POETRY.

HIS DAUGHTER'S GRADUATION.

My darter's been through college, an' s'pose it's done her good, Though what's the use o' some things l have never understood.

She's learned to play the organ in a noisy sort of way, An' tunes no man could whistle if he prac

ticed all the day. She's learned to dress her pretty hair fashions strange an' new; Some's Greek, and some is Roman, but no

old red-white-and-blue, Plain, simple Yankee fashion, with two little finger curls, That seems to be so dressy in our next-door neighbor's girls.

She talks a lot about something called physiology, Which tells her what effect plain meals will have on ma and me But as for making biscuit or

pumpkin pie, She seems to think they ain't worth while, an' lets em' all go by.

She knows about a branch she calls the calisthenic course, That sets her prancin' round the room just like an old lame horse.

An' mother says she told her should slip an' fall, The folks would think 'twas purposely she'd gone and done it all.

She practiced tumblin' every day (rules from off a chart Made up by some professor like Delsy-art;

But when I ast her how to make a bed, an how to sew. She turned her nose away, 'way up, an said she didn't know.

In course this eddication does good in many But on the whole I-cannot truly think it

It takes a sweet an' simple girl that's full & life and spice, An' fills her up with notions vain, an makes her cold as ice.

It makes her think the dear old home where she was born and bred, Upon the whole, ain't nothin' more just a common shed. It makes her think her brothers fools; and

as for ma and me. When she's at home, why then we ain't which I don't like to see

SELECT STORY.

UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PROLOGUE. CONTINUED. CHAPTER IV.

SENTENCED. The boy ceased. The vivid recollection of what he had described had excited him somewhat as he proceeded, and his narrative had, he imagined, had some effect upon his father, who sat with his face averted, and his head resting on his

But whatever emotion Sir Geoffry might have felt, he was careful to let no sign of up, and said in hard, dry tones:

"It is a pity you did not think of all did not suffer the fact to escape your to the past or future. That determinat- corner has only narrowly escaped the ion I adhere to, but in consequence of degradation of being converted into a what you have said, I feel it due to my- shop. self to let you know something, at least,

and highly respected throughout the In-I had been enabled to save ample means. man named Yeldham, whom she had No one with such an appearance could known before she had made my acquaint- have any connection with burlesque, ance. He was an Englishman, but had breakdowns, or comic singing. us, that was Mr. Yeldam's attraction. I such of those great actors visiting it as did thought no more of it, and shortly after | not bring their own servants. we went abroad, loitering up the Rhine

"What did my mother say?" inter- the propriety of her private life. Some

but of course his statement was false."

turned to India. Her horror of duelling none of these atrocities; she has very few and the reason of my separation, are now, I think, sufficiently explained."

"Perfectly," said George : but-" "One moment," interrupted Sir Geoffro; "I have given you this explanation, has no anonymous letters left for her, but which I was by no means called upon to spends all her time in working at her do; and I now proceed to state to you my determination with regard to your- her sister Rose. self. You have disgraced the name which I have raised, and for the first me to blush at its mention. The name

You are entitled, when of age, to your joy the income from it now, on condition pledge your word never in any way to the change. reveal your identity, or claim relation-

belong to you."

"Sir!" cried Sir Geoffry. you are my father more readily than I anything between them." I am your son. No intrusion of mine riage to be brought round."

all, it was betier than whining; it shows on the table before her; while the fre he has some pluck left, and I was afraid he would whine."

END OF PROLOGUE. PART I. CHAPTER I.

