POETRY.

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the tel'graph office?"
  Asked a childish voice one day,
As I noted the click of my instrument
  With its message fro. .r away.
As it ceased, I turned—at my elbow,
  Stood the merest scrap of a boy,
Whose childish face was all aglow
  With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead,
  Shaded sweet eyes of blue,
As if a bit of the summer sky
  Had lost in them its hue.
They scanned my dingy office,
  From ceiling down to floor,
Then turned on mine their eager gaze,
  As he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the tel'graph office?"
  "It is my little man,"
I said. "Pray tell me what you want;
  I'll help you if I can."
The blue eyes grew more eager,
  The breath came thick and fast,
And I saw within the chubby hands,
  A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me, that the lightning
  Came down the wires some day,
And my mamma's gone to heaven,
  And I'm lonely all the day;
For my papa's very busy,
  An' hasn't much time for me;
So I fought I'd write her a letter,
  And I've brought it for you to see.

I've printed it big, so the angels
  Could read out quick the name,
And carry it straight to my mamma,
  And tell her how it came;
And now, won't you please to take it,
  And frow it up good and strong
Against the wires in a funder shower,
  So the lightning will take it along?"

Ah! what could I tell the darling?
  For my eyes were filling fast;
I turned away to hide the tears,
  But cheerfully said at last:
"I'll do the best I can, my child,"—
  'Twas all that I could say.
"Fank you," he said; then scanned the sky:
  "Do you fink it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,
  And the sun shone dazzling bright,
And his face, as he slowly turned away,
  Lost some of its gladsome light.
"But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long,
  Won't let me come any more;
So good-bye; I'll come and see you again,
  Right after a funder shower."

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

By the author of 'The Gypsy's Revenge,' 'A Woman Scorned,' etc.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD BRUCE AND HIS SERVANT.

CONTINUED.

The Spaniard, who was in the act of quitting the room, obeyed the behest immediately, and a strange look flitted across his face, as he saw what it was that had so disturbed his master. And yet it was a simple object enough; only a young woman, very pretty, and neatly and quietly dressed, who was crossing the road as though to enter the railroad station. The railway station was precisely opposite the hotel, and the young woman paused at the entrance in a hesitating fashion, thus enabling the two men at the hotel window to see her face distinctly. It was a fair face, English evidently, with blue eyes and fair complexion.

"You see that girl, Carl," said Lord Bruce, still in those quick, agitated tones. "She is evidently going away by train; I know her, and should like to know where she is going. Slip across to the station and keep your eye upon her. Find out where she takes a ticket for—that is what I want to know. You understand?"

"Certainly," said the Spaniard, his dark face alight with intelligence, and he left the room as he spoke.

Five minutes later, he returned to make his report.

"She did not go away by train after all," began Lord Bruce eagerly. "I saw her come out of the station again; what have you learnt Carl?"

"That she is staying at a small inn just round the next corner. That she only arrived here to-day and will probably leave early in the morning. I learnt this from the landlady at the inn."

"Yes; and what else?" questioned Bruce, impatiently.

"I heard her ask one of the porters in the station when the next train would start to Alento."

Alento was the village where Lord Bruce had made a home for Zilloh.

"Ah! you heard that?" he exclaimed, suddenly jumping up from his chair. "There is not a train to-night, is there, Carl?"

"So the porter told the young lady; she seemed anxious to get there, and asked at what time the first train would start in the morning."

"Thank you Carl; you may go," said Lord Bruce, after reflecting a moment or two on this, as it seemed to him, most unwelcome intelligence.

Carl bowed and retired. Lord Bruce, left alone, began to pace up and down the apartment with quick, agitated steps. "Well here's a pretty state of things," he muttered. "Nell here and Zilloh there; upon my soul, I feel almost distracted between the two of them. To bolt, seems to me the only way out of the difficulty."

He sat down, mused deeply for some time; then rang for writing materials, and commenced to write a letter. Whatever the contents of the letter, it cost him considerable trouble in its composition. He wasted two or three sheets in unsatisfactory attempts, and it was fully an hour before it was sealed and ready to send.

