

Poetry.

AFTER THE STORM.

After the storm, a calm; After the battle, a halt; For ill brings good, in the Lord's own time, And the sigh becomes the psalm.

Under the drought, the dew; After the cloud, the blue; For the sky will smile in the sun's good time, And the earth grow glad and green.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep, Blessings slow to reap, Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear, And the courage is hard to keep.

Literature.

A LIFE FOURSQUARE.

CHAPTER III. A FRIEND IN NEED.

"I do not see that I have not that on my conscience to weigh me down. I am to suffer for another's crime, and though it is a bitter trial, yet it is better so than that I was really guilty and could go free.

But Mr. Dalton had been extremely annoyed at the scene in the court-room, and he had been so much annoyed that he had made so conspicuous before the rabble, and he had uttered words sharper than had ever been addressed to the petted child before in his life.

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any capacity. But pray, Editha, do not gush any more about it; it is all very well for a young lady to express her sympathy and proper feeling in a proper way and at a proper time; but it was exceedingly mortifying to me to-day to see you carry quite so much sill.

Miss Editha tossed her pretty head somewhat defiantly and impatiently at this certain lecture, but a vivid recollection of her cheeks, showing that she felt its stinging force, notwithstanding.

Mr. Dalton continued, with increasing sarcasm: "You and the young culprit formed the center of attraction during your tender little episode, and I doubt not, almost everybody thought you were taking a hearty brook of your lover, instead of a poor protegee—a mere nobody—whom your philanthropic uncle had picked up."

Editha had started violently as Mr. Dalton spoke in this manner, and the burning blood rushed in a flood to her brow, over her neck, arms, and hands and tingled to the very tips of her toes.

"Could it be possible that you were laughing in so unmanly a manner, and given the gaping multitude such an impression?"

"She had never had such a thought before; but a strange thrill shot through her heart now, bowing the defiant, sunny brows, and lighting the sweet blue eyes drop half guttural.

But she quickly rallied, and, tossing back the waves of hair from her flushed face, she bravely replied: "Well, and if he were—if he were—what you have said of him, papa, I should still be proud of him, and—I'd be true to him too. I'd marry him, if I could."

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No one can realize how the poor prisoner missed the bright light, and added to his misery, nor how eagerly he still looked for them every Saturday for a long time, thinking that perhaps Editha was away or sick, and could not send them to him.

"She has forgotten me, after all," he sighed, sadly, after several months had passed, and he had not seen her since. It seemed almost as if death had bereaved him of some dear one as he returned to his lonely cell at night, after his daily task was over, and he was no sweet partner to greet him, no bright blossoms to cheer him.

All that remained to comfort him was a little box filled with letters, and added to his misery, and the memory of the brightness that had been.

And what was the reason of all this? Had Editha forgotten? Had she, amid the busy cares which occupied her time and attention at that hour, carelessly and neglectfully?

No. It happened thus: Though she was a day set apart for public exercises, when the graduating class appeared before their many friends to show what they were capable of in the way of essays, poems, and other accomplishments, and to receive their diplomas.

Editha's poem was greeted with enthusiasm, a perfect storm of applause testifying to the appreciation of the public, while the floral offerings were piled up before her until there were enough to have stocked a florist in a small way.

Selecting the choicest of them, she included both flowers and poems together with a little explanatory note, in a box, and dispatched it to Editha.

Unfortunately, Mr. Dalton encountered the servants who were bearing the box to the express office, confiscated it, and enjoined silence upon the bearer regarding its contents.

"We'll put a stop to all this nonsense," he muttered, he watched their beauty and excitement, and he felt some never to be forgotten.

From that day he took care that the lonely prisoner should receive no more flowers or tokens of remembrance from his thoughtful friends.

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A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated.

Last January I was attacked with a severe cold, which, by neglect and frequent sneezing, became worse, and finally settled on my lungs. A terrible cough followed, accompanied by pain in the chest, from which I suffered intensely.

After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which, by neglect, developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received no relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles I was completely cured.

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"Thank you, dear, that is just the way I feel. I like to see you, and I know that you will make a good use of your fortune. But I have another wish; it is something that I intended doing myself, but have unwisely kept putting it off, and now I must leave it for you to carry out."

"Thank you for trusting me to do so, and for the kind words which I have so deeply touched and grateful that he should deem her worthy to carry out any plan of his."

"From the first," he said, "I have been deeply interested in Editha."

Editha started at the name, and the rosy tide swept over her fair face, while her eyes dropped half guiltily, as if she feared he suspected something of what her father had hinted so long ago regarding Editha.

"The sick man observed it, and he regarded her keenly for a moment, then heaved a deep sigh."

"He came to me, you know, dear," he went on, "a poor, friendless boy, who, I am sure, I detected by his honest face and engaging manner, gave him a place in my office. I was not long in discovering that I had found no ordinary character, and I resolved I would cultivate his talents, make a lawyer of him, and when he should attain a proper age, make him an equal partner in my business."

"Yes, I am, believe him innocent, and suffering a grievous wrong; but, unless his innocence is proven to the world, the disgrace of his imprisonment will cripple him all his life—the world will always sneer at and scorn him."

"I shall not, Uncle Richard; when he comes back to me, I shall be his friend just as I always have been, and I shall defend him wherever I go."

Richard Forrester's fading eyes lighted with admiration as they rested upon the spirited face beside him, and he listened to these brave and fearless words.

"I am proud of you, Editha, for standing up so bravely for the right, even without work. They watch the papers for notices of the deaths of men in good circumstances, and then go to the widows, tell piteous stories of poverty and large families, winding up by begging for the deceased husband's clothing. They generally obtain a generous donation, which they immediately take to the pawnbrokers and exchange for money."

"For many years the proprietors of Haggard's Yellow Oil have offered to refund the money to all purchasers of that medicine where it failed to give relief in case of pain or painful affections, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, deafness, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints and cords, and internal or external inflammation."

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