"The Advocate,"

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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1880:

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Poetry.

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

Sunny-eyed Hope, with her golden hair, Has left me alone to-night; And, in her absence, pale Despair Comes over the fields, with a languid air, And a presence like a blight.

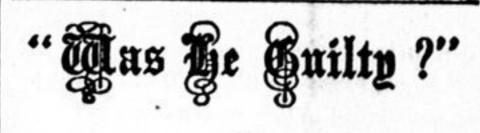
I like him not, for his dusky wings Drag heavily on the ground, And he has a song that he ever sings, Of destiny, death and all such things, With a sad, unearthly sound.

He brings a friend by the name of Doubt, And, in this gloomy weather, When Hope's blue eyes are not about, And the winds have blown Faith's taper out,

They both come in together.

I fear I haven't the power to say, To those dreary guests, Depart ! For generally, when they come this way, I'm weary and weak, and I let them stay, With a sinking at my heart.

May we not beneath the water. Quench the flame within our minds,? May we not in one short moment, Stem the tide of life's sad sorrows. Sink ourselves beneath the water, Lift ourselves away to heaven? May we not within the bosom Of the cruel icy water, Quell this sea of sickening sorrows That within our souls bath rule? No! my sister! No! my brother! Far beyond, -in the hereafter, There is rest and there is gladness, There's a balm for all your sadness-But on time you'll have to wait-Wait His call, and wait your fate. So go bravely on my brother; Bravely work away, my sister, Till the call of Death comes grimly-Grimly coming, calling sternly.



JESSIE GRAHAM.

A STORY OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

CHAPTER X. A DISCLOSURE.

Much surprise was expressed, and a good deal of interest manifested, when it was known that the handsome house up-town which had recently been bought by a stranger it was said, and elegantly furnished, was the property of Mrs. Bellenger, who, not long after her return from Deerwood, took possese sion of it, and made it also the home of Walter Marshall. The latter was now courted and admired as a most "delightful young man," and probably the principal heir of the rich old lady, who did not hesitate to show how greatly she preferred him to her other grandson, William. Even Mrs Reeves was especially gracious to him now, saying she believed him quite as good a match as Mr. Bellenger, who was welcome to Jessie Graham if he wanted her. And it would seem that he did, for almost every evening found him at her side, while Walter frequently met them on the street, or heard of them at various places of amusement.

Still Jessie was very kind to him whenever he called upon her, unless William chanced to be present, and then she seemed to take delight in annoying him, by devoting herself almost entirely to one whom he at last believed was really his rival. This opinion he expressed one day to his grandmother, who had come to the same conclusion, and who as gently as possible repested to him all that Ellen had tolu her. It was the first intimation Walter had received that William Bellenger had pretended to care for his cousin, and it affected him deeply.

"The wretch !" he exclaimed. "He won Ellen's love only to cast it from him at his will, for he never thought of making her his wife."

Then, as his own gloomy future arose before him, he groaned aloud, for he never knew before how dear Jessie was to him. "It may not be so," his grandmother

said, laying her hand upon his head. "I cannot quite think Jessie would prefer him to you, and she has known you always, too. Suppose you talk with her upon the subject. It will not make the matter worse." "Grandmother," said Walter, "I have

promised never to speak of love to Jessie Graham until I am free from the taint my father's misfortune has fastened upon my name, and as there is no hope that this will ever be, I must live on and see her given to another. Were my rival anybody but William, I could bear it better, for I want Jes-Cor . King and Stuart & sie to be happy, and I believe him to be-

a villain, and I would far rather that Jessie would die than be his bride."

atmosphere of the room seemed oppressive, than herself. he seized his has and rushed out into the street, meeting by the way William and Jessie. They were walking very slowly, and apparently so absorbed with themselves, that neither observed him till just as he was passing, when Jessie looked up and wasted face. called after him :

" Are you never coming to see me again ?" "I don't know, -perhaps not," was the cool answer, and Walter hastened on, while William, who never let an opportunity pass for a sly insinuation against his cousin, ask. ed Jessie if she had not observed how consequential Walter had grown since his grandmother took him up and pushed him into society. "Everybody is laughing about it," when I want so much to see her before I said he, "but that is the way with people | die ?" And turning her face to the wall, of his class. They cannot bear prosperity."

