POETRY.

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of day,
And it smoothes the furrow plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have gone away.

Tis a little thing to say, "you are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

—OR—

A CASTAWAY.

PART I.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING BY MOONLIGHT.

"No thanks at all, my dear," said the old lady; it was your own talent and niceness that drew the money, and all I had to do was to collect it, and make it up for you. Now, if you don't want to sleep any more, I will make you a nice cup of tea, and bring it up to you before you dress."

So soon as she was left alone, Madge took up the letter and read it again.

"What can it mean?" she said to herself. "Philip knows I would send him the money at once and safely. I have done so before; it cannot be for that, then, that he is coming! There must be something important that brings him here so soon again! It's over fatigue, I suppose, but I feel horribly low and down this morning, and as if something evil were going to happen."

All day long the same wonder beset her. What could it be? And the apparent importance of it grew as she thought it over.

One thing was certain, she must meet him that night. There would be a difficulty, but that must be overcome. Gerald Hardinge would want to see her of course. Now and then, once a week, perhaps, he was in the habit of coming in when he had seen her home from the theatre, and partaking of their frugal supper with her sister and herself, a small but pleasant meal, to which, on such occasions, he always insisted on contributing.

He would want to come that night, doubtless. There were numerous incidents of the benefit to be talked over; she had scarcely seen him since, and he would doubtless propose himself as a vieitor that night. It could not be. She must go and meet Philip, that was imperative; she could devise some story that would satisfy Gerald, and in order to do that, Rose must be taken into her confidence.

The last necessity was very unpleasant to Madge Pierrepoint. In the course of her career, straight as she endeavored to keep it, she had to undergo various little shifts and privations, to pass through various phases of life, not necessarily base or ignoble in themselves, but rendered so but their connections and surroundings. But all these were with scrupulous care hidden from the knowledge of her younger sister. Madge Pierrepoint was not unacquainted with the mysteries of the pawnbroker's shop; she had had experience of the hard bargains driven by the tallyman for clothes which were absolutely necessary to her in her profession, and of the extortions of the usurer—not infreqdently some other member of the company—for salary lent her in advance.

But Rose knew nothing of all these things. She was but a child, Madge said, and it was desirable that she should be kept as long as possible in ignorance of all the bad ways of this weary work-a-day world. She had her French lessons to do, with her music, and then there was her painting, in which she took such interest, and in which Gerald Hardinge so kindly helped her. Let her go on with this until the time came when she must struggle for herself; but until that time came, let the meanness and the shifts of hard grinding poverty be kept from her.

Now, however, she must be taken into confidence, so far at least as to throw dust in the eyes of Gerald Hardinge and Miss Cave, both of whom would be curious as to Madge's proceedings. Madge recognized this, and thought out her plan of action while she dressed herself, and when she crossed over into her little sitting-room, she was perfectly prepared with it.

Rose was delighted to see Madge look so gloriously, or play so splendidly, as she had done on the previous night; and Miss Cave had told her that Madge had made a lot of money; and that was good hearing; for they wanted it badly enough, goodness knows. "Just look at my rags," said Rose in parenthesis, holding up her arm, and showing where the poor cheap stuff had undeniably frayed away. And Madge must be awfully tried, mustn't she—good thing she only played in the first piece that evening—and she must come home directly after and go to bed, and the next day there was no rehearsal, and she could take a long rest, and they could talk over all that was to be done.

There was Madge's chance. She replied affectionately and sweetly to her sister's congratulations, and then she added, "I was very tired, dear, but I have had a good long sleep, and I cannot come early to-night, as you suggest, because I have to go for an hour or two on a matter of business."

Rose's face flushed instantly. "Going out, Madge, what again? You were out—when was it?—Monday night, the night of the storm. How very strange!"

"And I shall be out again and again, or I shall remain at home here without moving out at all, just whenever it suits my purpose, however strange you may think it my dear Rose," said Madge, quietly.

