

POETRY.

THE FOUNDERED SHIP.

(Lark Midland, Rev. 1904)
The morning broke across the lake
Upon a sea of ice and wild;

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART I.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE THE STORM.

The streets of Wexeter, save during the
period set apart for the military training,
or other times of festivity, are left solitary

At half-past nine o'clock on the night
when Miss Pierpoint, sitting over her
drawing, was interrupted by a visit from
Gerald Hardinge, a tall woman issued
from the stage door of the Wexeter
Theatre, and was suddenly confronted by
Mr. Gonnop, the hall-keeper, who was
smoking a long day pipe, and patrolling
the measured space of pavement outside,

"Good-night, Miss Pierpoint,"
replied the hall-keeper; "it looks amazing
thick over there," he added, pointing
with his pipe in the direction where a
large black cloud was spreading over the
city, "and we'll have rain before long, I
reckon. Let's hope it'll come down, miss,
and get all clear again before next Thursday."

"And why particularly next Thursday,
Gonnop?" asked Miss Pierpoint, in a
clear voice.
"Your benefit night, miss!" said the man,
looking up at her in wonder; "can't have
forgotten that Sunday?"

"Not that fine weather always does it,"
said Gonnop, slowly emitting his smoke
and looking steadily at her, "being good
for tea gardens, and steamboat excursions
as is by their very nature contrary to
theatres. For, look you, when the sun is
shining—good-night," said Gonnop, bringing
his sentence to a hurried conclusion as
the lady moved rapidly away.

When Miss Pierpoint reached the
end of the call-decan in which the stage
door was situated, she turned to the right,
and looking straight before her, could
have seen Miss Cave's house, conspicuous
by the brightness of its knocker and the
shining cleanliness of its door-step, within
fifty yards. Their proximity to the
theatre was indeed almost as great a reason
for the popularity of Miss Cave's lodgings
as their comfort and respectability; but
on this occasion Miss Pierpoint had no
intention of proceeding direct to her
residence, and after looking carefully
round to see that she was not followed or
watched, she turned off at an acute angle,
and quickening her footsteps, speedily
found herself in the aristocratic quarter of
South-Hedge.

listening for approaching footsteps. But
she heard nothing, save the first dull
rumble of distant thunder which immediately
preceded the striking of the cathedral
clock.

"Only just ten," she said to herself.
"I am here before ten, as usual, and,
as usual he will be after his. What
could have brought him down here, I
wonder, now? Not that I need wonder
when I know well enough that the want
of money, and the idea that I can be of
use to him in some scheme for raising it,
are the only things now, which induce
Philip to break off, for ever so short a
time, from the life which exercises such a
fascination over him, and to come to me."

She listened again, but after a minute
resumed her pacing to and fro.
"Whoever he ever thinks for a minute
how and where it all will end? Whether
in the easy-going current of his life,
the idea ever comes across him of the
possession of money, not merely by his
tacit consent, but by his express desire?
If he ever does think of it, he must be a
very different man from Philip Vane of
two years ago, to allow it to continue, or
to bear it calmly. Why then, the mere
notion of wealth? What a fool I am to
trouble myself with such memories!
Whatever may be the change in him, it
cannot be greater than it is with me; and
all I have to do is to accept the present
state of things, and to make the best of it.
This I will do at last."

She turned swiftly round as she caught
sight of a man's figure coming round by
the toll-house. The next minute a tall
man joined her, and after a hasty glance
around, put his arms round her, and
bending down kissed her cheek.

"You need not have looked, Philip, to
make sure that you are unobserved," she
said, with a short laugh. "There was no
one near to see you take the unwarrantable
liberty of kissing your wife! You are
generally prudent enough to select as our
place of meeting some quiet spot, where
there would be no chance of interruption."

As he heard these words, and marked
the tone in which they were spoken, a
dark savage look crossed the man's face.
It was gone in an instant, and his big
black eyes were laughing merrily and his
white teeth were gleaming brightly be-
tween his smiling lips, as he said:

"Savage, tonight, old lady! Upset, eh,
Madge? Don't like to be kept cooling
her pretty heels in this particularly cut-
throat looking place waiting for me, is that
it?" And once again he placed his arms
about her and kissed her cheek.

"No," she said, "that isn't it particularly.
I don't know that I am savage, and I
do know that I am accustomed to wait
my husband's conveniences."

