

A NICE STATE OF THINGS.

Here's a state of things, now, in this land of the free, Where the people are reckoned the rulers to be...

Here's a nice state of things in this land of the free, When a few moneyed men say to you and to me...

Here's a nice state of things, I really must say, When greedy moonshiners go to the day...

But there's ominous mutterings over the land, And the wings of our eagle begin to expand...

New Haven, Conn. W. E. PENNET.

VENDETTA;

The Story of One Forgotten.

CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued.

The morning was radiantly beautiful—the sparkling waves rose high on tiptoe to kiss the still bosom of the sea...

For now I knew she was dead. Fate had killed her, not I. All repentance as she was, triumphing in her treachery to the last, even in her madness, still I would have saved her...

Wearing the guise of a rough seaman, one who works in common with others, heaving down tough parasites and poisonous undergrowths in order to effect a clearing through these pathless solitudes...

From it, I learned that the Count Oliva was advertised for. His abrupt departure, together with that of his newly married wife, formerly Countess Romani, on the very night of their wedding...

There was much more to the same effect, and I read it with the utmost indifference. Why do they not search the Roman vaults? I thought, gloomily; they would find some authentic information there...

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I told you at first I am a dead man—the world, with its bustle and its bustle, does not do with me. The tall trees, the birds, the whispering grasses are my friends and my companions...

"Choose for yourself," said Lady Hutton quietly. "If you wish to alter our arrangements, there is time to do so."

"Do not torture me, my lady," cried the poor mother. "You know I must go to him. In lives such as yours there comes no sorrow such as mine. Can you not understand what it is to look your last, perhaps, in life upon your own child?"

"You are not the first," continued Lady Hutton. "In her cold, passionless voice, 'whose life has been wrecked at its outset; others have had the same troubles, perhaps even greater. Life is ended for you. The cloud that has fallen over it is a dark one—"

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A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER

The time was the close of a bright, warm day in June; the place a little parlor in the most picturesque cottage to be found on the estate of Brynmar...

There seems at times little or no harmony between nature and man. Outside the cottage, the bonny woods of Brynmar were full of the brightness and beauty of summer...

Inside the cottage was a scene that told of the deepest human woe. The beauty of sunbeam and flower could not touch it. There was sorrow which nothing human could soften or alleviate...

It was a strange scene. The parlor was bare and poorly furnished: no carpet, no pictures, no books, nothing that told of comfort; stern, dread poverty was shown in the few articles of furniture...

Lady Hutton took from her purse gold and bank-notes and laid them upon the table. "The sum was agreed upon by us, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton. "It is growing late, you had better say good-by to Hilda. We must leave you now; write to me when you reach your journey's end. I can only hope your future may be happier than your past has been."

A low moan came from the white lips still touching the child's face. Then Magdalen Hurst rose and took from her finger a thick, plain gold ring.

"My darling will be a lady," she said, "a grand lady; she will have dresses and rare jewels; she will be rich and honored; but my heart will be empty, and she will have no mother; she will never know me, never love me."

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Far different from the calm, passionless lady, was the beautiful woman who half knelt, half crouched upon the floor, and covered with hot, bitter tears, the white, soft fingers of a little child, a waving mass of gold, golden brown hair fell over her shoulders in splendid confusion and disorder...

"My little Hilda," she cried, "look at me; let me carry your sweet face in my heart; look at me darling."

The little one raised her wondering eyes to the white, wistful face, and there was a strong resemblance between mother and child. Both had the same beautiful violet eyes; the mother's hair was golden-brown, gold, the child's curly curls were of pure, pale gold...

"I could not have left without seeing her," said the woman pleadingly. "Oh, Lady Hutton, can you not tell what it is to have your heart torn in two, as mine is? I must give up my husband or my child. He is in sorrow, in exile, and in want. She will have a home and a mother. I must go to him; he needs me most; yet death itself would be less bitter than leaving my child."

"Still," said Lady Hutton, "as you cannot have both, I think you are acting wisely. Hilda will have everything to make her happy with you."

"I know that, my lady," sobbed the woman. "I know it, or I would not leave I do not for my little child, but my heart aches for my little child. I shall feel the clasp of her arms round my neck; I shall feel her warm, soft lips on my face; I shall hear her voice and listen for her footsteps. My life will be empty and dark without her."

"Choose for yourself," said Lady Hutton quietly. "If you wish to alter our arrangements, there is time to do so."

"Do not torture me, my lady," cried the poor mother. "You know I must go to him. In lives such as yours there comes no sorrow such as mine. Can you not understand what it is to look your last, perhaps, in life upon your own child?"

A quiver, as of sharp pain, crossed the lady's calm face for an instant. "I can understand it," she replied gently; "and that is why I have brought Hilda here. Believe me, Magdalen, I shall not by her as though she were my own."

