

POETRY.

NONE BUT THEE.

I have no help but thee, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAYDEE.

"Silence, child! Hush! we are fleeing!
I did not understand. Why should my father flee?—he, the all powerful—"

Here Haydee cast a significant glance
at Monte-Cristo, whose eyes had been riveted
on her countenance during the whole course
of her narrative.

"And this officer," said Albert, "do you
remember his name, signora?"

Monte-Cristo exchanged a rapid glance
with the young girl, which was quite unperceived
by Albert.

"I was towards this kiosk that we were
rowing. A ground floor, ornamented
with arabesque, bathing its terraces in the
water, and another floor looking on the lake,
was all which was visible to the eye.

"Near these barrels stood Selim, my
father's favorite, whom I mentioned to you
just now. It was his duty to watch
day and night a lance, at the end of which
was a lighted match, and he had orders
to blow up all—kiosk, gardens, women,
gold, and all Tebelin, himself, at the
first signal given by my father.

"One morning my father sent for me;
my mother had been crying all the night,
and was very wretched; we found the
pacha calm, but paler than usual.

"My mother only answered by sighs
to these consolations, which she knew did
not come from my father's heart. She
prepared the bed where she was to lie,
and was very wretched; we found the
pacha calm, but paler than usual.

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everything. In the space of half an hour
we shall know the sultan's answer. Go
into the cavern with Haydee.

"I will not quit you," said Vasiliki; if
you die my lord, I will die with you!

"Go to Selim!" cried my father.
" farewell! my lord," murmured my
mother, determined quietly to await the
approach of death.

"Take away Vasiliki!" said my father
to his Pallikares.
" As for me, I had been forgotten in the
general confusion; I ran towards Ali
Tebelin; he saw me hold out my arms to
him, and he stooped down and pressed
my forehead with his lips. Oh! how dis-
tinctly I remember that kiss! it was the
last he ever gave me, and I feel as if I
were still warm on my forehead. On
descending, we distinguished through the
lattice-work several boats, which were
gradually becoming more distinct to our
view. At first they appeared like black
specks, and now they looked like birds
skimming the surface of the waves. Dur-
ing this time, in the kiosk, at the feet of
my father, were seated twenty Pallikares,
concealed from view by an angle of the
wall, and watching with eager eyes the
arrival of the boats; they were armed
with their long guns inlaid with mother-
of-pearl and cartridges, in great numbers,
were lying scattered on the floor; my
father looked at his watch, and paced up
and down with a countenance expressive
of the greatest anguish. This was the
scene which presented itself to my view
when I quitted my father after that last
kiss. My mother and I traversed the
gloomy passage leading to the cavern.
Selim was still at his post and smiled sad-
ly on us as we entered. We fetched our
cushions from the other end of the cavern,
and sat down on Selim. In great dangers
and the devoted one cling to each other; and
young as I was, I quite understood that
imminent danger was hanging over our
heads."

Albert had often heard, not from his
father, for he never spoke on the subject,
but from strangers, the description of the
last moments of the visitor of Yania; he
had read different accounts of his death,
but this story seemed to borrow new life
from the voice and expression of the girl;
the vivid accent and the melancholy ex-
pression of countenance at once charmed
and horrified him. As to Haydee, these
terrible reminiscences seemed to have
overpowered her for the moment, for she
ceased speaking, her head leaning on her
hand, like a beautiful flower bowing be-
neath the violence of the storm, and her
eyes, gazing on vacancy, indicated that
she was mentally contemplating the green
summit of the Pindus and the blue waters
of the lake of Yania, which, like a magic
mirror, seemed to reflect the sombre
picture which she sketched. Monte-
Cristo looked at her with an indescribable
expression of interest and pity.

"Go," said the girl, in the Romaic lan-
guage.
Haydee looked up abruptly, as if the
sonorous tones of Monte-Cristo's voice
had awakened her from a dream, and she
resumed her narrative. "It was about
four o'clock in the afternoon; and al-
though the day was brilliant out of doors,
we were enveloped in the gloomy dark-
ness of the cavern. One single, solitary
light was burning there, and it appeared
like a star set in a heaven of blackness;
it was Selim's lamp. My mother was a
Christ, and she prayed. Selim repeated
from time to time these sacred words:
'God is great!' However, my mother had
still some hope. As she was coming
down, she thought she recognized the
French officer who had been sent to Con-
stantinople, and in whom my father
placed such much confidence, for he knew
that all the soldiers of the French emper-
or were naturally noble and generous.
She advanced some steps towards the
staircase, and listened. 'They are ap-
proaching,' said she; 'perhaps they bring
us peace and liberty!'

