

POETRY.

THE PANSY'S LOVERS.

My lady, with the heart of gold, Whose lovers throng apace, Joy, 'mong blossoms manifold, To look upon thy face.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART II.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XII.

"Do you think I care what the world thinks of me or what I think of myself?" cried Mrs. Bendizen.

"I have no patience to listen to ravings which would be worrisome to a love-sick girl, but which are contemptible in a woman."

"I shall be delighted to walk with you," said Madge, "for I am cramped with long railway travelling."

"What would have happened?" he replied, turning to her abruptly.

"Exactly, something sufficiently disagreeable. I will tell you all about it when you have had some refreshment."

"Well, then, I will tell you, and do my best to make my story as short as possible."

"You are impatient, then?" said Mrs. Bendizen, rising and throwing back her hair.

"I am merely indifferent," said Madge, coldly.

"At present I have only lost my temper, and made a fool of myself."

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been gained by so doing is another matter; little enough, I should imagine. That woman, ignorant, unschooled, and impulsive, is madly in love, and will allow nothing to come between her and her object. Strange that I should have seen her, and that she—called away suddenly, she said he was called away by telegram on important business. By telegram! that must have been the message, a copy of which Rose forwarded to me, and which I have here.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE CIPHER TELEGRAM.

SIR GEOFFREY was walking in the grounds at Wheatcroft, when a fly with Madge and her luggage drove up to the little lodge gate.

"If you are not tired, Mrs. Pickering," said he, "you may as well let the man go on with your luggage to the house, while we stroll up there quietly together; it is a beautiful evening, and there are one or two things which I have to say to you."

He spoke to her with doffed hat, and holding her hand in his, treating her as he always treated her, as a lady and his equal in rank.

Looking at him with the evening sunlight falling full upon his face, Madge was much struck with the alteration in Sir Geoffrey's appearance. His cheeks, never very full, were now quite hollow; his lips seemed more tightly set and more rigid than usual, and there was a strange, strained, scared look round his eyes.

"I shall be delighted to walk with you," said Madge, "for I am cramped with long railway travelling."

"What would have happened?" he replied, turning to her abruptly.

"Exactly, something sufficiently disagreeable. I will tell you all about it when you have had some refreshment."

"Well, then, I will tell you, and do my best to make my story as short as possible."

"You are impatient, then?" said Mrs. Bendizen, rising and throwing back her hair.

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The general was very hot and very much flushed when he came to a conclusion. He looked towards his companion, as though expecting her to speak; but nothing she did not do so, he said, after a pause: "You are silent, Mrs. Pickering!" "Do you wish me to speak, sir Geoffrey?" He paused again, and apparently after some slight internal struggle, he said: "I do, though if I guess rightly, what you say will not be quite consonant with my feelings, not quite agreeable to me to hear. Nevertheless, say what you have to say, and I will listen to you; there is no other person in the world from whom I could take as much."

This last sentence was only half heard by Madge, she was revolving in her mind whether she should confess to Sir Geoffrey her acquaintance with Gerald, and the important part which she had played in the drama of the boy's life. Her first idea was to confess all; but when she recollected the old general's infirmity of temper, she thought that such an admission would lead him to look upon her in the light of a partisan, and thus irrevocably weaken her advocacy.

"I had no right to speak until requested by you to do so," she said; "and as you have rightly divined that I do not hold with your views in the matter, I would willingly have held my peace. Bidden to speak, I tell you frankly, sir Geoffrey, that I think you have been wrong from first to last. Of course, the whole affair, the separation from your wife, the dishonouring of your son, all hangs upon the one question of whether Mrs. Heriot were innocent or guilty. You say that you convinced yourself before the fulfilment of your revenge, but your son declares that he has obtained proof of his mother's innocence. You are hasty, sir Geoffrey, apt to jump at conclusions without due deliberation, impatient of contradiction, and from what I know of your son, or rather I mean of course from what I have heard, and from what I gather from your account of him, he would not, I imagine, be likely to come forward without ample grounds for his assertion."

The general was pacing slowly by Madge's side during the whole of the remarks which she had just made, his head bent thoughtfully forward. As she progressed his face grew dark and stern, and when she paused he said: "He would come forward for the sake of getting into his position in this house."

"If he had that object in view, would he not have served his purpose better by pretending that he had discovered the truth of your story, pleading his mistake, and throwing himself on your mercy?" "He is starved out and forced to capitulate; he is at the end of his resources, and so comes with the best story he can to make terms."

"The length of time that has elapsed between his enforced departure from his home and his attempted return to it, impresses me decidedly in his favor," said Madge. "During the greater portion of this time he has doubtless been occupied in making the research which he has just terminated so favorably; and as for his having come to the end of his resources, I ask you, sir Geoffrey, whether it is likely that a young man who has maintained himself, whether he has been well or ill, we know not, but still who has maintained himself for such a length of time, is likely to be at his wit's end in the very flower of his youth?"

"Unquestionably; for your own sake. If he had produced the proof which he stated himself to possess, the remorse which you must have felt would have acted in good faith, and by the recovery and reinstatement of your discarded son. If he had not those proofs, or they were insufficient to convince you, would he have had the satisfaction of knowing that you had been right throughout. At present—"

"At present I have only lost my temper, and made a fool of myself. That is, I suppose, what you would say. I said, General, looking up rather ruefully at his companion. "So I did, raised the whole house, and told Riles to put the boy out. But what on earth did you go and do for Mrs. Pickering? If you had been at home this would not have happened."

"It will not be difficult to remedy it yet, sir Geoffrey," said Madge with a quiet smile. "You may write to him, and tell him to come here."

"Write to him!" cried the General. "I have not the least notion where he lives."

