## POETRY.

## MEMORY'S PICTURE.

Only a flower-sprinkled meadow, With a stream running down to the sea, And a sweet, girlish face, half in shadow,

Is memory bringing to me. Under the boughs of the beeches That rustle and sway in the breeze, I hear once again the fond speeches, Low mingled with murmur of bees.

The echo of vows softly spoken Comes back from that long vanished

The faith and the trust never broken-The bliss that love only may bring;

The lillies that nod on the river. The white clouds that slowly drift by Though green boughs the sunshine a-quive Like gold sifted down from the sky;

The daisies that gleam mid the clover, The buttercups flaming in gold; The birds on swift wing flying over, The glory of woodland and wold; Before my eyes weary with weeping,

They passed in their glorious array; While here, mid youth's ashes, I'm keepi Sad faith with that far away May. But vain are all tears or regretting;

The winter winds eeriely call. As if chiding my soul for forgetting That this is what's left of it all-Only a flower-sprinkled meadow,

With a stream running down to the sea. And a sweet, girlish face, half in shadow, That mem'ry is bringing to me!

## SELECT STORY. AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART I. CONTINUED.

CHAPTER VIII. "IN THE DEAD UNHAPPY NIGHT."

aside, and a light dressing-gown donned | have palled on Philip Vane. in their place. There she is, seated at the dressing table, her hair thrown back turn the love he gives me? My capa-

And as she passed in review the recent gratify my love for him, and my revenge occasions on which she and Philip Vane on Philip Vane." had met; the tone of the few short letters and preparing for the final rupture.

And now it had come. "You will nev-

her nail the track of a line or two which thing she could do, and she would do so imposed burden too heavy for her to bear! had already begun to appear near her at once. eyes. Then suddenly pushing her chair

and a pastime with me; and I knew that table. Gerald was too much of a gentleman to His wife? Not his, but Philip Vane's. say anything that might not properly be said to-what he imagined me to be-a withstanding Philip's repudiation of it, good and virtuous girl. Now that barrier and in spite of all the sophistry which he ing for me, and I know you have, Gerald, have hitherto lived, were they to contin- or his death.

at length she raised her face from the future - misery embittered a thousand- duty therefore to speak definitely to you. pillow in which it had been hidden, fold by the omnipresent recollection of "Gerald, I cannot be your wife! I there was on it a strange odd expression, what might have been - she could have must not even be to you what I have such as those who were most intimate stifled the voice of conscience, and clung been—a chosen companion, a woman in with it had never seen there. A bright to the chance thus offered, what guaran- whose society you have been happy! In Not what we say, but what the people scarlet patch burned on each of her tee had she that Philip Vane might not saying this, I am not hard nor worldly. say, that Hawker's catarrh cure, cures.

cheeks, there was a wild, restless look in some day or other put in an appearance I have no doubt of your success in life her large brown eyes, and her lips, ordin- upon the scene, and seek to gain ad- and I know that, should you continue to

He said, truly enough, that our secret was had placed his future in his hands.

me, and who is steeped to the lips not of mere tenderness and compassion? merely in patient devotion to me, but in No, no-a thousand times no! She the desire to rid me of the burden which | could bear anything but that. Better

In her own room at last, with the door many who are better or more attractive- and the palm-trees' shade had proved stand between her and the rough wind locked, her hot, heavy clothes thrown looking, however much my beauty may mere mockeries of mental vision; so let outside. Smiling in her sleep, too," she