"I think Walter has too much good sense," Jessie replied, "to be lifted up by those who used to slight him, but who notice him now just because Mrs. Bellenger likes him. There's Mrs. Reeves for instance, -it's perfectly sickening to hear her talk about 'dear Mr. Marshall,' when she used to speak of him as 'that poor young man in Mr. Graham's employ.' Charlotte always liked him."

This was not very agreeable to Will, for in case he failed to secure Jessie, Charlotte was his next choice.

Money he must have, and soon too, for there was a heavy burden on his mind, and unless that burden was lifted disgrace was sure to follow. Twice recently he had written to his father for money and received the same answer.

"I have nothing for you; go to your grandmother, who has plenty."

Once he had asked Mrs. Bellenger for hundred dollars; but she had said that "a young man in perfect health ought to have some occupation, and as he had none he h no right to live as expensively as he did."

Several times he had borrewed of Walter, making an excuse that he had forgotten his purse, or " that the old man's remittances had not come," but never remembering to pay or mention it again. In this state of affairs it was quite natural that he should be looking about for something to ease his mind and fill his pocket at the same time. A rich wife could do this, and as Jessie and Charlotte both were rich, one of them must come to the rescue, Jessie's remark about Charlotte disturbed him, and as he had not of late paid her much attention, he resolved to call upon her as soon as he had seen Jessie to her own door:

Meanwhile Walter had gone to his office, where he found upon the desk a letter in his grandfather's handwriting, and hastily breaking the seal, he read, that he must come quickly if he would see his cousin alive. The letter inclosed a note for Jessie, and Walter was requested to give it to her so that she might come with him.

"Poor Ellen talks of Jessie and Mrs. Bellenger all the time," the deacon wrote, "and perhaps your grandmother would not mind coming too. She seemed to take kindly to the child."

Not a word was said of William, for Ellen would not allow her mother to send for him.

"It would only make him feel badly," she said, "and I would save him from unneces sary pain." Se she hushed her longing to see him again and asked only for Jessie.

"I will go to-morrow morning," Walter thought, and as Mr. Graham was absent for a day or two he was thinking of taking the note to Jessie himself, when William came suddenly upon him.

"Well, old fellow," said he what's up now? Your face is long as a gravestone. " Ellen is dying," returned Walter, "and they have sent for me."

"Ellen dying !" and the man, who a moment before had spoken so jeeringly, staggered into a chair as if smitten by a heavy blow.

"I did not suppose he cared so much for her," thought Walter, and in a kinder tone he told what he knew, and passing William the note intended for Jessie, he bade him take it to her that night, and tell her to meet him at the depot in the morning. 'And William," said Walter, fixing his eyes earnestly upon his cousin, what message shall I take to Ellen for you? or will you go too For a moment William hesitated, while

his better nature battled with his worse, urging him to give up the game at which he was playing, and comfort the dying girl he had so cruelly deceived, and acknoledge to | ing ! the world how dear she was to him ; then, as another frightful thought intruded itself upon him, he murmured, "I Can't, I can't," and with that resolution be sealed his future

destiny. "No, I cannot go," he said, and threating the note into his pooket went out iute the open air, a harder man, if possible than he had been before, "Jessie must not go to Deerwood if I can prevent it," he thought to himself. "Nellie may tell her all, and that would be fatal to my plans."

So he resolved not to call at Mr. Graham's that night, and in case an explanation should afterward be necessary, he would say that he had sent the note by a boy, whe, of course, had neglected to deliver it.