"What do you fear, Vasiliki!" said
Selim, in a voice at once so gentle and so
proud; 'if they do not bring us peace we
will give them war; if they do not bring
life we will give them death.' And he
renewed the flame of his torch with an
steady which reminded one of the
Dionysian festivals among the ancient
Creteans. But I, who was only a child,
was terrified by their undaunted courage,
which appeared to me both ferocious and
senseless, and I recoiled with horror from
the idea of the frightful death amidst fire
and flames which probably awaited us.
My mother experienced the same sensa-
tions, for I felt her tremble. 'Mamma,
mamma,' said I, 'are we really to be
killed?' And at the sound of my voice
the slaves redoubled their cries, and
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senseless, and I recoiled with horror from
the idea of the frightful death amidst fire
and flames which probably awaited us.

"No," replied Haydee, "he did not
dare to keep us, so we were sold to some
slave merchants who were going to Con-
stantinople. We traversed Greece, and
arrived, half dead, at the imperial gates.
They were surrounded by a crowd of
people, who opened a way for us to pass,
when, suddenly, my mother, having
directed her eye to the object which was
attracting their attention, uttered a pier-
cing cry and fell to the ground, pointing,
as she did so, to a boat, which was placed
over the gate and beneath which were
inscribed these words—

"THIS IS THE HEAD OF ALL TEBELINS, PACHA
OF YANIA."
I cried bitterly, and tried to raise my
mother from the earth, but she was dead!
I was taken to the slave market and was
purchased by a rich Armenian. He
caused me to be instructed, gave me mas-
ters, and when I was thirteen years of
age he sold me to the Sultan Mahmoud.
"Of whom I bought her," said Monte-
Cristo, "as I told you, Albert, with the
emerald which formed a match to the
one I had made into the box for the pur-
pose of my father's ring. It is for you if
you are good; you are great! my lord!"
said Haydee, kissing the count's
hand, "and I am very fortunate in be-
longing to such a master."

Albert remained quite bewildered with
all that he had seen and heard. "Come!
finish your cup of coffee," said Monte-
Cristo, "and the story is ended."

CHAPTER XXIV.

YANINA.

If Valentine could have seen the trem-
bling step and agitated countenance of
Franz when he quitted the chamber of
M. Noirtier, even she would have been
constituted to pity him. Valentin had
only just given utterance to a few inco-
herent sentences, and then retired to his
study, where he received about two hours
afterwards the following letter:

"After all the disclosures which were
made this morning, M. Noirtier does not
forget me, the utter impossibility of any
alliance being formed between his
family and that of M. Franz d'Epina-
y. M. d'Epina-ay must be that he is shocked,
and astonished that M. de Villefort, who
appeared to be aware of all the circum-
stances detailed this morning, should not
have anticipated him in this announce-
ment."

Madly had he read it when his wife
entered. The sudden departure of Franz,
after being summoned by M. Noirtier,
had so much astonished everyone, that
the position of Madame de Villefort, left
alone with the notary and witnesses, be-
cause they were waiting for her return in
the chamber of her father-in-law. She
therefore contented herself with saying
that M. Noirtier having, at the commence-
ment of the discussion, been attacked by
a sort of apoplectic fit, the affair would
be postponed until the next day. This
news, false as it was, followed
her so singularly in the train of two sim-
ilar misfortunes which had so recently
occurred, evidently astonished the audi-
tors, and they retired without a remark.
During this time, Valentine, at once ter-
rified and happy, after having embraced
and thanked the feeble old man for this
breaking, with a single blow, the chain
which she had been accustomed to con-
sider as indissoluble, asked leave to retire
to her own room, in order to recover her
composure. Noirtier looked the per-
mission which she solicited. But instead
of going to her own room, Valentine,
having once gained her liberty, entered
the gallery, and opening a small door at
the end of it, found herself at once in the
garden. Moral soon recovered the young
girl, throwing aside all her nervous
precautions, walked at once to the gate.
The first glance which he directed to-
wards her entirely reassured him, and the
first words she pronounced made his
heart rejoice with delight.