MISS CAVE'S LODGINGS Our of the bright and busy High Street of Wexeter, parallell with the narrow little court leading to the cathedral, there runs a small street of small houses, leading it escape him. After a pause, he looked into an open space, and flanked on either side by a crescent. Big, heavy, old-fashioned red-brick houses, speaking of bythis before you gave the lie to your broth- gone days, when the gentry, who have er officer, or that, having done so, you now established themselves in country seats, thought it no disgrace to live in the memory. The circumstances being as city. At the present time, however, a they are, I do not allow for a moment different set of people is to be found in that your statement is a sufficient excuse the crescent, and an eruption of brass for your conduct. But it has a certain plates has broken out amongst its heavy effect. When I received your colonel's railings. Doctors are there, and even letter this morning, I determined upon dentists, insurance agents and solicitors; disowning and discarding you on account some of the houses in the middle of the of your conduct as described to me by eastern crescent have been transformed him, without entering into any parley as | into a chapel, and one at the westernmost

How the builders of the theatre even of the history of the past. When you ventured to select a site for that structure have heard it, you will more readily com- in such a grave and decorous neighborprehend your mother's horror of duelling, | hood, it is difficult to imagine; but there and what may perhaps have been a mys- it is at the other end of the crescent, and tery to you—the reason that the latter | truth to tell, not very far from the chapel. portion of her life was passed away from A square building, with medallions of the tragic and comic muses let into its front, "Your grandfather was a tailor named and with an overhanging portico on one Causton, residing in a small hamlet near side of which is situated the box office, London, where there was a good foundat- while on the other, during the daytime at ion school. To this school he sent me, least, Miss Bult, the milliner, plies her his son, and there, when quite a child, I | trade. Whether the situation and surformed an intimate friendship with a lad | roundings have anything to do with it or named Heriot. This lad died when he not, it is impossible to say; but it is a was eleven years old, and his father, who fact that the theatre at Wexeter has alwas a clerk high up in the India House, ways stood high, not merely in the adopted me in his place, on condition estimation of those engaged in it, but in that I should bear his name, and give my- the estimation of those who dwelt around self entirely up to his direction. My it, and on whose patronage it was greatly father was dead at that time, and I never dependant. Great actors have been bred cared about the tailor's connection, so and educated on the circuit of which that I gladly accepted Mr. Heriot's offer, Wexeter was the principal town. The lock." and under my new name, I was sent to management of this circuit has been in Addiscombe, and thence into the Indian one family for several generations, and army. I stuck resolutely to my profess- has always been carried on after the same ion, never asking for leave of absence regular respectable fashion. These facts during twenty years. Then I obtained a were of course known to the townspeople,

long furlough, and came home to Eng- but no stranger wanting to engage a seat, land. All traces of the Causton name could possiby have walked into the box and tailor parentage were gone by this office, without being at once convinced of time. I was Major Heriot, well known the respectability of the whole concern. For in the box office, with the box dian service; and as I had lived frugally, plan spread out before her, while she occupied herself with either knitting or I met your mother in society, and ad- Berlin-work, sat Miss Cave during the mired her immensely. She was one of whole of the day, looking, with her siltwo sisters, both of whom were raved ver-rimmed spectacles, her pepper and about; but your mother's was the softer salt "front," consisting of two large flat beauty of the two, and in manner she cnrls over each eye, and an impossible was much the sweeter and more innocent. parting in the middle, her neat cap, and My attentions pleased her, my position her muslin handkerchief crossed over her was thought an eligible one by her friends, shoulders, the embodiment of respectand we were married. Within a year of ability. There in the box office she sat, our marriage, and shortly after your birth, as a guarantee for the style of entertainyour mother presented to me a gentle- ment for which she would sell you a seat.

lived most of his time abroad. He was a Miss Cave was an elderly lady—so old dilettante artist, and an amateur music- that none of the inhabitants of Wexeter ian, and was supposed to be particularly had ever recollected her as anything else. fascinating to women. Your mother took | She lives in a bright little house, one of great delight in his society, and he was so the row just beyond the theatre, and with much at our house that I spoke to her Miss Cave lives her brother Samuel, who about it. She laughed at the time, and had been for years unnumbered, the rectold me if I used my eyes I could see that ognized barber and perruquier of the was staying with theatre, and the temporary attendant of

