Up from the sea the wild north wind in blowing Under the sky's gray arch;

Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing

It is the wind of March. The stormy farewell of a passing season, Leaving, however rude

Or sad in painful recollection, reason

For reverent gratitude. Welcome to weary hearts its harsh forewarning

Of light and warmth to come, The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter morn

The earth arisen in bloom!

In the loud tumult Winter's strength is breaking; I listen to the sound, As to a voice of resurrection, waking

To life the dead, cold ground.

With the fresh leaves of May.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse hearken Of rivulets on their way : I see these tossed and naked tree-tops darken

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and Invite the airs of spring,

A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering, The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow This northern hurricane, And, borne thereon, the bobolink and

swallow Shall visit us again. And in green wood-paths, in the kine-fed

And by the whispering rills, Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master Taught on His Syrian hills. Blow, then, wild wind! thy roar shall end

in singing, Thy chill in blossoming; Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel bringing

The healing of the spring!

## SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY. PART II. CONTINUED. CHAPTER I.

IN THE BUNGALOW. See him now, on this bright evening in uncorking two or three bottles of prime wine, which he has just brought up from the cellar, in honor of the arrival on a visit of his old comrade, Captain Norman. See him now with his bright eyes, his trim moustache, his long brown thoroughbred hands, well cut light grey suit, neat boots and unmistakable air of ease; and you will acknowledge that there is no better looking fifty-year-old to be found

in the country. "Well, Cooke," he says, as his tall, strapping, red-haired soldier servant ap-

everything he wanted upstairs?" "Yes, sir." said the man "the Captain wants to know whether it is full dress tonight, sir, or not?"

"Full dress?" echoes Cleethorpe, laughing. "Of course not; tell him there are no ladies, and that he and I will be alone at dinner, and that he can put on his shooting jacket and slippers, or whatever he feels most comfortable in." "Right, sir," replies Cook and away he

"Jack will be glad of that," thinks Captain Cleethorpe to himself when he is alone again; "evening dress must be as bad as a suit of armour to him now. What an enormous size he has grown! But he

have known him." Further meditation is put an end to by the entrance of Captain Norman. As his old comrade had remarked, the Captain had grown enormously stout. Looking at | handsome thing, Cleethorpe, and outrag his double chin and slow, ponderous gait, | ing the laws of nature and three-volume one could scarcely recognize in him the novels." handsome light dragoon who made so favorable an impression when told off on field day at Aldershot, won the hand and after."

prepared for them.

see some friends off at Southampton."

home with me from India." with India, I should think, Cleethorpe," portunity for scandal. said Captain Norman, stretching himself "Hem," said Captain Norman; my ex-

lazily. "You call your house the Bun- perience of women is, that when they who has been much out there, never en- to say something disagreeable about. By tirely rids himself from its associations, the way, what became of Sir Geoffry's more especially if his lines of life be cast son, after the row with that great hulk- ed odly enough, first by a flight of crooked

in such a place as this. Here we have a | ing brute whose name I forget?" perfect eastern colony, eat Anglo-Indian | "No one ever heard anything about for our daily times."

most of them. I should say."

have heard me speak." fellow who was in our regiment, and who him, the lad seemed to have plenty of fever of expectation, gone that restless, had a row in the billiard room, you re- pluck."

collect?" "I recollect! I should think I did." dure his solitary life any longer, had sold | wondering what had become of him." his place in the country, and knowing "Taken the queen's shilling, perhaps," So far, at least, Philip Vane had kept that there were sure to be many of his said Norman, "or gone out to Australia." his word. Whether by design or accident, you are a father! Nutte - Can't you? old comrades about here, had bought a "No," said Cleethorpe, reflectively; most probably the latter (for neither in Come around and spend the night with lovely little box within two miles of this, "he struck me as more likely to fall on the telegraph clerk, nor in the governess, me. where old General Chowder died a month | his feet in a better way than that. He | leading a peaceful hum-drum life with ago. Goole asks me to call upon Sir Geof- was the sort of lad that people would her little charge, would he have ever fry, and do the civil to him, but, beyond take a fancy to, scarcely knowing why dreamt of looking for the popular actress) that, he intrusts me with a commission; | they did so."

he wants me to get him a housekeeper."

