POETRY.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

You can never tell when you send a word, Like an arrow shot from a bow By an archer blind-be it cruel or kind. Just where it may chance to go. It may pierce the breast of your dearest

Tipped with its poison or balm; To a stranger's heart in life's great mart It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act, Just what the result will be; But with every deed you are sowing a seed, Though its harvest you may not see. Each kindly act is an acorn dropped In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow And shelter the brows that toil.

will do In bringing you hate or love; For thoughts are things, and their airy

wings More swift than a carrier dove. They follow the law of the universe-Each thing must create its kind; And they speed o'er the track to bring you

Whatever went out from your mind.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART II. CONTINUED.

CHAPTER II. A REVELATION.

of paper containing an odd jumble of an interest in her? alphabetical letters and some betting longer, I wonder? Better destroy them My old idea, then, was the right one;

"She was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with a letter.

"From Rose," she said to herself, as soon as the girl had gone. "It is only two days ago that I heard from her. What can have induced her, usually so chary of soon? There can be nothing wrong with a pretty woman, and with his best man-

She opened the letter and read follows:

me again so quickly, and will imagine the letter which Madge still holds in either that ave taken seriously to her hand. heart the scoldings which you have so matter. I am glad to say the latter is cerhave a piece of news for you which I can- fashioned gallantry. not resist sending to you at once. This morning, on the way to the office, whom | yours, my sister." should I meet but Mr. Gerald Hardinge, wonderfully handsome! He was very well | telegraph apparatus in London?" dressed too, had beautiful boots and gloves, and looked what they call quite a lent spirits." swell. Don't you recollect, in the old days at Wexeter, you used to say that you thought he belonged to some good family?

you had seen him today; perhaps he has Madge, with a smile. been taken up and properly recognized

I should have lived, but that there was day." no harm in telling me that now, as from my present appearance, there was no fear | thorpe," said Madge. of my premature dissolution. He was what I was doing and where I lived-in out the smallest sign of inquisitiveness more when I asked him whether he was | ter without his advice and approval." then, but only for amusement.'

tioned your name, until I told him that I shall be sure to see him." Mrs. Bland was taking care of me, and | "And within the next five minutes," then he asked where you were. I did said Cleethorpe, who was standing by the not tell him, Madge, as you had made me | window, "for there he is, crossing the promise never to tell anyone, but said, in road, and just about to mount the steps; my lips. I am no widow, but a deserted a general sort of way, that you were not there is no mistaking his figure any- wife. My husband is alive." living in London, said you had left the where. I will not intrude upon you any theatrical profession, and then he asked longer, Mrs. Pickering, but will call upon me if you were married. I did not know you to-morrow morning about this time, what to say, Madge, for that was a con- for your final decision; now adieu." tingency we had never provided for, and And Captain Cleethorpe took Mrs. Mr. Hardinge looked so hard at me while | Pickering's hand, bent over it, and disaphe spoke that I grew confused, and stutter- peared. ed and stammered before I eventually From the window, Madge saw the ductors of the innumerable omnibuses said 'yes.' I hope I did right, Madge, but meeting between her late visitor and Mr. slowly travelling across Westminster I had no time for reflection; and as I am Drage. The latter had his back towards Bridge remarks, looking upward and yourself as a widow, I could only act to Captain pointed towards her house. that time scarcely a drop of rain has fallthe best of my ability. I thought Mr. Then she moved away, and shortly after- en, the days have been blazing, the

his shoulders, and changed the subject. | cough echo on the staircase outside. I should like her to know you, Rose, and head his, of the ascetic entellectual type, taking no notice of the approach of an ar- headache, Hawker's liver pills are without I am sure she would take a fancy to you.' wanting but the tonsure and the cowl to istocratic brougham which was bearing an equal.

what you think of all this. I have just it does not at all give you the notion which I wished to convey of Mr. Hardinge's niceness and kindness, of the total freedom of his manner without patronage or familiarity. Without feeling that, you may think I did wrong in telling where I lived, but I am sure that, if-that youthere I cannot explain what I mean, but von will understand me.

"Your loving "P. S. Your letter just arrived about the offer of the old Indian General. I hope you intend to say 'yes.'"

