

POETRY.
ALWAYS BE TRUE.
Be true to yourself in the battle of life,
My lad with the laughing eye,
Look the world in the face with a fearless gaze,
Neither telling nor acting a lie,
Be ready to help a friend in distress,
As you'd have that friend help you;
Be a champion brave in a righteous cause,
But whatever you are, be true!
You will find many dangers along your way,
And snares that are hid from sight;
But remember the watchword, be true to yourself,
And do what you know to be right,
Beware of a mean, underhanded act,
Be honest the whole way through;
Be noble in actions, in thoughts and in words,
And whatever you are be true!
Remember your whole life long,
That truth never comes in the guise of deceit,
False colors to leaves belong,
So let me advise you my merry young lad,
To be honest in all that you do,
Be a faithful friend and a generous foe,
But whatever you are, be true!
—Helen W. Clark, in Golden Days.

SELET STORY.
IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE!
By the Author of "A Queen Sort of Heroism."
CONTINUED.
And a fresh burst of tears was answered
And he set his lips, and a look of in-
tense pain crossed his features. Ah! if
such a one as this had been given to him,
how he would have loved and cherished her.
But he managed to soothe the child by
degrees, and when she was able to look
up with a curious sort of wonder still in
her eyes, he asked her to tell him her
name.
"Muriel," she said.
"Muriel! What a soft pretty name—
like yourself! but you are not a name—
the name, I'm only Muriel," returned the
child, gravely.
"Only Muriel," a shadow passed over
Devereux's face and he half-sighed. "Well,
then, Muriel, I want to know where you
came from, and all about you. What a
reserved little thing you are," he added,
smiling. "Won't you trust me?"
"You are very, very nice," said Muriel,
in her deliberate way, and made a very
slight movement towards him; "but I
don't see how you can care to know about
me."
"You quaint little maid," Devereux
could not help laughing, as she again
looked at him gravely. "I do want to
know very much, so please tell me.
Where do you come from?"
"From the house up there," said the
child.
"What, Mrs. Erie's?"
"Yes," Muriel looked frightened and
half drew away—do you hear her?
"I am staying there, dear; she is my
cousin. Don't look so terribly scared,
little one," Devereux said, earnestly.
"What is it?"
"The child hid her face.
"Don't tell her you were kind to me,
don't," she whispered, the clutch of her
tiny hands on her arm like a vice.
Devereux went hot and cold. What
depths was he sounding here? All his
patient distrust of his cousin was coming
obtrusively to the foreground now.
"Dear little one, don't trouble so,"
he said softly. "Trust me entirely. I won't
say anything that will do you any harm;
but tell me why you are so afraid? Are
you a relation of Mrs. Erie's?"
"I don't know, I think so," Muriel
answered faintly. "I heard Percy say
once I had no business to exist, and I live
there, so I must be a relation, I suppose.
Oh! I wish I weren't," with a long drawn
sigh.
"Isn't she kind to you my pet? You
must trust me not to repeat anything you
tell me, you know."
"No one loves me," was the dejected
answer, and her golden head drooped on
to the man's breast. He strained the
fragrant folds of her dress with a passion
of tenderness he could scarcely under-
stand himself.
"I will love you, my darling," he said
brotherly; "only give me too a little love.
I also have no one to love me."
It was a curious thing for a man to say
to a little child. He spoke out of the
impulse of his heart, without stopping to
consider whether she would understand or
not. Probably she wondered how it
would be that a grown-up man, who was
so good to her, had no one to love him;
and yet her young old heart went out to
him in some strange instinct of sympathy.
She put up one hand and softly stroked
his face.
"May I love you?" she said, with a
timid wishfulness, as though she could
not grasp the idea of anyone wanting her
affection. "Shall I see you again?"
With gutturing lips Vernon kissed the
child's mouth that spoke to him of love,
gazed with a strange half bitter pleasure
into the earnest eyes that looked up to
him, and folded her close to his heart.
Then, getting himself down to more level
ground, he said:
"So, then, it's to be a compact, Muriel.
You must always remember from this
time that someone loves you, besides
your little Waif and Dick and the rabbit."
"Yes," Muriel said contentedly, then
she looked distressed. "But I shall never
see you at the house; Mrs. Erie never lets
me come down or see anyone. I live up
in the nursery, but no one minds where
I go, if I keep away from her part of the
house. Percy won't let me go in the
stables, or the kennels to see the dogs."