"I dare say we can manage to find out," said Madge.

"If I may be allowed to manage to do anything you wished," said the General. "However, we will talk this matter over further; and there is another matter of great importance I wish to discuss with you later on. Now let us go to dinner."

The tone of his voice showed that his heart was softened, and Madge, in her presently gratified at the idea that she, whom Gerald had once been so fond, and who, as he thought, had treated him so badly, might become the means of his reinstatement in his father's house, and in his proper position in society.

The subject was not alluded to by either of them during the evening. The short conversation with his housekeeper during their walk in the grounds had afforded the old General sufficient matter for reflection, and he set himself to thought, dispensing with the reading of the newspaper, which he had missed so much during Madge's absence, and which he had intended to resume on her return. Madge herself was thoroughly tired out, and at a very early hour the little household was at rest.

The next morning brought Mr. Drage, who came up brimming over with news of the church congregation. Finding that Mrs. Pickering had returned, and that the General was engaged out of doors, he availed himself of the opportunity to make his way to the housekeeper's room. There he found Madge and after a warm greeting on both sides, received from her a full account of her visit to Sandown.

Mr. Drage listened with the deepest interest. Impressed as she was with the gravity of the crime about to be committed, and its probable consequences to herself and the wretched woman who was about to become a participant in it, Madge could scarcely avoid the remark as she watched the various changes which played over Mr. Drage's face during the recital of the story. That such a crime as bigamy had been contemplated, was horrifying to the simple country clergyman. He was afflicted with very bad rheumatic pains, and they became so intense that he was a misery. I saw the South American Cure advertised and determined on giving it a trial, and procured a bottle from R. J. Old, druggist, of St. Thomas. Before taking one half the bottle I found the greatest relief, but kept on taking it, using in all four bottles. I used that quantity to give the medicine a fair trial, although I had no sign of an ache or pain before taking the second bottle. I can strongly recommend this remedy to all sufferers from rheumatism. I feel confident it will do for them what it did for me. Sold by W. H. Carten and C. A. Burchill.

"I confess," said the doctor, with a very blank and perplexed look, "that I am quite unable to advise you. I have never come across so determined a character as Mr. Vane appears to be; and this woman seems, from what you say to be a perfect mania for him. It is, of course, most horrible to have to sit by and witness an open infraction of the law, but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best to prevent it, even though the warning was not attended to."

"As you say, we have done our best, and there must be an end. I am heartily sick of the trouble and vexation it has caused me. If I had remained in one line, I should have been contented for my husband, it would have been extinguished by this last and greatest insult. My pride tells me that I have already proceeded too far in this matter, and that when he hears that I have done so, he will hear, sooner or later, he will ascribe my actions to my continued attachment to him, and my unwillingness to see him taken by another woman."

"Your pride may teach you that, but I have been reflecting as you spoke," said Mr. Drage, "and my conscience teaches me that we should not suffer this to be committed without one further attempt to prevent it. You have seen Mrs. Bendizen, and she has refused to listen to you, I will go to London and search for Mr. Vane; he is a man of the world, and will more readily comprehend the difficulties which beset him, and the danger in which they are liable to result."

"He is a desperate man," said Madge, "and one who would flinch from nothing where his interests were involved or his safety at stake. I should dread any meeting between you."

"I am grateful for your interest in me," said the doctor, with the hectic flush rising in his cheek, "but I do not fear much for myself; and even were he to kill me—" "I will not have you talk in that manner," said Madge, laying her hand lightly on his arm, and looking up earnestly into his face.

The Rev. Onesiphorus Drage had for some months past, told himself that he had conquered his wild absorbing love for Mrs. Pickering, and that he only regarded her as a sister. There are so many of us who on certain subjects are frank and loyal to all others, and eminently deficient to ourselves.

It has saved thousands of lives, and promptly declined to enter into any of the church congress discussions and argument which Mr. Drage had eagerly submitted to him, alleging that he had business of more pressing importance, on which the doctor's advice was required.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Most Pronounced Symptoms of Heart Disease, and How to Secure Relief in 20 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are, palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, spells at night, making it necessary to sit up in bed to breathe, swelling of feet or ankles, and the most eminent authorities are one of the most signs of a diseased heart. Nightmare is a common symptom, spells of hunger or exhaustion. It is estimated that 60 per cent. of all cases of dropsy came from heart disease. The brain may be congested, causing headache, dizziness, vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters it tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and nothing will give such perfect relief or so speedily effect a cure as Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart. It has saved thousands of lives, and promptly declined to enter into any of the church congress discussions and argument which Mr. Drage had eagerly submitted to him, alleging that he had business of more pressing importance, on which the doctor's advice was required.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. WISSLOW'S SCORPION SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain, cutting teeth, teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, it will cure you no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WISSLOW'S SCORPION SYRUP."

O'Kies—Doesn't Miss Pillsbury make a pretty picture as she sprinkles her flowers? McEli—Yes, and judging by the way she is holding up her skirt she seems anxious to let the neighbors see that she uses nothing but the best quality of hose.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply to use "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clean, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by Swayne's Ointment. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

Johnny—Maw, I should think it would be a heap more careless to cast pearls before swine. His mother—Why so, Johnny? Johnny—Cause they'd eat 'em.

NOT THAT KIND.

Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

The great trouble with young men who want to see life, remarked the corn-fed philosopher, is that they imagine that there is none of it worth seeing by daylight.

Mrs. Hojak—They say that our minister is one of the most eloquent after-dinner speakers in the country. Mr. Hojak—If that is true I wish he'd eat his dinner just before the morning service.

Jonski—Were you out wheeling yesterday, Smithoff? Smithoff—Yes, I went scooping up the avenue with the baby carriage.

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Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumption can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion