THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the tel'graph office?" Asked a childish voice one day, As I noted the click of my instrument With its message fro. ir away. As it ceased, I turned-at my elbow, Stood the merest scrap of a boy, Whose childish face was all aglow With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead, Shaded sweet eyes of blue, As if a bit of the summer sky Had lost in them its hue. They scanned my dingy office, From ceiling down to floor, Then turned on mine their eager gaze, As he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the tel'graph office?" "It is my little man," I said. "Pray tell me what you want; I'll help you if I can." The blue eyes grew more eager, The breath came thick and fast,

And I saw within the chubby hands,

A folded paper grasped. "Nurse told me, that the lightning Came down the wires some day, And my mamma's gone to heaven And I'm lonely all the day; For my papa's very busy, An' hasn't much time for mc So I fought I'd write her a letter.

And I've brought it for you to see. I've printed it big, so the angels Could read out quick the name, And carry it straight to my mamma, And tell her how it came; And now, won't you please to take it, And frow it up good and strong Against the wires in a funder shower,

So the lightning will take it along? Ah! what could I tell the darling? For my eyes were filling fast-I turned away to hide the tears, But cheerfully said at last: "I'll do the best I can, my child,"-'Twas all that I could say.

'Fank you," he said; then scanned th "Do you fink it will funder to-day?" But the blue sky smiled in answer, And the sun shone dazzling bright,

And his face, as he slowly turned away, Lost some of its gladsome light. But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long, Won't let me come any more; So good-bye; I'll come and see you again Right after a funder shower."

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

By the author of 'The Gypsy's Revenge,' 'A Woman

CHAPTER VII. LORD BRUCE AND HIS SERVANT.

The Spaniard, who was in the act of quitting the room, obeyed the behest immediately, and a strange look flitted across his face, as he saw what it was that had so disturbed his master. And yet it was a simple object enough; only a young woman, very pretty, and neatly and quietly dressed, who was crossing the road as though to enter the railroad station. The railway station was precisely opposite the hotel, and the young woman paused at the entrance in a hesitating fashion, thus enabling the two men at the hotel window to see her face distinctly. It was a fair face, English evidently,

"You see that girl, Carl," said Lord Bruce, still in those quick, agitated tones. where she is going. Slip across to the Find out where she takes a ticket forthat is what I want to know. You un-

"Certainly," said the Spaniard, his dark face alight with intelligence, and he left the room as he spoke. Five minutes later, he returned to

make his report. "She did not go away by train after all," began Lord Bruce eagerly. "I saw her come out of the station again; what

have you learnt Carl?" "That she is staying at a small inn just round the next corner. That she only arrived here to-day and will probably leave early in the morning. I learnt this from the landlady at the inn."

"Yes; and what else?" questioned Bruce, impatiently. "I heard her ask one of the porters in the station when the next train would

Alento was the village where Lord Bruce had made a home for Zilloh. "Ah! you heard that?" he exclaimed,

suddenly jumping up from his chair. "There is not a train to-night, is there, Carl?" "So the porter told the young lady;

she seemed anxious to get there, and asked at what time the first train would start in the morning."

"Thank you Carl; you may go," said Lord Bruce, after reflecting a moment or two on this, as it seemed to him, most unwelcome intelligence. Carl bowed and retired. Lord Bruce,

left alone, began to pace up and down the apartment with quick, agitated steps. "Well here's a pretty state of things," he muttered. "Nell here and Zilloh there; upon my soul, I feel almost distracted between the two of them. To bolt, seems to me the only way out of the difficulty." He sat down, mused deeply for some time; then rang for writing materials. and commenced to write a letter. Whatever the contents of the letter, it cost him considerable trouble in its composition. He wasted two or three sheets in unsatisbefore it was sealed and ready to send. Then he rang the bell for his servant.

great deal depends upon your care and her movements. discretion. I am called away from Spain on very important business. I have mind the fearful thought that she had written a letter to your mistress, explain- gone in pursuit of Lord Bruce, gone pering this, and I want you to ride home haps, to wreak vengeance which last with the letter at once. And Carl, if it | night, she had seemed to abandon. should happen that that young woman, "Heaven spare her from that!" he whom you saw at the station, should cried in despair. "Oh that I had told Take care to answer the door yourself,

the Spaniard, a curious light gleamed in enquiries at the hotel, elicited something his eyes, but he merely answered "Cer- else-the fact that a lady had already tainly," in that calm, yet keenly intelli- called there to make enquiry about their gent way of his; and his master, after a late visitor. few more instructions, dismissed him.

