Of sulphur and molasses. I see it now, that pewter spoon That always got heaped up too soon, Half sulpur almost bright as gold, And half molasses, black and old; And then we children, one by one Would open mouth with many passes, And down our gullet swift would go That sulphur and molasses.

They said it kept the chills away, Prevented bilious fever's sway. Would make the liver hump and get And keep the blood out of a fret; Would make the stomach feel at ease, Free of poison-laden gases; Was cooling, healing, soothing, all-

This sulphur and molasses. But truly, it was bad to take, And awful faces we did make, But 'twa'nt no use to beg nor cry-That was the law, when spring came by To put the system in good trim, Instead of pills and other masses, Our mother gave us lib'rally Of sulphur and molasses.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE. A CASTAWAY.

> PART II. CONTINUED.

CHAPTER V.

"SCENE: A STREET IN LYONS." Had Sir Geoffry been married? Captain Cleethorpe thought undoubtedly Was the lady dead? Captain Cleethorpe thought no question of it. Had there been any family? Yes. A girl? Not that Captain Cleethorpe knew of. A boy, who had died? No, Captain Cleethorpe could not say he had died; the fact wasshy of mentioning these sort of things generally, don't you know, but between | Hyde Park. us, intimately connected with Sir Geoffry,

Gone to grief? Captain Cleethorpe lay with her face turned towards the meant that the young man had deserted window, and her head thrown back to his home, and perhaps been discarded by catch as much as possible of the soft evenhis friends. Madge found herself free ing air. The lower half of the walls was quently cogitating about this boy. His fitted with book-shelves, the upper half position must be like Gerald's, she thought, hung with a few rare prints and engravas Gerald was when she knew him; but, ings; the mantlepiece was above the according to Rose's account, Gerald had | height of an ordinary man's stature, the | now been restored to his friends, and was fireplace was tiled, and the space which living in happiness and affluence. Could in winter was occupied by the "dogs," not a similar reconciliation be effected was filled in with looking-glass, in front between Sir Geoffry and his son? From of which were pots of rare flowers. The what she could make out from Captain furniture, which was massive and antique, Cleethorpe, sufficient time had passed to was in black oak and dark blue velvet; dull the keen edge of such injuries as the thick carpet was of a sombre Persian either father or son might have imagined pattern, and the whole room had the they had received. She would try her in- appearance of a studious man's library. fluence with Sir Geoffry, but first she But it was a woman of the world's must find out who the young man was, boudoir, and its owner lay on the sofa and where and what he was then doing. at the window.

letter, an enclosure dropped from it. It black lace brought down in a point, after was a water-color sketch, roughly but the fashion of a modern widow's cap, on Doctor Asprey left his friends?" cleverly done, of a'street in an old French to her forehead, and falling gracefully town. Looking at it, she seemed to over her shoulders. in from the rural districts, and the dogs attempt to move, and there she lies, still dragging the produce-laden barrows. Here and mute and uncomplaining.

and Mr. Boodle also in uniform, and old | Willis?" Minnekin in tights and Hessian boots, with tassels to them-yes, now it all came struck eleven." for the Wexeter theatre! They had all their preachers. What then?" about it, how wonderfully true to nature | tired, madam?" it was. And Gerald had laughed, and

How did Sir Geoffry Heriot come into possession of a sketch done years ago by you were not up later than eleven." Gerald Hardinge? The letter would tell father." Dull and uninteresting enough, course of his studies, and the unvarying tress' service to attempt to argue with would return in good health, and that gesture. they should soon meet. The last para graph ran thus:

I think you will say that since I adsome improvement in my drawing; I take | a bad attack I had just now." great interest in it, and am very fond of it. I send you a sketch of our market- earnestly, "a very bad one." place, which I copied from nature, and which, the professor says, is very good.