Then he rang the bell for his servant.

"Carl," he said, "I want you to execute a little commission for me, and a great deal depends upon your care and discretion. I am called away from Spain on very important business. I have written a letter to your mistress, explaining this, and I want you to ride home with the letter at once. And Carl, if it should happen that that young woman, whom you saw at the station, should come down to Olive Grove, do your best to prevent her from seeing your mistress. Take care to answer the door yourself, and make some pretext, no matter what, for refusing her admittance. If you can manage this for me, you shall be well paid for your services. Do you understand me?"

A deep flush rose to the dark face of the Spaniard, a curious light gleamed in his eyes, but he merely answered "Certainly," in that calm, yet keenly intelligent way of his; and his master, after a few more instructions, dismissed him.

"Here is something for yourself, Carl," he said, pressing some money, several gold coins, into his hand.

The Spaniard did a strange thing after leaving Lord Bruce. He went out of the hotel and walked straight down to the seashore, half-a-mile away, and deliberately threw that money into the sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

BETRAYED.

It was late that night when Carl drew rein at Olive Grove, but late as it was, his mistress was up, and on hearing that he had returned alone, she sent for him.

"Where is your master, Carl?" she asked, a shade of anxiety on her face.

For answer, Carl simply presented the letter that had been entrusted to him.

"Stay here until I have read it," said Zilloh, as he was turning to leave the room; and she tore open the letter eagerly, all unconscious of the bitter blow it would deal to her. Lord Bruce had written—

"DEAR ZILLOH,

It must seem a very cruel thing I have to say to you, but our conversation of yesterday has convinced me that the sooner it is said the better. No good can be done by further keeping up the deception. You are not my wife—never have been, for when I married you, I had a wife already. I know you will think very harshly of me, and you will find it hard to believe that I have done what I have because I loved you so dearly. I could not bear to lose you; and remember, that even now, it is not my wish that we should part. I shall always care for you, and your future, do what you will with it, shall be my constant charge. I shall write to you again, making some definite arrangement, in a few days.

I can't expect you to forgive me now, but I hope you won't be too hard. I, of course, know that I have done very wrong, and that you might if you chose, make things unpleasant for me, but for our child's sake, if not for the sake of all the love there has been between us, I think you will forbear from that.

Good-bye, try to think leniently of me. I still love you far too well, to think that this parting should be forever.

Yours always,
BRUCE."

Zilloh had read this cold, callous epistle with kindling eyes and flushing cheeks; again she read it, and yet again, and then the fire in her eyes was like a scorching flame, while her face had grown white and rigid as marble. She sprang up from her seat, and was hurrying out of the room when, seeming to remember the presence of Carl, she stopped before him, and as though seized by a sudden thought, demanded—

"Do you know what this letter contains?"

His dark, refined face was quivering with some strong emotion; even her eye could hold no more of indignant fire than was aflame in his. His answer, spoken in low, stern tones, was brief, but it spoke volumes—

"Signora, I know the writer of it is a villain!"

In his face she read sympathy and pity, but the was not in the mood to need sympathy just then; the longing of her heart was hotter and fiercer—it was the longing for revenge.

"Where is he? Tell me—only tell me where he is," she said, in low hoarse tones, that wild light in her eyes growing wilder.

"Lady, why should you seek him?" said the Spaniard, gravely and sadly. "Of what use to pursue him? He is worthless, let him go!"

She turned upon him, quivering from head to foot with passion.

"Do not dare to dictate to me; obey me, that is enough for you. Tell me where he is—Carl, tell me where he is, that I may kill him!"

She had breathed out those last fearful words in an intense whisper; it seemed as though her wrongs had turned her brain. She was no longer the sweet, generous, noble Zilloh; she was a wild, fierce being, looking like vengeance personified, beautiful still, but with something akin to murder in her heart. The sweetest, gentlest, noblest of women change their very natures under bitter, grevious wrongs, and what wrong so bitter or so grevious as that which had been worked on Zilloh?