"Here is something for yourself, Carl," scribe her to him?" Carl questioned eaghe said, pressing some money, several erly. But no, they could not; she had gold coins, into his hand. The Spaniard did a strange thing after taken especial notice of her. leaving Lord Bruce. He went out of the | Some instinct seemed to tell him it was

ately threw that money into the sea. CHAPTER VIII.

BETRAYED. Ir was late that night when Carl drew staying. Inquiry there, however, simply I or not.

had returned alone, she sent for him.

asked, a shade of anxiety on her face. letter that had been entrusted to him. room; and she tore open the letter eagerly, all unconscious of the bitter blow it
would deal to her. Lord Bruce had writ
would deal to her. Lord Bruce had writ
would deal to her. Lord Bruce had writ
carl expected. Round the corner of the gives tone and energy to the whole system.

street he came, humming a lively tune, and all unconscious, poor, blind, guilty wretch, that Nemesis was at hand; that his last hour on earth had come!

See!—a woman was stealing after him with quick, gliding steps. Carl's quick eye detected in a moment; detected too, that she was most certainly bent on pur-"DEAR ZILLOH, to say to you, but our conversation of yesterday has convinced me that the sooner You are not my wife-never have been, ready. I know you will think very should part. I shall always care for you, and your future, do what you will with it, write to you again, making some definite

I can't expect you to forgive me now. course, know that I have done very Bruce dead-shot through the heart!wrong, and that you might if you chose, and the woman gone! She had turned our child's sake, if not for the sake of all and was lost to sight in the darkness. the love there has been between us, I think you will forbear from that. Good-bye, try to think leniently of me. this parting should be forever.

BRUCE." Zilloh had read this cold, callous epistle with kindling eyes and flushing cheeks; again she read it, and yet again, and then hand was laid upon his shoulder; and flame, while her face had grown white and rigid as marble. She sprang up from her seat, and was hurrying out of the room when, seeming to remember the presence of Carl, she stopped before him, and as though seized by a sudden thought,

demanded-"Do you know what this letter con-

with some strong emotion; even her eye gentleman's service, but suddenly assumwas aflame in his. His answer, spoken he refused to say.

villain!"

longing for revenge.

tones, that wild light in her eyes growing ately silent. "Lady, why should you seek him?"

worthless, let him go!"

head to foot with passion. "Do not dare to dictate to me; obey

that I may kill him!" She had breathed out those last fearful words in an intense whisper; it seemed as fore the judges sit." though her wrongs had turned her brain. est, noblest of women change their very very near akin to death. natures under bitter, grevious wrongs, and

flushed, her short curls tumbled, and en help me now to save you from the conwhen she saw her mother, she stretched | sequences of-" out her little arms with that eager, con-

saying, very quietly and simply:

inexpressibly touching.

Simple as was that little speech, it sufplaced by a look of sad, yearning tender- kind and friendly accentsness; her beautiful features lost their fast, tears that said the momentary madthey might, she could never forget that

he who had wronged her, was her child's father. Not by her hand should they be my sacrifice been all in vain?" murmured brokenly-

"Dear lady, it is what I have tried to whom you have tried to spare, is beyond be," he answered, and the flush that the reach of human laws. She is dead!

mantled his dark face, betrayed how deeply he felt her praise.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURPRISE—a surprise that was a great factory attempts, and it was fully an hour shock, greeted Carl the next morning. His mistress had gone, taking her child with her. None of the servants had seen "Carl," he said, "I want you to exe- her; she had gone before they had arisen, cute a little commission for me, and a and there was no clue by which to trace

In a moment there flashed across Carl's

come down to Olive Grove, do your best her all last night! I must follow her to prevent her from seeing your mistress. Heaven grant that I may not be too late! Urged by this terrible apprehension, he and make some pretext, no matter what, left a hurried message with the servants for refusing her admittance. If you can in case Zilloh should return, and then manage this for me, you shall be well took train for L-, the town at which paid for your services. Do you under- he had left his master on the previous evening. As he expected, he found that A deep flush rose to the dark face of Lord Bruce had started for Paris; but his

"What was she like-could they debeen thickly veiled, and they had not

hotel and walked straight down to the Zilloh, and warned him to follow her beseashore, half-a-mile away, and deliber- fore she reached Lord Bruce.