"Gerald Hardinge's wife! Could I reover her shoulders, and her chin resting bilities of loving have not been put to on her hand. The time was now arrived any severe test; it was that silly admirwhen she could think it all out, the time ation of a good looking face and specious that she longed for during her weary manners which led me to like Philip walk homeward up the Dumpington road | Vane; the idiotic folly of a school-girl, the time that she longed for as she lay which raves about the color of a man's prostrate, dazed and semi-conscious, upon eyes, or the shape of his nose; but I their all in all for duty's sake, she deterthe bed before going to the theatre. She doubt whether there was much question mined on carrying out her resolutions, could think it all out now—all—all. Why, of love in the matter. I was sillily fascin- and came out of the conflict, worn and erally up long before you; and your eye good Heavens! even since she was last in ated by him in the first few days of our pale and haggard, indeed, but victorious lids are all red and swollen too. I don't that room what a change had swept over married life; I remember I showed it as and determined. the current of her life! What a new much as he would let me, but that is so What was to be done? The proper What is the matter?" vista for the future had been opened up far off that it seems like a dream. Since course for her to pursue was, as she "No dear," said the elder separation, not merely temporary, but tween us, certainly none shown, even of sufficient, not merely to carry her are going away." final. When she taxed him with it, he regasd, on his part. I wonder whether through the story of her wrongs, but to acknowledged it. She was glad she had I have ever possessed the faculty of lov- bear up in what she knew to be the un- "When?" been beforehand with him there; that ing, and if so, whether it has died out? avoidable result, his appeal to her to was one instance, at least, where the cun- I think I can answer that question," she throw her past life to the winds, and inning oh which he so prided himself had said, smiling gravely. "Last night, when trust him with her future. She dared not been able to cajole or deceive her. Gerald's arm was round me holding me not trust herself to see him again; she What a moral coward he was! He would closely to him, when his face was bend- must hurry away from that place, within have taken leave of her with fine proming close to mine when I felt his soft the next few hours, in the early mornises and pleasant speeches, and let her go breath on my cheek, and saw the love- ing, and leave what she had to say to away; and then, when he knew himself light trembling and fading in his eyes, a to be far beyond her reach, he would have shiver ran through me from head to foot, Miss Cave. What should she say in cause I wish it." let her know the truth, that he had deserted her and cast her off for ever. Not passion hitherto strange to it. Ah, why," to his feeling of pity, not to attempt to even then, perha he might have al- she cried, clasping her hands above her to his feeling of pity, not to attempt to lowed her to go on wearing her life away, head, "why should my life be solitary hoping against hope, and ignorant of the and blank? Why should this wealth Madge Pierrepoint's experience of the state of widowhood to which she had of love which I possess be thus wasted? | world was not large; but it was sufficient Now she knew the worst. Come what to me of my youth, and give up such | ially a young man, is madly in love, apmight in the future, at least she would en- beauty as I still possess to him who peals to such sentiments are generally ter it unprepared. He had spoken plainly prizes it so dearly? I cannot, I will not, made in vain. Such a confession would enough, said in so many words, that mar- let slip this chance which is offered me probably act as a provocative to his purriage was dissolved between them. He so opportunely. I will write a line to must have had that step in contemplation | Gerald telling him that I accept his offer, | cost. Seeing Gerald under such circumfor some time past; such a resolution was and am only impatient to call myself his stances as those, Madge would not have not taken an the spur of the moment. wife, and thus at the same time I will answered for herself; and all the mental

The scarlet spot on her cheek burned he had written to her, she saw clearly more brightly than before, and the light legality - which existed between them. were moving involuntarily, and her lips

were full and humid. She took her blotting-book and inker look upon my face again," that was stand from off the chest of drawers, arwhat he said. What had she done? Had ranged them on the table, and sat down lyze its action, and prevent its ever again she been so specially wicked, had her to write. But her brain was too much life been so specially happy, that she excited, her heart beating far too quickly, should be visited by an affliction like this, to admit of her sufficiently steadying her content to pass as cold and heartless in that she should be forced to bear the thoughts; and the next moment she was brunt of the battle alone, quite unaided; up and pacing the room again to and fro, more than that, even having to succor to and fro. No reminiscences of past Gerald as Madge did, she never doubted and provide for one weaker and younger | misery now; all visions of future happi- for an instant that he would refuse to than herself, without one friend to turn ness with Gerald! How handsome he take from her lips any denial which was to in her extremity, without one living was! how high-bred and gentlemanly dictated by prudence or policy, and that soul to speak to her a kind word, or to he always looked! Not even his coarse the only method by which he could be Gerald Hardinge! As the thought him. How softly he always spoke to by touching his pride. That must be flashed across her, the name rose simul- her, and how he always looked straight done, no matter at what cost to hertaneously to her lips, and was spoken into her eves - not boldly, not triumph- self; wittingly and knowingly, she must She raised her face from her hands, diffidence and love! She recollected, too, who so loved her, and had just asked perwhere, in the agony of her grief, she had the long clinging pressure of his hand. mission to dedicate his life to her. buried it, and catching sight of its reflect- Ah, how she would love him, how she ion in the glass before her, could not help | would make up for past years of coldness | out before her, lay the paper, which was | story as you sent him the first chapter noticing, all blurred and tear-stained as it and neglect! She longed to have him to have borne his summons to her side, with the sausage yesterday. was, the delicacy of its features, the there by her side, that she might tell him whereon was to have been written her sweetness of its expression. She peered how warmly she reciprocated all he had acceptance of his offer. She thought of at it long and curiously, as though it had said to her on the previous night. Un- all this, and the pen which she had taken been another woman's face, now pitting a able to see him at that instant, she must up, dropped again from her fingers. Ah, dimple with her finger, now tracing with write to him; that was the next best surely the task was too cruel, the self- and stinging: most at night; worse by

aside, she rose to her feet and again mut- drumming on the blotting-book, the and the bitter tears burst forth again. "The last time that Gerald spoke to front of her. How should she commence and bathed her face, and once more reme," she continued, pacing to and fro in her letter to him? How should she end turned to the table. Then, stopping for cents. Dr. Swyne & Son, Philadelphia. the room, "I listened to him carelessly it? She knew that, she thought. She some time to try and get more command and talked to him lightly. Knowing the should put "your wife." His wife? over her trembling fingers, to try and barrier that existed between, there was And then the pen slipped from between still the audible beating of her heart, to no harm, I thought, in so listening, for it her fingers, and the other hand ceased try and find words in which her meaning