Carl did not answer that wild, mad outbreak; or not in words. He stood in a listening attitude, for a moment or two. A child's plaintive cry sounded faintly in the distance—it was to that he listened; and then, without a word to his unhappy mistress, but casting upon her a deeply compassionate glance, he quitted the room, returning, however, the next instant with little Leila in his arms. She was in her nightdress and had just awakened from sleep; her pretty cheeks were flushed, her short curls tumbled, and when she saw her mother, she stretched out her little arms with that eager, confiding gesture, which in young children is inexpressibly touching.

Carl laid the child on Zilloh's arms, saying, very quietly and simply:

"The signora forgot; she forgot little Leila. Let his sins be what they may, she could never harm the father of her child."

Simple as was that little speech, it sufficed to change Zilloh's mood. The fierce light died out from her eyes, and was replaced by a look of sad, yearning tenderness; her beautiful features lost their rigidity, her lips trembled. She looked upon her child, and tears came hot and fast, tears that said the momentary madness was over. Let her wrongs be what they might, she could never forget that he who had wronged her, was her child's father. Not by her hand should they be avenged.

She stretched out her hand to Carl, and murmured brokenly—

"May Heaven bless you for your goodness to me Carl! You have been more than a servant; you have been my faithful friend."

"Dear lady, it is what I have tried to be," he answered, and the flush that mantled his dark face, betrayed how deeply he felt her praise.

CHAPTER IX.

NEMESIS.

A SURPRISE—a surprise that was a great shock, greeted Carl the next morning. His mistress had gone, taking her child with her. None of the servants had seen her; she had gone before they had arisen, and there was no clue by which to trace her movements.

In a moment there flashed across Carl's mind the fearful thought that she had gone in pursuit of Lord Bruce, gone perhaps, to wreak vengeance which last night, she had seemed to abandon.

"Heaven spare her from that!" he cried in despair. "Oh that I had told her all last night! I must follow her; Heaven grant that I may not be too late!"

Urged by this terrible apprehension, he left a hurried message with the servants in case Zilloh should return, and then took train for L——, the town at which he had left his master on the previous evening. As he expected, he found that Lord Bruce had started for Paris; but his enquiries at the hotel, elicited something else—the fact that a lady had already called there to make enquiry about their late visitor.

"What was she like—could they describe her to him?" Carl questioned eagerly. But no, they could not; she had been thickly veiled, and they had not taken especial notice of her.

Some instinct seemed to tell him it was Zilloh, and warned him to follow her before she reached Lord Bruce.

* * * * * * *

It was the evening of the next day when Carl arrived in Paris, and he quickfound out at which hotel Lord Bruce was staying. Inquiry there, however, simply elicited the intelligence that he had gone out for the evening; to one of the theatres, the porter believed. He found, moreover, that he was still passing as Bruce Delmar.

There was nothing to do, Carl decided, but to watch about the hotel until he should return; it was already past the time for the theatres to close, and the probabilities were that he would soon appear. He did appear, sooner even than Carl expected. Round the corner of the street he came, humming a lively tune, and all unconscious, poor, blind, guilty wretch, that Nemesis was at hand; that his last hour on earth had come!

See!—a woman was stealing after him with quick, gliding steps. Carl's quick eye detected in a moment; detected too, that she was most certainly bent on pursuing him for some settled purpose. She was at too great a distance for him to recognize her, and indeed, she was too much enveloped in hood and cloak for either form or features to be distinguishable; but some instinct seemed to warn him it was Zilloh; and his heart felt cold as ice with the haunting dread that pressed heavily upon it. In one moment, that horrible dread was turned into still more horrible certainty; for the report of a pistol rang out on the still night air; there was a flash of light, a heavy thud, and Carl rushed to the fatal spot to find Lord Bruce dead—shot through the heart!—and the woman gone! She had turned and fled with the speed of a greyhound and was lost to sight in the darkness.

Bewildered, stunned almost, with the horror that had fallen on him, Carl stooped over the prostrate form upon the ground, and felt, but all in vain, for some faint, lingering sign of life; then obeying a strong, sudden impulse, he picked up the pistol which had done the deed, and which lay on the ground a few paces away. He was hastily thrusting this into the pocket of his coat, when a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder; and stunned and dazed though he was, he yet dimly comprehended that he was under arrest on a charge of murder.

