POETRY.

UNCERTAINTY.

What gifts has Fate in store for me? (The coming year dawns soon) Shall I at Indian summer's fire Forget the flowers of June? Press grapes through days of purple haze, Dream through the autumn moon? Stir to the speckled quail's clear note On chill December's noon?

Shall I descry through bare black trees That shape I dread and know, A gaunt gray wolf with hungry eyes A-skulking through the snow? Ah! down Dread's lane Death sings a son So strangely sweet and low. He says: "Why hasten on thy path,

I give thee peace for woe." And down Hope's lane Sleep binds a wreatl Of poppies wrought with bay; He gives the pilgrim happy dreams To speed him on his way: For Hope, with tempting promises Through summer's golden day, Fulfills in autumn's fruited store

Apast the lanes of Hope and Dread Where Druid oak trees wait, Fate spins the thread of destiny, Nor pauses soon or late. Is it a strand of rainbow hue Or black as night grown late? My heart is but a coward's heart. I dare not question Fate.

The presage of the May.

SELECT STORY.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUED. "And it was a terrible temptation, poor thing!" added Miss Greville, feelingly. "You see, if she had confessed that she was in the avenue with her sweetheart after dark, she would have lost her place."

Ormsby, "we are not so severe as that at disappointed in Jane."

"I think one is always disappointed in people, dear Mrs. Ormsby. How can they ever be all one wishes? I have given up expecting it long ago, and have learnt to that attracted him in spite of himself. be stoical just to save my heart from breaking."

surprise recalled Miss Greville to herself. very graceful—if I may use the word— "Very melodramatic, is it not?" she about that creamy skin of hers, with give you." added, with a forced laugh, "but one gets brown eyes and hair." a little out of heart sometimes, and then it is a comfort to rail against everybody meet has brown hair, as far as that goes,"

and everything." "In those circumstances it is always a comfort to me to remember those I can bronze reflects in it. Assuredly," with trust and who will never disappoint me." answered Mrs. Ormsby gravely. "I sup- upon Miss Greville." pose there must be wicked people in the world, but one does not want to think of Mordecai, and are the only persons who them more than one can help."

"One has to think about them gener ally," Miss Greville said, "because they cause you so much suffering."

"I am not sure that weak people do not he fell.' Look at poor Sir Charles; I am cause their friends as much suffering as sure he is a warning. He is nothing wicked ones," the other replied. "I would sooner trust a wicked than a weak person; the first can sometimes be relied

eyes at these words, that Mrs. Ormsby vet she dared not call out. He knew her felt quite sorry she had spoken so strong- secret, of course, and yet she must keep ly. Perhaps the poor girl had a relation caused her sorrow, and she could not direction he indicated in order to avert bear the reminder. To divert her atten- her angry face from him, and when ehe to execute in the village, but to her surprise, Miss Greville begged that she might be allowed to put it off until the afternoon, as she had some letters to write better to do than to watch my neighbors."

and could take them to the post with her. afraid these new people at the post office would be very grateful to you, I am sure, are rather careless. I have written twice | if you did." housekeeper both times, begging her to self." let me have a line to say if she knows where Aunt Dorothea is, and I get no answer. If I don't hear soon I shall tele-scrupulous woman to deal with?"

served Miss Greville, laughing. "Mrs. Stace will be sure to write directly she knows where her mistress is."

"I suppose she will, but it is very tiresome to be kept in suspense like this." "Any day the suspense may end. Tomorrow; even to-night you might get a

"You have always a word of encouragement for one," cried Mrs. Ormsby, grate-

fully. "I should have been twice as and moved into a more comfortable pogirl said, but there was a look in her eyes | in no special hurry, he blinked his eyes at that seemed to falsify her words. "And the bars of sunshine that filtered through then, in this case, I am not trying to the leaves overhead until he felt drowsy

buoy you up against my conscience, for I and then he fell comfortably to sleep. honestly believe that Miss Rodswell is quite well, but that your letters have where there are ladies," said Miss Greville ing of your silence and giving you a cer- by invites him." tain address. You will see I am a true prophet later," she concluded, with so Curson, and ought to know better." much emphasis, that she convinced her listener in spite of herself. "They always shoulders tell me I have the gift of second sight, thanks to my Highland blood."

"I did not know you were a Highlander, my dear," observed Mrs. Ormsby with

gone through so much, I seem almost to forget," she answered, passing her hand over her brows in a confused weary way.