That fact remained indisputable, not "MY DEAR GERALD,

ue, would be dangerous to him and con- Ah, what vague hopes she had cher- by either of us. I knew that most boyspromising for me. Yes," she added, after | ished of placing herself on an equality | don't be offended, Gerald, there will come a pause, during which she had remained with him! what fruitless boasts she had a time when you will consider youth a rapt in consideration, "the retribution made to herself of claiming as much thing not to be ashamed of-that most thim hams, an' kape wan av thim till I which Philip Vane will inflict upon me freedom in her future as he had insisted boys admire women older than themfor refusing to obey his commands will be on his! Were she to take the step she selves; and there was a greater reason for bitter indeed. He can disappear, 'efface had contemplated - were she to accept your liking me, as we have been thrown himself,' as he says, banish all remem- the position offered to her - the mere so much together, and there are not many brances of me, if it be not already ban- prospect of the expectation of which had people-in the company, at least, I mean; ished, blot out all traces of his married filled her with happiness and joy inex- with whom you have much in common. life, commence a fresh career of dissipat- plicable - what would be the result? In I have always, as you will remember, ion, and look for a new victim to wheedle, her own secret soul she would know her- Gerald, endeavored to stop you when and make use of and desert. He can do self, whatever she might pass for to him you were going to say anything definite all this, for he will be free, while I must and to the world, not to be Gerald to me; I have always refused to give you lieves pulmonary troubles." remain here, fettered and heart-broken | Hardinge's wife, but his mistress, and to any definite answer, on the plea that it be Philip Vane's wife still. Even if - would be sufficient to ask me for one She flung herself prone upon her bed, looking at the happiness which such a when you were in a position to speak serand clasping her hands behind her head, prospect opened up to her, and contrast- iously to me. Last night you told me lay there motionless for some time. When | ing it with the certain misery of her | that time had now arrived, and it is my

arily so soft and mobile, were set and vantage by her default? He had sworn think as you do at present, your pleasure that he would not do so; but she knew in that success would be doubled if it "Wh should I be solitary?" she broke well enough that to such a man such an were shared by me. Should you continue forth, raising herself on her elbow, and oath meant nothing; and then for the to think? Ah, that is one point, Gerald! gazing eagerly before her. "Why should mere passing gratification of two passions, You have not seen enough of the world his be all the triumph and mine all the revenge and love, she would have entailed to know your own mind, and the woman misery? Why, while he creates a fresh misery not merely upon herself, but whom you worship now, might seem very life for himself, should I settle down in upon the boy who had offered his life for homely and very dull to you in a few

apathetic wretchedness and dull despair? her disposal, and so frankly and loyally years' time! our own, that our marriage was known to | Following out with strictest scrutiny | you is to tell you that I am no longer none but ourselves; and that when he her self-examination, Madge felt com- free, that I have for some time been endecided upon ignoring it, it would be just pelled to confess that there were several gaged to be married to a gentleman who as though it had never happened. It was reasons for giving up the step on which now claims my promise. I ought to have known but to ourselves and to two others, she had so recently determined. The told you this last night, Gerald, but I was hired witnesses, whom in no human difference of age between them must not overcome by the extra fatigue which I had probability I shall ever come across. What be lost sight of. It was enough now, undergone during the past week, and my is to prevent me, then, from shaking my- while Gerald was under the influence of dread of the annoyance which I knew self free from the shackles, and seeing his boyish passion, and while she yet re- my answer would give was too much for whether in life there is not yet some hap- tained enough of her youthful beauty to me, so I write it to you instead. You piness in store for me? What is to pre- keep him in thrall, and to render her an must try and not think very badly of me vent? My conscience? Duty? The duty object of admiration among his friends. for not telling you before. I had my I owe to Philip Vane would sit lightly But in a few, very few years' time, she reasons, reasons which I cannot explain, enough upon me; and is it not his wish? would have lost her bloom, and be ad- but may be able to do so some day. I 'I will never interfere with your plans vancing towards middle age, while he am going away from this at once, and am and projects, be they what they may;' he | would yet be in the prime of early man- to be married very shortly. Good-bye, swore that, and he will keep his word, hood. What should she expect then but Gerald! God bless you! Most likely we only too thankful to lay hold of any act | what she had already undergone? Not | shall never meet again, but I shall always

-he was too manly, too high-spirited, Once more, good bye! "And here is Gerald, whose only too tender-hearted; but would it not be thought is to take me to his heart, and worse for her than anything she had yet make me his wife, who, hard-worked as endured, to see that she was merely tolerhe is at the theatre, has been devoting ated by a man to whom her whole soul his extra hours in labor to gain a position was given, and in whom the wild ardour