"Shan't I do as well as the dogs, my
child?" said Devereux, and for the first
time a smile broke over the sad little
face, brief as spring sunshine, and as
sweet.
"Oh, yes," she said quickly, "but Mrs.
Erie will be angry if you talk to me. I
think she hates me, and wishes me dead.
Perhaps I shan't live long, because, you
see, I'm lame, and Tom—that's a stable-
man—he gives me bits for Waif; he's the
only one besides you who knows about
Waif—well, Tom said I wasn't strong.
Why do you look so very, very strong?
Are you angry with me?"
"With you, my poor child?" "No, no;
but—I am not angry, darling, at least—
don't talk so little one," he broke off
abruptly, and covered his eyes with one
hand.
She looked at him in some distress, and
seemed relieved when he again spoke.
"Do you suffer much pain?" he asked
softly, and Muriel shook her head.
"Oh, no, not often; and I can go some-
times without crutches. Percy hides
them when he's home occasionally; I am
glad when he goes back to Eton."
Devereux mentally resolved that Master
Percy should have a word, and, if neces-
sary, something more than a word for his
cruelty, which roused in Vernon a passion
more akin to the storms of old days than
anything had done for years; but he said,
quietly enough to the child—
"I will see that you don't suffer from
Percy's mischief, at any rate, Muriel; no
one'd be frightened, you will not be
punished for my interference. Percy is
my ward, you know. And now, little one,
I am afraid I must return to the house, it

is getting late, and you mustn't be out
here alone, either. Shall you come to-
morrow?"
"I must pay Waif a visit, you know,
and bring him his food. He isn't very
nice-looking, is he?—but he's very grate-
ful," said Muriel, plaintively. She seemed
to dread the parting from her new friend,
yet the way she accepted the inevitable
gave the man yet another pang and
another fierce surge of anger against that
merry, plausible little woman, who, after
all, was a cruel deception, in spite of her
pleasing manners.
Devereux rose and watched Muriel with
a dull bitter compassion, as she tenderly
took up her protegee in her tiny thin
hands and laid him on his bed, putting
his water and food near him.
"There, Waif," said she, kissing his
ugly, underbred muzzle affectionately,
"now mind you don't move till I come
again. I shall come to-morrow, you know;
good-bye."
She reached out her crutches, but Ver-
non bent down and raised her, crutches
and all, in his arms.
"Won't it do as well if I carry you?"
said he, smiling, and Muriel flushed all
over and the tears rushed to her eyes.
Poor little maid—who in her dreary life
had ever carried her so carefully, so easily?
But she begged Devereux to put her
down as soon as they approached within
a short distance of the house, and so
earnestly besought him to let her go
round through the kitchen entrance alone
that he was obliged reluctantly to give in
to her wish, and parted from her with a
kiss.
"I didn't tell you my name though, my
pet," he said, smiling; "it is Vernon
Devereux. Good-bye, to-morrow."
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CHAPTER VI.
A CHILD'S PRATTLE.
Mrs. Erie's fears began to diminish
somewhat as the days passed, and there
seemed to be no sign of rapprochement
between Vernon Devereux and his wife,
nor had she heard anything of Royston.
She watched both with jealous eyes, and
did her best in a quiet way to keep them
apart. Edith avoided being alone with
Devereux; she dreaded, yet had some-
what of a sort of longing to be with him,
her pride telling her that he had been hard
and cruel; her heart—softened, chastened
by those long years of suffering—crying
out that it was she who had first fallen
—in love, in duty, in patience.
"If I could live my life over again," she
said to herself, drearily, "I would be so
different; but now it is too late! the
breach is too wide. He does not love me;
he could not be here and give me no sign
of life."—she lifted her head proudly—
"shall I also myself and ask kindly—
only to be repelled!"
Coming one afternoon slowly through
the park, buried in those sorrowful
thoughts that were always with her in
solitude, Edith met the little lame girl,
Muriel, who was limping along her
crutches, accompanied by her devoted
favorite, Waif, whose paw was now quite
convalescent, and who only held it up
pitifully to Devereux, whenever that per-
sonage looked at him, just to get a little
petting.
Edith started and flushed to her brow
when she saw the child. Who could she
be? She never remembered to have
heard of a child in this household; but
she recovered herself directly, and her
heart went out to the winsome little
thing, with her pale face and wistful eyes,
Muriel, on her side, had passed, looking
half admiringly, half shrinkingly at the
stranger's beautiful face; but Edith came
and dropped on one knee beside the little
creature and put her arms about her.
