













POETRY.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's life, With its care and worry and doubt,

Of the shabby gent of his steady clothes, Of his diamond pins and his calm repose,

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife? Of that silent partner, who, With a blending of sentiment, beauty, skill,

With a temperate knowledge, taste, and will, The whole of his labor can do?

It is she who embowers the carments worn By the editor in his easy chair,

Now dressed with cushions, soft and neat, And trimmed up with tidies and ribbons sweet,

Which was once so poor and bare. If the editor's sick, or away or behind,

In need of more hands or more brains, She directs his wrappers so they can be read

And writes his leaders right out of her head And willingly makes his paste.

She reads the magazines, papers and books, As the cradle she softly rocks:

While the editor sits in his easy chair, With his fingers turned in his tangled hair,

She quietly mends his socks. Then she reads the ads, with the editor,

Just to find what each has paid. "But the column ad, of the jeweller there,"

So he says, "the harness and human hair Must be taken out in trade!"

So she wears the corsets he gets for ads, And rattles his sewing machine;

She uses the butter and eggs and things, The country subscriber so faithfully brings,

With a cheerful seldom seen. But her life, so full of merry delight,

Has one dark cloud, alas! Though she shares his tickets to the circus

And play, To lecture and negro minstrelsy pay,

She can't use his railroad pass! When time hangs heavy on his hands,

She begins the hours away With jokes and laughter, music and song,

And pleasant talk, and thus ripples along The whole of each leisure day.

Oh! who would exchange this sweet content, This simple and trusting life,

For that of a queen of royal birth? For the happiest woman on all this earth,

Is the country editor's wife.

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

By the author of "The Captain's Revenge," "A Woman Sinned," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOMAN WHO ASKED FOR LORD BRUCE.

CONTINUED.

"I do not know, I wish I did. I have come to London to-night purposely to see him. But did I not hear you tell the servant that you yourself had seen Lord Bruce in London to-night?"

"Yes I have seen him, but not to speak to. He was in a hansom, driving along Ludgate Hill. The cab was going very fast and he did not see me; but I could swear to him. Oh, I must find him! I must—indeed I must," and her voice trembled, and she seemed about to break into passionate weeping.

"Hush! hush!" said Val, in tones of kindly soothing. "If you will only trust me, I will try to help you. Indeed you may trust me," he went on. "I am in too much trouble myself, am too sad at heart to mean anything but kindness to you, who seem unhappy as well as I. I have come in search of Lord Bruce, because he has tricked a young girl into leaving her home; a young girl who is dearer to me than my life. She is even younger than you, I think, and she is so ignorant of wickedness. But I will trace her; I will follow that villain to the end of the world, if necessary, and force him to give her up, or else make her his wife."

"That he can never do!" exclaimed the girl, in her tone of strange mingling of pain, horror and exultation. "That he can never do, because he is married already—married to me! I am Lord Bruce's wife!"

"You!" Val started back as though he had received a blow. "The villain! Oh! the false, black-hearted villain! Oh! Heaven's sake, do not deceive me!" he continued, turning passionately upon the girl at his side. "As there is a heaven above us, tell me whether you are speaking the truth?"

"It is the truth," she answered firmly and sadly, and still with that mingling of pain and exultation in her tone; and Val felt an overwhelming, a horrible conviction, that it was indeed the truth she had told him. His thoughts waltz madly maddened him; he leaped against the wall and groined aloud.

The girl seemed affected by his grief; she touched him softly, and said— "I am sorry for you, and sorry for your friend. Was it a sister or a friend?" she asked kindly.

"Neither; it was my love! my love, that was like a part of me!" cried Val bitterly. "The villain! let him beware how he crosses my path, for if ever there was murder in a human heart, there is murder in mine to-night. The cowardly traitor! I could shoot him like a dog!"

"No, no; you must not talk like that. He is base and wicked enough, I know, but you must not hurt him!" cried the girl, with all a woman's eagerness to save from hurt or harm, the man whom she had loved—aye, and loved still, Heaven help her.

Val, recovering from the first fierce thrill of passion, and even reproaching himself already for his violence, looked calmly at the girl, whose slender hand was still clinging timidly to his arm. She was a little, slender creature, barely twenty years of age, and her face was very lovely with its fair, rose-leaf complexion, blue eyes and shimmering, golden hair. It was a good, pure, truthful face enough, though timid and perhaps even a little weak. Her dress was neat, and of good materials, but it was certainly not such as one would expect to see on the wife of a vicar.

If she were indeed the wife of Lord Bruce, it was certain that he had not acknowledged the marriage.

"When were you married and where?" he asked, controlling his emotion, and forcing himself to speak with something like composure.

