QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

CHAHTER XLIII.

QUEENIE LEARNS THE TRUTH.

This was not at all the way in which Queenie had intended to commence. She was going to skirt round the secret—come to it gradually—or, as she had expressed it to herself, "hunt Christine down." But when she saw her, and remembered the mother who had been so wronged and deceived even on her death bed, her hot, passionate temper rose up at once, and she blurted out what she knew and then waited the result. It was different from what she anticipated. She had expected Christine to crouch at once at her feet and, cowering before her, confess her guilt and sue for pity and pardon. But Christine did nothing of the sort. Quiet and gentle as she usually seemed, there was still within her a fierce, fiery spirit, which, when roused, was something akin to the demon which ruled Queenie in her moods. When charged with being Christine Bodine she was worn in mind and body, and had shown only nervousness and agitation, for Queenie had not approached her as she did now. There was no loathing, no hatred in her manner when she said: "You are Christine, my old nurse." She had merely been excited and reproachful; but now she was angry and disgusted, and proclaimed the woman's sin with so much bitterness, and shrank away from her with so much loathing that Christine was roused to defend herself, though at first she was stricken dumb when she heard of the letters which she remembered so well, and which would tell what she had kept so long. Standing but a few feet from Queenie she gazed at her a moment, with a pallid face, on which all the worst emotions of her nature were visible. And when at last she spoke, it was not in the low, half-deprecating, apologetic voice natural, or rather habitual, to her, but the tone was loud, and clear, and defiant, in which she said:

"What do you mean? What letters have you seen, and where did you find them?"

Her manner, so different from what had been expected, made Queenie still more angry, and she replied with all the sternness and dignity it was possible for her to assume:

"It does not matter to you where I found them. It is sufficient that I have found them, and know your barefaced treachery and how you deceived my mother who trusted you so implicitly, and who died believing you to be so good, and honest, and true to her when all the time you were black to the core and were carrying on an intrigue with my father. I believe, however, I could forgive the crime for the sake of what it has given me, were it not for the faithlessness to my mother. That I cannot forgive. You knew when you held her dying head on your bosom that you were a traitor, a vile woman whose touch was pollution. And yet you dared lay your hands on her dead form, dared care for her baby, and kiss it with lips from which all innocence and purity had fled, and then you wrote to my father and called yourself his little Tina, as if you really supposed he could care for you! Don't you know it was only a wicked passion, there was no love in it, no respect, or it would not have died so soon. Men never love women like you, and my father was not an exception. He cast you off as we do a worn-out garment; he hated the thought of you, hated himself for his sin, and repented so bitterly. I see it all now—understand his remorse on ship-board before he died. He was thinking of the past and you, and the thought was like a scorpion, stinging him to madness, and making him long to confess to me, his daughter, the wrong he had done my mother. But he could not, weak as he was then and worn, he could not look me in the face and say, 'I was false to your mother;' could not tell me that, when he knew how much I loved and honored him, but he made me promise solemnly to forgive him if I ever found it out, and I promised, and I'll keep the promise, too, though just now, I feel hard and bitter toward him, and were he living I should rebel against him so hotly and say I never could forgive him, as I never can you, whom I loved and respected, but whom I now know to be false in everything. You have made me believe a lie from first to last, until I can credit nothing you have told me, and am ready to doubt if your name is really La Rue, or if that man were your husband."

"He was my husband. I never deceived you there," Christine exclaimed.

"But he was not Margery's father," Reinette continued holding her breath for the answer, which did not come at once.

While she had been talking so rapidly Christine had stood rigid and immovable, with a strange look upon her face and a gleam in her dark eyes such as mad people sometimes wear when they are becoming dangerous. Queenie's sudden and unexpected attack had so confounded and bewildered Christine that she felt her brain reeling and was conscious of a feeling as if she were losing control of herself and would not long be responsible for what she said. When Queenie spoke of M. La Rue as one who possibly was not her husband she roused in her own defense and answered back; but at Queenie's next question she hesitated, while the blood came surging into her face, which was almost purple in spots, before she replied.

