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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT ITS OFFICE—
King Street, Woodville.

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Poetry.

A WILD FANCY.

If the sad old world should jump a cog
Some time, in its dizzy spinning,
And go off the track with a sudden jog,
What an end would come to the spinning!
What a rest from strife and the burdens of life
For the millions of people in it;
Why, a way out of care, and worry and wear
All in a beautiful minute.

With not a sigh nor a sad good-bye
For loved ones left behind us,
We would go with a lunge and a mighty plunge
Where never a grave should find us,
What a wild, mad thrill our veins would fill
As the great earth, like a feather,
Should float thro' the air, to God knows where,
And carry us all together.

No dark, damp tomb, and no mourner's gloom
No tolling bell in the steeple,
But in one swift breath, a painless death,
For a million billion people.
What a greater bliss could we wish than this,
To sweep with the bird's free motion
Three leagues of space to a resting place
In a vast and vapory ocean—
To pass away from this life for aye,
With never a dear tie sundered,
And a world on fire for our funeral pyre,
While the stars looked on and wondered!
—ELLA WHEELER.

Love Works Wonders.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

"Hush," she said, interrupting him. "You have not heard all. I do not blame myself for acting as I did. I debated for some time whether I ought to keep the oath or not. Every good impulse of gratitude prompted me to break it; yet again it seemed to me a cowardly thing to purchase my life by a lie. Time passed on—the wonder all died away. I said to myself that if ever any one else was falsely accused, I would speak out; but such an event never happened; and I not very long after, as you know, Sir Oswald died. I did not like living under the shadow of that secret—it robbed my life of all brightness. Captain Langton came again. No words of mine can tell the contempt with which I held him; the contempt with which I treated him; every one noticed it, but he did not dare to complain. He did dare, however, to offer me his hateful love again, and when I repulsed him in such a fashion as even he could not overlook, he turned all his attention to Lady Darrell. I am a wicked girl, Vane—now that the light of your love has revealed so much to me, I can see how wicked. I have told you that I had sworn to myself to be revenged on Lady Darrell for coming between me and my inheritance. I have seen more of the world since then, but at that time it seemed to me an unparalleled thing that a young girl like her should marry an old man like Sir Oswald entirely for his money. I told her if she did so I would be revenged. I know it was wrong," Pauline continued, humbly; "at the time I thought it brave and heroic, now I know it was wrong and weak, and wicked—your love has taught me that."
"It was an error that sprang from pride," he said, gently; "there is nothing to regret."

"You have not heard all, Vane, I knew Captain Langton to be a thief—to be a man who would not scruple at murder if required. I knew all the love that he could ever give to any one he had given to me, yet I—"
She paused, and the sad face raised bravely to his grew crimson with a burning blush.
"Oh, Vane, how can I tell you the shameful truth? Knowing what he was, knowing that he was going to marry Lady Darrell, I yet withheld the truth. That was my revenge. I knew he was a thief, a cruel, wicked slanderer, a thoroughly bad man, yet, when one word from me would have saved her from accepting his proposal, I, for my vengeance's sake, refused to speak that word."

Her voice died away in a low whisper; the very sound of her words seemed to frighten her. Vane St. Lawrence's grew pale and stern.
"It was unworthy of you, Pauline," he said, unhesitatingly. "It was a cruel revenge."
"I know it," she admitted. "No words can add to the keen sense of my dishonour."
"Tell me how it was," he said, more gently.

"I think," continued Pauline, "that she had always liked Captain Langton. I remember that I used to think so before she married my uncle. But she noticed my contempt for him. It shook her faith in him, and made her doubt him. She came to me one day, Vane, with that doubt in her face and in her words. She asked me if I knew anything against him—if there was any reason why she should doubt him. She asked me then, before she allowed herself to love him; one word from me then would have saved her, and that word for vengeance's sake, I would not speak."

"It should have been spoken," observed Sir Vane, gravely.
"I know it," Captain Langton has no honour, no conscience. He does not even like Lady Darrell; he will marry her solely that he may have Darrell Court. He will afterward maltreat her, and hold her life as nothing; he will squander the Darrell property. Vane, as surely as the sun shines above me, I believe him to have no redeeming quality."

There was silence for some minutes, and then Sir Vane asked:

"Tell me, Pauline—do you think that Lady Darrell would marry him if she knew what you have just told me?"