Accordingly the next morning Walter and his grandmother waited impatiently for Jessie at the depot, and then, when they found she was not coming, took their seats in the cars with heavy hearts, for both knew how terrible would be the disappointment to El-Walter was very much excited, and as the len, who loved Jessie Graham better almost

> "Where's Jessie? Didn't I hear her voice in the other room ?" the sick girl acked, one after the other, Mrs. Bellenger and Walter bent over her pillew and kissed her

"She isn't here," said Walter, and the color faded from Ellen's face as she replied : "Isn't here? Where is she Walter?"

He answered that he did not see her himself, but had sent the message by William, and at the mention of his name the blood came surging back to the pallid cheeks.

"William would carry the note, I know," she said, "and why does she stay away. she wept silently over her friend's apparent neglect.

"Walter," said Mrs. Bellenger, drawing him aside, "it may be possible there is some mistake, and Jessie does not know. Suppose you telegraph to her father and be sure,"

Walter immediately acted upon this suggestion, and that evening as Jessie sat list. lessly drumming her piano, wondering why Walter seemed so changed, and wishing somebody would come, she received the telegram, and with feverish impatience waited for the morning, when she set off for Deerwood, where she was hailed with rapture by Ellen, who could now only whisper her delight and press the hands of her; early friend.

"Why didn't you come with Walter ?" she asked, and Jessie replied : "How could I, when I knew nothing of

his coming?" "Didn't William give you a note ?" acked Walter, who was standing near, and upon Jessie's replying that she had neither seen nor heard from William, a sudden suspicion crossed his mind that the message had purposely been withheld.

No such thought, however, had intruded itself upon Ellen; the neglect was not intentional, she was sure; and in her joy at. having Jessie with her at last, she forgot her earlier disappointment. Earnestly and lovingly she looked up into Jessie's bright, glowing face, and, pushing back her short.

black curls, whispered : "Darling Jessie, I am glad you are sobeautiful, so good."

And Jessie, listening to those oft-repeated words, did not dream of the pure, unselfish love which prompted them.

If Jessie were beautiful and good, she

would make the life of William Bellenger happier than if she were otherwise; and this was all that Ellen asked or wished. Hidden away in a little rosewood box, which Jessie had given her, was a blurred and blotted letter, which she had written at

intervals, as her failing strength would permit. It was her farewell to William, and she would trust it to no messenger but Jessie. "Tell them all to go out," she said, as the shadows stretched farther and farther across the floor, and she knew it was growing late. "Tell them to leave us together

once more, as we used to be." Her request was granted, and then laying her hand upon her pillow, she said :

"Lie down beside me, Jessie, and put your arms around my neck while I tell you how I love you. It wasn't my way to talk much, Jessie, and when you used to say so often that I was very dear to you, I only kissed you back, and did not tell you how full my heart was of love. Dear Jessie, don't cry. What makes you? Are you sorry I am going to die ?"

A passionate hug was Jessie's answer, and Ellen continued :

'It's right, darling, that I should go, for neither of us could be quite happy in knowing that another shared the love we coveted for ourselves. Forgive me, Jessie, I never meant to interfere, and when I'm dead, you won't let it cast a shadow between you that he loved me a little, too.'

'I do not understand you," said Jessie, I love nobody but father, -no man, I mean.

'Oh, Jessie, don't profess to be ignorant of my meaning,' said Ellen, 'It may be wrong for me to speak of it, but at the very last I cannot forbear telling you how willing. ly I gave William up to you,'

William ! Jessie exclaimed. 'I never loved William Bellenger, -never could love him. What do you mean ?'

There was no color in Ellen's face, and she trembled in every limb, as she answered faintly :

'You wouldn't tell me a lie when I'm dy. No, darling, no,' and passing her arm around the sick girl, Jessie raised her up. and continued, 'explain to me, will you! for I do not comprehend.'

Continued on Fourth Page,