V Your affectionate son, GEORGE HERIOT. As the letter fluttered to the ground. Madge Pierrepoint knew that Sir Geoffry Heriot's discarded son, and the scene

painter, Gerald Hardinge, were one and

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

that there is about them that surrounding of mews and small public-house seem-

ingly inseparable from desirable residences. True that they are situate in the London, concentrating within its limits the old families, and looking down with contempt upon Belgravia and Tyburnia. True that the drainage is imperfect and there being anything like a struggle for youthe possession of a residence in Biffen

For what he would see would be short rows of high-shouldered, tall houses, separated by a narrow, ill-paved street, in which are horse dealers' yards, and small chandlers' shops, and struggling dairies, and other attempts at domestic commerce on a very small scale. The doors of the houses in Biffen street are so tiny, that one wonders how the enormous giants in plush, who, on fine summer evenings, are to be seen sunning themselves at the portals, manage to squeeze through them; the windows looking upon the street are old-fashioned and airless, with small panes frequently not too clean, and sashes from which the paint is worn away; the areas are deep and narrow black tanks, and the houses, so far as outward appearance is concerned, are certainly not more desirable than

those to be found in the lodging-letting purlieus of Russell-square. But once inside, our supposed country cousin would find everything changed, and would speedily be able to understand why Biffen-street commands such high rents, and is so eagerly competed for. For on the west side, at least, the facade to the street is merely a brick delusion or a stucco snare, the fronts of the houses being, Hibernically speaking, at the back; the narrow-paned windows are either dummies, or might be, for all the use that is made of them, enshrouded as they are in bowers of luxurious creeping plants, or hidden away behind ferneries and acquaria; the rooms in the houses are not numerous, but nearly all are

large, lofty, and well-proportioned, with great bay windows, which, chiefest charm of all, loverlook the broad expanse of In a large room on the first floor of one Mrs. Pickering, it don't matter—the fact of the best of these houses, on a sofa of ings of tall guardsmen with short plain was the boy had gone to grief, and nobody peculiar make, with stuffed handles at cooks, and the pastimes of dirty children, had even known exactly what had be- either end, and small covered wheels in place of the ordinary castors, a woman

This discovery she made in an unex-A tall woman, of some three and fifty pected manner. Sir Geoffry had begged | years of age, of whon; the young men of her to go through the contents of an old | the day are accustomed to say that "she bullock trunk, which, on his arrival, had must once have been good-looking." If been stowed in the housekeeper's room; clear cut features, soft dark hair, and eyes, but which, when he came upon it in the and shapely figure, constitute beauty, she course of a tour of inspection, he pro- is more than good-looking still. Her nounced mouldy and broken, and only complexion is very pale, and constant worthy of being got rid of. The contents suffering has left a half worn, half irriwere many and various. Some books, table expression visible in tell-tale lines damp and musty smelling; several suits round her mouth and brow; but her eyes of light clothing intended for a hot are full of fire, and no physiognomist climate, but now stained and mildewed; would fail to mark the firmness and detwo or three faded uniform sashes; bits termination evinced in the tight-closing of dull and tarnished lace; a number of of her lips, as she wrestles and battles Indian newspapers tied together in a roll; with the sharp spasms of pain, which and many letters and memoranda huddled | from time to time assail ber. Unmistaktogether in hopeless confusion at the bot- ably well-born and well-nurtured; dressed tom of the trunk. Madge went carefully in a long flowing black cashmere robe, through this heterogeneous mass, and had which, hanging in folds over her feet, is put aside a certain number of papers for confined by a girdle round her waist; destruction, and another lot to await Sir | with a line of soft white muslin round Geoffry's decision, when, in taking up a the throat, and with a piece of handsome

recognise the place at once as one perfectly Twilight has deepened into darkness, familiar to her. There was the great two | but the occupant of the sofa still lies at the towered cathedral, with the market-place | window, gazing out wearily and listlessly at its base, full of life and bustle; there over the broad expanse before her. A were the cafes and the estamtnet, with a shaded reading lamp stands on a small big wooden barrel as a sign swinging over table by her side, and a book, with a its portal; there was the cooper's with the library ticket pasted on it, has has fallen billets of wood lying in front of his door; to the floor from the hand which hangs in tones of reproach. the glove-maker's, with the great wooden in weariness on the back of the sofa; but hand; there were even the hooded cab- since that access of pain which had caused riolets, in which the peasantry had come her to drop the volume, she has made no

it all was, just exactly as she had seen it. Through the darkness glides a small, Seen it? she had never been abroad, and neat, womanly figure, until it reaches yet every detail in the picture was per- the sofa side, where it stops. There has to me." been no sound of footfall, no rustling of Thinking it over, she had a strange dress, but the lady seems aware of the Gerald, gently. recollection of Dobson, the manager at presence, for she turns her head quietly Wexeter, in a uniform and cocked hat, and says in a full, rich voice, "You there,

