POETRY.

APPRECIATION.

They strewed flowers so thick above his grave,
There was not room for more,
Unstinted were the words of praise they gave,
And many wept him sore.

Yet he had lived among them many years,
Nor had he ever known,
The oft desired sympathy of tears,
Or the inspiring tone.

They had been very quick to note the flaws
That marred his daily life;
Alas, they seldom sought to know the cause,
Or aid him in his strife.

What did it matter that he nightly grieve
O'er faults that yet were strong?
Or that against great odds, he still believed
In right instead of wrong?

What though he hungered for some word of praise?
And longed for loving smiles?
Unhelped they let him climb life's steepest ways,
And groped through weary miles.

But when his ears were deaf and blind his eyes,
Then did they speak him fair;
Did all their wakened kindness could devise,
And left love's tribute there.

Oh friends, if in your hearts there is to-day
Some little love for me,
Wait not to speak it o'er my coffined clay,
When I shall heedless be.

Give me while living, of the love I crave,
And if ye must condemn,
Speak your harsh censures o'er my open grave,
When I am dead to ehem.

I shall not need your praise then, but now
Even a tender touch;
Although I may not know just why or how,
Hath power to help so much.

Bury me if you will in poor estate,
I shall not count it wrong:
But give me love in life, nor let me wait
In loneliness so long.

—Robert Whitaker in the Evangelist.

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

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

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

CONTINUED.

"You are all the world to me Bruce," she murmured softly; "only it troubles me to think I should have never heard one single word from them. If you had but permitted me to send them word where I was, so they could written. And now to hear that they are both dead! Ah! Bruce, forgive me; I must grieve over those who were so very dear," and she hid her face upon his shoulder and wept.

Although secretly impatient at her grief he bore with it, and soothed her tenderly. He was still very much her lover, sufficiently so, for her tears to pain more than irritate him.

Zilloh had been ill after this for a week or two; the shock of the news had quite prostrated her, and at her wish, Lord Bruce had sent to England for further intelligence concerning the death of her friends. He found that Ingledon had deen ravaged by a terrible fever; the rector had taken it in the course of his duties, had transmitted it to Val, and that they had died within a day of each other.

He was secretly well pleased at the intelligence. Zilloh was now without a relation in the world, and that was how he preferred to have her. Especially pleased was he at the thought that he was free from the possible interference of Val Grey. He had always hated the lad; hated him all the more because Zilloh loved him. Not one word had he ever said to her about that encounter with him in London; and now he professsd regret at his death, while in truth, he felt far more of pleasure and relief.

Although she strove to conceal her grief from her husband, Zilloh had mourned long and deeply for her uncle and Val, and indeed, the loss was one that would leave its tinge of sadness forever on her heart; but in a few months more she had another claim upon her love. The precious gift of motherhood had come to her, and all that had seemed lacking in her cup of happiness, was supplied to her by her baby girl.

The baby was able to run about now and prattle; she was eighteen months old, and those eighteen months had sufficed to call into Zilloh's eyes a look of infinite sadness, a look which told that her heart was not at rest.

No, Zilloh's life was not a happy one. Whatever of wrong, of thoughlessness, or folly she had committed in consenting to a secret marriage with Lord Bruce, her fault had surely been followed by a bitter expiation. Nemesis, she told herself, had overtaken her; a Nemesis that made her life more hard and bitter day by day.

She was musing upon her life now as she sat on the rose-wreathed verandah, holding between her listless fingers just such another dark red rose as Val had held when he repeated Tennyson's impassioned language to her more than two years ago. Hardly dared she own, even to herself, what it was that was filling her heart with wretchedness, her mind with a haunting dread. It was a wretchedness that could be felt but not expressed. She feared that she had given life's hope to a most frugal barque—to love, and that the barque was wrecked, and with it her life's hope for evermore. Her husband was beginning to weary of her; that was the secret of her wretchedness.

For more than a year, until some months after the birth of her child, Bruce had really and truly regarded her with all a lover's tenderness. His false, fickle heart had never loved a woman as deeply as he loved her, had never been chained by any woman's influence for so long a time. He had been content to remain with her in that quiet Spanish village, where they had made their home, and had only left her, at rare intervals, for a flying visit to England, visits which he said he was compelled to make.