"Well, but——"

"Be good enough to attend to me; I have business which calls me out to-night. It is probable that when Gerald Hardinge does not find me in the theatre, he will come on here."

"Oh then your business does not concern Gerald Hardinge!"

"My business concerns myself—and you—and no one else." And Madge's cheek burned as she uttered the lie.

"Oh, I only thought—What then?" said Rose inconsequently, but much less acrimoniously than before.

"Well, if Gerald comes on here, you must tell him that I have gone to bed thoroughly tired out, but I will see him in the morning."

"Oh, Madge! but suppose he sees Miss Cave?"

"If Miss Cave comes home before Gerald arrives, you must tell her the same story; if she comes after him, you will tell her that I have gone to Mrs. Probus's, who wanted especially to see me, and that I shall not be late."

"But, Madge, won't it——"

"Do as I tell you, Rose, and don't ask any questions! Depend upon it that what I am going to do is both for your interest and mine."

And Rose, who took a very different view of the affair when she found that Gerald Hardinge was not mixed up with her sister's proceedings, promised compliance and said no more.

It was dull work that night at the theatre; Romeo and Juliet was played again, "in consequence of its enormous attraction;" but no one who had been present on the previous night would have recognized the performance. Reaction was evident everywhere, even down to the two "supers," and Mrs. Gonnop, who played the nurse. The house was not one-third full, and those persons who were present seemed bored and dissatisfied. The curtain was no sooner down that Madge Pierrepoint ran to her dressing room, threw a large cloak over her stage dress, dashed some water over her face, twisted up her hair, put on her bonnet, and sallied forth. She saw nothing of either Miss Cave or Gerald Hardinge, but turned rapidly into the street, and along the road up which we have before tracked her footsteps.

A very different night from that on which she last went this expedition. Now all was bright and clear, the moon riding high in the clear sky, and every object in the landscape standing out square and closely defined against her light.

This time Madge was not the first to arrive. As she turned into the lane, a figure arose from the bank, against which it had been lying, and advanced to meet her. It was her husband.

"You're late," was his genial greeting.

"I came away as soon as I could, Philip," she replied; "didn't even stop to change my dress—look here." And she opened her cloak, showing Juliet's white robe underneath.

"By Jove," he said, glancing at her, "there's purity! What is it, a Druidical priestess, or a virgin of the sun?"

She flushed angrily for a moment, but recovered herself directly, then said with a short laugh, "You would rather it were Iago's doublet, I suppose, and that I could not merely give you his counsel, 'put money in thy purse,' but act upon the advice. However, I can do that as it happens without the doublet. This is for you," and she placed a small packet in his hand.

"Woat is this?" he exclaimed, as he took it. "Oh, yes, the benefit, I forgot all about it! How much is there here?"

"Forty-eight pounds, Philip," she cried, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and looking up into his face. "Isn't it good?"

"Might have been worse," he said, quietly slipping the money into his pocket. "Well, and how did it go off, and all that sort of thing?"

"I scarcely know what you mean by all that sort of thing," said Madge; "the house was very full, as you know by the contents of your waist-coat pocket."

"Yes, but you? Did you tip 'em the word in grand style? Did you let 'em have it from the shoulder?"

"There, don't be cross, Madge," said Philip Vane, putting his arm around her; "I know I am always talking slang, but that's the fault of the people I live with; I've no doubt you acted splendidly and got plenty of applause."

"Old Mr. Probus wrote me a note this morning, declaring he had never seen Juliet better played, and he recollects Miss O'Neil.

"Dear old Probus," said Philip Vane. "What will he take to drink? Seriously though, I am delighted to hear it. Well, and what have you got to say me?

"I thought it was to say something to say to me that you came down here." said Madge; "for my part I have not got much to say. Oh yes, Philip, one thing I want you to do, if you can, to spare me a little of that money."

"Oh," said Major Vane, "a little of that money, eh?"

"A very little will do, Philip; there are two or three things that I absolutely must have in my theatrical wardrobe, and poor Rose has scarcely a gown to her back."