She answered his questions straightforwardly enough. That statement of his about the young girl whom he had come in search of, had sufficed to arouse both her jealousy and her alarm, and setting aside prudence, she seemed anxious to convince him that she was indeed what she claimed to be—Lord Bruce's wife. He had met her at her home in Scotland, she said, six months ago, and had married her almost at once; but no one knew of the marriage, not even her own friends. He had made a home for her in a quiet, country place, and up to a few weeks ago, had visited her frequently, and had assured her that the day was not far distant when he would be able to acknowledge her as his wife. Lately, however, he had failed to come, his letters were short and unsatisfactory, and at last, grown alarmed and desperate, she had determined to disobey his commands and come to town in search of him. Chance had

favoured her, inasmuch as that she had caught a glimpse of him in that hansom in the city, but now it seemed as though there was nothing for it but to wait till morning to make further inquiries.

"Must get back to my apartments," she said wearily; "I shall find him to-morrow."

She had poured out her story tearfully and incoherently, but with the unmistakable accents of truth. Val owned this, and he thrilled with agony as he thought of the probable doom of Zilloh. If this girl had not been deceived, if she was in truth Bruce's wife, then any ceremony he chose to go through with Zilloh, must of course, be null and void; and even if she had been deceived, and was not his wife, what then?—what did that prove, but that Zilloh might be deceived in like manner? His beautiful Zilloh—high-spirited and proud, and noble; was that to be her fate? The thought maddened him, and again he felt the doom of murder rise within his heart.

"He shall not escape me!" he cried passionately. "He may be at his home even now—that servant may have lied to you. If you will stay here just for one moment or two, I will inquire at the house whether he is at home. It is quite possible that the servant might be more truthful to me than to you."

The girl assented willingly enough, and while she stood in the shadow of a large doorway, Val stepped back to No. 27 and rang the bell. The footman whom he had before seen answered the summons.

"Is Lord Bruce within?" he asked; his voice and manner spoke of culture and refinement, and the footman answered him with more respect than he had shown to the man who had inquired.

"No sir, he is not," he said; "in fact, his lordship is out of town."

"When do you expect him to return?" "We really can't say, sir; his lordship's movements are so uncertain. He might return at any hour, or be away for several days."

"And you cannot give me his present address, or any address at which I might be likely to find him?" persisted Val, and remembering that money works wonders, he slipped half-a-sovereign into the man's hand as he asked the question.

"No sir, I really can't; I wish I could. There's his club, that's the only place I can think of; you might enquire at the Carlton sir."

"Thanks," and Val turned away, disappointed and dissatisfied. He was inclined to believe that the man had spoken the truth, but whether he had or not, it was plain that there was no further information to be got in that quarter. If the man had been instructed to deny his master to all comers, he knew his lesson too well to make a mistake in it.

He made his way back to the spot, scarce a dozen yards away, where he had left the girl who had claimed to be Lord Bruce's wife; but what was his amazement and dismay to find that she was nowhere to be seen. Vainly he looked in every nook and corner, in every door and avenue gateway; vainly he watched and waited for her reappearance; she had vanished as completely as though she had never existed.

A little further up the street, a policeman was standing; Val remembered having vaguely noticed him standing there just before he parted from the girl in the doorway. He went up to him, and asked whether he could tell him in which direction the young lady had gone.

But the constable had seen no young lady. "I have been standing on this spot, and not moved for five minutes," he protested, "but there's no lady come past me—of that I'm quite sure."

He spoke with manifest truthfulness. Val felt impelled to believe him; and yet his testimony made the puzzle all the greater, inasmuch as that, if the girl had really gone up the street, and passed the constable, she must have come down street and so passed Val; and for her to have done the latter without his seeing her, was, he knew, utterly impossible. It was indeed, as though the ground had moved under his feet, and he had been deceived.

At last he made up his mind to take his stand near No. 27, and watch the house narrowly, in the hope of seeing something that might serve as a clue to the movements of his master. The fatigue and weariness of the day had been heavy upon his delicate frame, but his spirit upheld him; and leaning with his back against a wall, his stick under his arm, he resolutely commenced his vigil.