"Poor Rose," murmured Madge, as she laid down the letter; "yes, you did per- in her." You never can tell what your thoughts feetly right, dear; you could not have done better if I had taken you wholly inought to have done. "What she told little distance. him," continued Madge, musing, "will be thought of him as married often enough; Mr. Drage?" I suppose makes all the difference. Queer

Glancing through the letter again, she amount of deliberation on my part." continued: "Oh, yes, I perfectly underexpress. Who could understand better steering away from them! than I the gentleness of his manner! Who could so well appreciate the real no- Madge; "Oh, yes." bility of his character? I have often As she spoke, she took up a small leath- thought, were I in trouble or distress, er note case from the desk and looked at there is no one to whom I would so read-say, and rightly, as one who had a parit contemptously. "This note case, which ily appeal. Not married! He cannot be ticular interest in your welfare —that he

he must have left behind him on some married, or Rose would have stated so had just submitted to you a proposition, occasion, and which contains a few cards, plainly. But who can this old lady be, which he thought it would be greatly for with his club address upon them, a strip who is going to call upon Rose, and take your advantage to accept. You follow of doing, without caring who might suffer, "Well-dressed and happy-looking, and memoranda. Wny do I keep these any only practising his art for amusement!

back into the case, and shutting the case circle at Wexeter was purely accidental. itself into the desk, "let them remain He was well born and well bred, had had where they are; I have kept them so some quarrel with his friends, and actu- not quite understand the details of the long that I may leave them there now, ated by boyish, high-spirited impulse, proposed arrangement from Captain Cleewithout any fear of their influencing me had run away from them. Now he has thorpe's letter, and as it was an importin favor of their late owner. To that returned home again, has been received ant matter to me"—the hectic spots book, too, belongs Gerald Hardinge, to by his people, and resumed his proper flushed out on his cheek again, and he whose dark blue eyes and chestnut hair position. Would they," said Madge, with had to pause a moment before he conthis photograph—how well I recollect the a sad smile, "would they so gladly have tinued—"as it was an important matter day he gave it me!—does nothing like welcomed the return of the prodigal, if to me, I thought it better to see him and justice! And for the matter of that, to he had brought back with him as his talk it out, before I came to you. Acthat belongs Margaret Pierrepoint, and wife a stageplayer, somewhat older than cordingly, I called upon him last night." every troubled incident of her life! What himself, whose family and whose ante- "Yes," said Madge, "so Captain Cleea peaceful career has Mrs. Pickering's cedents were alike unknown? I think thorpe told me. He was here just now." been, and how grateful ought she to be not. If I had ever for an instant been

prought would have settled it. Come in!" to a knock at the door.

Enter Captain Cleethorpe, carefully dressed, as befits a man particular about ner, which is frank without being careless, and familiar without being imper-

Good morning, Mrs. Pickering. Don't "You will be surprised to hear from let me disturb you," he adds, pointing to "You don't disturb me in the least,

frequently given me for being so bad a Captain Cleethorpe," replied Madge; "I correspondent, or that something is the have already read my letter twice through.' "The writer ought to be proud to com-

"The writer is an "What, pretty Miss Rose; and how is looking very well, and oh, Madge, so she getting on among all the wonderful "She is very well, and writes in excel-

> "That's right; she was far too clever to waste her life in a dull provincial town."

"He hardly knew me at first, and my opinion, is more important and more mine. On every side I find, unsought, muscular vigor, renewing the blood, restorwould have passed by me without speak- responsible than your sister's. See how testimony to your goodness and your ing, but I gave such a start. It was very wonderfully it has all turned out! There sweetness, in the affectionate regard with rude, I know, but I could not help it, is no other woman in the world whom which all those with whom you are Madge; and he noticed it and half stopped, Mr. Drage would have intrusted with the brought into contact openly speak of you. and then I spoke to him by his own charge of his little child; there is no Mary, what I have to offer you is but little, Applicant for Insurance - Yes, sir - ername. He recollected me at once, then other woman, of my acquaintance, whom indeed. My life, I know, is ebbing fast. that is, my sister once refused a man worth declared I had almost grown out of know. I would conscientiously recommend to Oh, that does not trouble me," he said, as half a million. ledge. He said that I always looked so Sir Geoffry Heriot to fill the position she looked up, and involuntarily made a