I now have to bear, and to render life pluck out this passion of recent growth, though she plucked out her heart and "Gerald Hardinge's wife! He asked her life at the same time, than let it me to become so at once, why should I have a short season of bloom, and a long tains. Madge stepped softly up to the refuse? I am older than he is, it is true, period of withering decay. The mirage and my youth has been passed in toil, was fast vanishing away, and again the delicate beauty as she lay with her face and, to a certain extent in privation. long level sands of the desert of life But," she added, stopping before the which she was compelled to travel, with her arms. glass, and again surveying her features | no well of hope, no oasis of rest and hapin it, "I do not think I show the traces of piness in sight, lay stretching out before much in the great battle of life," said it; I do not think, speaking dispassion- her. The shining sands had to be Madge, as she bent ever her. "Poor ately, as Heaven knows I feel, there are traversed, and the bubbling fountains little flower, it's lucky she has me to Madge Pierrepoint had once faced that fact, although in facing it she went world's creation, has been suffered only by those white-robed few who sacrifice eyes full of surprise.

then I have been almost constantly separ- knew, to see Gerald, and tell him all. follow her? That would never do. Why should I not solace what remains to tell her that when a man, and especsuit, and that must be stopped at any anguish which she had undergone, and

the triumph which she had obtained, would have been in vain. After reflection, then, she came to the how he had, bit by bit, been loosening was still in her eyes; but the muscles of confusion that there was but one way by for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." the tie-never very strong, save in its her mouth, instead of being rigid and set, which the end she sought for was to be

obtained. And that way was, to strike his kind and trusting heart a blow, which, coming from her band, would numb and parabe cruel only to be kind," and must be Gerald's eyes, rather than let him know her for what she really was. Knowing common painting-clothes could disfigure restrained from further pursuit, would be antly, but with a strange mixture of degrade herself in the sight of the man

So she sat down to do it. There, spread

She could not do-she could not do it! Seated at the table once again, one hand And Madge hid her face in her hands, other idly stretched on the paper in When the paroxysm was over, she rose was a break in my dull and dreary life, drumming, and convulsively grasped the might be, with as little harshness as possible, expressed, she wrote the following

If you have ever had any kind feel- gone and joined — the Bachelor's club. exists no longer, and he must learn the had talked, and which she had allowed you will need it all when you read this. truth; I must tell him I am the deserted herself to be persuaded into accepting. What I write now I ought to have said to sickens you, that's because your bilious. wife of another man, that the confidence | Philip Vane's wife, in the sight of you last night, if not before. No, not be- | Hawker's liver pills cure biliousness and and companionship which have hitherto heaven, and in the eye of the law. Philip fore, for up till last night I had only all bilious ills. existed between us must now be brought | Vane's wife - that was her condition. | looked upon what you have said to me to an end, that the terms on which we only to be released therefrom by her own from time to time as so much boyish nonsense, not to be thought of seriously equal ter what I take away, will yer thrust

"But my chief reason for writing to

of mine which would tend to further estrangement and ratify the separation between treat her as Philip Vane had treated her shown to me, and pray for your welfare.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET PIERREPOINT. terations and much delay. As Madge which he could consider worthy to offer of love had been superseded by a feeling doing evil that good may come of it; may God forgive me this bitter, bitter lie! Then she folded the letter, addressed it, shut it in her blotting-book, and went into Rose's bed-room.

The sun had risen by this time and was pouring in through the thin white curbed, and could not help noticing Rose's upturned and her head resting on one of

"Too delicate and too sensative to do her proceed upon her pilgrimage at once, added, after a moment's pause; "it seems and give up all further thought of those a shame to rouse her from a pleasant ansubstantial and impossible delights. It dream to the dull realities of packing and could not, must not be. And when departure, but the time grows short, and

Then she touched her sister lightly on through such mental torture as, since the the shoulder, and the girl awoke and sat up in bed, looking before her with large "What is it, Madge?" she cried. "What

has made you awake so early? I am genbelieve you have been to bed all night

"Now directly, by the seven o'clock Country train. We have scarcely time for our packing and our breakfast.' "But where are we going to, Madge,

"I don't know yet, dear, where, though probably we shall stop first at Springside

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ELSA'S DISTRESS. Lady Visitor - Elsa, dear, you look the very picture of despair! Something dreadful must have happened - what is it? Elsa - Ha! just fancy, I hardly dare tell you. My intended, the wretch, has

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Milligan-Well, thin, sell me two av

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He did intend that the Australian jour- ated from him; and when we have met But that she could not do. She dared must get up at once and pack your own ney should be merely an excuse for a there has been no question of love be-

"We are going away!" repeated Rose.

and why?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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