"Life is such a hard thing, somehow." "It oughtn't to be to a young creature like you," Mrs. Ormsby replied, both surprised and touched by this sudden sad-

"I don't know about that. Had you been compelled to earn your own living as I have since I was a child, your exyour fellow-creatures. Here I am happy which there was as much passion as re- would you be able to change that if I and well treated, but it it almost for the proach. "I shall forget who I am soon." gave it to you?" first time. I want you to remember this,

"That is just what I want you to do."

She hesitated a little, but when he Mrs. Ormsby, should you ever be called He lowered his voice still more to say, upon to judge me, if I disappoint you in "Or rather I want you to be somebody any way," the girl spoke agitatedly, in else." earnest, sorrowful accents. "I wanted to | She jumped up suddenly and ran to be a good woman, but I never had the Mrs. Ormsby's side. chance; and, oh!" her voice breaking, "I saw you drop a stitch," she said, her eyes full of tears, "I think I must be taking the knitting out of her hand with pursued by fate—everything is made so a gay little laugh. "Poor old Simon will

hard for me." Then she burst out laughing, suddenly, this way." in the midst of her tears, called herself a "I think you had better take them in fool, uncompromisingly, and darted out hand," returned Mrs. Ormsby, giving before Mrs. Ormsby could ask questions them up to her. "I can't think how I or give her any sign of sympathy.

came to luncheon, and when Miss Greville stead of returning to her former place, appeared, Mrs. Ormsby looked at her and presently Tom Curson announced

anxiously. But there was no trace of emotion on and they went to play. Miss Greville her face, except a slight flush on either insisted that they should play the white cheek, which added to her beauty | first set without her, and Mr. Banbury so much, that the young baronet—who had to be roused to make a fourth. was very far gone by this time, thanks to | "I believe you sleep with one eye open the opposition he met with from her- Banbury," Tom Curson said, when the

could not keep his eyes off her face. She wore a creamy dress of some soft, mentioned, and proclaimed himself ready. silky material, fitting her exquisite figure | "Nay, both," he answered, and then he |

like a glove, and no ornaments of any added with a significant twinkle of his kind; but in the bosom of her dress was a blonde evelashes in Miss Greville's dihad presented to her that morning, and drop that stitch." she looked very cool and fresh to Minna, who came in hot and flushed, from her

walk in the sun. She was in such bright spirits, Mrs. Ormsby could not help feeling puzzled. She never could disguise her feelings, or and she found it difficult to understand face—a tired, sad look of pain. or sympathize with those who had more adaptability. She watched her with an odd sort of fascination, and, presently, she saw her bend down to Sir Charles, and

He looked up at her, quickly, eagerly, and a flush - of joy, evidently - passed over his face. He spoke a few impetuous words in reply, she nodded coldly, and then she sat back in her chair and became silent. She did not seem to rally her spirits after this, and Mrs. Ormsby found herself wondering what it was she could have said to depress herself so much, whilst giving pleasure to her neigh-

Mr. Banbury did not appear at luncheon. It was an understood thing that he should not, as he took long walks in the middle of the day; but, contrary to his custom, he joined them on the lawn afterwards, and threw himself down lazily on

the grass at Minna's feet. "Our pet aversion seems in fine form to-day," he observed, glancing towards Miss Greville, who in her white dress, made a pretty picture against the background of drooping acacia leaves and delicate magnolia trees. Her face was pale now, but her large brown eyes shone with an almost holy light, as if they were fed from the fire of passion within her: and Sir Charles went closer and closer to the flame, like the silly moth that he was. "Then you do think her handsome?"

Minna asked. "Did I ever say she was not?" "I think you did; but perhaps you only said it because you thought that it "Not for the first offence," replied Mrs. | would please me to hear her disparaged." "That is very probable," he answered, Cheston. Indeed, Mr. Ormsby told me bluntly, "unless I meant that handsome just now not to say anything more about was not the word that applied to herit. Only I am disappointed, grievously she being actually beautiful. Look at her she struggled to get free, and said, shiver-

fault in her face." "She is too pale," said Minna, critically He glanced again at the downcast face, "But such a soft delicate pallor, like the outer petals of a plush rose. Sallow-Mrs. Ormsby's look of compassionate ness is hateful, but there is something

> "Almost every Englishwoman you returned Mina, scornfully.