very kind, and asked me all about myself, | Captain; "and by-the-way, I want your | hand would nerve me better to bear what

a nice way, don't you know, Madge, with- to write tonight or tomorrow the latest." | voice would soothe me in the anguish about it? And he laughed when I told till tomorrow; my own feeling is strongly that I had left you as the legitimate pro him about the telegraph office, and said to say yes, but I have not yet seen Mr. | tector of my child would comfort me when he remembered what active fingers I used Drage since his return, and I am so much no other human comfort could avail. This the announcement of a quiet country io have in the old days, when he gave me indebted to him that I should not think is the only power of appeal I have; may those drawing lessons. He laughed much of deciding upon such an important mat- I not make it to you now?"

at any London theatre; he could not un- "Not yet seen Mr. Drage?" said Cleederstand at first what I meant. When I | thorpe; that's strange, he was at the Bun told him that I meant as a scene painter, galow last night, when we talked the he positively shouted with delight, al- matter fully out. To be sure," he said, former life. Before I married I was -I though it was in the open street. So after a minute's consideration, "I recolthen he said 'no,' and laughed again as he | lect I was the only person who spoke, and added that he had come into his prop- Captain Norman, a friend of mine, who is tightly. erty; and when I said that I hoped that staying with me, joined in the conversathad not made him give up painting al- | ion, so that I did not think the padre had together, he said 'he did a little now and an opportunity of definitely expressing

his opinion." "Wasn't it odd, Madge, that he never | "He sent me a line saying that he once asked after you, never even men- would call upon me this morning, so that

knowing your reasons for representing affirmative motion with his head as the ner, for the last three months. During

Hardinge turned rather white when I wards she heard the well-known, pain- nights stifling, and the drought tremendtold him, and then he slightly shrugged fully slow footstep, and hard hacking "He was very kind, Madge, very kind | Then came a knock at the door, fol- The narrow-chested, long ribbed horses indeed, and all in such a nice way! He lowed immediately by Mr. Drage's ent- in the cabs and omnibuses carry even less | ceived so much genuine relief as I have asked me if I were still fond of drawing, and when I told him that I had given it with high shoulders and narrow chest. loads which they have to drag, suffer so catarrh cure." up almost from want of time, and that my What little hair he had was light in much as even to excite the pity of their principal amusement was reading, he said colour, and brushed off his high forehead. drivers, who, even in straw hats and shirt that he had plenty of books, which he His features were clear cut and regular, sleeves, are too much influenced by the would be pleased to lend to me. 'I will but his grey eyes were deep sunken in weather to beat their cattle. Heedless of send my servant with them,' he said; 'I his head, his close shaven cheeks were the ugly glances of the policeman on will not come myself so that neither Mrs. | hollow and wan, and he endeavored in | duty, the itinerant vendors of fruit and Bland nor Mrs Grundy shall be scandal- vain to hide with his long lean hand the cheap effervescent drinks, stop their barised, or, better still,' he added, 'there is a nervous twitching of his thin dry lips. rows by the side of the foot way, and are dear old lady, who is a great friend of He was dressed in severest clerical cos- speedily surrounded by clamorous cusmine—she is rather out of health just now tume, all in black, and, in lieu of neck-tomers. One of these, pushing his long but as soon as she is a little better she cloth or collar, wore a clear-starched tray before him, not noticing where he it sick. shall call upon you and bring them to you. muslin band round his throat. A fine went, strolled quietly across the road,

It was so odd to hear him call me Rose, complete its outward resemblance to one down upon him. The fruit in the tray combination of selflessness, humility, and common and vulgar looking, and as the read over what I have written, and find zeal, than animated the sickly frame of horse in the brougham was an aristocrat-Onesiphorous Drage!

A bright hectic spot rose on cheek as Madge advanced to greet him. at it, and there was a general row, ending in the vital strength it gives. "I am so glad to see you back again, Mr. as usual, in a mob and policeman. Drage," she said, giving him her hand; "you have been away a long time, but your health is much improved, I trust?" "I am better, much better," said Mr. trying to me. I have breath enough left,

They were seated by this time, she is to my confidence, as you seem to think I the table in the window, he facing her a the carriage as it rolled easily away.