"Not he; from my recollection of what

And do you know any nice motherly old woman whom you could recommend letting the tradespeople rob him?" Cleethorpe looked at his friend in ad-

veloped you amazingly in every way, be haunted by a face?". Jack!" he said. "I certainly do know a but who is decidedly nice, and whom I | my time." thought of recommending to Sir Geoffry,

"Maid, wife or widow?" consequent upon the fatigues of nursing

him in his last illness, so I undeastood, was too much for her; she fell ill herself | you mean." and would have died had it not been for nursed by a young sister, who accompanied her, and the kindness which she received from our parson and his wife." "And his wife!" echoed Captain Nor-

plain, I take it." "Another observation springing from

Pickering is a remarkably handsome to her in her illness?"

"Not merely that. During this illness they discovered that she was miserably

"Poor creatures, how very creditable!"

his glass of curacoa. "Well, our parson-Drage his name is, singular ability that, when an important vacancy occurred in the head office in London, they offered her the berth, and good, and they found a respectable person for her to live with, Mrs. Pickering year ago the girl went to town, and there

And what became of Mrs. Pickering?" "Well, just before that, Mrs. Drage was borough, and his real name is George taken ill and died, and on her death bed | Heriot." she spoke to Mrs. Pickering, who had atpears at the door, "has the Captain got to be a mother to the little girl whom tended her throughout, and implored her she was leaving."

"Ah, ha!" said Captain Norman, which means also to be a wife to the reverend old—what do you call him." "Not at all. The Reverend Onesiphorus who is delicate on his chest, has been away for the last twelve months, yachting with his father in the Mediteranean. and left his flock in charge of his curate. while Mrs. Pickering, relieved of her telegraphic duties, has been living at the rectory, and educating and taking care of

little Bertha." "And when does the parson com back?" asked Captain Norman. /

"Mrs. Pickering expected him the night before last, and cleared out into her old fellow that he has been ever since I "And you propose to make Mrs. Pickering old Heriot's housekeeper?" asked

"Exactly."
"Then you are doing a decidedly un-

"What do you mean?" "Why of course this parson ought to escort duty, and whose good looks and come back full of gratitude and all that splendid horsemanship, when acting as sort of thing, and ought to marry the galloper to the general commanding on a telegraph woman, and live happy ever agitated manner, if she knew the General.

fortune of the lady who was now his wife. "Yes," said Cleethorpe, "perhaps so Dinner concluded, the gentlemen took but then you see, Jack, you don't know their cigars into the garden, where the Mrs. Pickering." table, with coffee, etc., had already been "No, and I don't know the parson, for

the matter of that." "That's about the pattern to suit you, | "You will have that felictity presently Jack," said Cleethorpe, pointing to an for I asked him to come up here this enormous bamboo seat, half chair, half evening to hear about my proposition. sofa; "put your manly form into that, No, Drage is not a young man, nor scarcely what you would call a lady killer, but he "Right you are," said Captain Norman, is young enough to set the world talking with a comely house-keeper who will do following his friend's advice. "I have if such a woman as Mrs. Pickering were seen one of these machines before, on to become his house-keeper; whereas, board a P. and O. boat, when I went to with such a tough old bamboo cane as Sir Geoffry Heriot, the veriest Mrs.