"You are not the first," continued Lady Hutton. "In her cold, passionless voice, 'whose life has been wrecked at its outset; others have had the same troubles, perhaps even greater. Life is ended for you. The cloud that has fallen over it is a dark one—"

no light can penetrate it. Let your child live and be happy, as she never could be with you. Do you think after fifteen years spent as my daughter that it would be fair to ask her to return to such a home as yours? Would it not be cruel and unjust? Be brave for her sake, Magdalen! You have yourself decided where your duties lie."

"I know," said the poor mother platonically, "one way or another my heart must break."

"You fancy so," said Lady Hutton; "one can bear much, yet live on. Hilda will be happy and well cared for. If she lives she will grow up a beautiful, accomplished lady. She will be my ward and my heiress; she will have wealth and position; she will marry well, and live honored and esteemed. Yet you would have her exchange all this for poverty and shame?"

"But, my lady," repeat, and then—"I am," said Lady Hutton; "I believe it is easier to change the leopard's spots than to reform a really bad man. See, I have brought the money, Magdalen. Now tell me, is there anything more I can do for you? Do not ask me to alter my conditions. I cannot do so. If I take Hilda now it is for life; and I exact from you a solemn promise that you will never seek her again, never ask for her, but remember always that for her own good you have parted with her until you meet in another world."

Magdalen Hurst clasped the little child still more tightly in her arms. Her lips lingered lovingly on the fair little face, the golden curls, and the sweet lips.

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ment between the two girls. Miss Erskine often left her stately home to roam in the woods with the lovely young girl whose face every one declared resembled a picture. At times Magdalen Burns was asked to the Hall, but her father never wished her to go there; perhaps he had some presentiment of the fate that would overtake his daughter. He heard nothing but her praises, and he did not want her head to be turned with flattery. When gentlemen visitors at the Hall, having heard of the beauty of his only child, called on different pretences at the cottage, Donald Erskine ordered that his daughter should always remain in her room while visitors were in the house.

Miss Erskine had many lovers, but she cared only for one, that was the young Lord Hutton, the handsome, gayest, wildest man in all the Highlands—reckless, careless, dashing, and the prodigal son of a prodigal race. He liked Miss Erskine, and his friends advised him to marry her; she would be rich, and he needed money. Lord Hutton did not decide all at once; he went frequently to the Hall, and on one occasion took his favorite companion, Stephen Hurst, with him.

Stephen found his visit a very dull one; he did not care for the pomposities of Sir Ralph or the inanity of Lady Erskine. Both bored him alike, and, besides, there was no billiard table at the Hall. Lady Erskine disapproved of gambling in even its innocent branches; a game at billiards was something very terrible in her eyes. Miss Erskine never appeared to see or notice any one except Lord Hutton, and the other guests were summoned up by Mr. Hurst in his amiable way as "a mixture of horses and nobodies."

Having no mischief ready-made to his hand, Stephen went out to seek it for himself; he sought and found it in the shape of the gamekeeper's beautiful daughter. Wandering one day through the woods of Brynmar, he sauntered down a broad path to enjoy a cigar. The day was fine and the cigar a good one. Stephen sat on the trunk of a fallen tree in order to enjoy both, and as he sat there a girl, beautiful as a fairy vision, came tripping down the path.

Stephen Hurst saw her with a thrill of delight; he had been idle and listless; here was something to do; here was a beautiful young face, pure, sweet, and happy. He could teach it to blush and to glow. Here was a pure, innocent young heart. He could teach it to love. All that he said to himself as the girl drew near. She did not perceive him until he, to attract her attention, spoke; then Magdalen Burns raised her eyes to his face, and in that one look met her fate. He asked some idle questions as to the nearest way to the Hall, and she replied; and then gradually he drew from her name and her simple little history. Nothing could be better than the girl herself. There was no one to interfere while he remained at this dull place; it would be a magnificent resource to be able to meet this beautiful, simple girl, out in the bonny woods of Brynmar. He never calculated on Donald Burns' strength of arm or strength of will.

Lord Hutton could not imagine how it happened that Stephen Hurst, who used to complete the whole day long of the dullness of the place and every one in it, suddenly grew attached to it, and absolutely tried to persuade him to prolong his stay.

Brynmar woods could have told him why. There was no day passed that Stephen Hurst did not meet Magdalen under the shade of their tall trees.

What need to tell the story? He wooed as idle men do when they have no other occupation, and she learned to love, as the young and happy love when they are so wooed. She thought him a king among men; no one was so handsome, so brave, so kindly; he was like one of the knights of old.

Who else spoke so gentle and musically? What voice was that which was like his? She never thought of herself; she never asked herself if it were wrong or foolish to spend long hours in these summer woods, listening to the sweetest and fairest words that ever fell from false lips. How true he seemed—how noble, how good. What had she done that this great happiness should come to her, the priceless love of this greatest and noblest of men?