It was the evening of the next day when Carl arrived in Paris, and he quickfound out at which hotel Lord Bruce was | tells a woman she is right whether she is

rein at Olive Grove, but late as it was, his elicited the intelligence that he had gone mistress was up, and on hearing that he out for the evening; to one of the the- Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been atres, the porter believed. He found, used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at

but to watch about the hotel until he of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" "Stay here until I have read it." said should return; it was already past the Zilloh, as he was turning to leave the time for the theatres to close, and the Carl expected. Round the corner of the gives tone and energy to the whole system. street he came, humming a lively tune, "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for

it is said the better. No good can be with quick, gliding steps. Carl's quick done by further keeping up the deception. eye detected in a moment; detected too, that she was most certainly bent on purfor when I married you, I had a wife al- suing him for some settled purpose. She was at too great a distance for him to recto believe that I have done what I have enveloped in hood and cloak for either because I loved you so dearly. I could form or features to be distinguishable; of twenty-one marks a week." not bear to lose you; and remember, that but some instinct seemed to warn him it even now, it is not my wish that we was Zilloh; and his heart felt cold as ice with the haunting dread that pressed shall be my constant charge. I shall horrible dread was turned into still more but I hope you won't be too hard. I, of Carl rushed to the fatal spot to find Lord sweeny, stifles and sprains.

make things unpleasant for me, but for and fled with the speed of a greyhound Bewildered, stunned almost, with the I still love you far too well, to think that and felt, but all in vain, for some faint, which lay on the ground a few paces | Shampoo, sir? away. He was hastily thrusting this into stunned and dazed though he was, he yet dimly comprehended that he was under

CHAPTER X.

arrest on a charge of murder.

CARL IN PRISON. In his narrow cell lay Carl, the suspected murderer. The evidence against His dark, refined face was quivering mitted that he had been in the murdered could hold no more of indignant fire than | ing a trange reserve, farther than this

in low, stern tones, was brief, but it spoke | The people at the hotel identified the body simply as a Mr. Delmar, of whom "Signora, I know the writer of it is a they knew nothing beyond the fact that he had arrived there on the same morn-In his face she read sympathy and ing. He had brought no luggage with pity, but the was not in the mood to need him, and there was upon him no papers, sympathy just then; the longing of her by which his family and position might Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a heart was hotter and fiercer-it was the be traced. The only person who could great surprise and delight on account of Where is he? Tell me—only tell me | deceased, was the man charged with his | in the bladder, kidneys, back and every where he is," she said, in low hoarse murder, and he chose to remain obstin- part of the urinary passages in male or

"Of what use to pursue him? He is lihood of his living to pass through it. and Alonzo Staples. He was seriously, dangerously ill; the She turned upon him, quivering from damp cell had caused him to take a terrible chill: fever had supervened, and the doctor shook his head whenever he came me, that is enough for you. Tell me to look at him, and usually remarked to where he is-Carl, tell me where he is, the warder at the close of his visit-"There'll be no need for a trial there.

he'll be gone to his last account long be The autumn sunlight was streaming in She was no longer the sweet, generous, upon the poor prisoner, as he lay stretched noble Zilloh; she was a wild, fierce being, out at full length upon his narrow pallet; ooking like vengeance personified, beaut- the fever had passed away, and it was iful still, but with something akin to only weakness that ailed him now. Only murder in her heart. The sweetest, gent- | weakness, but it was a weakness that was

"It will soon all be over," he was thinkwhat wrong so bitter or so grevious as | iug to himself. "Ah! if only she could that which had been worked on Zilloh? | have come to me once again. Only once, Carl did not answer that wild, mad only for one moment to see her dear face, outbreak; or not in words. He stood in and then I should die happy. Will she a listening attitude, for a moment or two. ever know how much I loved her? Will A child's plaintive cry sounded faintly in | she ever dream what I have done for her the distance—it was to that he listened; dear sake? And they would have me and then, without a word to his unhappy speak," he went on, in languid, dreamy mistress, but casting upon her a deeply musing, "they wonder how it is I do not compassionate glance, he quitted the tell. No; let it die with me, it is better room, returning, however, the next in- so. Let it be once known that it was stant with little Leila in his arms. She Lord Bruce who was murdered, and suswas in her nightdress and had just awak- picion must attach to her. Ah! Zilloh, my ened from sleep; her pretty cheeks were darling! my poor, misguided love! Heav-

He stopped short and shuddered visibfiding gesture, which in young children is ly; and before the shudder had subsided, a key turned in the lock of the door, and Carl laid the child on Zilloh's arms, there entered a kindly-faced man, a Roman Catholic priest, who had more than "The signora forgot; she forgot little once visited the prisoner, and had always Leila. Let his sins be what they may, abjured him to confess anything that he

she could never harm the father of her might know of the mysterious crime of which he was suspected. There was a look of gratification now

"Carl, I have brought you good tidings; rigidity, her lips trembled. She looked I have come to tell you that you are free, upon her child, and tears came hot and not only from bondage, but free also from suspicion. The woman who committed ness was over. Let her wrongs be what the murder, has made a full confession."