The brother and sister occupy the parto Baden, where Mr. Yeldham joined us. lors and attics of the little house; the I again fancied I perceived an under- drawing-room floor is generally let as standing between your mother and this lodgings, either to the permanent memwhich was anything but agreeable to me. bers of the company, or to any distin-I spoke about it in confidence to her sis- guished artist engaged as a temporary atter, Miss Hastings, and although she traction. At the present time they are strove to make me believe I was wrong, I occupied by a leading lady of the comwas not satisfied. Finally I watched pany, Miss Pierrepoint, and her younger their conduct at a grand fancy ball given sister. Miss Cave has the highest opinby a French banker, and in consequence, | ion of Miss Pierrepoint, not merely pro-I sent Mr. Yeldham a challenge. Twenty- fessionally, but privately. The old lady four hours after we met at one of the admires her lodger's appearance, voice, small islands on the Rhine, and I shot manner and style of elecution, thinks she him through the chest. With his dying is a credit to the company, which has It was his custom to point his sermons breath he declared that I had been in sent up some of the first leading ladies to error throughout, and that it was not even the metropolis, and is only anxious lest or "Now, my brothers," until one day, a

at the ball. He was a man of honor, and of the hidden treasure, and come down to

murderer," said Sir Geoffry, bitterly; "and old lady in other terms, but generally as we held such very unpleasant opinions | believed by her intimates to be in relation regarding each other, I thought it best to the other sex, and too horrible to we should separate, and I accordingly re- mention. Miss Pierrepoint is given to visitors; none indeed, beyond Mr. Dobson the manager, Mr. Potts the promptor, and young Mr. Gerald Hardinge the scenepainter. She never goes out to supper,

profession, and fluishing the education of Not that Miss Pierrepoint might not have had admirers in plenty, bless you; time since I have borne it, have caused Miss Cave knows that. Gentlemen are constantly enquiring at the box office, is yours, and I cannot forbid you bearing who she is, and where she comes from; it; but you shall never again be acknow- and the admiration evoked by her powledged or treated by me as my son. From ers of acting is by no means confined to this moment, I discard and disown you. applause, but forms the topic of much conversation between the acts, as Miss mother's property; I am willing to an- Cave, hidden away in the little pay box to Lord Kelvin's residence on a stretcher, ticipate that event, and allow you to en. on the top of the landing, can hear very and three physicians were summoned to

No, there was no one actually in love with her that Miss Cave knew, unless "I am much obliged to you, sir," the it was Gerald Hardinge, the scene painter, young man said, struggling to repress his who was a mere boy, much too young for the faintness. The doctors experienced emotion, "for your very generous offer, her; for Miss Pierrepoint must be at least which does you equal credit as a gentle- six years older than Mr. Hardinge, and man and as my father. I will not touch | there were temptations enough for a man one penny of my mother's fortune until in the profession, without having a wife I am legally entitled to it. But mean- so much his senior. And he was handwhile, you need have no fear of my de- some and a kind-hearted lad, too, Miss grading that name by which you set Cave allowed, and generous with his monsuch store, but which after all, does not ey when he had any, and gave little Rose Pierrepoint lessons in drawing for noth-

George quietly. "You cannet forget that the old lady "did not think there was on Misery stream, near Jackman. He will rid myself of every recollection that It was a hot night, towards the end of and never came back. After waiting shall ever remind you of my existence. pressive all day; the windows of Miss the neighboring camps started out in I shall leave you to the enjoyment of the Cave's lodgings were thrown wide open search, and on the second day met two New, Fresh Drugs reflections which cannot fail to arise when for the admittance of as much air as could hunters carrying Kaleal's body strapped you look back upon your estimable con- be found. This was little enough; but to a pole. The hunters had found the duct, both as a husband and a father. such as it was, it came laden with a body propped up against a stump near But I anticipate the pleasure of seeing thousand odors from the flowers in the their camp. you once again. I shall make it the bus- garden, rejoicing the heart of Rose Pierre- The Armenian had died from cold and iness of my life to discover the real history point, the sole occupant of the room, who starvation. His face was whitish yellow of Mr. Yeldham's acquaintance with my was seated at a table, drawing by the and wasted. Great circles of deep purple mother, and when I find, as I am certain light of a shaded lamp, and who raised and eyes almost counter sunk spoke of shall find, that you were greviously de- her head from time to time, and glanced the agony of starvation. ceived by your own vanity and jealousy, now at the open window, then at the The body was barefoot and the feet I shall have the pleasure of coming and closed door. As far as could be seen of frightfully lacerated. On the wrists of proving it to you, as some slight return her in her sitting position, a girl slight both arms was the imprint of human for your noble conduct towards my moth- and small in figure, with a small head, teeth and the frozen blood on the Armener and myself. And now I must trouble delicate features, and large dark eyes. ian's lips bespake the gruesome feast to you to ring the bell and order the car- Her age was about sixteen, and she looked which he had been driven by desperation even younger; and the manner in which and the poignant pangs of hunger. With this and a slight bow, the young she wore her hair, taken off her forehead man turned on his heel and quitted the and kept back by a comb, rendered her