Poor Magdalen! did she ever see him as he was—mean, false, and narrow, without one good instinct, without one noble quality? Did she ever see him as he was—handsome, with a coarse, animal, selfish, cowardly and ungenerous? Never, until the time came when all things were made clear to her eyes. The golden veil of romance had fallen over him; he was a hero, a knight, he loved her, and what could she do to show her gratitude for so priceless a treasure as this love?

So while the warm, bright summer days lasted the met him under the shade of the tall green trees, and she learned to love him as women love once in life, and can never love again.

How it would have ended, no one can tell; but one morning, while the dew still lay upon flowers and leaf, Magdalen went out to her room. They were used for some long time, and down the broad path, forgetting everything save themselves and their own happiness, when all at once the keeper, white with rage, stood before them.

"So," said he slowly, "this is it! I have always said that fatal beauty would prove a curse. Go home, Magdalen; leave your lover with me. Say—do not let me be rash. Is he your lover? Does he profess to love you?"

"He does love me," said Magdalen proudly; "and—oh, father, do not be angry—I love him."

She spoke bravely, although trembling with fear. "I am not angry, child," said the keeper gently. "Go home—I will tell this."

"You will not hurt him, father?" pleaded Magdalen.

"I will not disturb one of his well-arranged curls," said the keeper grimly. "Magdalen hastened away, and the two men gazed fixedly at each other. Stephen Hurst did not quite like the strong hands that trembled with anger. He was a coward at heart, but thought in this case there was nothing much to fear.

"Well, my friend," he said insolently, "don't act the virtuous peasant. I have seen that kind of thing so often on the stage that I am tired of it."

"I tell you what you never saw upon a stage," said the keeper. "You never saw a father who meant to lash his daughter's lover like a whipped hound unless he did justice to her."

and slay you—your hear me? I say it—I, who never broke my word. Now please yourself." He turned away without one word more, leaving Stephen Hurst looking vacantly after him.

"A very pretty price certainly to pay for a summer's wandering in these stupid woods," he muttered. "That all comes from having nothing to do. I must either marry the girl or run the risk of being beaten to death by that energetic and active keeper. Well, I have nothing to keep her upon; I cannot even keep myself; but she is a beautiful girl, and I really like her better than any one else in the world. Let me toss up for it: heads, I will marry her; the reverse I run away. Then he carelessly threw up a few small silver coins: "Heads win," said he with a smile. "I will wait upon the keeper to-morrow."

And that was the man Magdalen Hurst idealized and loved.

What passed when Stephen Hurst called at the cottage no one ever knew. When Lord Hutton heard that his random friend was to marry the loveliest girl in Scotland, he advised Miss Erskine to use her influence to prevent the sacrifice.

"Let the girl marry some steady, honest young man in her own station," he said; "she will have an chance of happiness then. If she marries Stephen Hurst, she will be wretched for life."

Miss Erskine tried her influence, and Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine tried theirs, but all in vain; when did love ever listen to reason? Before the summer ended, beautiful, simple Magdalen Burns became Stephen Hurst's wife.

CHAPTER III. The happy, unequal marriage made no sensation. Few knew anything of Mr. Hurst, except that he was one of the gentlemen who visited the Hall. The beautiful girl who lived in the quiet seclusion of Brynmar woods was surprised at hearing that she had married a "gentleman from London." One or two simple, honest young keepers, who wished they had been more favored by fortune, looked on with a certain amount of sympathy, and a certain amount of pity, as they saw the light of their home; joy that their beautiful daughter had married a real gentleman, a friend of Lord Hutton's.

Miss Erskine was the only one who felt keen, unequalled regret; she had done her utmost to prevent the marriage. Lord Hutton spoke in such strong terms of Mr. Hurst, that she knew it would be better for her foster-sister to die than to become the wife of a man utterly reckless and without principle; even high words passed between the two, who had hitherto felt nothing but kindness for each other. Miss Erskine was hurt and offended that Magdalen should marry against her will; Magdalen retorted that the man she was going to marry had long been one of Lord Hutton's closest friends, for which retort the heiress never pardoned her.

Stephen Hurst married the beautiful, simple country girl, and took her to London. He established her in a third-rate lodging in Piccadilly. When fortune favored him he supplied her liberally with money; when it failed he contented himself by abusing her. He was not naturally a cruel man; he would never rejoice in torture for torture's sake, but he was selfish and egotistical, mean and false. As much as he could love anything he loved the fair, sweet young wife whose loving worship never abated, even when poverty and want pressed sorely upon them; and though he cured her in a passionate moment for being a tie upon him, yet he was always to her a king among men. But her dream of happiness was soon ended. She never saw Stephen Hurst as he really was, but she had seen enough to perceive there was no hope of a peaceful or happy life with him. In her sweet, womanly, gentle way she tried to reconquer with him, to persuade him to think of better and higher things, to teach him some of the sweet and holy lessons she had learned in the little church by Brynmar woods; but he laughed her to scorn.