"Why, who are you, my child?" she
said, and her soft persuasive voice some-
how went straight to Muriel's heart. She
flung one arm about the girl's neck and
laid her soft cheek against Edith's.
"I am Muriel," she replied in her sweet
wistful way, and Edith said, as Devereux
had said:
"Muriel; but you have another name,
too?"
"Only Muriel," Edith was silent an
instant, silent from the rush of feeling,
the tempest of emotion roused, who knows
by what memory or vain logic. "But,"
she said, after a moment, "I have never
seen you at the house. I am staying
there, you know."
The child dropped her head.
"I never come in your part of the
house," she said in a low voice. "Mr.
Devereux comes to me in the park,
and then he sometimes takes me upstairs.
Please, have I said anything wrong?"
said the child, for Edith's face had
changed strangely.
"No, no, my darling," clasping the
little creature to her with a warm, kind
benediction. Muriel. "Go on, tell me
about—about Mr. Devereux. Is he kind
to you?"
And Muriel's tongue was loosened
when Mr. Devereux was its theme, than
whom existed no nobler, wiser, kinder,
ever-to-be-worshipped being on the face
of the earth, and Edith listened with
throbbing heart and quick-drawn breath.
"And he did more for Waif than I did,
you know," the child's clear young voice
said, the little pale face flushed with
earnestness; "because he knows all about
dogs, and then, oh! with a long breath,
"he is so kind to me, and takes me in his
arms and kisses me and calls me as you
did, 'my darling.' No one ever was kind
to me, you know, perhaps because I'm
lame, and Percy says I ought not to have
existed. Do you know why?"
"Hush and!"

Edith's tears were falling fast on Muriel's
upturned face.
"Don't cry," came the wistful voice in
distressed sympathy. "I'm so sorry. Do
you know, I think Mr. Devereux often
has the tears in his eyes when he talks to
me. Why is it?"
"I suppose, darling," Edith said brokenly,
"he is sorry for you, as—oh, Muriel!"
She pressed the child to her, hid-
ding her face in the golden curls, speak-
ing heaven knows out of what strange
impulses. "I had once a little child that
lived but a few minutes, and then was
taken from me, and you made me think
of her." She stopped and struggled
for self control, yet sobbed, comforted in
some inexplicable way by this little cling-
ing creature, whom she saw for the first
time, yet already loved.
"Do you know what Mr. Devereux
said one day?" said Muriel, after awhile,
with wide and eager eyes. "He asked if
I would like to go and live with him.
Only think! You won't tell anyone will
you?" added the child, trembling with
excitement.
"That would be very kind of him,"
Edith answered in a repressed tone.
"Tell me, Muriel, is he always good to
you, always tender, never—she faltered
and turned aside, "never stern or—
impatient?"
"Oh, no!" returned the child in wonder,
"and do you know I don't think he
would mind you knowing, you look
so lovely." Muriel slowly knew why
she thought this, only perhaps some in-
stinct told her—the day before yester-
day Percy was in the nursery and had
taken away my crutches, so I couldn't go
out, to tease me you know; and Mr.
Devereux came in from riding, and made
me tell what was the matter. I didn't
want to, because I thought Mr. Devereux
would be very angry—he's Percy's guard-
ian. But he looked terrible," said the
child with a shiver, "and went up to
Percy and half raised his whip so he
was going to strike him, and then sud-
denly threw it right across the room, and
told Percy in an odd sort of a voice, to
give me the crutches, and then he got
into his room and then he came and
then," said Muriel, slowly, still looking at
Edith. "Mr. Devereux came and kissed
me, and never said a word to me, but
when he was going I heard him say quite
low, 'It comes to late, Oh, heaven!—too
late!' What did he mean, Mrs. Clifford?
You are Mrs. Clifford, are you not?"
"Yes, I am," returned Edith, and she
said, "Edith said, in a choked voice, and
was quite silent, walking with bent head,
just then utterly unable to utter another
word.
Muriel was alone that evening, sitting
languidly, playing with the thick bread
and butter served with her tea, which
was hardly tempting to a weakly delicate
child; she looked up, her face radiant, as
the door opened, and Devereux came in.
The very sight of his strong supple form,
and bright sweet smile was enough to
make the poor little neglected creature
tremble with delight.
"Oh, you have come!" she exclaimed,
as he knelt by her and drew her into his
arms, and he kissed her tenderly.