"Yes, Madam, I came to tell you it had back to her! Dobson was General Da- "A work which exceeds the call of mas, B odle was Claude Melnotte, and duty, and as such to be avoided! The Minne n was Beauseant, the play was neighboring churches are of use to me in the Lady of Lyons, and the scene was one way at all events; I learn the flight one which Gerald Hardinge had painted of time from their clocks, if not from

admired it, she remembered; they had all "Are you not ready for morphia and said, such of them as knew anything for bed?" said the girl. "Are you not "Tired!" echoed the invalid. "Good said he had drawn it from an early recol- Heaven! if you only knew how tired I a French physician, who attended me, to

lection. "Nay, more, if she had wanted am of everything, and yet unwilling to try the baths of Vassilica, in the island further corrobation, there were the init- give it up! Yes, Willis, I am tired, but I of Mitylene, which, at one time, were ials "G. H." in the corner of the sketch. | don't intend going to bed just yet." "Doctor Asprey begged me to see that

"When you are Doctor Asprey's lody'sher that. She took it up and read it. It maid, you will attend to what he says; was written in a boy's round hand, dated | while you remain with me, you will obey from Lille, and commenced, "My dear me alone. I shall not leave this room until Mr. Gerald returns." written as though to order, detailing the | The girl had been too long in her mis-

manner of his life. It expressed a hope her, so she merely bowed, and was about that the person to whom it was addressed to retire when the lady stopped her by a ers. "Stay," she said, "do not leave me,

dressed you six months ago, I have made get so soon sick of as my own. That was ered me quite another being; it seemed "It was, indeed, Madam," said the girl, "You thought I was dying, Willis?"

said the lady, looking fixedly at her, years, and I began to think it not imposswith a smile upon her lips.

"As frightened as you were three years ago when we were in Greece?" "Yes! You looked so exactly the

same, Madam, this evening, as you did "I felt exactly the same, Willis; that where the people so afflicted are herded curious languor, that sense of my hold on | together. I had been warned not to go, life gradually, but surely, relaxing; that but I persisted, and dearly I paid for my A country cousin taken by his metro- impossibility to fight against the icy obstinacy. The sight was terrific, and politan host down Biffen-street, Park- numbness stealing over me; all those sen- once seen, was impossible to be got rid of. lane, and told that the houses in that sations I had before. I had almost for All day, after my return, I tried to shut it narrow and somewhat dingly locality gotten them until they were renewed to- from my mental vision, but there it rewere among the most tempting lots night. Now tell me, what did Doctor mained, and at night the hideous objects versal pain cure. offered by fashionable house agents to Asprey say to you on the stairs?" which I had seen, rose before me more

moneyed commerce desiring to establish- "He said-" and the girl's voice hes- terrible than ever; I suppose the fatigue

ed itself in the regions of fashion, would itated, and her cheeks flushed as she and the horror under which I labored had surely be very much surprised. True spoke, "he said that—that you had been something to do with it, but that hight I very ill; but that you were better."

"That was oracular indeed," said the During Willis' temporary absence from invalid, smiling. "Did you come into the room, I fell into a comatose state, a my service yesterday, Willis? or do you kind of trance, in the commencement of heart of that exclusive quarter, which is, take me for a fool, that you think to put which I felt my life, as it were, gradually as it were, the Faubourg St. Germain of me off with such nonsense? Tell me slipping away from me; I seemed to be plainly, what did the doctor say?" The girl hesitated again, but the inval- dead; for I was dead so far as power of id's eyes were fixed upon her, and she motion, thought, or feeling was concerned. proceeded. "Doctor Asprey, said, Madam, I need not tell you how I was brought

that the rates are enormous. Granting that he had only arrived just in time to- round, or bore you with the details of all these advantages, the country cousin to 'pull you through,' were his words, my recovery, which was as sudden as might yet be excused for wondering at and that if you had another attack he had been the attack. I need only say,

"I should die in it, I suppose," said the gone through an exactly similar phase of invalid, quietly. "He would not answer for the consequences, was what the doctor said."