"Saved!" repeated Morrel, not being
able to conceive such intense happiness;
"by whom?"

"By my grandfather. Oh, Morrel!
pray love him for all his goodness to us!"
Morrel swore to love him with all his
tassery, whistling, whistling. "My child,
I promise to do so, for he felt as though
it were not enough to love him merely as
a friend or even as a father. 'But tell me,
Valentine, how has it all been effected?
what strange means has been used to com-
plicate this business?'"

"Valentine was on the point of relating
all that had passed, but she suddenly
remembered that in doing so she must
reveal a terrible secret which concerned
others as well as her grandfather, and
she said, 'At some future time I will tell
you all about this!'

"But when will that be?"

"When I am your wife."

"During this time, Madame de Villefort
had gone to visit M. Noirtier. The old
man looked at her with that stern and
forbidding expression with which he was
accustomed to receive her.

"Sir," said she, "it is superfluous for
me to tell you that Valentine's marriage
is broken off, since it was here that the
affair was concluded." Noirtier's coun-
tenance remained immovable. "But one
thing I can tell you, of which I do not
think you are aware; it is, that I have
always been opposed to this marriage, and
that the contract was entered into entirely
without my consent or approbation." No-
irtier regarded his daughter-in-law with
the look of a man desiring an explanation.
"Now that this marriage which I know
you so much disliked, is done away with,
I come to entreat you to restore, not your
love, for that she has always possessed,
but to restore your fortune to your grand-
father."

"There was a doubtful expression in
Noirtier's eyes; he was evidently trying
to discover the motive of this proceeding,
and he could not succeed in doing so.

"May I hope, sir," said Madame de Vil-
lefort, "that your intentions accord with
my request?" Noirtier made a sign that
he did not. "That case, sir," rejoined
Madame de Villefort, "I will leave you,
overwhelmed with gratitude and happi-
ness at your prompt acquiescence to my
wishes." She then bowed to M. Noirtier,
and retired. The next day M. Noirtier
sent for the notary; the first will was
drawn up, and a second made, in which
he left the whole of his fortune to Valen-
tine, on condition that she should never
be separated from him. It was then gen-
erally reported that Madeleine de Vil-
lefort, the heiress of the marquis and
marchioness de Saint-Meran, had regained
the good graces of her grandfather, and
that she would ultimately be placed in
possession of an income of 300,000 livres.
Whilst all the proceedings relative to the
dissolution of the marriage contract were
being carried out at the house of M. de
Villefort, Monte-Cristo had paid his visit
to the Count de Morcerf, who, in order to
lose no time in responding to M. Dan-
glars' wishes, and at the same time to pay

all due deference to his position in society,
donned his uniform of lieutenant-general,
which he ornamented with all his crosses,
and thus attired, ordered his finest horse
and drove to the Rue de la Chausse
d'Antin. Danglars was balancing his
monthly accounts, and it was, perhaps,
not the most favorable moment for find-
ing him in his best humor. At the first
sight of his old friend, Danglars assumed
his majestic air, and settled himself in his
easy chair. "Morcerf is usually a noisy
and formal, accented the banker in an affable
and smiling manner, and feeling sure
that the overture he was about to make
would be well received, he did not consider it
necessary to adopt any manoeuvres in
order to gain his end, but went at once
straight to the point.

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Cat-
arrh Remedy will cure them are more
likely to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who
don't believe, there's a matter of \$500 to
help your faith. It's for you if the mat-
ter of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you,
no matter how bad or how long stand-
ing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers of the World's Dispensary
Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y.,
they are known to every newspaper pub-
lisher and every druggist in the land, and
you can easily ascertain that their word is
as good as their bond.

You wind your watch once a day. Your
liver and bowels should act as regularly.
If they do not, use a key.

In Scotland, once a drunken man met
a clergyman chasing his runaway dog on
Sunday. Tammis, said the breathless
clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this
condition. But while for my dog; he is
running away. Tammis regarded the
speaking man with a look of surprise.
I may drink whisky, but I'll no whistle
for my dog on the Lord's day."