starting up in spite of his weakness. "Has "It has been in vain Carl," said the 1831 She stretched out her hand to Carl, and priest, somewhat sternly, "inasmuch as that your attempt to defeat justice and "May Heaven bless you for your good- screen the guilty, has utterly failed. ness to me Carl! You have been more Providence will not permit such things than a servant; you have been my faith- to be, even from the most noble motives of self-sacrifice. But the guilty creature

> "Dead!" Carl repeated that one awful word in a low, dazed tone; then with a groan of anguish, flung himself back on his pallet and covered his face with his hands. "I am sorry for you, my son," said the priest, evidently moved by his distress. 'It would have been better, far better, for you to have opened your mind to me, but I forbear to reproach you. No doubt, that poor, unhappy woman was very dear to you, dear r evidently, than life itself,

> since you were ready to risk it for her." "Life! she was a thousand times dearer to me than my life!" exclaimed Carl, in given a thousand lives, had I possessed them, rather than have seen her suffer.

TO BE CONTINUED. GOT EVEN WITH THEM.

There is a good story told of the Duke of Northumberland, who, in spite of his vast wealth, is very unaffected and simple in his life. Whenever he travels on the local railway he usually takes a thirdclass ticket, to the indignation of the officials. Upon a day they determined to break him of this frugal habit, and filled his compartment with chimney sweeps ters, in both reading and advertising columns carrying bags of soot. When the Duke arrived at the destination he took the sweeps to the booking-office and bought them each a first-class ticket back again, and put each in a first-class carriage, sacks | Daily Evening Transcriptand all.

Inquiring Son.—Papa, what is reason? | Saturday Evening Transcript-Fond Parent — Reason, my boy is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Inquiring Son - And what is instinct? Fond Parent - Instinct is that which CONSUMPTION

asked, a shade of anxiety on her face.

There was nothing to do, Carl decided,

"Where is your master, Carl?" she asked, a shade of anxiety on her face.

There was nothing to do, Carl decided,

"Where is your master, Carl?" she moreover, that he was still passing as night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle. is averted, or if too late to avert it it is often cured and always relieved by children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.

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Young Lady (in music store)-" Have you 'A Heart That Beats With Love?" harshly of me, and you will find it hard ognize her, and indeed, she was too much | Clerk (blushingly) — "No, miss; I would consider it highly imprudent at a salary

A Boon to Horsemen .- One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely reheavily upon it. In one moment, that moved a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as horrible certainty; for the report of a pis- it acts with mysterious promptness in the tol rang out on the still night air; there removal from horses of hard, soft or calwas a flash of light, a heavy thud, and loused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs,

GEORGE ROBB, Farmer Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Grateful Customer - I am glad to see horror that had fallen on him, Carl stooped you keep your hands as well as your over the prostrate form upon the ground, razor scrupulously neat and clean. Tonsorial artist — Yes, sir. We're obliged to. lingering sign of life; then obeying a A barber never can tell when he's in strong, sudden impulse, he picked up the danger of catching the measles or somepistol which had done the deed, and thing of that kind from a customer

> That faint all-gone feeling at the pit of the stomach is caused by indigestion. Nine-tenths of the cases of indigestion are

caused by mental strain, overwork, worry, irregular meals, etc. Its certain cure can only be effected by regular habits and a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic the great nerve and brain invigorator and a perfect stomach tonic and aid him seemed very strong; he himself ad- to digestion. All druggists sell it, fifty cents a bottle.

He - You may not believe me, Laura, dear, but I assure you I never loved before. She - Oh, I do believe you, Fred I noticed it the first time you kissed me.

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> the muscles, through cold, is effectively cured by Dr. Manning's german remedy, the universal pain cure. Try it. All druggists sell it.

was a woman disguised as a man? She was placed in a chair with a tidy on the the back, and sat for fifteen minutes Rheumatism Cured in a Day.-South

How was it discovered that the prisoner

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cordially commend it to helpful parents and teachers everywhere. Irate Passenger (scrambling into Broadway car that did not stop) - Supoose I'd slipped and lost a leg, what then? Conductor — I guess you wouldn't have to do any more jumping then. We always stop for a man with crutches.

FATAL RESULT. Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposare to cold. It will save you many painful days

A hearse was returning empty at a furious gallop. A street urchin who stood in the way was grazed by the wheel and thrown to the ground.

The young rascal sprang up in a jiffy, ficed to change Zilloh's mood. The fierce upon his benevolent countenance; and he to describe: Say, guv'nor, are yer loading in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to and shouted in a tone we will not attempt up again on the way?

> HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES - All cases of organic or sympathetic quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by "Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Carl, W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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