feigned enthusiasm, "I admire and dote "This is old, because you are he

refuses to bow down to her. "Perhaps that is because, if I once be gan I might lose all control over myself and bow too low. 'At her feet he bowed

better than her slave." Minna drew her teeth together with a vicious little snap. He was torturing her up the pretence of hiding it for her dignity's sake. She turned her head in the

under her control, but as cold as ice. "That is no affair of mine, Mr. Banoury. You seem to think I have nothing "What else has one to do on an August "Go whatever time you like, my dear, afternoon, when it is too hot to move and of course," Mrs. Ormsby replied, "only I almost to talk. Besides, when one has a should keep my letters and put them into friend, one would like to save him from our bag if I were you, for I begin to be making a fool of himself. Poor Sir Charles

"Poor Sir Charles can take care of him

"No, poor Sir Charles can't. What man has a chance when he has an un "You have not yet proved that Miss Greville is unscrupulous, be pleased to

observe. "I don't pretend to have proved any thing, but that is what I want to do with

She shrugged her shoulders petulantly "I quite understand you, Mr. Banbury, and I am not going to be either your ally

got up quickly and left him. Mr. Banbury laughed softly to himself, sition. He knew quite well that Minna "It is a good thing then that I am was only coquetting with the bait she

naturally hopeful and sanguine," the would presently swallow, and as he was "Abominable manners to go to sleep

missed on both sides, and you will hear in a low voice to Sir Charles. "But then, from her before a week is out, compain- he is quite common; I wonder Mr. Orms-"He was at Eton and Oxford with Tom

"But, as he doesn't-" shrugging her "He ought to be taught. I will give

"After all, what does it matter to me

Mrs. Ormsby's companion." truding your poverty," he said distressfully. "Surely it is not necessary, when

"I want to keep 'umble, as Uriah Heep said. "You all spoil me," and the large brown eyes sought his gratefully, and fell

never get his stockings if you go on in and sternly.

should get on without you." Sir Charles Manby and the Cursons | Miss Greville sat down beside her, in-

other sprang up directly his name was

that the sun was off the tennis ground

If she heard, she did sign; her eyes were bent on the work Mrs. Ormsby had resigned to her, and she seemed to forget the people around her, to become absorbed in thoughts that took her far away from her surroundings; assume a character that was not her own, and gradually a weary look came into her

CHAPTER VII. DINNER was over at Cheston, Mr. Ormsby and his guest had gone to the smoking room, a bad habit the squire had got into since Mr. Banbury's advent. Mrs. Ormsby had settled herself for a doze, Miss face paler than ever, a strange look in her beautiful eyes, her red lips compressed into a thin straight line.

The clock began to strike nine out in the perfumed darkness, where the honeysuckles and clematis hung their drowsy heads, and the roses gave out a breath of difference to his love. fragrance every time they bowed their heads to the soft night wind. Then the tallboy clock in the hall took up the re-

between the two windows. Then Miss Greville stole out anxiously as she glided across the threshclose about her face, and opened the door very softly, stole out into the garden and neighborhood of the squire's smokingroom, the open window of which threw a broad band of light across the lawn to the very edge of the dark shrubberies.

Miss Greville did not pause one second until she came to an arbor at the end of the grounds, and into this she flew and fell prone into Sir Charles' arms. They closed about her with a tight passionate strain, and for one minute, hardly that, she lay there panting, breathless, with no strength to resist the kisses that fell like rain on her lips and eyes. But presently as she sits there, and you cannot find a ling a little as she retreated a few steps

> "You must not talk to me of love to night, Sir Charles. I asked you to meet me here because -- because I wanted a favor of you-something I am ashamed to ask-" she broke off, agitatedly. "You need not be ashamed," he said, for there is nothing I possess I would not

> "Even money?" she said in a quick

Her pale face grew whiter, but she met his glance steadily, and forced her dry

would approve if I dared tell you all." "Why don't you dare? It is some relative who is wild and unsatisfactory, and you want to send him out of the country to save him from further disgrace? That is it my dearest - I have come to me because you know I could have no greater happiness than to serve your lips the debt shall be cancelled and rung. forgotten. Ah! my love, my dear love, you ask help of me," he went on in a rapture of tenderness. "You have been so

"But I am not cold and coy to-night," she murmured, moving closer to him again, "if so I should not be here." Sir Charles saw the effort she made to say something that would please him, while all her thoughts were occupied

"You need not be afraid of my misunderstanding you," he replied, like the chivalrous gentleman he was. "I know you would not have done me this honor

inless you had been forced." "That is true. There was not time to write, and I could not have borne the would have failed me, and I should never have asked you at all."