CHAPTER X.

CARL IN PRISON.

In his narrow cell lay Carl, the suspected murderer. The evidence against him seemed very strong; he himself admitted that he had been in the murdered gentleman's service, but suddenly assuming a Grange reserve, farther than this he refused to say.

The people at the hotel identified the body simply as a Mr. Delmar, of whom they knew nothing beyond the fact that he had arrived there on the same morning. He had brought no luggage with him, and there was upon him no papers, by which his family and position might be traced. The only person who could have disclosed the true identity of the deceased, was the man charged with his murder, and he chose to remain obstinately silent.

A fortnight had passed. Carl was committed for trial, although, according to the prison doctor, there was little likelihood of his living to pass through it. He was seriously, dangerously ill; the damp cell had caused him to take a terrible chill; fever had supervened, and the doctor shook his head whenever he came to look at him, and usually remarked to the warder at the close of his visit—

"There'll be no need for a trial there, he'll be gone to his last account long before the judges sit."

The autumn sunlight was streaming in upon the poor prisoner, as he lay stretched out at full length upon his narrow pallet; the fever had passed away, and it was only weakness that ailed him now. Only weakness, but it was a weakness that was very near akin to death.

"It will soon all be over," he was thinking to himself. "Ah! if only she could have come to me once again. Only once, only for one moment to see her dear face, and then I should die happy. Will she ever know how much I loved her? Will she ever dream what I have done for her dear sake? And they would have me speak," he went on, in languid, dreamy musing, "they wonder how it is I do not tell. No; let it die with me, it is better so. Let it be once known that it was Lord Bruce who was murdered, and suspicion must attach to her. Ah! Zilloh, my darling! my poor, misguided love! Heaven help me now to save you from the consequences of——"

He stopped short and shuddered visibly; and before the shudder had subsided, a key turned in the lock of the door, and there entered a kindly-faced man, a Roman Catholic priest, who had more than once visited the prisoner, and had always abjured him to confess anything that he might know of the mysterious crime of which he was suspected.

There was a look of gratification now upon his benevolent countenance; and he seated himself beside Carl and said, in kind and friendly accents—

"Carl, I have brought you good tidings; I have come to tell you that you are free, not only from bondage, but free also from suspicion. The woman who committed the murder, has made a full confession."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Carl, starting up in spite of his weakness. "Has my sacrifice been all in vain?"

"It has been in vain Carl," said the priest, somewhat sternly, "inasmuch as that your attempt to defeat justice and screen the guilty, has utterly failed. Providence will not permit such things to be, even from the most noble motives of self-sacrifice. But the guilty creature whom you have tried to spare, is beyond the reach of human laws. She is dead!"

"Dead!"

Carl repeated that one awful word in a low, dazed tone; then with a groan of anguish, flung himself back on his pallet and covered his face with his hands.

"I am sorry for you, my son," said the priest, evidently moved by his distress. "It would have been better, far better, for you to have opened your mind to me, but I forbear to reproach you. No doubt, that poor, unhappy woman was very dear to you, dear evidently, than life itself, since you were ready to risk it for her."

"Life! she was a thousand times dearer to me than my life!" exclaimed Carl, in faint and broken accents. "I would have given a thousand lives, had I possessed them, rather than have seen her suffer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOT EVEN WITH THEM.

There is a good story told of the Duke of Northumberland, who, in spite of his vast wealth, is very unaffected and simple in his life. Whenever he travels on the local railway he usually takes a third-class ticket, to the indignation of the officials. Upon a day they determined to break him of this frugal habit, and filled his compartment with chimney sweeps carrying bags of soot. When the Duke arrived at the destination he took the sweeps to the booking-office and bought them each a first-class ticket back again, and put each in a first-class carriage, sacks and all.

Inquiring Son.—Papa, what is reason?

Fond Parent—Reason, my boy is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Inquiring Son—And what is instinct?

Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.

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