

POETRY.

THE SCHOOLMAM'S RAISE.

Year by year, and day by day, She lived in hope of higher pay, She saw the city prosper grow, She saw the schoolhouse overflow...

She did all that a woman could; Her arguments were sound and good. She drew petitions up so fine, That all the people ran to sign.

At last it seemed the way was cleared, At last the board could not decide Just how these funds should be applied.

But weary decades came and went, Until her faithful life was spent; And now across her lonely grave The long green grasses gently wave.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

A CASTAWAY.

PART III.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IV.

DELABOLE SHOWS HIS HAND.

"A very inapt illustration," retorted Delabole. "In the first place the ship is not sinking; in the second, this particular rat was hunted out of it through a mistake of the officer left in charge."

"You are alluding to me?" asked Philip Vane, flushing with rage. "I am alluding to you, my dear Philip," replied Delabole quietly.

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You wish further personal evidence? Shall I ring for Gillman, whom I employed to work the case out for me, or do you acknowledge the authenticity of my information?"

"I acknowledge it," said Vane, faintly, "and will do what you require."

"Exactly," said Delabole, cheerfully. "We will discuss the matter later. Now, if you please, I will look through the minutes and see what has been going on in my absence. Mr. Parkham," he called out, putting his head into the office door, "be good enough to bring the current minute book."

The clerk speedily came with the book and read out many entries to Delabole. But Philip Vane did not pay any attention to that proceeding. He was entirely engrossed in thinking over what Dr. Asprey had said to him that morning.

CHAPTER V.

MADGE'S CONFESSION.

The news which had been conveyed to her in her sister's letter had a great effect on Madge. It placed the relation of Rose and Gerald entirely in a different view.

When the young man renewed the boy-and-girl acquaintanceship which had existed between them at Westex, had merely been in the habit of paying her sister pretty compliments, and of meeting her now and then in her walks.

Madge, quite confident in Rose's strength of mind and knowledge of what was right and proper, was content to let matters be as they were. She remembered Gerald's impulsive manner and the homage he was naturally inclined to pay to any pretty girl, and she thought this was merely a flirtation, softened, it might be, by the recollection of what had passed in those days which seemed now so long away.

She had no desire to play the elder sister's part, to warn her of the danger of the course she was pursuing; she knew right well that Rose was perfectly able to take care of herself, and that Gerald was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of any impression which he might make, and she thought that the whole affair would die out as so many hundreds of similar affairs die out daily, and weekly, and monthly, and yearly, without any permanent harm being done to the persons interested in them.

But when she found she had been mistaken in her idea, and that the young man had become so fond of her sister as to make her an offer of marriage, and to request that offer, and to insist upon its fulfillment at a time when his worldly prospects were cloudy, and his fortune any thing but assuring, Madge deemed it necessary to throw herself into the breach and to help the young people with all the resources at her command.

To say that she did this without a certain amount of struggle and irresolution, without much painful reflection and many tears, would be to say that Madge was not womanly human, and she was very womanly human indeed.

As a girl, raw and unphilosophical, she had been fascinated by the sham-glamour and tawdry sentiment of Philip Vane, but as a woman of the world, young, indeed, but experienced, she had no more of that childishness which had been the first time received that which no woman can ever forget, the undisciplined unselfish devotion of a fresh young heart which throbs responsive but in one touch, which pulsates but to the dictates of one idol.

Gerald Harding's was the heart, and she was the idol, in those days now so long ago! And she had abdicated voluntarily, or as it seemed to him, voluntarily, and he had sought his heart another allegiance—and it was all for the best.

The circumstance stated in the letter from Rose had placed matters in an entirely new light. It was no longer a question of lovers' meetings and tender episodes in Kensington Gardens; Gerald was determined to push his suit through the world, taking Rose with him as his companion and his safeguard; that seemed to be his one hold on life.

And Rose, although she did not say so positively, was evidently prepared to share his fate, being only desirous that before their start in life was made a reconciliation should be effected between Gerald and his father, and that was left for her to do, and you will see the importance of the task I have intrusted to you, and you will throw your whole heart into it.

Madge decided that Rose should be the deceiver. She would throw her whole heart into it, and she would succeed. She re-read the letter throughout, smiling somewhat sadly at the reference to the manner in which Gerald employed his leisure while at Westex, and then she took up the paper with a full determination to do all that was asked of her.

And this determination was not arrived at without a full appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted, the self-sacrifices to be made. Madge knew she could not represent herself in what was, at least, an unenviable light; without acknowledging her previous intimacy with Gerald Harding; without confessing that at the very time the young man was the topic of conversation between them, she had listened to all his father had to say, she had taken her part in the discussion as though his subject had been entirely unknown to her, and had given her suggestions from what one might imagine by her confession to be anything but a disinterested point of view.