And you were frightened to tell me this? Have you not seen me for years looking sat silent, only pressing the hand which death in the face, as it were, and do you he held between his own. think that the hint if its nearer approach could have any effect upon me? I told

quick and observant he is." the sofa and seated himself in a low pant's hands between his.

Rose Pierrepoint was right in saying greatly improved since the old days. His voice, always soft and refined, sounded figure on the sofa, and lightly kissing its forehead, he said, "Why do I find you up ent, but you have given me an opporso late, tonight; is not this dissipation against all orders?"

curred wholly and solely on your account. | ion, that I cannot, accept any further I sat up to see you."

frivolity, and you have been amusing yourself, I know, with watching the people in the Park."

have ceased to inspire me with much night, that I have not been acting, nor interest. That was all to be seen while daylight remained, and it has been dark for the last two hours." "And yet you have remained here -I

complimentary to the author." "The book," said the invalid, glancing at the fallen volume, "is the usual accur- was about to open the paper, but she reate description of fashionable life from frained. the scullery maid's point of view. No, I

have been amusing myself in thinking." "Thinking of what?" "Many things and persons, you among the number; but I will not inflict upon half a century ago. you an inventory of my thoughts, at all events just now. You dined with Doctor Asprey. Had you a pleasant party? Who were there?"

"Only two other men, neither of whom I think you know, a Mr. Delabole and a Mr. Vane.

ing. Who is the other man, one of the Northumberland Vanes?" "I should think not." said Gerald. laughing; "a pleasing, rattling, agreeable He had to do a goodish deal of talking, hand trembled. by the way, for the doctor was sent for

"To a patient of course, and an urgent

early in the dinner, and was away for an

case I fancy, for he rose from the table directly his most mysterious butler whispered in his ear. I need not tell you that he did not mention the name or the case." "Doctor Asprey is a model of discretion," said the invalid, with a faint smile; then leaning a little towards her companion, and laying her hand on his, she added, "Would it surprise you, my dear Gerald, to hear that it was to see me that "You!" echoed the young man.

"Me. After you left the house, I had warning of a bad attack, and when its mminence became certain, I thought it better that the doctor should be here to

stave it off, if possible." "And you hadn't a thought to send for me at such a time," said they young man, bending tenderly over her, but speaking

"What good could it have done?" she asked. "I knew you were enjoying yourself, and life is too short to let slip any such opportunity. You could have done me no good, and the sight of you, and the thought that I was leaving you, would not have rendered death more pleasant

"You must not speak like that," said "And why not?" said the invalid, with a smile: "the fact will not be averted or

postponed by our ignoring it, and I have a strong conviction that my hold on life, which of late years has been sufficiently feeble, is gradually relaxing altogether." "What makes you think that?" he "I do not think it," she replied; "I

know it. Five or six years ago I went for a tour in the East alone, that is to say with Willis for my sole companion; while in Constantinople I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and was recommended by famous for their cure of such disorders. I went to Mitylene, and found it paradise; and when you have no longer this old woman to tie you to this detestable place, you must go there, Gerald, and recompense yourself for having given up a por-

tion of your youth to her love of your "If it pleases you to speak in this way, of course it is not for me to check you," said the young man, shrugging his should-

"There," said the invalid, "I will say Willis; I have been alone now for a you, but will continue my story. The couple of hours, and there is no society I | baths did me good, and the climate rendto me that, for the first time I knew what life was, as distinguished from existence. I forgot that perpetual gnawing pain which had never left me for so many ible that in time I should have some tol-"I confess that I was very frightened," eration for my fellow creatures. Willis thought the golden age had arrived, and I had some idea of taking up my quarters there for good, when something happened which changed all my intentions. Close cold. It will save you many painful days to Mitylene is a place called Lovochari, or the Village of the Lepers, a terrible place,

Don't Forget

experienced a new phase in my illness. that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs. Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there

THE OLD SAYING

Present Day.

growing weaker and weaker, pulseless, ment of the medical world means Emulsion my dear Gerald, that this evening I have

my illness, and that I know that Doctor Asprey thinks that the wolf, whose apmaking of Solid Flesh, and gives proach has been so often announced, is Vital Strength. It has no equal as "It is pretty much the same thing! about to come down upon me at last." a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Threat, Overcome by emotion, the young man Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption Scrofula, Anaemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children Scott & Bowne, Selleville. Att Shiggiote. 800. L.