appearance still more youthful. Her against the road. Two days after the For a moment Sir Geoffrey was speech- hands were thin and delicate, as was esess; his rage choked him; then he said— pecially noticeable when from time to shadowed him for a long time, but were "What an insolent rascal! But after time she drummed them impatiently never able to fix the crime upon him. quent expression of anxiety or irritability discomposed her otherwise handsome At length she seemed as if she could

bear it no longer. She threw down the pencil and walked to the window. The whole sky was darkened by an enormous purple cloud, save on the horizon immediately opposite the window, where one fading streak of yellow light was reflected the darkness in which she had been sitting, the girl shaded her eyes with her hand, and, bending out of the window, looked down the street in the direction of the theatre. Instantly she drew back. and, crossing the room, resumed her seat at the table. She had hardly done so. taking up her pencil again, and becoming apparently engrossed in her work, when a light step was heard on the stairs. The door opened, and a young man entered the room. The girl looked up from her drawing in the direction of the door. "Is that Mr. Hardinge?" she asked.

"It is," was the reply. The man who said these words was known to the small world in which he lived (and consequently must henceforth be known in these pages) as Gerald Harding; but when the reader saw him two years ago he was called George Heriot. In these two years a considerable change had taken place in the young stouter; his figure was more set; while the growth of a light curling brown beard had rendered him much more manly looking. He was dressed in a light grey suit of clothes, much worn, and carried a

soft felt hat in his hard. "All alone, Rose?" was the first explanation, in a tone of disappointment. "Yes, Mr. Gerald," said the girl quietly. 'Madge is not come back from the

"The piece is over," said Hardinge. "I heard them ringing in the orchestra for the last piece as I came away from the painting room. What's the last piece "The Warlock of the Glen," said the

girl; "and Madge don't play in the War-"I should think not," said Hardinge,

"But she won't be home yet," continued Rose. She told me she had something very particular to do, which would detain | cream. her perhaps for a couple of hours after she had finished. I was not to sit up for her if I was tired; and I was to tell you or Mr. Potts, if either of you came, that you were Hawker's catarrh cure cures cold in the not to wait for her, as she would not be head, catarrh and all catarrhal troubles. home till late."

"All right," said Hardinge, discontentedly enough; "her commands must be obeyed." He was moving towards the loor, when thinking he had been somewhat ungracious, he turned back to the table, and pointing to the drawing on which the girl had been engaged, said: 'At it still? What an industrious little woman it is! Let me look. Rose." And he put out his hand, as though to take it. But Rose through a piece of cartridge paper over the sketch, saying, "Not tonight, Mr. Hardinge; come to-morrow and

you shall see it." "Right," he said; "I will come to-mor row morning, and we will have another Paris. lesson. Good-night, little one. Tell your sister I called," and he nodded and left

When she heard the street door close behind him the girl stole softly to the window, and watched his retreating figure longer distinguish it, she turned sadly away "Was there ever any one so handsome?

was there ever any one so fascinating? she murmured to herself. An hour afterwards, and the girl's mind was still filled with visions of Gerald Hardinge, in her dream-haunted sleep; while Gerald Hardinge himself was pacing up and down the street, with rage and

jealousy at his heart.