"Yes, I come to see how you are getting
on. What's this?" said Devereux, with
a look of a very black look, meaning the
untasted food on her plate—the old Adam
was not quite dead in him yet—"that's
not fit for you, child. He rose and rang
the bell sharply; a maid appeared. "Why
do you give Muriel such stuff as this
to eat and drink?" he asked, with stern
displeasure.
The maid looked scared.
"Please, sir," she said, conscious that
she must keep well both with her mis-
tress and the guardian of the heir, Mrs.
Erie. Edith ordered nothing else.
"Then I do," returned Devereux, in his
imperious manner. "The child cannot
eat such food as this. Go and bring good
milk and cakes, such as are served in the
drawing room, and I'll make it right with
your mistress."
The maid retired and when she was
gone Vernon lifted the child upon his
knee and held her to him. She was
trembling, for she was so sensitive that
anything like a jar made her quiver from
head to foot.
"She will be angry," she whispered,
looking scared.
"Not with me, dear," Vernon answered
assuringly, "and not with you. I'll take
care of that. Don't be frightened."
"You do as you like with everyone,"
said Muriel, wistfully, and wondered why
he could not be here and give her no sign
of life. "I—she lifted her head proudly—
"shall I also myself and ask kindly—
only to be repelled!"
"But what have you been doing with
yourself to-day? There he has been?"
Edith met with sparkling eyes.
"Oh," she said, "such a lovely lady
spoke to me in the park to-day."
Devereux started.
"Mrs. Clifford she is," the child went
on, eagerly. "She was so kind—like you
and she said she had my name and all that.
Isn't it said, Mr. Devereux? She said she had a little
child that died—" She felt the start, the
quiver that went like a shock through
the man's frame, and looked up with a
vague kind of fear.
"What—when—tell me what she said?"
Devereux said in a sort of breathless way,
and pressed one hand over his heart, then
seeing her startled gaze, he said as calmly
as he could—
"Oh, no! frightened, my pet. Tell
me all that Mrs. Clifford said."
And his heart stood still within him, as
the child repeated what Edith had said
to her, and he drew from her everything
that had passed between them. It seemed
almost to stun him, this new coming
first through Muriel's unthinking prattle.
It came to him a kind of blow that Edith
should, whatever her anger, whatever her
pride and her resentment, have kept
silent. Surely he had a right to know
the bare fact, if nothing more, that a
child had been born to him. Was her
resentment so deep then, that she could
not even bear that he should even know
the truth?
She stayed with Muriel some time longer
talking with the strange old fashioned
little thing, wondering with that sad
wonder which ever came recurring to him,
now with a new force, why any child of
his should have been like—like this child
at all? so lonesome, so winsome, but
happier.
TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS ORDER TRANSMITTED.
He entered the restaurant with the air
of a man of elegant leisure, declined to
take the seat which the head waiter in-
dicated, but after a survey of the room
chose one which suited him. He sat
down, smoothed his napkin across his
knee, adjusted his eyeglasses, and care-
fully read the bill of fare from beginning
to end. Then he glanced towards the
waiter who stood silent at his elbow, and
indicated his readiness to give his order.
The waiter slightly inclined his right ear
and the diner said:
"You may get me a slice of nice ham,
neither too thick nor too thin, very little
fat on it, and broiled over a charcoal fire.
Also give me two eggs, new laid, fried in
butter, on one side only. Be very partic-
ular to get them prepared properly."
The waiter strode haughtily away to
the kitchen and yelled to the cook:
"Ham and!"

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Mrs. Wesslow's Sorethroat Syrup has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at
night and broken of your rest by a sick
child suffering and crying with pain of
cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle
of "Mrs. Wesslow's Sorethroat Syrup" for
children teething. It will relieve the
poor little sufferer immediately. Depend
upon it, there is no mistake about
it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stom-
ach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens
the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and
gives forth energy to the whole system.
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for children teething, is pleasant to the taste
and is the prescription of one of the
greatest and best female physicians and
nurses in the United States. Price twenty-
five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-
gists throughout the world. Be sure and
ask for "Mrs. Wesslow's Sorethroat
Syrup."
JOHNNIE AND THE JAM.
A fond mother of a smart boy, after
making a lot of jam, labeled the pots,
"Gooseberry jam—put up by Mrs. Mason."
Johnnie soon discovered the shelf on
which they were deposited, and fell to
work. Having emptied one of the jars, he
took his school pencil and wrote un-
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