

POETRY.

GRANDPA'S PET.

A bundle of sweetness, rolled up in blue— A round curly head that was golden, Two wee chubby hands that came peeping through,

And never one thing could be hidden, Such a lump of fun as eyes never met, And the whole went by the name of grandpa's pet.

He's up in the morning when daylight breaks, And everyone knows all about it; The day begins just when Don awakes, And none are so hardy as doubt it.

An anticrat he, whose wish must be met, All must bow to the reign of grandpa's pet. Does he want a crown? He'll have grandpa's hat—

The coquette scorns him to fish in, When he chooses to ride, he'll ride the cat, And pussy must bend in submission; He cannot do wrong—he never did yet— Why the whole world was made just for grandpa's pet.

When he makes a crow's nest of grandpa's wig, Then the old man is ready to kiss him; He draws his snuff-box about for a gig, And the worst word that's said is "God bless him."

All clocks in the house to his time are set— Well, there's nobody there but grandpa's pet. What a pity we cannot be always young, And rule like a king in his glory; What pity that time, with his iron tongue, Must change the sweet tone of life's story!

Alas! that we lose in flurry and fret, The dream of the time we were grandpa's pet. **SELECT STORY.**

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.—OR— **A CASTAWAY.** **PART I.** **CONTINUED.** **CHAPTER X.** **DESPAIR.**

The silence which fell upon the company at Gerald's announcement was broken by Dunsany, who called out in his most melodious tones: "My dear Gerald, I am delighted you have thought the time has arrived when it is expedient to make this announcement to the public as well. When, weeks ago, you first mentioned to me, as your intimate friend, the fact of your engagement with Miss Pierrepont, I told you, if you recollect, that it would be advisable to make your friends acquainted as soon as possible, in order that there might be no possible misunderstanding. And you will acknowledge I was right, for I am sure if our friend Hayward had known how matters stood, he would not have hinted a doubt as to Miss Pierrepont's ability; while as to me, I—"

"I beg your pardon, Dunsany," said Hayward, "I said nothing about Miss Pierrepont's appearance or conduct, of both of which I have the highest admiration; but I cannot allow that even the fact of her marrying the Count here, is likely to endow with ability, or to render her a modern Mrs. Siddons."

"Perhaps it will be advisable to change the subject," said Gerald, haughtily. "After the announcement I have made, it is perhaps scarcely in good taste to discuss Miss Pierrepont's qualities or qualifications in my presence. The restriction, however, need be but temporary, as I am about to take my departure; and the season is broken up," he continued, rising from his chair, "and this will be the last time of our meeting; but I hope as some future period, gentlemen, to renew the pleasant impressions which I have had during my companionship with you, and to come amongst you again."

"And bring your wife, sir!" echoed Gerald, angrily. He would have said more, but for the warning pressure of Dunsany's foot. As it was, he merely bowed and left the room, amidst general cheering and expressions of good wishes.

"When Gerald left the tavern, with his brain on fire and his heart aching within him, he felt the necessity for solitude and self-examination; and accordingly skirting the wharves on the edge of the Weze, and crossing by the lower railway station, made the best of his way to the garden of North-Hedge. Recollecting a gate which could be scaled with tolerable ease, he proceeded to climb it, and speedily flung himself down on one of the benches which nestled under the avenue of broad elms. The business carried on at the railway station at Westcott, which had been affected by the general quietude of the place, and save by the sighing of the night winds through the trees, the silence around him was unbroken.

"This was as he wished it. The thoughts which racked him deepened for a moment, and he would have sought for human eye to play the spy upon such consequences as would result from his contemplated analysis of his own feeling, and the determination which he would then arrive at. To stop a rival laugh, to controvert the effect of a sneer upon a woman whom he had loved, he had in the heat of the moment, publicly assumed a position, the retention or resignation of which, fraught with the deepest interest as it would be on his future life, must be determined upon at once.

And yet, in the full knowledge of her treachery and deceit, he had acknowledged her as his affianced wife! That was the position that he had publicly declared her to hold; that was the position she actually held, for, from her manner that evening, her last words, her parting touch, Gerald had but little doubt as to her answer.

"What was he to do? The idea of withdrawing the proposal which he had made, of breaking away from the compact which, as he imagined, was virtually agreed upon them, never entered into Gerald's mind. What he had said to Madge was, according to his view, quite sufficient in itself to bind him, without taking into consideration the quasi public announcement which he had made. He must go through with it as best he might. He would see Madge the first thing in the morning, tell her exactly what had occurred, repeat the story as it had been told to him, and ask her what she had to say in her defence. She would be truthful in her reply—he had an innate conviction of that, and then he should know to what to decide. If she acknowledged that there was a foundation for Snick's story, where would be that happiness in the future which he had so joyfully pictured to himself?