"I am sure she would not. She is very worthy, and only lives what one may call a life of appearances; she would not marry him if she knew him to be a thief—she would shrink from him. Elegant, polished, amiable women like Lady Darrell are frightened at crime."

"That one word ought to have been spoken, Pauline, out of sheer womanly pity and sheer womanly grace. How could you refuse to speak when she came to you with a prayer on her lips?"

"The pride and thirst for revenge were too strong for me," she replied.

"And to these you have sacrificed the life and happiness of a woman who has really never injured you. Lady Darrell and Captain Langton are not yet married—are they, Pauline?"

"No, they are to be married in the spring," she answered.

"Then listen to me, my darling. This marriage must never take place. Your silence is wicked—you cannot honourably and conscientiously stand by and see Lady Darrell throw herself away on a thief. You have done a grievous wrong, Pauline. You must make a noble atonement."

"Something like a gleam of hope came into her eyes."
"Can I atone?" she asked. "I will do so if I know how, even at the price of my life."

"I tell you frankly," he said, "that you have done grievously wrong. When that poor lady came to you in her doubt and perplexity, you ought to have told her at least as much of the truth as would have prevented the marriage. But, my darling, this is all not part us. If I teach you how to atone, will you atone?"

She crossed her hands as one praying.
"I will do anything you tell me, Vane."

"You must go to Darrell Court, and you must make to Lady Darrell the same ample atonement you have made to me; tell her the same story—how you vowed vengeance against her, and how you carried that vengeance out; and then see what comes of it."

"But suppose she will not believe me—what then?"

"You will have done your best—you will at least have made atonement for your secrecy. If, with her eyes open, Lady Darrell marries Captain Langton after that, you will have nothing to blame yourself for. It will be hard for you, my darling, but it is the brave, right, true thing to do."

"And you do not hate me, Vane?"

"No; I love you even better than I did. The woman brave enough to own her faults and desirous to atone for them deserves all the love an can give her. Pauline, when you have done this, my darling, may I ask you when you will be my wife?"

She sobbed out that she was unworthy—all unworthy; but he would not even hear the words.

"None the less dear are you of having told me your faults. There is only one word now, my darling, to keep in view; and that is 'atonement.'"

She looked up at him with happy, glistening eyes.
"Vane," she said, "I will go to Darrell Court to-morrow. I shall never rest now until I have done what you wish me to do."

"So far had love redeemed her that she was ready to make fight all the wrong she had done, at the cost of her pride."
But love was to work even greater wonders for her yet.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PAULINE AND LADY DARRELL.

Pauline communicated her resolution of going to Darrell Court to Miss Hastings, and that lady looked up in surprise almost too great for words.

"You are going to Darrell Court to-morrow?" she exclaimed. "It cannot be, Pauline; you must not travel alone. If you go, I must go with you."

But Pauline threw one arm caressingly round her friend's neck.

"Do not try to stop me," she said, pleadingly, "and let me go alone. I did a great wrong at Darrell Court, and I must return to set it right. Only alone can I do that."

"Pauline," asked Miss Hastings, gravely, "do you wish to atone for your revenge?"

"I do," she replied simply. "You must let me go alone; and when I come back I shall have something to tell you—something that I know will please you very much."

Miss Hastings kissed the beautiful face.
"It is as I thought," she said to herself— "in her case love has worked wonders—it has redeemed her."

Lady Darrell sat alone in her dressing-room; the autumn days were drawing to a close. Greatly to her delight and surprise, Captain Langton had unexpectedly appeared that morning. He knew that in the absence of Miss Hastings he could not stop at Darrell Court; but he was paying a visit, he told Lady Darrell, to Sir Peter Glynn, and hoped to see her every day. So he had declined dining at the Court, but promised to spend some part of the evening there.

Lady Darrell had ordered an early dinner, and sat in her dressing room awaiting her maid. Of course she was going to dress for the best advantage. A superb costume of white lace, was ready for her. The room presented a picturesque appearance of unbounded and splendid confusion—lace, jewellery, fans, slippers, all kinds of valuable and pretty ornaments were there; but nothing in that room was one half as fair as the beautiful woman who sat with a pleasant smile upon her face.

her lips. Did he love her? Of her own feelings she had no doubt. She loved him with her whole heart—as she had never imagined herself capable of loving any one. But did he love her? There was somewhat of coldness and indifference in his manner—something she could not understand. He had greeted her carelessly—he had bidden her a careless farewell, she said to herself. Yet he must love her; for the face reflected in the mirror was a very fair one.