There had only been one trouble to oppress her; the fact that he still insisted on the necessity for keeping their marriage secret; and even that trouble had melted away into nothingness beneath the sunshine of his love. But now all was different. Her heart warned her, only too surely, that her husband had begun to weary of her; that his love, ere long, would be but a thing of the past. He was restless, irritable, no longer satisfied with her company; he was often making flying visits to Paris and London, visits in which she never accompanied him, and latterly he had hinted at business in England which might call him away for several months. These things might well make Zilloh sick at heart.

In the village she was known as Mrs. Bruce Delmar; the house in which they lived, Olive Grove it was called, was the only good one in the place. The rest were mere peasants' cottages, so that there was no one whom she could visit or be visited by, and indeed, she needed no one; she needed nothing but her husband's love. Lord Bruce had laid his plans well when he sought out that quiet, unknown spot as the reatreat for his beautiful bride. There, in very truth, one might live—'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

The patter of little feet roused Zilloh from her painful reverie, and the next moment her little girl ran on to the verandah and buried her head in her lap. She was a lovely child, giving abundant promise of that dark Southern beauty which distinguished her mother. There was no trace of her father; once that had been a disappointment to Zilloh, it was a cause of thankfulness now.

"Carl can't find me!" lisped the child in her sweet baby accents; evidently she was pretending to hide from someone, and raising her head, she looked gleefully around to see if she were being pursued.

Zilloh too, looked across to the entrance of the verandah, and saw, though she had already guessed, who the little one's playmate was. Within the rose-wreathed lattice, a man was standing, a tall, dark, Spanish-looking man, apparently about thirty years of age. He was the confidential servant of Lord Bruce, and was much liked and trusted, not only by his master, but by his mistress also; as for little Leila, she loved him with all her baby heart, and he loved her as such babies are not often loved by men who are not their kin. He had been in Lord Bruce's employ about a year. His lordship had felt the need of a steady man whom he could trust about the household, and Carl Duprez had been highly recommmended to him, and had proved himself worthy of the recommendation. His duties were varied and not very well defined; the household was a small one, and Carl's was a fairly important position in it.

Lord Bruce kept a horse for his own riding, and a little carriage with a pair of ponies for Zilloh, and it was Carl's duty to drive his mistress, and to superintend a youth from the village in the care of the horses; he also arranged any little excursions that were made into the country, was found invaluable in packing hampers, arranging flowers, etc.; but above all, he was the nurse and playmate of little Leila. Next to her mother she loved Carl better than anybody else in the world, and his devotion to the child, combined with his many excellent points of character, had won for him a secure place in his mistress' regard.

She looked up at him now, with a kindly smile, and said in her sweet, gentle tones, but in Spanish—

"Come and find her Carl. Come and see if you can find little Leila."

The man inclined his head with a gesture of grateful respect, and came forward with that slow, stately grace of movement which is so peculiarly the characteristic of the Spaniard. He had a fine face, this foreign servant of Lord Bruce's; features refined a clearly cut; skin smooth and clear, though brown as a berry; eyes deep and lustrous; hair black as the raven's wing, as were his eyebrows, short moustache and beard.

Little Leila danced round him gleefully demanding a ride upon his shoulder. It was a pretty, picturesque scene the flower-filled verandah presented on that summer afternoon; the young mother looked so rarely lovely in her pale pink gown, with ruffles of soft lace at throat and wrists, the sweet, tender light of mother-love chasing away the sadness from her eyes; the little child in its frock of snowy lace and rose-colored ribbons, and in strong contrast, the dark, staid, soberly clad Spanish servant.

It was a scene that any artist might have longed to paint. Lord Bruce, who, with all his baseness of soul, had the true artistic taste, came lazily into the verandah, a cigarette between his lips, and thought to himself—

"By Jove! what a splendid picture it would make. That Carl is a handsome, stately beggar after a picturesque fashion, and the child and Zilloh are perfection. Ah! how beautiful she is; what a pity it is that a woman's beauty palls upon one as it does."

With this cynical reflection, he threw himself into a chair by the side of Zilloh, and dismissed the Spaniard with a wave of his hand.

"Shall I leave the child with you signora?" he asked in Spanish, the only language he spoke.