"Do not think that I am going to be sentimental, my dear Gerald," continued you, when you first came to me, that the invalid, "or that I intend saying to there was a chance of my dying at any | you any 'last words,' or any nonsense of noment, and that you would probably that kind. Notwithstanding all my ailhave to get your character for your next | ments. I have amused myself sufficiently place from my executors, and now --- about such low creature comforts as good Did I not hear the street door shut? Mr. eating and drinking, warmth and luxury, Gerald is returned, he will come straight not to be over-joyed at the prospects of to this room. There are tears in your of having speedily to give them up; as eyes, Willis; dry them at once, and get for parting from you, I never intend to away before he comes; you know how hint at the subject. I hope that one evening we shall say good-night as usual-Obeying this order, Willis hurried from there, now, I am drifting into the very the room. She had scarcely done so when sentimental nonsense that I wish to Gerald, entering, walked straight to avoid. What I have to say and must say, is purely practical. It will be no surprise chair beside it, taking one of its occu- to you to hear that I have left you all I have in the world."

His head was averted, and for an inthat Gerald's personal appearance had stant he made no response; when he turned round his cheeks were burning. "It seems horrible to talk to you in singularly sweet, as, bending over the this cold-blooded way," said he, "after all your goodness to me, and at such a momtunity which I have long wanted, and which I must not miss. What I want to "This dissipation, as you call it, has oc- say is, to say in all gentleness and affectkindness at your hands; that I cannot "It is all very well to say that," said take this legacy from you at the exclusion Gerald, "but you were always addicted to of others who have doubtless claims of

blood upon you." The invalid smiled faintly as she said Persons with claims of blood I suppose are relations. Providence has kindly spared me any such annoyances! And I think you will allow, before we part toam I going to act like a stupid old woman, as the world most probably believes, but that, at all events, there has been method in my madness. Now, Gerald, take this was going to say reading, but the position | key and open the middle drawer in that of the book," pointing to it, "is scarcely cabinet; close to the front you will find a small soft paper parcel-bring it to me." The young man obeyed. The invalid

> "Open it yourself," she said. Gerald took off the outer wrappings of paper, and came upon a miniature painted on ivory, in the style so much in vogue

"Look at it well, and tell me if you know for whom it is intended." Gerald took the portrait to the lamp and examined it carefully. It represented a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, with whiskerless cheeks, and clear blue eyes, and fair hair, curling "I have met Mr. Delabole, a coasre, in a thick crisp mass on his head. He common vulgarian, pushing and presum- had on a scarlet uniform coat and white Farm Crops and Processes, duck trousers, and his hand rested on the hilt of a sword.

Glancing at this portrait, Gerald start ed; bending down to observe it more kind of fellow, who talked very well. closely, the color left his cheeks, and his TO BE CONTINUED.

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Sold by all druggists throughout the 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." I guess my hat's my own! I paid for it! snapped the young woman at the matinee, turning round and addressing the two men who were making audible

remarks about her towering head-dress, and I paid for my seat, too!" But you don't pay for all the space be tween your seat and the ceiling, my dear young lady, mildly observed the elder of

For your throat, when hoarse or husky, use Hawker's balsam of tulo and Wild cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct

filled, don't you? asked Tommy. "Yes, dear, said mamma. Well, I've got a stummick-ache. Don't you think we'd better go to the bakery?

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Lady (to Pat, who has just tendered her his seat) - You have my sincere thanks,

Pat - Not at all, mum; not at all. It's a duty we owe to the sect. Some folks only does it when a lady be pretty; but I savs, says I, the sect, Pat, not the indi-A cheap and sure cure for cold in the

He - Miss Paterson isn't as pretty as she once was. She has fallen off considerably lately. She - Yes; since she began rid-

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