"Bertha is an apt pupil, and a very in my letter to him, written on that constraint, as though the subject just ineventful night. Turned white did he? troduced would probably lead to dis-He must surely have expected it. I have ing. "You arrived the night before last,

and when another change in my life thorpe awaiting me, a letter which aff-Rocks ahead showing themselves

> "From Captain Cleethorpe?" repeated "In it Captain Cleethorpe informed me - addressing me, he was pleased to

hand across his brow. and-no!" she said, putting the papers Gerald's appearance in our theatrical rect. I heard from Captain Cleethorpe stout, radiant, joyous. Gone, too, was some days since."

"Exactly," said Mr. Drage. "I did

"Exactly. I met him outside. The proposition, as I understand it, Mrs. which I then made, the news thus Pickering, is, that you should go as housekeeper to some friend of Captain Clee-These last words were spoken in answer | thorpe's - a retired officer, who is about to settle in this neighborhood?"

"That is so." "And you have promised to let Captain her correspondence, to write again so his appearance, who is going to call upon Cleethorpe know your final decision by tonight or tomorrow morning?"

There was a pause for a few minutes, and then Mr. Drage said, with hesitating voice and strange manner:

"It was very good of Captain Cleethorpe to ask my opinion on this question. It has given me a little time to think, andnot that I know that the blow would have been less fatal if it had come upon me unawares. See," he said, rising to his feet, but bending over her as he leaned tainly not the case, and I am afraid I mand so much of Mrs. Pickering's attent- across the table at which she sat — "see," cannot take credit for the former; but I ion," said Captain Cleethorpe, with old- he said, speaking in a low tone, but very rapidly, "if you go from me, I die!" Madge started, and looked up at him in affright. "You - you must not speak to me like that," she said.

"And why not," he continued, "when what I say to you is the truth? Ever since I have been away I have been pursued with this one same idea, the hope of making you my wife. I have striven against it, fought with it, but in vain. "That's scarcely complimentary to Each simple letter written by you, telling I am sure you would have thought so if present company, is it, Captain?" said only of the child's doings and progress, has shown me how completely you were Kawker's nerve and stomach tonic a sure "My dear Mrs. Pickering, your duties fitted to guide her in her future life, to lay in a different sphere, one which, in cheer and comfort what remains to me of brain tire, restoring nervous energy and delicate at Wexeter, that he never thought about which I spoke to you the other motion with her hand. "I have looked

forward to my release for so long, that I "You are very kind, Captain Clee- do not know if, even with you for my companion, I should be glad of a reprieve. tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the "No, I am only very frank," said the But I do know that the touch of your dear definite answer to my proposal. I ought must be borne; the sound of your dear "I am afraid I must ask you to give me | which is to be endured; the knowledge | Swayne's Ointment.

> "No, no; again I say no!" "May I ask why?" She paused a moment, and then said: "You know nothing of me, nor of my was an actress."

He started back, and clutched the table "An actress!" he repeated. "But you ye. were good and virtuous, I am sure: you

could not have been otherwise. Is there no other reason?" "Yes," she said, very quietly, "there is. I will tell it you now, for after what you have said to me you deserve to know it, though when I lay on my death-bed, as you and I thought when you first knew A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says:

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL MANAGER. TEN o'clock in the morning, and the sun shining with all his might. He has been "at this game," as one of the cononly partially in your confidence, not her, but Madge noticed him make an shaking his head in a deprecating man-that? Smith — You see it was for injuries

Heat, tremendous heat, everywhere!

