

POETRY.

HIS DAUGHTER'S GRADUATION.

My darter's been through college, an' I s'pose it's done her good, though what's the use of some things I have never understood.

She's learned to play the organ in a noisy sort of way. An' 'tunes no man could whistle if he practiced all the day.

She's learned to dress her pretty hair in fashions strange an' new. Some's Greek, and some's Roman, but no old red-white-and-blue.

She talks a lot about something called physiology. Which tells her what effect plain meals will have on ma and me.

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 grandpa round the room just like an old lame horse.

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

She practiced tumblin' every day from 'rises from off a chart Made up by some professor with a name like Delyart.

She fills her up with notions vain, an' makes her cold as ice.

SELECT STORY.

AN 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 hand.

But whatever emotion Sir Geoffrey might have felt, he was careful to let no sign of it escape him. After a pause, he looked up, and said in hard, dry tones:

"It is a pity you did not think of all this before you gave the lie to your brother officer, or that, having done so, you did not suffer the fact to escape your memory. The circumstances being as they are, I do not allow for a moment that your statement is a sufficient excuse for your conduct."

"But it has a certain effect," said Sir Geoffrey, "for I received your colonel's letter this morning, I determined upon disowning and discrediting you on account of your conduct as described to me by him, without entering into any parley as to the past or future. That determination I adhere to, but in consequence of what you have said, I feel it due to myself to let you know something, at least, of the history of the past. When you have heard it, you will more readily comprehend your mother's horror of duelling, and what may perhaps have been a mystery to you—the reason that from the lapidary portrait of her life was passed away from me."

"Your grandfather was a tailor named Causton, residing in a small hamlet near London, where there was a good foundation school. To this school he sent me, his son, and there, when quite a child, formed an intimate friendship with a lad named Heriot. This lad died when he was eleven years old, and his father, who was a clerk high up in the India House, adopted me in his place, on condition that I should bear his name, and give myself entirely up to his direction. My father was dead at that time, and I never cared about the tailor's connection, so that I gladly accepted Mr. Heriot's offer, and under my new name, I was sent to Addiscombe, and thence into the Indian army. I never resolved to give up the regular respectable profession. These facts were of course known to the townspeople, but no stranger wanting to engage a seat, could possibly have walked into the box office, without being at once convinced of the respectability of the whole concern."

murderer," said Sir Geoffrey, bitterly, "and as we held such very unpleasant opinions regarding each other, I thought it best we should separate, and I accordingly returned to India. Her horror of duelling and the reason of my separation, are now, I think, sufficiently explained."

"Perfectly," said Geoffrey, but—"One moment," interrupted Sir Geoffrey, "I have given you this explanation, which I was by no means called upon to do; and I now proceed to state to you my determination with regard to yourself. You have disgraced the name which I have raised, and for the first time since I have borne it, have caused me to blush at its mention. The name is yours, and I cannot forbid you bearing it; but you shall never again be acknowledged or treated by me as my son."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," the young man said, struggling to repress his emotion, "for your very generous offer, which does you equal credit as a gentleman and as my father. I will not touch a penny of my mother's fortune until I am legally entitled to it. But meanwhile, you need have no fear of my degrading that name by which you set such store, but which after all, does not belong to you."

"Sir," cried Sir Geoffrey, "Be good enough to hear me out," said Geoffrey quietly. "You cannot forget that you are my father more readily than I will rid myself of every recollection that I am your son. No intrusion of mine shall ever remind you of my existence. I shall leave you to the enjoyment of the reflections which cannot fail to arise when you look back upon your estimable conduct, both as a husband and a father."

With this and a slight bow, the young man turned on his heel and quitted the room. For a moment Sir Geoffrey was speechless; his rage choked him; then he said—"What an insolent rascal! But after all, it was better than whining; it shows he has some pluck left, and I was afraid he would have whined."

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 mill, where one fading streak of yellow light was reflected on the girl's face. Dazzled by this, after 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. The girl looked up from her drawing in the direction of the door.

"Is that Mr. Hardings?" 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 hereafter be known in these pages) as Gerald Hardings; 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 man's appearance. He was darker and stouter; his hair, which had been 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 hand.

"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 theatre."

ARGYLL A LITTLE BETTER.

The Details of his Attack While Speaking at Glasgow.

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.

No, there was no one actually in love with her that Miss Cave knew, unless it was Gerald Hardings, the scene painter, who was a mere boy, much too young for her; for Miss Pierrepont must be at least six years older than Mr. Hardings, and there were temptations enough for a man in the profession, without having open so much his senior. And he was handsome and a kind-hearted lad, too, Miss Cave allowed, and generous with his money when he had any, and gave little Rose Pierrepont lessons in drawing for nothing; and the elder sister was agreeable to the admittance of such air as could be found. This was a little enough; but such as it was, it came laden with a thousand odors from the flowers in the garden, rejoicing the heart of Rose Pierrepont, the sole occupant of the room, who was seated at a table, drawing by the light of a shaded lamp, and who raised her head from time to time, and glanced now at the open window, then at the closed door. As far as could be seen, her hair in that position, a girl's slight head, and smiling mouth, with a small head, delicate features, and large dark eyes. Her age was about sixteen, and she looked even younger; and the manner in which she wore her hair, taken off her forehead and kept back by a comb, rendered her appearance still more youthful. Her hands were thin and delicate, as was especially noticeable when from time to time she drummed them impatiently on the table before her; while the frequent expression of anxiety or irritability discombed her otherwise handsome face.

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"The piece is over," said Hardings. "I heard them ringing in the orchestra for the last piece as I came away from the painting room. What's the last piece to-night?"

"The Warlock of the Glen," said the girl; "and Madge don't play in the Warlock."

"I should think not," said Hardings with a sneer. "But she won't be home yet," continued Rose. She told me she had something very particular to which you'd best listen her perhaps for a couple of hours after she had finished. I was not to sit up for her I was tired; and I was to tell you or Mr. Potts, if either of you came, that you were not to wait for her, as she would not be home till late."

THE OLD SAYING.

Throw Phisic to the Dogs, Will not apply to the Present Day.

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 Canadian Pacific at West Outlet on July 2d, has been found dead in the wilderness on Misery stream, near Jackman. He went out deer hunting early in December and never came back. After waiting some time for him to return, men from the neighboring camps started out in search, and on the second day met two hunters carrying Kaleal's body strapped to a pole. The hunters had found the body propped up against a stump near their camp.

The Armenian had died of cold and starvation. His face was whitish yellow and was set in Great circles of deep purple and eyes almost counter sunk spoke of the agony of starvation.

The body was barefoot and the feet frightfully lacerated. On the wrists of both arms was the imprint of human teeth and on the second day met two hunters carrying Kaleal's body strapped to a pole. The hunters had found the body propped up against a stump near their camp.

Kaleal, it is said was put off a C. P. train on June 30, and two days afterwards against the road. Two hours after the wreck occurred. Detectives searched and shovelled him for a long time, but were never able to fix the crime upon him.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of children.

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.

IT WAS LONGFELLOW INSIDE. Emeraldal Longfellow complained of headache. Young Vanderchump, a visitor said: "Miss Emeraldal, you will have to have that tooth pulled if it aches. It is probably hollow inside."

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IT WILL COME EVERYBODY

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