put her arm about the neck of the actress, and kissed her.

She went with her sister among the weeping men and women-he had been a friend to all-up the stairs and into the darkened room. She threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

McKINLEY'S ANCESTORS.

Sonvenirs of Their Birthplace in Ireand Presented to the U. S. President.
A young woman arrived from Ireland a few days ago and called on President McKinley to present to him the genealogical tree of the McKinleys to generally the general of the model. of Conagher from which family the President is descended. She also gave to him an old horse shoe and a piece of

peat from the old McKinley homestead.
The young woman is Miss Martha
Craig. She comes to America to tell
Americans the picturesqueness of Ireland and the habits of the Irish people.

M'KINLEY'S ANCESTORS.

It was by mere chance that she ran across the history of President Mc Kinley's ancestors. She had learned Kinley's ancestors She had learned the name of McKinley when he was elected President. About eighteen months ago Miss Craig took a trip months ago Miss Craig took a trip assing attracted to than a child in simplicity?"

"I am ashamed of myself," said she. "I shall never forgive myself for my harshness."

through Ireland. While passing through Conagher she was attracted to an old cemetery, where she saw the name McKinley on the tombstone. She

> years." The inscription of the other stones

"Here lies the body of Francis Mc Kinley, late of Conagher, who departed this life June 24, 1798, aged forty two years; also the body of his daughter, Elizabeth, who departed this life March 31, 1803, aged 6 years; also his wife, Anna McKinley, who departed this life April, 1810."

THE PRESIDENT'S FATHER. What seems strange on reading the above is that the stones assign different dates for McKinley's death. terence to an old Coleraine directory does not help out of this difficulty. Francis McKinley married Anna Hill of Alteranan, near Bally Castle. Two sons and five daughters were born to him. John lived on the farm until grown, and then came to America to oin an uncle who had come to this country several years before. The name of this uncle is not given, but he was the father of William McKinley the President's father. Francis the second son, then came into possession of the farm and held it until 1838, when he sold it and followed his broth-

er to this country. He was the last of the McKinleys in Conagher. It has generally been thought that President McKinley is the grandson of Francis McKinley, who was hanged as a patriot. Miss Craig's investigation proves that this could not have been the case and that the uncle of Francis McKinley, who came to America before any of the other Mc-Kinleys had left Ireland, was the grandfather of the President. will be seen to be correct when it is borne in mind that Francis McKinley had but two sons, John and Francis, whereas the father of the President was named William.

President McKinley, it is said, is much interested in Miss Craig's dis-



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Torder for Improvements at Upper Entrance of Cornwall Canal and River Reaches" will be received at this Office until 16 of clock on Saturday, the 30th day of April, 1898, for the Saturday, the 30th day of April, 1898, for the Saturday, the 30th day of April, 1898, for the Cornwall Canal and the widening, straightening and deepening of the Upper Entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the River Reaches between Cornwall and Colean Landing. Plans and after the 18th day of April, 1898, at the files of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Kallways and Canals, Ottswa, and at the Engineer's Office at Cornwall. Printed forms of Tender can also be obtained at the places mentioned.

the Engineer's Office at Cornwan. Primed forms of Tender can also be obtained at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and curther, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$17,000 must accompany the tender. This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canais, and will be forfeited if the party tendering deethes entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted bank cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Contractors are specially not fied that the condition requiring the works to be wholly completed by the 30th day of November, A. D., 1898, will be rigidly enforced and all penalties for delay enacted.

By order,

L. K. JONES

delay enacted.

By order,
L. K. JONES
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals... Ottawa, 6th April, 1898.

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