He would keep his word; she should have nothing to complain of on that score; he would marry her, and take her away to London, but as to living with her, that could never be. If she deceived him then, with what confidence could he trust his honor to her keeping when surrounded by flatterers and tried by temptations? No; that is the only course open to him, and the one that he must follow, provided always that their manner of living can be kept a secret from the world. If the secret of his betrayed trust, of his blighted life, were once known, Gerald felt that the exposure would kill him. These were the only terms he would exact from Madge; that it should be a life-long secret between them, and so long as she kept to them, she should share his income, and be left to do as she pleased. And having settled this in his own mind, Gerald rose from his seat, and made the best of his way home.

When he arrived at his lodging, he let himself in with his key, when, thinking he saw a light in the sitting room occupied by himself and Dunsany, he opened the door, and discovered that worthy stretched out at full length on the sofa, and snoring in a remarkably resonant manner. Gerald was about to retire quietly, when a snore of extra power awoke the sleeper, and Dunsany, rubbing his eyes at full length, apparently refreshed by his slumber.

"Come in, Gerald," he cried; "and don't be after scuttling off to bed like that, when I have been sitting up here broad awake, and denying myself natural sleep, for the chance of a talk to you. I went straight to your room directly I got back; and finding you were not there, I determined to sit up on the chance of catching you before you turned in, as I have something very important to say to you."

"Say away, then," said Gerald, throwing himself listlessly into a chair, and plunging his hands into his pockets; "say away; I'm listening."

"Listening," echoed Dunsany, who had gone to a little sideboard and placed some bottles and glasses on the table. "But I want you to talk as well; and with a view to that, hadn't you better put a pipe in your mouth?"

"I am utterly miserable, Dunsany," said Gerald with a groan. "Don't say that, my dear lad, for heaven's sake!" cried his friend. "I've made a good many blunders in my time; but I never made a greater than when I persuaded you to come to that confounded supper tonight, or when I permitted that professor of idioty to tell that cock-and-bull story."

Gerald raised his head, and looked up earnestly. "You don't believe that story?" he asked. "Which part of it?" asked Dunsany. "Any part," said Gerald. "My dear Gerald, the question is rather complicated and a delicate one, and I wanted to deal with it as delicately as I could. It resolves itself into this: do I believe that a certain lady, a common acquaintance of ours, went on a certain evening, memorable as the occasion of the thunder storm, up the Dumpington road, and, in the lane was met and embraced by a gentleman? Is that the question, or rather, one of the questions?"

"Well, then, upon my honor, I do believe it. In the first place, I do not think that old Snick has the power of inventing anything so circumstantial as that story was in its details; and in the next place, I have noticed, for the next few days, a certain absence of mind and preoccupation of manner in the lady in question. Now, as to the other part of it; do I believe that one Gerald Hardinge was the gentleman who met the lady in the lane? Upon my conscience, I do not. Now, am I right?"

"So far as I am concerned, you are quite right," said Gerald, with a heavy sigh. "Exactly," cried Dunsany, "and it was a fine manly thing of you, to dash in as you did, and endeavor to save a lady's character, which was being roughly handled. Only, you went too far. Why the deuce couldn't you content yourself with vindicting Miss Pierrepont's character, without asserting that she is your affianced wife?"

"I said so because it is a fact," said Gerald, quietly. "The deuce it is!" cried Dunsany, with a long whistle; adding, after a little pause, "that quite alters the case. You should have said that before you asked me my opinion."

"It was scarcely a subject you would have expected me to joke upon," said Gerald. "No," said Dunsany, "not to joke; but when a point is stretched here, it may easily be stretched there. However, it's no use for us to be beating about the bush in this way. Now let us see how the land lies. You say you are engaged to Miss Pierrepont?"

"Well, not exactly engaged. I have asked her to become my wife."

"And she has not replied?" "Not exactly. What I mean is, she has not replied in so many words; but there is no doubt of her understanding the offer I made her, and of her accepting it—unfortunately."

"And why unfortunately?" "Do you ask me after having heard Snick's story?" "To the deuce with Snick and his story," said Dunsany. "When did you lay your title and lands at Miss Pierrepont's feet?"

"But no one but, as Hayward says in his five-act tragedy. Seriously, Gerald, you are making a donkey of yourself. Instead of being ready to jump out of your skin with delight at the fact of your being about to be married to one of the prettiest and dearest young women possibly to be met with, you are crooning over a cock-and-bull story of her having met some one else some time before you did her honor to propose to her."