"Yes," said Cleethorpe; "I brought it Grundy in Springside, and there are some good specimens of the breed amongst "You must have pleasant associations | them, I can tell you, could find no op-

give their minds to it, there is nobody "Well, yes," said Cleethorpe; "a man and nothing that they could not contrive

dishes, and look out for our fortnightly him," said Cleethorpe. "I have asked tain Cleethorpe had so much to say, and batch of the Calcutta Englishman than Goole more than once, but could no tid- who has erst been known to the readers ings of the lad. He told me that he re-"Ah," said Norman, with a yawn, ceived a polite but formal acknowledg-"rather dull, isn't it? Dreary old birds | ment of a letter, which he thought it his "Well, they would not be lively to and that when once, on the first occasion rest and ease, the freedom from profess you," said Cleethorpe, laughing, "while of their meeting afterwards, he was be- ional annoyances and private worry, the just in the same way your county mag- ginning to allude to the circumstances, soft, bright, health-giving atmosphere, nates, with their airs, and your bucolic the old man stopped him by saying, 'I have had their invariably good effect, friends, with their dissertations on man- have no son now, sir; you will oblige me and her cheek is plumper, her eyes bright golds and swedes, would be insupportable by never mentioning his name again.' er, her figure more erect, and her footstep to me However, we are likely to have a Goole and Sir Geoffrey have met several more light, than they have been since pleasant addition to our set; a charming times since then, and are, I believe rather the days of her childhood. When she place in this neighborhood has just been | intimate, as indeed, this letter proves, but | rose convalescent from the illness which | ight by a man whom you know, I | the subject has never been touched upon | a

think; or, at all events, of whom you by either of them."

"I think of him very often, always when to await, with trembling anxiety, the "Well; I had a letter from Goole, our his father is named; this letter brought caprices of a man, who, while his affectcolonel, you know, yesterday morning, all the circumstances fresh into my mind, ion for her had departed, still possessed telling me that Sir Geoffry, unable to en- and only yesterday morning I was the right of disposing of her time and ice floe."

"By Jove!" interrupted Captain Nor- Nor was Madge's tranquil life clouded by

"So had I, very nearly," said Captain animated her during that brief season, Goole told me of his married life, he has Cleethorpe, moving out of the way of when, stung by Philip's scorn, and touchacted on the 'once bit, twice shy' prin- some dripping coffee, "and hot too; but ed by Gerald's devotion, she had hesiwhat is it that you have got, Jack?"

"An idea," said Captain Norman.

"Keep it, book it, and register it at convalescent, and knew she was herself to look after the General's socks, make once as 'Norman's patent,' or no one will once again. Closely shutting out from his jams, and rob him herself, instead of ever believe you came by it honestly," | mental retrospection any thought of ocsaid Cleethorpe. "Don't you be funny, but listen," said a part, she yet longed occasionally to linmiration. "Certainly marriage has de- his friend. "Do you know what it is to ger over the momory of her final inter-

"I did, said Cleethorpe, half sadly. tails of that night of agony, when she relady who is neither old nor motherly, "I have been haunted by a good many in nounced all hope of ever being anything

"Ay, those were women's," said Nor- For by that renunciation she had done though I doubt whether she could fulfil man; "but I don't mean that, nor in her duty, and was she not now reaping all the functions which you have named." that way. Do you know what it is to see her reward? No trace of that passion "And who is she—a protege of yours?" a face which you recognize at once as which, as she acknowledged to herself "No, indeed, I know comparatively being familiar to you, but to which you she had entertained for him during those cannot put a name; which you have seen | agonizing hours of doubt, new remained "A widow of the name of Pickering; in real life or in a dream; which perher husband had held a very inferior petually rises before you, always in the and regard, so pure that the whole world nourishment Send for Perophilet. I Plan. position in some government office, I same unsatisfactory manner; the identity might have known of it! She should beleve, and when she came here after his of which it is impossible to discover, like to see him, she should like to see his death, some three years ago, she had an while the more you try to link it with a wife, for he must have a wife by this idea of seeking employment as a nursery personality the more vague do your time, Madge thought; she would like

governess, or companion to a lady, or | thoughts grow, and the more dispirited | him to think well of her, as an old friend, something of that kind. But the reaction | are you as to your chances of succes?" "Yes," said Cleethorpe. "You have a

house I noticed a young man, whose face is a luxuriant as ever. and manner seemed somehow familiar her adoption of him was only one of her Having gleaned thus much from an old