Zilloh would have replied in the affirmative, but Bruce interposed—

"Let Leila go with Carl. I want a quiet chat with you, Zilloh."

The Spaniard gathered the little one up into his arms, and retired; then Zilloh turned to her husband and said—

"What is it Bruce?" She always called him Bruce; it was the name she had first known him by—the name her girlish heart had dwelt upon with passionate love.

He hesitated a little before he answered her; and when he did speak, his voice sounded a little constrained.

"Why Zilloh to tell the truth, I want to settle what I was speaking about the other day. The state of my affairs demand that I should return to England; not merely for a flying visit, but to remain there, at any rate a year or two. My estates are being dreadfully mismanaged, and there will be no improvement unless I am on the spot."

"Yes; and when do you think of going?" asked Zilloh quietly.

"Oh, almost directly; and you will not mind Zilloh?"

"Certainly not; I am really wishful to return to England," was her reply, spoken with a calmness which showed she had well weighed its import. It seemed to confuse Lord Bruce, for he moved uneasily in his chair, and his eye dared not meet hers, as he said—

"Ah! but my dear, you would not accompany me to England; you would stay here."

He had blurted it out at last; the proposition that had trembled upon his tongue making him restless and uneasy for days past. He knew enough of Zilloh's nature to fear some outburst, but he was scarcely prepared for the calmness with which she received it; a calmness that forboded far more of settled resistance than any torrent of mere anger or upbraiding could have done.

"We had better understand each other Bruce," she said, a look of smouldering fire, ready to leap into blazing light at any moment, stealing into her dusky eyes. "Do you mean that you wish to go to England for a indefinite period, for years perhaps, perhaps even forever—and leave me here?"

He quailed; quailed and almost trembled beneath the steady, searching gaze bent upon him.

"I should come to see you, of course," he began; "but——"

She stopped him with a haughty gesture, and completed the sentence for him.

"But you would not acknowledge me as your wife; that is what you mean. Hush! do not interrupt me, for I have something to say to you, and I think the time has come for me to speak. For weeks, and for months past, I have read the wishes of your heart; is was vain for you to think you could conceal them from me. I know that you have ceased to love; that already others have taken the place I used to hold in your fickle fancy."

He made an exclamation of dissent, although he colored guiltily; she stopped him with another haughty gesture.

"Do not trouble yourself with either protestations or denials; they are powerless to shake my conviction of the truth. And do not for one moment imagine I am jealous"—here her proud lip curled scornfully. "Understand that I do not wish to either censure or upbraid you; I make no reproach, no complaint. I am even willing, perfectly willing to live apart from you, if that is what you wish; but one thing I am resolved upon—I have meditated for long, and the time has now come for me to insist upon it—I will be acknowledged as your wife!"

"The devil you will! If I choose it, you mean, madam," exclaimed Lord Bruce, flinging aside prudence at the dictation of passion. "It is enough that I have been such a fool as to fetter myself as I have: I will take care that you don't injure my prospects further than you have done. I have told you again and again, that it would never do for my friends to know that I had married so far beneath me. But there is no getting a woman to see reason; all she thinks of is her own pleasure."

"You have told me again and again that our marriage need only be kept secret for a few months," returned Zilloh calmly, and without appearing to even notice the insolence of his speech. "I was prepared to make any sacrifice, as a woman always will, to please or help you, so long as I possessed your love. All that is over; I know you for what you are—vain, false, fickle, and I have grown indifferent to either your hatred or your love, As I have told you, I am willing for us to pass our lives apart, but I must bear my rightful name and title, the name you gave me at the altar; the name and title of your wife!"

"And if I refuse?" he questioned, in a tone that was half sneering, half sullen, upon his face a look of mingled rage and apprehension.

"Then I shall at once return to England, and claim my rights as Lady Bruce."

"Ah! you will, will you?" he said, while under his breath he muttered: "Ay and she means it too evidently!" He looked at her with a sullen frown for a moment or two, then said in a sneering tone, but very deliberately, and watching her face keenly and covertly the while: "Ah! and suppose you had no rights to claim?—suppose our marriage was all a farce?"

There was all the fire of lightning in her eye as she turned it full upon him—a fire which seemed to scorch his very soul, and he winced and quailed beneath it.