The whole story of her old life must be raked up again and submitted to the examination of a hard and astute man, who would have but little compunction or compassion for such human frailties as were concerned in it, and whose anger at finding that he had been misled, however unintentionally, would probably induce him to pursue the course exactly opposite to that which was desired. However, the experiment must and should be made.

Madge was unable to carry her proposed scheme into execution as speedily as she could have wished. The mental excitement involved in his dealings with Messrs. Delabole and Vane, and the subsequent examination of their documents and schemes, seemed to have been a little too much for him. He complained of dizziness and lassitude; his favorite occupation of worrying and dogging the garden seemed somewhat to have lost its usual charm; he became silent and pre-occupied, and for a long time seemed to shun even the society of Mrs. Pickering, omitting to

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Those who suffer from kidney trouble suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is a sufferer from kidney trouble. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure.

But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease. Sold by W. H. Carter and C. A. Burchill.

pay his usual morning visit to the house-keeper's room, and to send for her to read to him in the evening. Madge, for her part, fell in with the drift of the general's humor, knowing that no slight was intended to herself, and thinking it better that she should be left to recover at her own time and after her own fashion.

When this new state of things, however, had lasted for more than a week, without any sign of change, Madge thought it advisable to send for a physician; but on the proposition being made to Sir Geoffrey, he negatively it promptly and decisively.

"It was well, he had never been better in his life; nothing ailed him beyond a slight chill, easily got in this wretched climate at the fall of the leaf. He must get that Mrs. Pickering would not think of summoning the services of any doctor, who would not understand his constitution, and merely tend to make matters worse."

But though the old general could and would do without calling in a physician, he very soon found that the pleasant company of his housekeeper had become an absolute necessity to him. After about ten days' solitude, in which he nearly moped himself to death, Sir Geoffrey, according to his old custom, knocked at the housekeeper's door, and on being bidden to come in, entered as usual with his formal greeting. He remained but a very little time in the room, being slightly ill at ease, and obviously afraid that Madge might make some reference to his prolonged absence; but before leaving he expressed his wish that Mrs. Pickering should favor him with her company that evening, and that their pleasant evenings might be resumed.

Accordingly, when the General had finished his dinner, Madge repaired to receive her, the newspapers, cut and folded, were in their usual place, and the book which they had last been reading, lay ready to her hand. Madge took her seat and began to read aloud, but after some time, glancing over at the general, she noticed that his attention was fixed upon the fire, and to her astonishment, she noticed the traces of something like tears upon his cheek.

Madge stopped reading, and recalled to herself by the abrupt cessation, Sir Geoffrey made a hasty endeavor to recover his composure.

Madge, who had been employed to work the case out for me, or do you acknowledge the authenticity of my information?"

"I acknowledge it," said Vane, faintly, "and will do what you require."

"Exactly," said Delabole, cheerfully. "We will discuss the matter later. Now, if you please, I will look through the minutes and see what has been going on in my absence. Mr. Parkham," he called out, putting his head into the office door, "be good enough to bring the current minute book."

The clerk speedily came with the book and read out many entries to Delabole. But Philip Vane did not pay any attention to that proceeding. He was entirely engrossed in thinking over what Dr. Asprey had said to him that morning.

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Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

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Druggist and Apothecary, HAS IN STOCK New, Fresh Drugs

PATENT MEDICINES.

A CHOICE LINE OF HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS. And all requisites found in a First-class Drug Store.

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor, Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

Spring Overcoating, Suitings, and Trouserings,

W. E. SEERY,

WILMOT'S AVE. Saws! Saws!

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Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for the children while teething. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the ailments of childhood.

Actor—He can play drunken parts better than any one in the profession. Manager—Yes, but the trouble is he is too fond of rehearsing.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away. The truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotine-nerved nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood.

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It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

Tommy, who was Joan of Arc? asked the teacher. Noah's wife, said Tommy who is great at guessing.

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COD - LIVER - OIL. Gives Best Results. The Best Preparation. Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture. Best Value for the Money. in the Market. Readily taken by Children. No preparation equal to it. For Building up the System.

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If you catch cold now it will hang on all Summer. WEAR GRANBY RUBBERS. They are the best and last longest. Perfect in Style, Fit and Finish. THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

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6 COLLS LEAD PIPE, 2 barrels Pipe Fittings of all kinds, including: 1 box Collins' Valves, Stop and Waste Cocks, Hose Bibbs and Brass Fittings, 4000 Feet Plain Iron Pipe, 1000 Feet Snow-holes, 4 boxes Mrs. Potter's Salt Irons; and for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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COME EVERYBODY

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But you will Have to ANNOUNCE The date. Then when you do, have IT DONE NICELY.

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