When in good humor he contented himself with ridiculing everything good and pure; when angry he would pour out a flood of blasphemous ideas and words that frightened the gentle girl, who had been taught to reverence all that he scoffed and sneered at.

It was some time before she discovered that he had no source of income save what he derived from gambling and betting. It was a bitter sorrow to her. She implored him to try some honest method of living; she offered to work for him, but he only laughed at her ideas, and told her when he could afford it he should open a gambling saloon at home.

For a long he did so, and then the rest of her life began for Magdalen Hurst. The change was cruel from the bonny woods of Brynmar, from flowers and trees, from the happy, peaceful cottage life, to the narrow street, and the close, stifling rooms of the little house. When the light was all lighted, and no sound could be heard save the rattling of dice and the clatter of cards, she would sit on a stool, and down the broad path, forgetting everything save themselves and their own happiness, when all at once the keeper, white with rage, stood before them.

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"I tell you what you never saw upon a stage," said the keeper. "You never saw a father who meant to lash his daughter's lover like a whipped hound unless he did justice to her."

could not even understand the light in which Magdalen viewed his crime. "It is to him a piece of 'unheard-of bad luck'—an 'ill turn of the tide'—a 'misfortune.' He thought her notions narrow and bigoted. What could she know of a 'devoid of all honor, understanding of a religious, loving, sensitive nature' like Magdalen's?"

She spent every moment with him. There were whole nights when she never left the prison gates—standing there, content to gaze upon the walls that held him. She was of a nature that makes heroines. Her love, in its grand self-forgetfulness, was simply heroic; but his heroism was all wasted upon her; five weeks before Stephen Hurst left England little Hilda was born; the only son her mother had. What there was of a better nature than his was touched when his fair young wife, though she had been a better man; but the good life she had almost before he knew her the light of his face. He made his wife promise she should come to him if she could, and she intended that she would keep her word.

Magdalen Hurst never knew how the day passed that took her husband away. It was one long dream of unutterable anguish. Awakening from it she found herself alone in the great city of London, alone, save for her little child. She would not go home, where they would talk continually of the deed against him would pierce her loving, faithful heart; so for three years Magdalen remained in the great city, working hard to maintain herself and her child. During that time Donald Burns and his wife died. Magdalen, who married Lord Hutton, returned with him from abroad, and went to Brynmar.

Then Magdalen received a letter from her husband, begging her to go out to him; but she had not the means. She tried to save money, but found it impossible out of her small earnings. Another year passed, and then Magdalen put aside her pride and went back to Brynmar. She found her foster sister, Lady Hutton, in the bitterest depths of sorrow; her husband and little child, to whom she was passionately attached, were both drowned by the upsetting of a boat upon the bank and saw them die before her eyes, unable to render them the least assistance. She saw her little daughter's golden head disappear in the dark, cold water; she saw her husband struggle in vain to save himself and his child.

Many suns rose and set before Lady Hutton saw anything again; and on the very day that her husband and child were brought home to Brynmar to be buried, Magdalen Hurst reached the little cottage, where her simple, happy childhood had been spent. She waited there many long weeks until Lady Hutton was able to see her; then taking little Hilda by the hand, she went to the Hall.

To be continued.

A GENERAL TIE-UP of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes is a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are pure, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY. Always buy the best because it is the cheapest in the end, and not only is Burdock Blood Bitters the best medicine known for all chronic diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Blood, but it is really the cheapest, as it needs less to cure and cures more quickly than any other remedy.

How happy is that faithful and prudent man who, in his every fault, does not hesitate to chastise himself by hearty contrition, and exults in a good confession and works of satisfaction.

THANKFUL. Some time ago being very greatly troubled with colds and coughing, I went to the drug store and got Haysard's Pectoral Balm. In a short time I was well. I have found it a sure cure and am thankful that I used it, and now would not be without it. E. A. Schaefer, Berlin, Oct.

Employment, which Gallen calls "nature's physician" is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

PREVAILING SICKNESS. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Influenza and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year. Haysard's Yellow Oil is the best external and internal remedy for all these and other troubles.

We demand that men may have a complete enjoyment of their lives, and we must show by our example that we demand it, not to satisfy our personal passions, but for mankind in general; that what we say from principle and not from passion, from conviction and not from desire.—Therapychewsky.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long neglected medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and aged, by combining the best nerve tonic, Cerebrin and Cocca, with other effective remedies, which acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound. It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. The remedy is a pleasant, palatable, and effective medicine, which acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is