"It seems to me a devilish hard thing that we should have to provide poor Rose's gowns out of our income," said the Major; "however, of course she can't be allowed to disgrace the family. Let me see," he added, taking the packet from his pocket. "What did you say the figure was?"

"Forty-eight pounds," said Madge.

"Forty-eight. Five, ten, fifteen, ah, very neatly made up, forty-five in notes and three in gold. Well, Madge, I will see if I can spare you the three pounds, though I must confess that just now it is dueced inconvenient.

Madge took the three sovereigns without a word. The devils of passion and wounded pride were struggling within her, and she dare not trust herself to open her lips.

"And, by the way," continued Philip Vane, "it was upon the very subject of money that I have come down to talk to you. You know all this applause and all these compliments from old Potbus, or whatever his name is, are very well in their way, but there is nothing substantial about them. The only way to appreciate a thing is by its money value, and the salary you are earning just now is an uncommonly small one."

"When you say 'appreciate a thing,' you mean appreciate me by money value, I suppose. You must permit me to say, however, that you knew what it was when you condescended to accept it; and that it has no deteriorated since."

"Yes," said Philip, impatiently, "all right! Just come off the high ropes, will you, and let's talk this thing through quietly, and in a business-like way. Our interests are the same, and what is good for you is good for me. Now I have an idea, which, if I can only carry it out, will improve both your position and our interests."

"Not by my going to London, Philip; not by my attempting to play in burlesque, and sing song. Oh, for goodness' sake don't ask me to do it! It would not be the smallest use either; I should make a dead flat failure of it, and lose the little fame I have gained in my present humble way."

"My good girl, I am not going to do anything of the sort. I would not dream of inflicting upon you such a degradation. On the contrary, what I have to propose, arises from the fact that you are a leading actress, and not one of those jigging jades."

"Do you mean to say you have heard of an opening for me in London, Philip?" cried Madge, eagerly.

"Well, no, not in London exactly. The fact is, that Mr. Wuff, whose name I daresay you have heard, has been organizing a troupe to go out under his supervision to America, Australia, and other places of that kind, on a three years' tour. He has made his arrangements with the best ballet people and all that sort of thing, and he wants some one for a star actress, and I have come down to propose that you should go."

Madge had been listening open-eyed and open-mouthed. When he ceased, she was silent for a moment; then her first words were, "but what of Rose?"

"Oh, damn it," cried Major Vane, "must she go, too?"

"She must, of course. How could I leave her, with whom could I leave her? Of course she must go!"

"Well," said Major Vane, after a moment's reflection, "I daresay that could be managed." Wuff will make her play pages' parts, or turn her into something useful, he thought to himself.

"Threee years," said Madge, reflectively; "it's a long time to be away. Do you think you could manage to live without seeing London and London acquaintances and London ways for three years, Philip?"

"No," said that gentleman, candidly, "I am certain I could not."

"But you will have to, if we accept this offer?" said Madge.

"Eh?" cried Major Vane, in a loud and startled tone; "you don't imagine that I am going away to play a leading lady too, do you?"

"Do you mean to say that you are not going, Philip?"

"I have not the remotest intention of doing anything of the sort; my business engagements here, my good girl, would prevent me."

"Oh," said Madge, quietly, "your proposition, then, relates to me alone?"

"Exactly!"

"You don't expect me to give you an answer here, and at once, I suppose?"

"Well, I did, as I rather want to get back to London."

"It is impossible! It is a matter which will take serious reflection. If you are so pressed, you had better go; I will write to you my decision."

"No," said Philip, promptly, "that won't do; you must make up your mind, please, within the next twelve hours," looking at his watch. "It is now eleven o'clock; at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here again, and you will be good enough to meet me. Consider it thoroughly, and don't act upon impulse; your reply may have a greater influence on your future than you are at present aware of. Now, good-night."

He did not offer to embrace her; he did not even approach her, but kissed the tips of his fingers airily, and walked off.