"There is something in what you say," said Gerald, brightening a little. "Something! There is more than you will ever be able to compass, unless your mind expands a great deal, and that's not likely to do so, as you are going away from us. Besides, take my word for it, that meeting was not exactly as it was represented by that old Snick, who is a malevolent little wretch, and would put the worst construction on anything. Even you must have sense enough to see that Miss Pierrepont is not the sort of woman likely to allow herself to be mixed up in any compromising affair."

"I am afraid there is no question about the meeting," said Gerald, doubtfully. "No," said Dunsany; "but I should like a meeting took place, the whole force of it, for good or evil, depends upon the person who she met."

"It was a man," said Gerald. "No doubt," said Dunsany; "even Snick is not idiot enough to make a mistake in that. But you may take your oath that that man was her father, her brother, or something of that kind."

"She never spoke to me of any of her relations, except the sister who lives with her," said Gerald. "The very reason why she would be more likely to meet them in secret," said Dunsany. "When you have known a little more of the profession, my dear Gerald, you will find there are numbers of persons, especially the female members, who have a strong aversion to being very shy of noticing in public. Depend upon it, it is something of that kind—now finish your grog, and get off to bed easy in your mind; you are sure to find it all right in the morning."

"I shall go to rest, and see her the very first thing," said Gerald. "Do," said Dunsany. "So long as you have a good sleep to-night, you may do what you please to-morrow." "Well," he muttered to himself, looking after the young man's retreating figure, "I hope I'm right; I do not think the girl is so frank to play double, particularly with such a frank, honest nature as his. But, even if it comes to the worst, I have postponed his misery twelve hours, and it is worth while sitting a little longer, and drinking an extra glass of grog to do that."

"And what is the matter with my Susan?" said Dunsany, coming down to breakfast the next morning and meeting Miss Cave on the staircase. "Has she come to say that she can conceal her passion for her Miss Pierrepont?" And has she a carriage and four, and is going to convey him to the village church?"

"Get along with you, do," said Miss Cave, grinning. "I was not looking for you, but for Mr. Hardinge."

"As I tapped at Mr. Hardinge's door just now, he roared out that he was in his bath," said Dunsany, "consequently he is not in a position to meet my Susan's gaze."

"Well, then, I will give this letter to you to take to him," said Miss Pierrepont, and important I am sure, because she begged me to bring it to him myself!" "Right you are," said Dunsany. And he took the letter to Gerald, whom he found in his dressing-gown. Gerald turned very pale when he saw the writing.

"It's from Madge," he said. "I know it," said Dunsany. "Miss Cave told me; open it now. It's all right, depend upon it."

Gerald opened the letter and read it through. Then, tossing it to the floor, he fell back in his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"My poor, dear fellow, what can be the matter?" said Dunsany. Then casting his eye over the letter, added, "By George! old Snick was right after all."

PART II. **CHAPTER I.** **IN THE BUNGALOW.** THE end of mild has Springside been compared to the taste of the prescient, and of those civilians who, in the happy days when the pogo-tree was easier to shake, and more productive in its droppings than at present, were enabled, after a comparatively short number of years spent in the East, to return to England, and settle down in comfort for the remainder of their lives in more than easy circumstances. Men of both classes, and their families, were to be found as settlers at Teemington, at Narrogate, and at other spa-resorts of the name of the same class, which London physicians of repute had an interest in recommending to their patients. But neither as regards the number nor the social status of their visitors, or their residents, could any of them be compared to Springside. The waters, after all had been said, were not the real attraction of the place. They had their merits, no doubt; they were to the full as nasty as those of any other spa, and, as another advantage, the springs were more numerous, thus affording different degrees of medicines.

No, the real attraction of Springside was the society, and the inhabitants knew this, and were proud of it. Our residents have been amongst us for generations, they would say; or visitors are people of position and family, and those retired Indians who have made Springside their home, are not like Indian settlers in the other places we have mentioned, who have made money anyhow, but staff-officers in the company's service, proprietors who have a star or two against their names in the books at Leadenhall street, men who had the entire of government house, or were well known at the Byculla club.

So far as their remarks about their Indian settlers were concerned, the Springside people were decidedly right. All the best men of the day, both in the military and civil service, who had either finally retired or were spending their furlough at home, made Springside their headquarters, and rarely left it save for a few weeks in the London season, when they established in lodgings in the vicinity of the military clubs. The Springside club, held in those days in the large rooms over the post office, had amongst its members a majority of testy old gentlemen, who were horribly irritated by the noise made in stamping the letters underneath, or by the rattling of the mail carts outside. The bachelors lived in hotels and boarding houses, the married men, who were in the minority, had houses of their own, or lived in stately old lodgings, which, whatever the Springsides might say, were now in the days of their decadence, and had quite a flavor of powder and peruke about them, reminding one of their former glories.