THE TORONTO HOME FOR IN-
FIRMS.
PARDON, Ont., Feb. 27th, 1882.—Gen-
tlemen, it gives me pleasure to let you
know I have derived great benefit from
the use of Nerviline. I have been a great
sufferer from the Neuralgia in the face,
and the last two years was quite a martyr
to the malady. So soon as I observed the
Nerviline advertised I obtained a bottle
from our druggist, Messrs. John Gray &
Co., Parkdale, and the effect was mar-
vellous; pain ceased and I can enjoy sound
sleep at night, and rise refreshed. I can-
not speak too highly of it and heartily
recommend it. Alexander Steen.

Mrs. Wabash (of Chicago)—And now
that we are engaged, tell me, my dear Mr.
Lester, tell me—What, what, what, what,
my own? Miss Wabash—Tell me your first
name.

English spavin liniment removes all
hard, soft or clammy lumps and blen-
ders from horse, blood spavin, curbs,
splints, ring bone, awesney, stifles, sprains,
sores and swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save
\$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the
most wonderful liniment ever known.
Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Yonkers Statesman—See that team of
horses, how nicely they go together,
John. Why can't a man and woman pull
together like that? That's every
man, my dear. Those horses have only
one tongue between them!

HANDSOME FEATURES.
Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples
or sallow opaque skin, destroys the at-
tractiveness of handsome features. In all
such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up
the system and impart freshness and
beauty.

Mr. Blue—Don't you think that Ed-
gar Allan Poe had the most brilliant im-
agination you know of? Mr. Green—O,
no! I'm sure he couldn't compare with
my husband when he comes home late.

Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild
Cherry is the safest, surest and best known
remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds,
Rheumatism, all Throat and Lung
Troubles, the Children's Favorite. Sold
by all Druggists and Dealers.

She—Do you believe that one's fate
can be read in the hand as people say?
He—To a certain extent. Give me your
hand, for instance, and I can tell you my
fate will be sure to be a happy one.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South
American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism
and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3
days. Its action upon the system is re-
markable and mysterious. It removes at
once the cause and the disease immediately
disappears. The first dose greatly bene-
fits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies,
Staples & Co.

Dry is a mighty good temperance ser-
mon in a freight train, says Uncle Mo.
No matter how much de cans dry gets
loaded de engine w'd do de work gits
along strictly on water.

Hawker's Liver Pills, contain no mer-
cury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and
effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to
take. Sold everywhere.

Minnie—Honestly, now didn't he
drive with one hand as soon as you were
out of town? Mamma—No. He—he
drove with the other hand.

Does every bone in your body ache?
Then bathe in Johnson's Anodyne Linim-
ent; rub brisk.

I'd like to be rich, said Tommy. How
rich? asked his sister. Oh, rich enough
to wear my Sunday clothes every day.

Ich, mange and scratches of every
kind, on human or animal, cured in 30
minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion.
Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Jameson—the new minister seems to
be a wide-awake young man. Peterson—
Yes; but he's so deaf he can't hear his
own sermons.

King's Evil
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil
and Hypophosphites.

HOUSE FURNISHING
HARDWARE
FOR THE
CHRISTMAS TRADE.

AMERICAN WATCHES
FOR SALE AT VERY FINE FIGURES.

GENTS' SOLID GOLD 14K
American Watches
FOR SALE AT VERY FINE FIGURES.

R. BLACKMER.
Nearly opposite City Hall.

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During 1893 THE SUN will be of
surpassing excellence and will print
more news and more pure litera-
ture than ever before in its history.

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is the greatest Sunday Newspaper
in the world.

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JUST RECEIVED.

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First Class in every respect,
—FOR ONLY—
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WILEY'S EMULSION
OF
COD LIVER OIL
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HYPOPHOSPHITES.

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Plumber, Gas Fitter,
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TINSMITH.

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SUGAR LOAF HARD COAL,
In Stock:
BLACKSMITH,
VICTORIA and
OLD MINE SYDNEY
HOUSE COAL.

JAMES TIBBITTS,
Farm for Sale.

MEAT CHOPPERS.
JUST RECEIVED.

McMURRAY & CO.
Have now on hand an immense stock of

ORGANS
AND
PIANOS
which they will sell at the lowest possible
prices; also a few new

SEWING MACHINES
Fully Guaranteed. If not entirely satisfactory after three
months trial, Money refunded.
CALL AND SEE THEM.
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