"No, he was not Margery's father. She has better blood in her veins than his, Queenie Hetherton," and the woman's voice was hard vent it.

"Margaret Ferguson's daughter!" Queenie repeated, in a whisper, which, low as it was, sounded distinctly through the room, and told how the young girl's heart was wrung with a mortal fear as she continued: "then who am I, and who are you?"

For a moment there was death-like silence in the room, for Christine, half crazed though and pitiless, while the gleam in her eye was wilder and more like a maniac.

"Queenie Hetherton, if you drive me too far I may say what I shall be sorry for and what you will be sorry to hear. The worm will turn when trodden upon, and a miserable wretch like me will not be pressed too sorely without trying to defend herself. I am wicked and sinful, it is true; but God knows what I have suffered for my sin—knows of the years of anguish and remorse when I would have so gladly undone the past if I could, but it was too late. You have found those letters, it seems. Your father was foolish to keep them; he ought to have burned them, as I did his, but—but—the fact that he did not tell me he cared more for me than I supposed—that in his proud heart there was something which bound him to me, lowly born as I am," and over Christine's face as she said this there came a smile of pleasure and gratification in the thought that Frederick Hetherton had kept her letters, even though they had failed to produce any result.

The look made Queenie angrier than she had been before, for she interpreted it aright, and her pride rose up against it.

"My father never cared for you," she said. "It was only a passion, a fancy, which would never have existed at all if you had not tried to attract him."

"It is false!" Mrs. La Rue exclaimed, taking a step forward, with flashing eyes, before which even Queenie quailed. "It is false. I did not try to attract him. The wrong was on his side. He sought me, a weak ignorant girl, who at first was frightened and bewildered, then flattered and pleased that the proud American could find pleasure in my society. I was not bad then, or had a thought of badness in my heart, and you, Queenie—you, of all others—should not speak to me as you have done. Margery did not, and hers is the greater wrong."

"Then you have told Margery!" Reinette exclaimed, and before Mrs. La Rue could answer, Margery herself came to the door, asking:

"Did you call me, Queenie? I thought I heard my name."

"No, no," Mrs. La Rue almost screamed, as she turned like a tigress upon Margery. "Go away, girl. I tell you go away. I am losing my senses, and with you both standing here, and Queenie talking to me as she has talked, I shall tell what I have sworn not to tell. Go away, Margery—go!"

But Margery did not move except to advance a little farther into the room, where she stood, with a blanched cheek and wondering, frightened eyes, gazing first at her mother and then at Queenie, who stretched her arms toward her and, with quivering lips and a voice full of unutterable pathos and love, said:

"You are my sister. Come to me."

But Margery did not move, and her face grew whiter and more death-like, as she whispered to her mother:

"Sister! she calls me sister! What does she mean? Have you told her? Does she know it all, and still call me sister?"

"Hush, Margie. No, she does not know it all," Mrs. La Rue replied; and, sinking into a chair and bowing her head upon her hands, Margery exclaimed:

"Thank God for that! Oh, Queenie, I don't know what you know or how you learned it: but if you love me, if you care for your own happiness, seek to know no more. Let the matter end here. If you believe I am your sister, love me as such; I shall be content with that."

She did not look up, but sat with her head bowed down as if with grief or shame. Queenie thought it the latter, and leaving her chair she crossed the room to where Margery sat, and, kneeling beside her, wound both arms around her neck and said, so lovingly:

"Margie, my sister! I know you are that—know you are my father's child—and I love you so dearly that the taint upon your birth shall make no difference with me. You were not to blame, my darling. You had no part in the wrong; it was my father, may God forgive him, and this woman, who I am sorry to say is your mother, and whom I cannot forgive."