fellow who used to dine at the next table have to remind me of him is this." Onesiphorus Drage, queer name isn't it?; to me at the 'Rag," and who seemed to is the son of a man who is a great gun in know everything about everybody in the city, director of banks and all sorts of town, I went from the staircase, where I things, and, amongst others, of one of the had carried on the pumping process, back have them put into the telegraph office he caught me looking at him, started, nger one, who showed such the same result. He shunned me, Sir, cures Diarrhea, regulates the him. During the whole of that time, and very frequently since, I have enhad seen that young man before, and world. made no further objection, and about a who he was. As you spoke, it suddenly flashed upon me, and I have not the smallest doubt about it. The place where

> I last saw him was the inn at Cheese-"Singular," said Captain Cleethorpe, when his companion had finished speaking, "very singular indeed. You are not generally very clear in these matters. Jack, but your reasoning convinces me that in the present instance you must be right. Do you imagine the boy recog-

> nised you?" "Now I think it over I have not a doubt of it, though I cannot understand how I failed to recognise him. He has just that same cheeky kind of way that he had when he told me that it would be good for my health if he were my player at pool, and that he would give me plenty of exercise in walking after my ball."

"Do you imagine that his father knows of his position?" "I have no means of judging, but I should say decidedly not."

"Did you ever get anything out of the old lady, Mrs. Entwistle?" "What do you mean - money?"

"No, no," said Cleethorpe, laughing; 'any information about the lad?" "No, I didn't myself, but now I recollect perfectly that Lou, that's my wife, ing and curative powers are possessed by told me on one occasion when she was having luncheon with the old lady alone, she happened to mentisn Sir Geoffry Her iot's name, that Mrs. Entwistle turned as and told me of it when she came home." | go!" "Mrs. Norman is a woman of great cuteness, I am sure," said Cleethorpe 'and it is a curious business altogether. However, since the old General is left solitary, and likely to remain so, the greater reason that he should be provided her duty by him without ultimate designs on his person or his purse. Mrs. Pickering is exactly the lady for the situation, and no possible objection can be made by anybody to her undertaking it, unless

"The Reverend Mr. Drage, sir," said Cooke, appearing at the master's elbow.

CHAPTER II.

In an old-fashioned terrace of high thoroughfares of Springside, and approachsteps, and then by a narrow winding path, dwelt Mrs. Pickering, of whom Cap-

of this story as Madge Pierrepoint. In the three years which have elapsed since we last caught sight of her, she has duty to write to Sir Geoffry after the row, | materially improved in appearance. The side, Madge felt that a vast amount of "It was a queer business that funking not merely bodily, but mental disorder, of his, and one which I could never which had long been hanging around "Sir Geoffrey; the father of that young understand, for, from the little I saw of hor, had passed away. Gone was that unsatisfied longing. No longer had she 6 "He was a nice boy," said Cleethorpe. to dread the arrival of bad news, no longer

talent to suit his own purpose.

he had never crossed her path. "A housekeeper!" echoed Norman, laz- man, striking his fist upon the table with a doubt as to the wisdom of her conduct you when you came in last night. Husily. "Then the old boy has never marsuch violence as to make the cups and ried again."

such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

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such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

such violence as to make the cups and ried again."

the cream of Cod-lever Oil, with

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Loss of Flosh, Emaciation. Weak Dablos, Growing Children. Poor Mothers' Milk, Scrofula,