Unmarried, indeed, but with a house of his own, which, for want of a better name, he had called the Bungalow, and which stands in the midst of a square trim garden, invariably spoken of by him as the compound, is our old friend Captain Cleotherpe. The stout Major of the Cheddar yeomanry lies in Cheseborough churchyard, and Captain Cleotherpe has succeeded to his rank, but the old familiar title seems to suit him best, and he is at Springside at all events, generally addressed by it. Five years have passed away since the occurrence of that unhappy quarrel in the billiard room of the George, but they have affected little alteration in the Captain's appearance. His face is impressed with a few more lines, his hair is thinner, and what remains of it is a little grizzled; but his figure is still smart and soldier-like, and on horseback or on foot, he is as active as ever.

THE ARMENIAN OUTRAGES. **SICKENING DETAILS OF FRENCH BRUTALITY.** The London Daily Telegraph has a despatch telegraphed from Kars, that a depiction of the survivors of the Sassoon massacres have appeared before the Commission of Inquiry, and have narrated the whole story of the butchery. They presented a written statement, of which the 'Telegraph' will print a copy. The statement mentions that a cross and a bible were flung at the feet of an Armenian priest, who was ordered to trample upon them. He refused, and thereupon, the Turkish soldiers gouged out his eyes and flung him into a pit with others who were dying. Of the three hundred persons who were taken at the same time with the priest only one, a merchant named Avak, escaped. He saved himself in an almost desperate manner. Another despatch dated at Kars, gives the testimony of Kurds who saw Turkish soldiers take children by the feet and dash them against stones. 'A Turkish sergeant,' says the despatch, bound an old Armenian head downwards to some branches, and allowed to cut his throat with an axe. The same Kurds saw the soldiers take pregnant women, often bet on the sex of the children, and then cut the women open. The money was paid to the man who guessed correctly. The 'Telegraph' says that it has received other details too horrible to print.

THE FARMERS DECREASE. During the tariff-revenue decade the population of Canada increased over 17 per cent; during the protection decade it only increased 11 per cent. Instead of having a population of five and a half millions in 1891, it should have had, in view of the great efforts made to encourage immigration and in view of the hundreds of millions spent upon public works during that decade, the population was found to be only 4,882,298. What was the effect upon the farming population of Canada. In 1881 there were 676,222 farmers in the old provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and under a revenue tariff these increased to 619,331 by 1891, and fell off under the protection tariff to 583,054. The protection policy reduced the growth of the home market, and reduced the numbers of the farmers, that is, if we are to believe the census figures which Mr. Johnson, the government statistician, has so carefully prepared for the purpose of boomer protection, though with such poor success.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCORING SYRUP has been used by scores of mothers for the children while teething. It is a simple and safe remedy, and breaks up the feverish condition of the system, and restores the child to its normal state. It is a simple and safe remedy, and breaks up the feverish condition of the system, and restores the child to its normal state. It is a simple and safe remedy, and breaks up the feverish condition of the system, and restores the child to its normal state.

ALMOST FORGOTTEN. Two schoolboys began to quarrel and one of them said angrily to the other: "You are the greatest fool in town."

"Boys! boys!" remonstrated their teacher. "Do not forget that I am present."

Cholly Champ—I see that earrings are coming into fashion again. Have your ears ever been pierced? Miss Ethel—The taste of the present is not the taste of the past. What a question. Haven't I often listened to you twaddle?

If you suffer with neuralgia, bathe the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Swayne's German remedy, which is an infallible cure for this complaint. Only a cold in the head, neglected, produces catarrh. Only twenty-five cents invested in Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it.

The Gusher—I dreamt of you last night, Miss Ethel. Do you ever dream of me? Miss Ethel—I never had the nightmare in my life. (Gusher's Ha, ha! sounded hollow and forced.)

NOT HOME. Lady—"Is Mrs. Blinks home?" Servant—"No." "Can you tell me when she will be at home?" "As soon as she gets the parlor dusted, mum, and she's almost finished now."

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles. Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops that itching and bleeding, keeps the ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A Dexter, Mich., woman got so much faith in faith cure that she threw away her false teeth, expecting her natural teeth to grow in again. That was six months ago. Now her faith is cured.

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Old Resident—"It is cold, but, say! I remember when 'twas so cold we didn't use pairs when we milked the cows. We just milked and gathered up the icicles in our arms and carried 'em in."

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THE OLD SAYING. Throw Physic to the Dogs. Will not apply to the Present Day.

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