"Well, then, don't say any more about
it," the man said, in a sharper tone. "I
could not get away before, and that's
enough. You got my telegram all right?"

"Of course, or I should not be here,"
she said, "and I should not be here."

"How comfortably sharp you are to-
night, Madge; down upon every word I
say! Nothing gone wrong, has there?
How's the booking for the benefit?"

"Very good, indeed; the house will be
more than full, I think."

"That's right, the money will just come
in handy. I made rather a mess of it at
Taunton yesterday."

"Have their been races at Taunton?"
"Yes, of course; that's why I came on
to see you. Shouldn't have been in the
neighborhood for some time to come, and
therefore thought I had better take ad-
vantage of the chance."

"Then it was really to see me that you
came this time, Philip?" said the girl,
nestling towards him, and looking up into
his face.

"Of course it was, my dear!" he re-
plied. "What did you think it was—not
business? There is no information to be
got, no money to be made out of you?"

"Isn't there?" she said quietly; "I
thought there."

"You know what I mean," he said.
"By-the-way, don't forget to send me
that benefit money as soon as you get
hold of it. You could send it to the club,
you know. What do you think the figure
is likely to be?"

"The figure?"
"Yes, the amount, the sum total. Heavens
on earth, Madge, how slow you are!"

to come out here to meet me on such a
night as this is going to be; to have to
tramp all along the road after playing—"

"It is not that, Philip," interrupted the
girl. "I don't mind the hardship; all I
hate is the desert, the having to hide the
fact of our marriage even from Rev. Dr.
Johnson of the old landlady as you
future, the having to receive attentions
from honorable men, which would be
naturally gratifying to an unmarried girl
which are degrading to me as your wife."

"Yes," said Philip Vane, "I under-
stand all that of course, and as soon as I
can, I will put it right. I cannot do it
just now, but I hope in a few months to
make up all square. By-the-way, Madge,
talking about attentions, what has become
of the scene painter—is he still here?"

"Yes, he is still with the company."

"And still as spongy as ever?"
"I don't know about being 'spongy'; I
think he is very fond of me, but he is a
mere boy, you know, and—"

"Yes, I know! And you have still got
that notion that you told me about his
being a swindler?"

"I have no doubt that he is a gentle-
man by position and education; beyond
that I know nothing."

"Exactly; that's quite enough! I
shouldn't discourage his sponginess if I
were you, Madge; something may turn
up out of it. Don't you fear my being
jealous. I can trust you, old woman; and
if this man ever came into any money,
or was received back by his friends, from
whom you seem to suppose he has run
away, we may make something out of
him. He's written you letters, I suppose?"

"Yes, some," she said.
"Ah! I don't want to see them, bless
you," cried Philip Vane; "I can trust
you perfectly, only I think you had bet-
ter keep them, and not tear them up or
destroy them in any way; they may be
useful one of these days. By Jove! here it
comes," he cried, as, after a few thick
drops, a heavy peal of thunder broke over
their heads.

"We had better make a dash for it,"
he said, "I've got a cab waiting the other
side of the bridge, and can set you down
where you like. Don't be afraid, Madge;
the driver doesn't know me, and I'll take
care he don't recognize you."

"The storm was sharp while it lasted,
but was soon over. Miss Cave, who had
sat up for her lodger and 'gone round
the house,' as was her wont, no matter
how late the hour, after everybody else
had retired to rest, was sitting at Miss
Pierpoint's door to inform her that the
clouds had quite cleared away, and that
the moon was shining brightly.

"A good omen for Thursday, my dear,"
added the old lady, as she retired to bed.

"I hope so," said the girl, "but I
hope so, for then Philip will get this
money that he says he wants. Oh, my
God!" cried the girl, as she seated her-
self on the edge of the bed, "how rapidly
the romance is dying out of my life!
Never has he spoken so plainly as to-
night, never striven so little to disguise
himself! The money, and the money,
and the money! To take what I can
earn down here, to wish that I could earn
more in London, to bid me gull the boy
and lead him on, and care that I keep
his letters, of which something might be
made! All this Philip did not scruple to
do, and then he pats my cheek and tells
me 'he trusts me!'"

About the same time Philip Vane, the
sole occupant of the smoking room at the
Half-Moon, was moodily puffing out the
last fragment of his cigar.