HE OLD SAYING Throw Physic to the Dogs, Will not apply to the

quarters, and Madge is seated at her little "Well, I have suffered from this sort table in the window looking down upon the devoted manner in which she was of haunting for months past," said Nor- the flagged terrace walk, with the green man. "We were in town in the spring, railings in front. Before her is her little the first time we had been there for some old-fashioned, brass-bound writing desk, years, and, amongst other places, we went with the blotting book lying open upon to the house of a Mrs. Entwistle, a kind it, and on that again a little almanac man. "Mrs. Pickering, then, is rather of connection of my wife's, who is a swell which she has been consulting. She has in her way, and had never taken any somewhat more color in her cheeks than notice of us before. She is an eccentric in the days when we first knew her; but your domestic experience," said Clee- old woman, but very well off, they say, there is the same bright, frank, earnest thorpe; but this time you are wrong. Mrs. and goes into very good society. At her look in her eyes, and the long brown hair

tated what course to pursue, they were

quite gone ere the doctor pronounced her

currences in which Philip Vane had borne

view with Gerald, and even over the de-

to him, perhaps of ever seeing him again

"Just three years ago," she said to her "And the parson and his wife attended to me, though I felt that both had altered self, referring again to the almanac, "just since the last time I saw him. He was three years since I fled from Wexeter, talking to the guests, giving orders to the and was directed, providentially as it servants, and altogether making himself seems now, to this place. By that act I poor; that her husband had left her no so much at home that I had the curiosity seem to have closed and clasped, as it pension, no life insurance, absolutely to enquire who he was. I learned that were, the first book of my life, shutting nothing at all; that both she and her he was a Mr. Hardinge, a young man in with it certain figures, which so far as sister were quick and intelligent, and whom the old lady for a year or two past I am concerned will, in all human probawilling to do anything to earn their live- had adopted as her son, but whether he bility, never appear again. There, enwas related to her by blood, or whether tombed as I may say, for he is in every sense dead to me, is my husband. Philir said Captain Norman, placidly sipping many eccentricities, I could not gather. Vane! His ghost never haunts my memory, and the only material thing I

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS telegraph companies. Drage wrote up to his father, and the old man offered to his father and his fathe in London, but somehow or other Mrs. he caught me looking at him, started, turned rapidly on his heel, and for the child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, Pickering had a great objection to that, rest of the evening carefully avoided send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. and so it ended in both of them being coming near me. I met him several Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children made clerks in the Branch office down times afterwards in the park, at the teething. It will relieve the poor little early autumn, standing in his dining room, the large French windows of which open the standard of the park, at the sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it mothers, there is no mistake about it mothers, there is no mistake about it. regularly shunned me; made a point of and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens turning away whenever I approached the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is of one of the oldest and best sicians and nurses in the United States deavored to recall to my mind where I Sold by all druggists throughout the for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrt?."

Bridegroom (about to marry the young want you to stand right behind me during the ceremony and keep your eyes open. I am very near sighted, and I am afraid they might substitute the oldest sister at the critical moment.

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A tramp who succeeded in getting himwhite as a sheet, and asked her in a very self arrested for vagrancy, while on the way to the lockup, was so much overjoyed When she found Lou did not, she became by the prospect of not having to sleep in all right again; but my Lou, who is a re- the open air that he behaved somewhat markably sharp woman, at least so I | boisterously. "Keep quiet!" threatened think, thought it was funny altogether, the policeman; "if you don't, I'll let you

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they say I do? He - If you mean the gentlemen, I say yes; but if you mean as old as your lady friends say, I say no,

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without fault? So Oi did, sor. I notice one of his eyes is blind. That's not his fault, sor; it's his misfortune.

I thought you told me this horse was

singing lessons? Well, papa has taken the wadding out of his ears for the first

peculiar case today. Second doctor: What was it, please? I attended a grass widow who is affected with hay fever.

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Montauk - No, but I saw a tremendous

Hazel - I can't realize, old man, that

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Wife (at the breakfast) I didn't hear

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but nothing more. It is the morning after the arrival of fine poetical flow, Jack, but I know what | Captain Norman at his old friend's

est of three sisters) My dear friend, I

brain invigorator, blood builder, appetizer and digestive aid ever discovered, ere you, too, reach the final step.

Father (showing off his baby boy to bachelor friend): Well, what do you think of him? Fine boy, isn't he? Bachelor friend: Yes, very fine boy; but he's bald. But then (glancing at father's bald hold) shildren are not settisfied nowadays.

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