"Then you would have denied me "And saved myself a terrible humiliation, for even now I dare not tell you

how much I want." "Shall I try and guess, then; let us say or your dupe," retorted Minna, and she a hundred pounds, just to begin with something. "That is not enough," she answered,

miserably. "Two, then, or three. Why should you be afraid to tell me, even though it

be still more?" croubled voice; "it shall do, I mean. Oh, Sir Charles, on the whole face of this earth there is not a more wretched woman than I this night. Remember this if ever you want to blame me, and pity me instead: I longed to die once-oh! how hard-but now I can't and mustn't, however much I may suffer, and the worst of it is I can see no hope anywhere, no gleam of light in the darkness.' "Not here on my breast darling?" he

said entreatingly. "Not even there," she returned, evading his grasp-"at least to-night. I have too much before me to think of such things.' "But to-morrow, dear, you will let me

tell you how fondly I love you?" 'To-morrow you shall tell me just what you like," she said, with a feverish laugh; but I cannot stay now, for Mrs. Ormsby will wake and miss me. And - and l

"To-night," he repeated: "but I haven't anything like that amount in the house, and there is no way of changing a cheque at this hour. Stop, if I give you a cheque would that do? I have one in my pocket book for £320, my steward handed me this afternoon for arrears of rents, and periences would rather set you against under the fire of his answering look, in fortunately I did not send it to the bank;

> his own endorsement would satisfy anyone in Ayrshire, she thanked him and

took it. "But mind this," he said, as he put it into her hand, "you have sworn to me that you have no lover." "I have no lover," she answered coldly

"Except me?" "Except you," she repeated after him with parrot like fidelity.

"And you will listen to-morrow?" "I will listen to you to-morrow." "You might be an automaton," he said, discontentedly, "or a child repeating the lesson he had learnt by rote, without understanding or feeling one word of it; and yet if you were to play me false-" "What then?" she asked, in a curiously calm voice.

"I would kill you, or myself, or him." "I think not. You would just shrug your shoulders and say-'Be she fairer than the day, Or the flowery meads in May, If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be?'"

"You are quite wrong. I should say nothing of the kind. I never pretended lovely bunch of crimson roses the gardner rection, "for I even saw Mrs. Ormsby to be philosophical. You are the first

"Until to morrow, my dearest." "Until to-morrow," she said, and putting his arm aside she went to the entrance of the arbour and stood their listening. The shrubs rustled a little, as if they were whispering together, but beyond this there was no sound, and she stepped out. Then, remembering her promise, she groped her way back to Sir Charles' side. He felt a sudden warm breath on his lips, quickening his pulses, thrilling through his whole being, and al-Greville stood at the open window, her most before he knew she had kissed him,

she was gone. And he stood there, dazed and motionless, a great joy at his heart. That caress had set all his doubts at rest. She did care for him then? And he had worried himself so needlessly over her possible in-

CHAPTER VIII. MR. BANBURY ordered some black coffee frain in a loud sonorous voice, and was to be brought to him the last thing that copied in a shrill treble by the dainty evening, telling Mr. Ormsby he intended little French pendule on a gilded bracket to sit up all night, and though the other seemed rather surprised he said nothing It was an understood thing at Cheston room on tiptoe, watching Mrs. Ormsby that Mr. Banbury was an eccentric and phiquitous individual, and his moods old, and once in the hall she threw a grey | were so changeable that they could never cloak over her shoulders, drew the hood count upon what he would do or say next, or where he would turn up. Sometimes he went to bed just as others were vanished round a corner, avoiding the rising, occasionally he retired when the rest did; but this was no guarantee that you would not meet him stealing along the landing two or three hours later, and the maids-who hated him to a woman because of his 'nasty, secret ways,' as they said-declared they had caught him once or twice, with his ear at Miss Greville's keyhole. That he was rather prying there could be no doubt, and he was ready for a gossip anywhere, even in the servants' hall, when he got the chance. Mr. Ormsby left him smoking his sixth

coffee, and his parting words wereyou can. I should like to see the fun." And he went off with a laugh. Mr. Banbury smoked one more pipe, and was everywhere. Price 25 and 50 cents a half way through his fourth cup of coffee, when an unaccountable, overwhelming feeling of drowsiness came over him. It might have been that the dead silence brooding over the sleeping house affected him, or the country air was too strong; but, presently, in spite of his struggles, his energetic protests, his forced marches "That above all things, even to my into the hall and back, he sank upon a last farthing, unless you wanted it for a couch and fell into the very soundest hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemsleep he had ever known in his life.