Then she remembered Pauline, and the old wonder came over her why Pauline had always such great unbounded contempt for him.

Her maid came in, and Lady Darrell put on the pink brocade with its white lace trimmings. The maid, in ecstasies, cried out that it was superb—that "my lady" had "never looked so beautiful."

Lady Darrell took up the pearl necklace and held it against the pink brocade to note the contrast. While she held it in her hands one of the servants gave a hurried rap at the door. She came to announce that Miss Darrell had arrived suddenly, and wished to see Lady Darrell at once.

"Miss Darrell! Then something must be the matter with Miss Hastings. Ask her to come at once."

In a few moments Pauline was standing in that brilliant room, looking pale and anxious.

"No," she said, in answer to Lady Darrell's eager question; "there is nothing the matter with Miss Hastings. I wanted to see you. I want to see you alone. Can you spare a few minutes?"

Lady Darrell dismissed her maid, and then turned to Pauline.

"What is it?" she asked. "What has brought you here so suddenly?"

Without one word, Pauline went to the door and locked it, and then she went back to Lady Darrell, who was watching her in wonder.

"I have done you a great wrong," she said, humbly, "and I have come to atone for it."

Lady Darrell drew back, trembling with strange, vague fear.

"Oh, Pauline, Pauline, what have you done?"

Pauline threw aside her travelling cloak and took off her hat and then she came to Lady Darrell.

"Let me tell you my story, kneeling here," she said; and she knelt down before Lady Darrell looking as she spoke straight into her face. "Let me tell you before I begin it," she added, "that I have no excuse to offer for myself—none. I can only thank Heaven that I have seen my fault before—for your sake—it is too late."

Slowly, gravely, sometimes with bitter tears and with sobs that came from the depths of her heart, Pauline told her story—how the captain had loved her, how ill he had taken her repulse, how she had discovered his vile worthlessness, but for the sake of her revenge, had said nothing.

Lady Darrell listened as to her death-knell.

"Is this true, Pauline?" she cried. "You vowed vengeance against me—is this your vengeance, to try to part me from the man I love, and to take from me the only chance of happiness that my wretched life holds?"

Her fair face had grown deadly pale; all the light and happiness had fled from it; the pearls lay unheeded, the blue eyes grew dim with tears.

"Is it possible, Pauline?" she cried again. "Have I given my love to one dishonoured? I cannot believe it—I will not believe it! It is part of your vengeance against me. What have I done that you should hate me so?"

"The dark eyes and the beautiful face were raised to hers.

"Dear Lady Darrell," said the girl, "I have never spoke a lying word to you before; but I tell you now that, if I could give my life to give you from this sorrow, I would do so."

"Aubrey Langton a thief!" cried Lady Darrell. "It is not true—I will swear that it is not true! I love him, and you want to take him from me. How could you dare to invent such a falsehood of him, a soldier and a gentleman? You are cruel and wicked!"

Yet through all her passionate denial, through all her biting anger, there ran a shudder of deadly fear—a doubt that chilled her with the coldness of death—a voice that would be heard, crying out that there was no wrong, no falsehood, but the bare, unvarnished truth. She cast it from her—she trampled it under foot; and the girl kneeling at her feet suffered as much as she did herself while she watched that struggle.

"You say that he would have murdered you—that he held a pistol to your forehead, and made you take that oath—he, Aubrey Langton, did that?"

"He did," said Pauline. "Would to Heaven had I told you before!"

"Would to Heaven you had!" she cried. "It is too late now. I love him—I love him, and I cannot lose him. You might have saved me from this, and you would not. Oh, cruel and false!"

"Dearest Lady Darrell," said the girl, "I would wash out my fault with my heart's blood if I could. There is no humiliation that I would not undergo, no pain that I would not suffer, to save you."

"You might have saved me. I had a doubt, and I went to you, Pauline, humbly, not proudly. I prayed you to reveal the truth, and you treated me with scorn. Can it be that one woman could be so cruel to another? If you had not spoken half the truth you have now told me, I should have believed you, and have gone away; I should have crushed down that love that was rising in my heart, and in time I should have forgotten it. Now it is too late. I love him, and I cannot lose him—dear Heaven, I cannot lose him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]