Madge, standing in exactly the same position, heard the rumbling of the departing wheels of the cab which, as before, he had left at the bottom of the lane; then, with sad face and rebellious heart, she made the best of her way towards what she called her home.

CHAPTER VI.

A MEETING BY DAYLIGHT.

When Madge Pierrepoint arrived at her lodgings, she found the door open, and Miss Cave looking down the street.

"At last, my dear," said the old lady; "I thought you were never coming; I have got the fidgets upon me to-night, and have been up two or three times to look out for you; and when I heard your footstep coming round the crescent—I would know it in a thousand, I thought I would wait and get a little fresh air until you came up. Now in with you, and get to bed at once; what with last night and all, you must be dog-tired."

"And I am very tired, Miss Cave," said Madge, with a faint smile.

"Tired, my dear; I have no patience with that old Probus keeping you up to this hour. Was he pleased with what you did last night?"

"Very much pleased indeed," said Madge, recollecting the letter she had received from the Shakesperian enthusiast; "he said he had not seen anything like it since Miss O'Neill."

"Did he? Now, come, that was very civil of him, and not bad judgment, either, for I saw her myself, and you resemble her in many points. Come now, my dear, you are dropping off to sleep, just you O'Neill off to bed."

And the good old woman, closing the door, took Madge gently by the shoulder and pushed her before her up the stairs.

On the dressing-table, in Madge's room, lay a twisted slip of paper. She took it up and read in Rose's handwriting:

"G. H. was greatly disappointed at not finding you to-night. He has something very particular to say to you; he will be away all day to-morrow. He says he will see you in the evening, and you must keep yourself disengaged, as it is most important. I wonder what it is; you will tell me, Madge, won't you?"

When Madge had finished reading the paper, she smoothed it out mechanically between her hands, laid it on the table again, and seated herself on the edge of the bed. The words which she had just perused, made no impression on her mind. Her thoughts went back to the interview she had gone through, and as she recollected Philip Vane's last speech, her face grew grey, and set, and rigid, and her hands almost involuntarily locked themselves together in front of her.

"Not the remotest intention of going with me! that was what he said; his business engagements would prevent him. So that I am to go away to America, Australia, or to any other place where my employers may choose to take me, and he to remain at home. I am to be thrown into such society as I may chance to meet, to make my own way as best I can, and he, the only person in the world to whom I can look, or ought to look, for advice, consolation, or help, is to remain here, consoling himself for my absence by the receipt of a larger income derived from my earnings, which he will undoubtedly take every means to secure. It is too low, too mean, too unmanly!

"To go away by myself to the other end of the world for three years, that is what he asked me! I will not do it, come what may! I have been too patient and too quiet as it is; I have slaved for him ungrudgingly, unrepiningly, in the knowledge that I was his wife, and in the ridiculous hope that his acknowledgment of my position was merely a matter of time. Now he proposes to get rid of me for three years, and with such a man as Philip Vane, it is not difficult to understand what that means. Three years! But only two have elapsed since we were married, and even in that short time my attraction has so waned, my hold on him has so relaxed, that he makes me such a proposition as this.

"What is it?" she cried suddenly stepping leisurely across the room, and looking at herself in the looking-glass on the table. "Have I grown plain, old, or repulsive? I confess I cannot see the alteration," she added proudly, shaking her hair back, after a moment's inspection of herself; "nor if Mr. Philip Vane thinks so, is his opinion shared by everyone. Here," laying her hand on Rose's crumpled note "here is evidence to the contrary. Here is some one younger, better looking, and, unless I am very much mistaken, better bred, than Mr. Philip Vane, who would give all that he holds dearest in life for the companionship which that gentleman despises? Another example, God knows not wanted, of the misery set forth in those words, 'too late.' If I had only known Gerald Harding—I talk like a fool! Gerald Harding is a boy, who is nothing to me, and Philip Vane is—my husband."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Inquisitive friend—I suppose you wouldn't be defending that bank robber if you thought he took the money? Bright Lawyer—I wouldn't be defending him if I didn't think he took enough to pay my bill.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

Among the reasons why the nine of diamonds has been called the curse of Scotland, I think that the following has not been given:

"Diamonds, nine of, called the curse of Scotland, from a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms is the nine of diamonds voting for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland."—Chronology; or, the Historian's Companion, fourth edition, by Thos. Tegg, London, 1826. p. 308. (Addenda).