"This woman!" and Christine's voice rang out awfully clear and distinct, as she threw her arm toward the two girls. "Say no more of this woman, nor pity Margery because she is her mother; Margery's parentage is as good as yours. Yes, better—better, Queenie Hetherton, for she is Frederick Hetherton's own child, and you——"

She did not finish the sentence, for, with a wild cry, Margery put Queenie's clinging arms from her neck, and rushing swiftly to Christine, laid her hand upon her lips.

"Mother, mother," she cried, in a voice of intense entreaty, "are you mad? Have you forgotten your vow, your promise to me? Will you kill Queenie outright?"

"Kill her! no. She is not the kind that such things kill," Christine answered fiercely, as she pushed Margery from her. "You ask if I am crazy. Yes, and well I may be—I, who have kept this horrible secret for so many years. Twenty or more; kept it since you were born. How old are you, Margery? How long since you were born in Rome? There's a buzzing in my brain, and I do not quite remember."

She was softening a little, and taking advantage of this Margery took her hand to lead her from the room, saying very gently, "Poor mother, you are not right to-day. Come with me and rest; and you, Queenie, don't mind anything she may have said. She is not responsible when she is this way."

"But I do mind," Queenie said, stepping before the door through which Margery would have passed. "I do mind, and I cannot forget Christine has said strange things to and of me—things she must explain. If you are Frederick Hetherton's own child, as she affirms, and were born at Rome, who am I?"

"I tell you she is not in her right mind, and you are not to believe what she says," Margery replied, trying to put Queenie aside, so that she might leed her mother from the room.

But Queenie kept her place by the door, against which she leaned heavily, while her breath came in quick gasps, and her voice was unsteady as she said again, and this time to Christine, whose eyes were fastened upon her, holding her by a strange spell she could not resist.

"Tell me, Christine," Queenie said, "and as you hope for pardon hereafter when you stand with me face to face with God, is Margery my sister?"

"Yes, Margery is your sister," Mrs. La Rue replied, still holding Queenie with her awful eyes. "Margery is your sister—your father's child."

"My father's own lawful child?" was the next question, and then Margery cried out, "Oh, mother, have pity, have mercy; remember all it involves, and how much I love Queenie!"

"Hush, Margery. Be still, and let me know the worst," Reinette said, lifting her hand with the manner of one who would be obeyed at any cost. "Tell me, Christine," she continued, "Is Margery the lawful child of Frederick Hetherton?"

"Yes, she is."

"And was she born in Rome?"

"Yes, she was born in Rome, and her mother was Margaret Ferguson," Christine replied, without the slightest quiver in her voice or change of expression in her pitiless face.

Margery had released her hold of the woman's arm and sank upon the floor, where she sat with her knees drawn up, her arms encircling them, her head resting upon them, and her whole body trembling as with an ague chill. She had done all she could to avert the calamity. She had tried to save Queenie from the blow which she knew would fall so crushingly, and she had failed. Her mother was a maniac for the time being. She had lost all control of herself and was doing what she had sworn never to do. She was telling Queenie, and Margery was powerless to prevent. She was, shrank from declaring what she knew would be the bitterest dreg in all the bitter cup. How could she tell the truth to that young girl who had been so proud of her blood and of her birth, and who even in her pain, when every limb was quivering with nervous dread and excitement, stood so erect before her like one born to command. But she must do it now; she had gone too far to recede—had told too much not to tell the whole, and when Queenie asked again, "Who am I, and who are you?" she answered, "I am your mother!" but she said it very softly and low, for her heart was full of a great pity for the girl, over whose face there came that pallid, grayish look which comes upon the face of the dying when the death pang is hard to bear, and who writhed a moment in agony as the insect writhes when put upon the coals. She was still looking fixedly at Christine, though she did not see her, for there was a blackness before her wide-open, staring eyes, and in her ears there was a sound like the roar of many waters, when the skies overhead are angry and dark. For a second the scene around her had vanished away. She did not see Margery upon the floor, with her arms still encircling her knees and her head bowed upon them—did not see the woman standing so near to her, and who had spoken those terrible words, but strangely enough saw the far-off Indian sea and Phil's white face as it sank beneath the waves with a wild cry for her upon his lips. Mechanically she put up her hand to brush that vision away, and then the present came back to her with all its horror so much worse than the death of Phil had been, and she remembered the words that Christine had spoken, "I'm your mother!"