"Then I should have killed you," she said with proud contempt. "A man should never have lived to say he had betrayed Zilloh St. Clair!"

He winced at her words as much as he had done at her glance; there was a fearful calmness in the manner of her threat; he felt almost as though she had a dagger at his heart.

She, however, went on in a moment in so different a tone, that it was evident that she had not attached any serious meaning to his insinuation.

"But that is not the question. I am your wife, and as such, I am not to be set aside from obtaining my rights, by either threats or persuasions. Now that I know you better, I can conceive you capable of any baseness; but in this case you had no opportunity. Our marriage was perfectly legal; on that point I have no fears. But it is useless to continue the discussion. You must take your course, and I shall take mine."

She rose as she spoke and left the verandah, her tall, graceful figure looking even taller by reason of the stately firmness of her walk.

Lord Bruce looked after her with a sneer—fully developed now.

"There goes a woman with a good spice of the devil in her," he muttered vindictively. "I wonder what she'd think if she knew the truth. Think!—what would she do?; that's more the question. Heavens! I verily believe she meant what she said. There was murder in her eye for a half-second, as she looked at me. I shall have to be very careful how I deal with her. That's the worst of these clever, high-spirited women; their tempers are something awful. A man had better be contented with a pretty fool."

And having arrived at this sage conclusion, his lordship rose and strolled into the house.

Meanwhile, Zilloh had found her way to a vine-wreathed arbor at the foot of the garden, a favorite resort of hers when she wished to meditate alone. Throwing herself upon the rustic seat, she leaned her head on her hand, and fell into deep and painful musing. The worst had come she told herself. She had ceased to possess any hold upon a heart, which she had once thought as much her own as the one that beat within her bosom; she had sounded the base depths, the callous selfishness of the man whom she had worshipped as a god; and as she realized this, pride yielded to woman's feeling, and bowing her head upon the lattice before her, she suffered the hot, bitter tears to flow all unrestrained, while her whole frame shook with the violence of her emotion.

It was not unwitnessed. The Spanish Carl, was passing the arbor on his way to the house with little Leila, who had fallen asleep, in his arms. He heard the sound of weeping; he knew whose voice it was that wept. For one moment he paused at a respectful distance, and gazed upon the dejected figure, now convulsed with sobs; only for one minute he gazed, then he hurried on, with the air of a man who dares not trust himself to stay, but there was a look on his dark face for that one moment, that might well have revealed the secret of his heart to anyone who had beheld him. He was in love with his beautiful young mistress. No passion, short of love, could have awakened that tender, boundless look of compassion with which he had regarded her.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD BRUCE AND HIS SERVANT.

The next day, Lord Bruce, in an unsettled state of mind, started for a long ride, Carl accompanying him. There were some purchases he wanted to make in the neighboring town, and in his present mood, the society of his servant was more agreeable to him than solitude.

The day was drawing to a close before his lordship was ready to return, and they had a ride of seven or eight miles before them. They had put up their horses at an hotel while Lord Bruce dined; Carl waited upon him during dinner, he preferring his attendance. Dinner over, he sauntered to the window and looked out. carelessly enough at first, but in a moment the bored, lazy expression fled from his face, and was replaced by one of anxiety, apprehension, and genuine alarm.

"Carl," he called, in a quick, agitated voice. "come here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The milk and sugar also; and she took the greatest care
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Of baking powder, which you know beginners oft omit.
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A MINISTER'S MISTAKE.

Mrs. Bingo—You must take that parot away. Why, when the minister was in he swore like a pirate!

Bingo—Ha! ha! What did the minister say?

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, he didn't know it was the parot. He said, "I hear Mr. Bingo; why doesn't he come in and see me?"

A MAN'S PERSONALITY.

You would have some difficulty in convincing Mr. James Thompson, of St. John, N. B., that Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is not a remarkable remedy, for three bottles cured him of a six months illness that nothing else seemed able to effect. His symptoms were weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite. He was run down. Are you?

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Mr. Billus—Here's a newspaper paragraph that says women are less sensitive to pain than men. I believe there's something in that, Maria.

Mrs. Billus—Yes, that's the masculine theory. The truth of the matter is that women have more fortitude than men. As to—Mercy! For heaven's sake, John, be quick! Knock that horrid bug off my hair!

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

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