

Poetry.

Wait for Me.

Scavenged the little stream
Where the wagoner cools his team,
Between the banks of moss,

Literature.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN a large, airy room in the convent of
St. Phila, at Lillie, the young Earl
of Melrose lay struggling in the fierce grip
of a fever.

His handsome face was purple with
fever, his lips parched and burning, his
tongue swollen and hanging from his
mouth.

A priest stood at the foot of his bed,
repeating prayers for his soul, and making
the sign of the cross over him.

By his side, and unwearied in her
attentions, sat a nun clad in coarse garments
of gray serge.

Her head was bowed about with a
spotless linen bandage, drawn down over her
forehead, and entirely concealing her hair.

When again he awoke reason shone
from his hollow eyes once more, and
though to weak to move, yet they knew
that his blood was pulsing healthfully in
its accustomed channels again.

He turned a questioning look first upon
the physician and then upon the nun,
who now stood with her face turned from
him.

"Where am I?" he whispered, help-
lessly.
"In the best of hands, young man; and
now let me tell you that you are to ask
no more questions for three days, but do
as you are told, and we'll see if we can
keep you a while longer with us," the
doctor said with a sigh of relief, for he
felt reasonably sure now that his patient
would live.

"This," he added, as he saw him turn
his eyes wistfully on the nun, "is Sister
Agnes, your attendant, and a faithful one
she has been, too."

Sister Agnes now produced a tiny bowl,
from which she proceeded to feed him
something warm and nice, a spoonful at a
time, and all the while he seemed to be
searching what there was visible of her
pale face with a wistful, eager look.

came feebly from beneath his parted lips
and a cool dew had settled upon his brow
and about his mouth.

"How is it?" whispered the nun, her
glittering eyes fixed upon that finger rest-
ing over the almost pulseless wrist.

"Failing was the one word which fell
like the knell of doom upon her ears.
Again she threw her clasped hands high
above her head; a moan of anguish es-
caped her lips; then bending forward, as
if the impulse could not be controlled,
she laid her lips against Kenneth's ear,

"Kenneth, my king! live, oh, live!"
Her soft cheek rested against his for
one moment; then, as there was no an-
swering sign to tell that he had heard,
she moved away with another moan, more
hopeless than the first.

Then he stirred feebly, a scowl of pain
knotted his brow, and the doctor held up
a warning finger.

Slowly the lids lifted from the heavy
eyes, and they met the agonizing look
which the fair, pale nun bent upon him
as she waited for what should come next.

Then gradually, as if from some magic
spell, the lids dropped again, the fore-
head grew smooth and placid, the pale
lips, with their look of pain, relaxed into
a faint smile; a long, shuddering sigh
heaved the manly chest, as if some weary
burden had suddenly been rolled away
from the aching heart; the thin fingers
closed convulsively over the cool, soft
hand of the trembling woman at his side,

and thus Kenneth Malcolm dropped into
a slumber sweet and refreshing as ever
came to him in his childhood's hours.
Twice the hour-hand of the little clock
on the mantel traced sixty minutes while
the venerable servant of Esculapius and
the nun watched breathlessly over that
sleeping form.

A new hope had been born into their
hearts, for the fluttering pulse was grow-
ing more regular, though still very feeble
and a healthy moisture was gathering
upon his brow, and lips, and upon the
hand which still clasped that of his gentle
nurse.

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his eyes wistfully on the nun, "is Sister
Agnes, your attendant, and a faithful one
she has been, too."

"Wherefore?" murmured the sis-
ter, shivering.
"Because of a false-hearted woman,"
he said, sternly. "I loved her so,"
he went on, a cold sweat starting out
upon his brow, "and I know, as you
know also that there is no dawn for me,
and that my night of woe will never
be brightened by a single star even."

"Patience is powerful;
He that overcometh
Hath joy out of sorrow;"
sighed his gentle companion.

"Can a broken life ever gather to-
gether its wrecked threads, and go on
in peace again?" he demanded, fiercely.
"His faith shall not fail us."

He laid his hand gently on her
shoulder, and he was startled to feel
how she trembled.

Had she too loved, and been deceiv-
ed like himself, he wondered; was
her heart torn, and bruised, and lacer-
ated like his own, and could she prac-
tise this sublime faith of which she
sang?

He longed to read the hidden pages
of her life's history, and an uncontroll-
able desire seized him to confide in her
own misery.

He had not received a word of com-
fort or cheering during all the long weary
months of his wanderings, and his
lonely heart cried out for sympathy.

"Sister," he said, in a voice of pain,
"do you think it possible for a heart
withered as mine has been, ever to
overcome?"

"Hearts that are fainting
Grow full of strength,
When God at his fountains
Far off has been raining."