THE PROPER PLACE.

A Worcestershire vicar gives a curious experience, which is well worth relating. with either "Dearly beloved brethren," your mother with whom I had seen him any London manager should get a hint lady member of the congregation took exception to this, and asked him why he did his best to save a woman's reputation, bear her away. But above all she ad- always preached to the gentlemen and

mires Miss Pierrepoint's modesty, and never to the ladies. My dear lady, said the beaming vicar, of Miss Cave's former lodgers had been one embraces the other. "She corrobated Mr. Yeldham in every given to "gallivanting" and "carryings-particular, and accused me of being a on," proceedings never explained by the the astonished lady.

ARGYLL A LITTLE BETTER. The Details of his Attack While Speaking

It is announced that the Duke of Argyll is somewhat improved. The Duke's attack at a public meeting in Glasgow, Tuesday, was a sensational event. He was addressing a political meeting when he suddenly became pale, his voice sank into a whisper, and he reeled and sank insensible into the arms of Lord Kelvin, one of the bystanders. The audience became greatly excited, some persons shouting: "the Duke has fainted." "Give him air." "Give him water." "The Duke is dead." The Duke shortly reopened his eyes, gazed vacantly around and slowly recovered consciousness. He then asked friends to telegraph for his son, the Mar- and brings back strength and quis of Lorne. His daughter, Lady Francis, was present. The Duke was removed well through the pidgeon hole in front of attend him. The physicians agreed that that you assume another name, and her, where she takes the money and gives the Duke's condition was critical, and they decided to remain with him during the night. At midnight Dr. Anderson said the Duke had suffered an attack of syncope, but there had been no return of great difficulty in restoring the patient's

A TRAIN WRECKER'S DEATH.

The Boston Globe has a long story from Jackman to the effect that an American named David Kaleal, who was suspected of wrecking the Atlantic express on the ing; and the elder sister was agreeable to | Canadian Pacific at West Outlet' on July "Be good enough to hear me out," said | him, and liked him very much, though | 2d, has been found dead in the wilderness went out dear hunting early in December June; the heat had been stifling and op- some time for him to return, men from

Kaleal, it is said was put off a C. P. train on June 30, and swore vengeance

Physician's prescriptions com- Ah, there's the nut in wreck occurred. Detectives suspected and

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WHAT HE HAD DONE.

The woman emancipationist had tackled the serene old bachelor and was reading the riot act to him in a half dozen different places at once. He squirmed occasionally, but he retained his serenity. Have you eyer done anything for the emancipation of woman, I'd like to know? she said, coming down the home stretch. Indeed, I have, madam, he smiled. I have remained a bachelor.

In public speaking or singing, hoarseness or weak throat is very annoying. Instant relief is afforded by the use of man's appearance. He was darker and Hawker's Balsam, the popular cough cure.

> IT WAS HOLLOW INSIDE. Esmeraldo Longcoffin complained of

headache. Young Vanderchump, a visitor said: Miss Esmeralda, you will have to have that tooth pulled if it aches. It is probably hollow inside.

Esmeralda was not in a very good numor, so she said: Does your head ever ache Mr. Vander-Very often, Miss Esmeralda.

Then why don't you have it pulled? It's hollow inside. THEY DO NOT DESPAIR.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of conumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as

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PECULIAR TWINS.

The mother of a family showed the ticket collector on the railway a couple of half fare tickets for her two children. The latter, after looking at her doubtfully said; How old are they? They are only six, and they are twins

Then, after a moment's pause, the man And where were they born? The mother (unthinkingly): This one

was born in London and the other in Cramp in the stomach vields at once to the effect of a few drops of Dr. Manning's german remedy diluted in water.

POLITICAL ITEM. A small boy in an Austin, Tex., Sunday

school was asked: Where do the wicked finally go? They practice law for a spell and then they go to the legislature, was the pat reply of the observant youth.

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