

Poetry.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

Today the sunshine floods the earth,
And all things smile together,
Rejoicing in the golden light.

But let the day be dark or bright,
Kind Nature works unceasing;
Still using sun and storm to bring
The harvest's yearly blessing.

Literature.

THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

One morning Oliver rose as usual,
Dressed, and went down stairs to breakfast.

"I dare say I shall sleep at Le Roche's,"
he said, as he went to bed,
"and I shall be glad to see you."

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But remember, it may be days before I
can do anything. Shall I send for your
mother?"

"No, no," cried Oliver, "and then, with
a sudden impulse of her great anguish,
she laid her head on Alan's shoulder and
sobbed piteously."

With an aching heart, he put his arm
round the slight, quivering form.

"I must go now," he whispered, "but
my voice all unsteady with emotion. "Trust
me; all that your own father could do
will do."

He laid her gently down on the sofa,
and went out of the door. On the thresh-
old Great stopped him.

"Mr. Fairfax, what is it?"
"Come here," answered, drawing
her into the library and shutting the door.

"Try to keep your mistress up. Sir
George has gone away and left her—
impress upon her to do no more than
wait for me."

"I will do all that man can do to
bring him back, but I have little hope."

And he was away out of the door and on
his horse galloping home.

Fortunately the hunting party had
started. He ordered the mare to be
led in the stable, and went up stairs to
change his clothes.

"I don't fancy it was any one from these
parts; but I could not say for she had
a black veil tied over her face."

The train came up at this moment, and
Mr. Fairfax jumped in. He drew his hat
over his eyes and tried to think.

Mr. Fairfax leant against the marble
chimney-piece, Sir George Fabian sat on
the couch, his arms resting on the table.

"I must have told you all this weeks
ago. Would to God I had!" began Alan,
in a grave, stern tone.

"But I wanted to spare the woman, bad as she was,"
said Sir George, moved impatiently.

"Come to the proof, if you have them.
And then Mr. Fairfax still in the same
calm, even tones, repeated to his writing
table every word of the story."

"I have been told that you were in the
country," said Alan, "and I had fear pre-
cipitated this evil-hearted woman to her
last terrible determination?"

"As the train drew near London, he
racked his brain to remember the
features of the woman who had been
with him."

"I have been told that you were in the
country," said Alan, "and I had fear pre-
cipitated this evil-hearted woman to her
last terrible determination?"

Mr. Fairfax recovered himself the first.
"Let us have no more hard words than
we can help," he said quietly.

"I will prove to you the truth of what I say;
I will make it as plain to you as the day-
light, that you are the dupes of a
wife woman. My boy, and angry as
he was at heart, he laid a kind hand on
the young man's arm, a happiness and
misery are before you."

"I will make it as plain to you as the day-
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the great effort of a noble mind, he
commanded himself, and came back.

"George," he said kindly, "I will
think better of this. Trust me. I will
do for you what a brother might. There
need be no separation, no desertion, no
divorce. Your wife will be so thankful
to have you once more, I dare answer
you or her again, sooner than you
should be tempted to break her heart
for a foolish and unjust suspicion. Do
not decide to-night—take a day—a
week if you will—only for God's sake,
refer the scales from your eyes, and see
the truth."

Bitter and angry as he was, Sir
George could not fail to recognize the
generosity of that great mind, but his
contrast to his own weakness and dis-
honor stung him to the quick.

"We only waste words," he said,
after a petulant pause. "I shall never
change my mind."

Mr. Fairfax said that further argu-
ment was useless. "I can say no more,"
he uttered with a heavy sigh, "only I
implore you, do nothing rashly. Will you
write to me in a day or two?"

"Yes, I will write."
"Good-by," and Alan held out his
hand. Sir George just touched it with a
nervous frown, and then turned away.

Mr. Fairfax went out. His heart
was heavy—he had a painful conscious-
ness of not having succeeded. He went
to the telegraph-office and sent off the
following message to Olive:—

"He is not with her. There is a
gleam of hope. I will be with you to-
morrow night."

He had made up his mind that it
would be no use to stay in Paris—his
presence seemed only to irritate Sir
George, and he had no fear that he
would return to Mrs. Anon. After
dining hastily, he drove to the railway,

and started for London. This time
nature was exhausted—he slept heavily
the whole way. The persistent guard
endeavored to rouse him for his ticket.
Fortunately there was a good-natured
Frenchman in the carriage.

"Leave him—leave him," he said;
"see how he sleeps! Not like a man
who has a secret, and, moreover, if
you have already seen his ticket."

"When they arrived at Boulogne,
Alan's travelling companion roused him
with some difficulty.

"Wake!—wake!" he cried. "Mon
Dieu! how these Englishmen carry their
obstinacy even to their sleep!"

Mr. Fairfax continued to sleep when
he was to be practicable, until he
reached London. Then he roused him-
self with a great sense of weariness. His
first thought was to see Olive's father.
After a hurried change of clothes, and a
cup of strong coffee, Alan went to Mr.
Hamilton's chambers in the Temple.

He had not yet arrived, the clerk said,
but would be there in twenty minutes.
Alan thought the time would never pass;
his head was throbbing desperately, and
a terrible task lay before him. Mr.
Hamilton could not have heard the news,
or he would surely be with his daughter.

The lawyer came in presently, with a
sad and gloomy countenance. Sir
George had asked her to his wife.
Olive remembered it with a choking
sob as she put down the wine she could
not drink, and the blinding tears rained
down from her poor weary eyes.

(To be continued.)
It is a fact that Alonzo Howe, of
Tweed, had a fever sore that afflicted
him for thirty-five years. Six bottles of
Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, which
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to make you a special selection. We have
received a large lot of new goods, and
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talk of waiting—of course it is nothing
to you; and these two days and nights
I have never slept or eaten, and you tell
me to go on waiting patiently. Oh! what
shall I do?—and she threw herself
down on the floor and sobbed, until
Alan thought to have gone mad with
pain.

"I have done all I could," he uttered,
in a low voice. "Your father is here."

"Papa! papa!—oh! let me see him
at once. He will be able to help me."

A great pain came into Alan's heart
at the bitter-thought unconscious in-
justice of the suffering girl. But he
forgot her from his grief, and went
down in the low voice. "Your father is
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