It was so odd to hear him call me Rose, complete its outward resemblance to one just as he did in the old times when I was of those zealot monks, whom Domenichino was pine-apple, cut into luscious, sticky For 20 Years loved to paint. And assuredly in no slices, and over them hung a painted the formula for making Scott's monk was ever to be found a greater canvas banner. The whole thing was Emulsion has been endorsed by ic horse, he shied at it; and as the coach- strongest endorsements. But the man was a fat, well paid varlet, he swore

> The latter had already assumed an appearance of judicial wisdom, and had produced his note book, when a voice from within the brougham told him to go Drage, after a pause; "but those steps | the devil, and bade the coachman drive on. outside, and the steep bank, are a little At this unexpected interference with his however, dear Mrs. Pickering, to thank pocketed his note book, and leaving the you for the care you have taken of lit- horses' head, walked around to the door tle Bertha during my absence, and the wonderful improvement you have effected after glancing through the window, he Emaciation and General Debility. merely smiled a stolid smile, touched his helmet with his stiff forefinger, and motin the chair she had been occupying by ioning to the coachman, stood watching

What the policeman saw when he looked in at the carriage window, was THE OLD SAYING simply a corroboration of what I had stated good child," said Madge, with some little the figure of a tall, handsome man, with bright black eyes and sound pearly teeth. which gleamed as he smiled in recognit-Poor Gerald, I cannot understand that. cussion which she was desirous of avoid. ion of the official's salute, an aquiline nose, and a close-cut black beard. His appearance generally was magnificent; but I was his first love, I fancy, and that Yes, I fully intended calling on you his dark hair, the ends of which were yesterday, but I was a little overcome just beginning to be touched with grey, that I should hear this news of him just with fatigue after my journey; and be- was surrounded by a very glossy curly now, when I had been thinking of him, sides, I found a letter from Captain Clee- brimmed hat. He wore a white waistcoat, with a massive gold chain across, at ected you, and demanded a certain one end of which swung various golden charms; an open shirt front, with plain gold studs, and a flaming red necktie, a stand what Rose thinks she has failed to again, and now scarcely any chance of blue frock coat with a velvet collar, and

light trousers. He had varnished boots on his feet, and lavender kid gloves on his hands, and was smoking a cigar, a trifle under half a foot in length. He was altogether gorgeous, and his name was Philip Vane

Whence this transfiguration? In former days Philip Vane, even doing the best for himself, as he was always in the habit me?" asked Mr. Drage, looking at her was lean and hungry looking. Strive as earnestly, and nervously passing his he might to disguise it, there had always been a certain look of eagerness and "Oh, yes," said Madge, "it is quite cor. anxiety about his eyes; now he was every trace of the turf and its associations; gone were the sporting cut of the coat, the spotted necktie, the horse shoe pin; and the Major-no longer Majorn discarding his military prefix, had dropped with it nearly all the associations of his former life. How had this come about? Philip Vane had "gone

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> The worthy beadle in a rural district in Perthshire had become too feeble to perform his duties as minister's man and grave-digger, and had to get an assistant. The two did not agree well, but after few months had elapsed, Sandy (the be among the hindmost.'

fer from tired exhausted feelings conse quent upon mental effort, will find in conserver of the vital energies, relieving ing lost appetite and aiding digestion.

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A gentleman who had been allured by hotel in the north came down the morning after his arrival, complaining that his boots had been outside his door all night and until eight o'clock that morning, and nobody had touched them. The landlord. who, in his shirt sleeves, was tipped back in his chair, beamingly remarked: Law, bless ye, sir, ye might have left yer purse out there all night; nobody would have touched it. Honest folk down here. I tell

A-What are you going to do, now that you have amassed so large a fortune? B-I shall retire from business, and tell everybody what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I possessed noth-

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive

powers were weak, it has been followed by good results." H.P.YEOMANS. A.B. M.D. Mr. Sidebone (at the masquerade ball)-Who does yo' represent, Miss Lilly, goin 'roun' heah barefooted, hu? Miss Lilly-

I's Trilby. Who's you? Smith - That was a pretty hard doctor's bill I had to pay. Jones — How was received by being thrown from a horse I was riding by the doctor's advice.

"I have spent thousands of dollars and been in the best hospitals of Europe and America under treatment for catarrh," said a gentleman recently, "and have never re-Willie, do you know what the Easter

season is especially noted for? Willie -Yes'm; it's the only season of the year when the hens lay colored eggs. Apelles painted a bunch of grapes with

such skill that the birds tried to eat them. That's nothing. Van Daub painted a ship in a storm that made everybody who saw To correct a sour stomach, or cure a sick

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TO BE CONTINUED. FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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"I hev that, sir," said Tammas, very decidedly. "Sandy may get up, but he'll be among the hindmost."

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