pipe and drinking his third cup of black

"I have no lover, Sir Charles, and I sat up dizzily, with a strange pulsating ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure want the money for a purpose even you | feeling in his head. "How queer you look, Banbury," the squire remarked, surveying the limp form

until the squire's cheery "good-morning"

"I believe I have been drugged," he answered angrily. "I never felt like this before. Where is Miss Greville?" "Why Miss Greville?" asked Mr. Orms-

this morning?' "Not yet, but I expect she will be down

Ormsby listening to his impetuous burst into the smoking room like a human tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to

ville is gone!" "Sir!" said the old squire with dignity, you never dared go to her room!" "The door was open, and I glanced in The bed had not been used-don't you

"She has probably gone for a walk, and taken a very strange tone about that poor girl all the way through. I should suspense if there had been. Besides, if I almost have thought—only it seemed so had thought much about it, my courage absurd—that you suspected her of the

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW WAY TO START RACES. A Device That is Said to do Away With Runaways and Unfair Starts.

A New Yorker has patented a device which he claims will put a stop to crooked horse racing and also prevent the anexhibition. It consists of a canvas gate set on wooden poles and working automatically, that will prevent any racing until a lever is pulled and the gate is raised by the starter. The gate frame is made of iron with heavy canvas stretched between the end bars. The gate is four feet high and is set just above the four foot railing of the track. The lever that sets it free is fitted on the starter's stand. one hundred feet away. The gate, when released, springs upward and hangs sixteen feet from the ground, in such a way starter does not touch the lever until the horses with their jockeys, are all in line, so that each has an equal chance of

getting away fairly. When the lever works, the flag drops at the same instant. To get away in time, the jockey, so the inventor says, will have to watch the canvas gate instead of the starter, and will not have time to watch the other jockeys around him and indulge in tricks. A dishonest start, it is said, can be instantly detected by the public under the new system, and the device is so simple that a The new gate is hung on ornamental

wooden poles twenty feet high. It is attached to weights fastened to steel wires which run on sheaves at the top of two additional wooden poles placed sixteen feet from the two supporting poles. It will cost about five hundred dollars to

Sporting men who have seen this newfangled starting machine, are divided as starts goes is concerned. It is believed, however, that it will prevent the disastrous runaway starts which so frequently occur. The inventor further says that a field of horses can be successfully started inside of five minntes, so that every onlooker can see whether the start is fair or unfair.

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John Reilly, 40 years old, formerly with the Barnum and Bailey show, died from starvation in Bleecker street, New York, on Monday, the 29th instant. Reilly had been out of work for a long time and was waiting for the circus season to open, living in the meanwhile at the | Two Subscriptions in one remittance \$4 Mission and lodging house in the Bowery. He had not a cent, and told the people at the Mission that he had eaten nothing for two days. He was given a ticket for a meal in the soup house of the Industrial Christian Alliance on Bleecker street. While on his way there, he fell from exhaustion and lack of nourishment. He LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers died within a few minutes.

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"But you will let me go now?" she implored.

"But you will let me go now?" she implored. children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.
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> Seven desperate convicts escaped from the Pratt mines, Birmingham, Ala., by blowing open the iron grating with dynamite. Guard John Patton was seriously hurt. A posse of officers led by deputy sheriff Dexter, came up with four escaped convicts near Gorthite and a battle followed, the convicts having secured guns. Dexter was instantly killed and one of the convicts fatally hurt. The others es-

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wife who is working about the room)-"Gosh, wife! but don't them city folks go it strong? Here's one gal who spent two thousand dollars on her weddin'

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"She is gone!" he cried, and muttered remarkable and mysterious. It removes an oath between his teeth, "Miss Gre- at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

> "Money causes all the trouble in the world!" yelled the socialist. And the meek little man in the back row remarked that there were an awful lot of people

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glad it's over. Did the tooth hurt you much when it was pulled?" Small son-"I-I-didn't have it out." "What? Didn't you go to the dentist's ?" "Yes'm. but there was two people ahead of me." "Why didnt you wait?" "I-I was starter. A model of the device is now on afraid they'd feel 'shamed if I stayed and heard them holler."

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