"Forty pounds," he muttered to him-
self, "and I looked for at least seventy.
Rude as rusty as a board nail when I
said I wished to see you, and you were
cantankerous about everything! Worrying
about her position, too. I thought I
had settled that question, but to-night she
chose to revive it. I shall have to put
my foot down upon one or two of
those things, and tell Miss Madge here-
after if she doesn't mind."

So saying, Philip Vane threw the stump
of his cigar into the empty fireplace, and
strode off to bed.

CHAPTER III.
JULY.

MR. PHILIP VANE WAS UP early the
next morning, intending to go to town by
the first express train, and to have his
smoke after him. He always travelled in
first-class carriages and by express trains;
always went to first-class hotels, asked
for the best rooms, and lived on the most
luxurious fare. He was one of those self-
indulgent eccentrics who always found
time to smoke and to read, and who
manner in which they pet and pamper
themselves. Mr. Philip Vane had a
stock of these excesses, which he had
used so long and frequently, that he ac-
tually began to believe in them. Thus,
in regard to his travelling, he was in the
habit of saying that time was money,
that it was important for him to waste as
little as possible of the day upon the road,
and that, travelling by express, he was
enabled to transact business up to the
last minute at the town which he was
leaving, and to be ready to commence
fresh, the instant he arrived at his des-
tination. Also, in regard to his selection
of the best hotels and his luxurious habits
generally, he would remark that as he
depended entirely upon his own exertions
for his income, it was necessary that he
should keep himself in good condition,
and obviate as far as possible the ill effects
of the constant mental strain by attention
to his bodily comforts.

Listening to this style of conversation,
one would have imagined that Mr. Vane
was a professional man in large practice
a busy merchant, or a gentleman holding
in his own hands the control of several
large estates; instead of being, as he was,
a very common shaver, living on his
wife. On those very rare occasions when
he permitted any of his more intimate
associates to think that he was taking
them into his confidence, he would speak
of himself as "a kind of modern Ishmael,
sir; a sort of fellow whose hand has been
against every man, and who, consequently
had every man's hand against him;
but who has managed to get on tolerably
notwithstanding."

Those assertions, like most others
emanating from the same source, were
wholly and entirely false. Philip Vane's
hand instead of having been raised against
every man, had generally passed its time
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ing itself under the arm of every man
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small even to be placed in the lowest
class—he roamed about the house and
garden, and learned his alphabet from
some elder pupil inclined to gratify his
dignity by teaching him. There he re-
mained for some years, until old enough
to be removed to a grammar-school.
Previous to this removal, he, for the first
time, experienced the greatest of all de-
lights of a school boy, the charm of
"going home."

HORSEHIP IN CHURCH.

A furious horse-whipping in church,
participated in by ministers' wives, in the
middle of the service in the sensation at a
country church near Ingalls, Oklahoma,
U. S. Some months ago the Rev. Dr.
Johnson of Kansas, called by the Rev.
Dr. Tulley, being succeeded by a faction
antagonistic to the latter. The Rev. Mr.
Tulley, connected with the church in the
capacity of deacon. A few Sundays ago
the deacons were criticized by the new
pastor. Tulley wrote, it is said, to the old
home of Dr. Johnson and received some
information that reflected on the minister
and especially his wife. At the close of
the doctor's sermon last Sunday, Tulley
read the letter and a great commotion
followed. Mrs. Johnson slipped from the
church unnoticed and soon returned with
a buggy whip. Rushing at the Rev. Mr.
Tulley she administered a severe lashing
before the astonished parishioners. Tulley
was badly beaten. In the general row
that followed his wife secured the whip
and began to apply it to her husband's
assault. When finally she departed Mrs.
Johnson was unconscious. The two
women and several of the brethren were
arrested and have since been fined.

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Previous to this removal, he, for the first
time, experienced the greatest of all de-
lights of a school boy, the charm of
"going home."

Coughing.

For all the ailments of Throat
and Lungs there is no cure so
quick and permanent as Scott's
Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. It is
palatable, easy on the most deli-
cate stomach and effective.

stimulates the appetite, aids the
digestion of other foods, cures
Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat,
Bronchitis, and gives vital strength
besides. It has no equal as nourish-
ment for Babies and Children
who do not thrive, and overcomes
Any Condition of Wasting.

People of Good Common Sense usually appreciate a
good article that is honestly made, well finished and up to
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Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

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