# THE MERCURY.

J. S. MILLER, Editor.

CARLISLE, : : : KY.

TO-MORROW.

"There is an island full of pleasant places
For which none longer for the grave
And dalliement may turn with sighs home,
Longing to be there.

"Be glad, then man, and cease to grieve
That many days
Their path mounts their shadows cast at
their most;
While there are gentleness doth stand at
Parter
To still the aching touch of the heart.

"There, too, before the journey-par must turn
Into the tomb,
And fear is overcome shall find honest pain,
Whether its labor there shall come more
near.

For, as this island journeth height of pain,
Thus one whose life had felt the fevered
throbbing
Of great wishes pent in the day's cruel
prison,
Turned, and gave eager question, trembled,
with sobbing,
Then the night's stores at his side:

"Where is this isle to which with strong yet
weak
The eyes of every age and clime do long?"
Then the deep answer through the silence
broke
Uprose the solemn voice of memory:

"Behold, the island that is void of sorrow,
And for whose shores men have long made
way,
Is here, but is to-day!
Is here, but is to-day!
The past, within whose narrow bars is
locked
Love's fruits, is always here."

—Lucy H. Hooper in Harper's Weekly.

# AVENGED AT LAST;

## Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "VADASEL."

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Kimball's countenance was saddened. The news he had read in the foreign paper had only given him a momentary pleasure, and when he saw the look of sorrow on his daughter's face he was very sorry. Mr. Hodges, however, was in blissful ignorance of the fact, and continued: "Mr. Kimball, Emerick, how are you?"

"Oh, that is my name. What do you want?" replied Mr. Emerick, roughly.

"My call will only be of brief duration," answered Mr. Hodges, as he seated himself on the opposite stool. Mr. Hodges gave, as he handed over his card.

"You can not be too brief to suit me," said Mr. Emerick, as he looked at the card Mr. Hodges waved himself opposite to Mr. Emerick and commenced at once.

"Some few months ago a woman who was selling newspapers over in Brooklyn called at my residence and you at her long-lost brother."

Mr. Emerick was startled, but he readily answered: "Yes, but what has that to do with your case?"

"Much every way, I reply. "This woman has come into possession of a large amount of valuable property in Aurora, France, and it has become necessary that she should go to that place in person. She has no money, and she can not realize a cent of it."

Mr. Emerick was very much interested now, but he had been in peculiar position too often to betray his interest to the man before him, so he acted with apparent indifference.

"Why does she not go to France at once, then?"

"There is only one reason, and that is that she has no money to go there," answered Mr. Hodges.

"And you, I presume, wish me to grant the woman an interview, eh?" said Mr. Emerick.

"Exactly," said the answer.

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Emerick, whose manner was now very much softened, "I will see her, and if her business can be settled, as you say it can be, you understand," he answered.

"I shall be at your service," stood Mr. Hodges. "And," said Mr. Hodges as he arose to leave, "I will say that I have had success on hand. The woman will have for a day, but—have to forward a message; and then continued: "Would it not be better for her son to accompany her?"

"Yes, I will see her alone or not at all," was the reply.

As Mr. Hodges rode back up town he could not help thinking that there was a mystery connected with the business he was engaged in. Mr. Emerick's manner, from reaching his home, however, he soon came to the conclusion that it was none of his affairs, and when Mr. Hodges of the result of his call he told her that Mr. Emerick would see her at about 3. That night was the darkest and most disagreeable night which Iron Gate had seen for some time. It had rained incessantly all day, and the streets were in a terrible mire running with water. When Mr. Hodges alighted from the street-car she had several blocks to walk before she reached the Guardian Flats, and her thin shoes were soaked with water before reaching the door.

"What do we want? what do we need?"

Although she was nearly exhausted with the movement, Mr. Emerick's manner, when she was shown into the reception-room, took from up her feet gave her courage.

As he entered Mr. Emerick was in his easy-chair and engrossed in a book. He had not yet seen her, and she could look up to her and was fully prepared.

"Mr. Emerick, I presume?" she said.

He did not seem himself for some and looked down at the lady standing at his side. "Alphonse do you to me?" he asked, in a surprised tone.

He seemed for a moment to be unable to hand to his forehead in a dramatic manner.

"All so, how changed!" He by the hand of the lady, and looked up into her face. "Alphonse, my brother, I have thee. By its interest a man of the world, and I am sure you are Alphonse Bougy!"

"Yes, I am Alphonse Bougy."

"That is a question which I can not answer," he said.

"But you are my husband, aren't you?" she asked, in surprise.

"Yes, I suppose I am," he answered, but would have to be a proper ceremony before I could call you my wife."

"Is the ceremony the law I believe it is," she answered.

"Then you are my wife, and I am your husband," he said, as he arose and kissed her.

"Now, my dear husband, I will tell you my business," she said, as she seated herself on his knee.

"Well, my dear wife, I am all attention," he answered.

"Then you know that I am known to the world as Mrs. Hodges, and that I am a widow," she began.

"Yes, I know that," he answered.

"Then you also