She could only answer him in the
beautiful words of the poet, and her
young heart seemed full of unshed tears.

"You mean that my only God can give
peace?" he said.
"Yes. He can give sweet peace."

"Have you proved it so?"
The small head bowed a voiceless
assent.

"Have you no doubts for the future—
can you go on in the dark and blindly
true?" Kenneth asked, wondering
more and more who the sad young
creature could be.

A low moan, suppressed ere it was
half uttered, fell upon his ear; then the
submissive tones answered:

"The past is in God's keeping—the
future is yours shall keep."

"Surely," he said, "she must have
risen above frail human nature if
she could trust like this."

"Can a heart that has been crushed
in its first, strong love ever love
again?" was the next query he put,
without the suspicion of the agony he
was inflicting.

"No, oh no!" came the pained,
hoarse cry; and she threw up her
hands as if she could bear no more.

Al! how he knew that the poor
girl had loved, and found her love
false, even as he had! He felt that
it must be so.

"There are other lives as bitter as
mine, it seems," he said to himself.
"How she suffers! and yet she hugs
the cross. Why then should I shrink
to take up my burden again? If this
delicately girl can live and find peace
in ministering to others, surely, with my
resources, I ought to be of some use
in the world with my withered
heart and blighted life."

"Forgive me, sister, if I have pain-
ed, hoarse cry; and she threw up her
hands as if she could bear no more.

He heard a faint sob, a quickly-
drawn breath, then the low spoken
words:

"Yes, my lord, if you deem me
worthy to hear it, and it will be a
relief to you."

"I loved a beautiful girl," he began
with quivering lips; "her eyes were
as blue and deep, but not so sad as
mine. I dreamed during my sick-
ness at times that she stood over me
with a great love and pity shining in
them. I loved her with a mad love
that was idolatry. I believed her pure
as the angels in heaven, and true as
truth itself; but she ruined my life,
and proved herself the falsest woman
I ever met on our wedding morn, and
not half an hour after she had plighted
her vows to me!"

"Oh, no no!" moaned the nun,
catching her breath hard, and rocking
herself two and fro.

"It does not seem possible, I know;
but it was even so," Kenneth went
on to bind up in his own sorrow to
notice an angry gleam in her eyes.
"Golden Medical Discovery,"
"Golden Medical Discovery,"
"Golden Medical Discovery,"

and cast it from her head, Her nos-
trils were dilated, her eyes filled
with a passionate longing, while a
bright spot of red burned on either
cheek.

But Kenneth did not see her; he
had covered his eyes with his hand to
hide the tears which, in his weakness,
had risen unbidden to his eyes.

But her question had touched his
pride.
"Could he have a love for the woman
who had cheated him so?"

"No," he replied, with exceeding
bitterness; "there will be no room in
my heart for her ever again, and I can
only remember her with contempt for
her treachery."

The sister stood for a moment mo-
tionless, as if the blighting words were
to be engraved upon her heart. Such
a spot on her cheek faded in an instant;
the passionate longing in her eye
turned to a look of dumb despair. She
swayed where she stood as if drunken
with wine, and then dropped silently
into her chair and buried her face in
the folds of her cap.

(To be continued.)

Joyful News.
It is certainly glad to the poor in
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will give prompt and sure relief in
cases of pain and suffering. Such a
remedy is Hargard's Yellow Oil,
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sore throat, croup and all inflamma-
tory pains.

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that Brigham Young is still alive, and
living in seclusion at the mansion of a
wealthy English disciple near that
city. Prominent Mormon leaders have
been coming from Salt Lake City, and
one of them told that the stranger is
Brigham Young himself, who had
risen from the dead, and is come to
save the Mormon kingdom from dis-
solution. In corroboration of this ro-
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prophet has been lately preached by
the elders.

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There would be fewer clouds and
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holds if every despondent suffering
woman realized what a boon Dr.
Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is
for all weaknesses and maladies to
which her sex is liable. No lady who
gives this wonderful remedy a trial
will be disappointed by the result. It
not only acts promptly upon all
functional derangements, but by its
rare nerve and tonic properties,
strengthens and repairs the whole
feminine system. Price reduced to
one dollar. By druggists.

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so easily adulterated. It is sold in
short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold
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foundation of health, by using Dr. J. C.
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soundness of constitution will be established,
from the common taints, blotches, eruptions,
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Scurvy, Rheumatism, and other affec-
tions, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly
cures all the above affections, and restores
the system to its normal condition.
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and produces a more
permanent, healthy
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I ever used.—E.
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Greenville, Tenn.

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years from Catarrh,
which was so severe
that it destroyed my
appetite and weakened
my system. After
trying other remedies,
and getting no relief,
I began to take Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and in a
few months was cured.
—Susan L. Cook, 909
Albany St., Boston
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