Could the arms of Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, member of Glasgow, contain the nine lozenges? His house was destroyed by a mob in 1727, because he was suspected of having given the government information on the haunts and statistics of Scotland necessary for the preparation of the malt tax, as well as having exposed a system of evasion of duties in the Scots' tobacco trade.—History of Scotland, by J. Hill Burton.

In the index to the history, Campbell of Shawfield's christian name is given as David.

There is a George Campbell mentioned as having caused the nine of diamonds to be called the curse of Scotland, because he stole nine diamonds out of the royal crown in the reign of Mary Stuart, in consequence of which all Scotland was taxed. —Notes and Queries.

CANDY MAKING.

It will be news to many readers that the chafing-dish can be used for candy-making, and a very neat idea it is. Those chafing dishes that have a hot water pan beneath the cooking pan—the most of the silver ones have—are best, as then there is no more chance of burning sugar than in any other double boiler. Not only candy, but rich deserts can be tossed off quickly. Here is for a compote of bannas; peel and slice six bannas, a little underripe is best—add one inch stick of cinnamon, the half of a tiny grated lemon rind, one cup of sifted sugar and nearly half a pint of hot water. Boil the flavoring in the water and sugar for ten minutes until it looks syrupy; boil without stirring. Put in the bits of bannas and simmer—when the fruit begins to clear add the juice of half the lemon, and serve with whipped cream and sponge cake.

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FELT SAFE.

Sunday-school teacher (to little girls)—Do you say your prayers every night before going to bed?

Little girl (promptly)—No, ma'am.

Sunday-school teacher—Are you not afraid to go to sleep without asking God to watch over you during the darkness?

Little girl—No, ma'am, I'm not afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle.

Persons with delicate throat or lungs need to be very careful at this season and have a supply of Hawker's balsam for prompt treatment of the first symptoms of cold or cough.

Customer (timidly)—I—er—suppose you have some—er—suitable books for a man about to—er—be married? Head clerk (promptly)—Yes, sir; here, Skiggles, show this gentleman our line of largest sized pocket books.

SOLD.

Lady—My father (this is between ourselves) called on your landlay to make inquiries about you.

Gent (in a rage)—You mustn't believe a word she says; the old hag tells a pack of lies every time she opens her mouth.

Lady—Indeed? I thank you for the information. The fact is she praised you up to the skies.

A PUNY AND FRETFUL BABY.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

Mr. Cawker (after his wife has read several pages)—Is there any news in your mother's letter, my dear? Mrs. Cawker—I haven't come to the postscript yet.

There is magic in the soothing and healing power of Hawker's balsam. It cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles.

ANOTHER MATTER.

Clara—I hear your father has forbidden Mr. Higgins calling on you.

Cora—No, you are mistaken.

Did he not tell him last night never to darken his parlor again?

He did, but that referred to his turning down the lamp.

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INOPPORTUNE.

Teddy—I wish I hadn't kicked Jimmy Brown this morning.

Mamma—You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear?

Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party.

Many children object to taking medicine, but all children love Hawker's balsam, the great cure for coughs, colds and sore throat,

Girl (jokingly)—I'd like a place where I'll have everything I want, nothing to do and no one to boss me. Clerk—This, miss, is an employment office, not a matrimonial agency.

WHY SHE WAS SERIOUS.

A little 3-year old girl went to a children's party. On her return she said to her parents: At the party a little girl fell off a chair. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't. Well, why didn't you laugh? 'Cause I was the one that fell off.

Smithers—Brown, you are a well read man, what do you think is the greatest thing about this world? Brown—Well, to be accurate, Smithers, I think it's the circumference.

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