An hour passed; another was passing—the clock struck twelve. It was midnight and there had been nothing to repay his weary watching. The girl who had disappeared so mysteriously, had not come back, and no one had entered into or issued out of No. 27. His strength was fast failing him; he felt his high spirit and strong will, his body was unable to support much more fatigue, and he was asking himself whether he ought not to seek some shelter for the night, when the sudden opening of a door acted like an electric shock upon him. It was not the great hall door of Lord Bruce's mansion, which he saw in a moment; it was a door a little higher up the street, and against the pillar of which the girl had leaned while he talked with her. He limped to the door, and there, all in a moment, there flashed into his mind a discovery, which he bitterly reproached himself for not having made before—that very door formed part of Lord Bruce's house. It was a side entrance to No. 27. And his heart, Val doubted not that it was through that door the girl had disappeared. While he stood, overwhelmed with the startling character of his discovery, two people had issued from the entrance, and a blaze of light revealed them fully to Val's gaze. He sprang forward with a cry of rage, for he had fully recognized Lord Bruce, and upon his arm, the girl who had called herself his wife! Like a flash of lightning, there came into his mind a conviction of how he had been deceived. Lord Bruce had come along the street while he had been engaged in that colloquy with the footman; and either by force or persuasion, he had induced her to retreat with him into his house by that side entrance, to which he no doubt possessed a private key. And Val, during his long vigil, had stood so much within shadow and so motionless, that his lordship, even though he had recognized her from the windows, had failed to discover him, and was under the belief that he had retired.

Now, however, she sprang forward with that stifled cry of rage, Bruce recognized him, and something like a curse rose to his lips; the girl recognized him too, and she gave a little startled scream.

Val was desperate; maddened, infuriated by his wrongs, and by the sense of the other's villainy. He forgot his weakness, his utter helplessness—everything save that he was face to face with the scoundrel who had deceived his darling.

He seized Lord Bruce's arm and held it in a close convulsive grip.

"You traitor!" he cried, in low tones of suppressed fury. "You shall not escape me! Where is Zilloh?"

Then Lord Bruce did a cowardly and brutal thing—the act of a dastard, born of the people, and of a dastardly heart. He struck the lame lad a cruel, brutal blow, a blow that fell him to the ground, helpless and well-nigh unconscious. Before

he could recover from it—before he could seek to rise, the loudly carried van vanished and the girl with him.

The next afternoon Val was back at Ingledon Parsonage, ill and weak, and wretched. He had returned from London by the night mail, not without some faint, lingering hope that he might find some news of or message from Zilloh waiting him. He did not know what step to take; and indeed he was too ill to be capable either of thought or exertion. The excitement and fatigue of yesterday, coupled with that savage blow of Lord Bruce's, had utterly prostrated him; and he lay upon the couch, with a face of deadly whiteness, and a heart that seemed alternately hot as fire and cold as ice within his bosom.

All the morning he was expecting, with feverish impatience, the return of his guardian from the neighboring village. "Surely he will be able to do something; he will know how to deal with that villain far than I—poor, helpless, useless wretch that I am," he thought bitterly.

But about noon there came a messenger from the Rev. Timothy, saying he should not return home until evening. Bitterly disappointed, Val despatched his back in hot haste with a note, that urged his guardian to come home at once, and broke to him as gently as he could, the news of Zilloh's flight.

Before the good rector had had time to obey the summons, Val himself had news, but news which oppressed his heart afresh with grief and pain—of his lost love.

The afternoon post brought two letters to the parsonage; one for the rector, one for Val, and both, as Val saw with a suffocating throb at his heart, in Zilloh's writing. Sick and giddy with excitement and trembling in every limb, he tore open the letter addressed to himself.

"DEAR DEAR VAL: Will you forgive me, both you and uncle, for all the pain I know I must have caused you? I came to London to be married, you will guess to whom. I was married this morning, and now I am starting for Spain. I shall write to you as soon as we get there, and let you know how to address me.

Dear Val, my best, dearest friend, don't think too much of me, but I can't leave you without a word; but indeed I could not help it. You don't know how sorely I am pained, how dearly I love him. And it seemed the only way.

I have explained all I can to uncle, and some day you will understand everything. Now it is my duty to keep my husband's secrets. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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Polite Lawyer—"You will have to excuse me, madam, but it is impossible for me to give my opinion. You must remember that I never heard you play."

A BOX TO HUSBANDS.—One bottle of English Spirit Liniment completely removed a carb 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 stumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains.

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"Excuse it, but I don't know what you mean. After he had shot the little Edith, who had been very quiet since the dog was spoken of, surprised her mamma by saying: "Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah!"

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the only remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE. A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that, as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-dressed lady passenger approached the deck, and pointing to the distant hills covered with snow asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

MISS ALICE? said one. Why she must weigh at least 120 pounds. Nonsense! she doesn't either, hastily spoke up one of the young men present. And then everybody asked him how he knew.

An Invaluable Household Remedy, for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, toothache, headache, sprains, pain in the back, neck or limbs, chills, colic, cramps or any pains or aches (internal or external), is Dr. Manning's German remedy, the universal pain cure. No home remedy, such as the Peppermint Cure, is so quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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Good to Him.—Said an exasperated father at the dinner table: "You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat. I say, papa, you are having a much better time than I now you are living with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.

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