"My-my-my-mo-th-er," she tried to say, when she could speak, but the words died away upon her white, quivering lips in a kind of babling sound, which was succeeded by a hysterical laugh so nearly resembling imbecility that Margery looked up, and a cold shudder curdled her blood as she saw the face from which all resemblance to Queenie had vanished, and on which that ghastly, meaningless laugh was still visible.

Struggling to her feet she wound her arm around Queenie, saying to her mother, as she did so:

"You have destroyed her intellect. You have made her an imbecile."

But Margery was mistaken. Queenie's mind was not destroyed, though for many hours she remained in that condition, when her reason seemed to be tottering and her white lips had no power to frame the words she wished to say. They did not send for a physician, though it was Christine's wish to do so; but Margery said.

"No; we will not parade this secret before the world. I can bring her to herself if any one can, and when I do I shall, if possible, persuade her that it is all a delusion of her brain—that she did not hear aright. Oh, why did you tell her? Why did you break your promise?"

"Because I was angry, was beside myself was crazy, and did not know what I said," Christine replied. "Her manner toward me provoked me more than her words, and roused in me a demon which would not be quieted, and so I told her all; nor am I sorry. I knew it would come to this some time; that in one of my moods I should betray myself, and I have, and notwithstanding the misery it has brought to her, I am happier than I have been for a single moment since I first conceived the idea of hiding you from your father for the sake of gain to my own child."

"Yes, but Queenie will find it hard to forgive you for the load of shame you have put upon her," Margery said, and Mrs. La Rue replied:

"I know she will, and I am sorry for her, and still I am so glad—so glad; for now I carry no dreadful secret to make my days so full of pain and my thoughts one long black horror. I have told the truth, and can call her my daughter now—my child—my baby; for she is my own flesh and blood—the little black haired creature which lay in my arms and fleshed her bright eyes on me—on me—her mother, her mother."

THE ASYLUM FIRE.

Thirty Missing, but only Six known to be Dead.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 18.—The enumeration of the patients at the burned insane asylum is completed. Thirty are missing. Of these six only are known to be dead, and their bodies to have been recovered. The missing victims not killed are supposed to be wandering about the country and hid in the woods, but the number of the dead may be increased by freezing. All the records of the patients in the male department are destroyed, necessitating personal identification of over five hundred patients.

Gov. Pillsbury has offered in advance from his own resources the money necessary to supply bedding and shelter for the relief of the patients of the burned asylum of St. Peter, and to reconstruct within sixty days one section of the burned wing to afford shelter for the patients for the winter.

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME-KILN CLUB.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Las' nite de ole woman an' I went out to atten' a leetle banquet at de house of a naybur," began Brother Gardner as the dust settled down. "Fings was movin' off as slick as a boy slidin' down a cellar door when ole Judge Spooner remarked dat it was an airly fall, Attorney-Gineral Blossom replied dat he'd seen a good many airlier falls dan dis. A dispute sot in den an' dar; an' afore it ended seberal guests had dar' heads punched an' de festivities war' broken up. It all cum from two men disputin ober suthin' of no consequence, an' suthin' boaf, war' ignorant about. You will notice dat de less some men know about fings de more sot dey will be in argyment. Dey seem to imagine dat loud talk an' obstinacy will kiver up want ob knowledge. De pusson who am ready to fight in defense ob his argyment feels de weakness ob his side. De pusson who sticks to a find bekase he said it was so am a bigot an' not worf mindin'. Argyments keep principles burnished up, but dar am a dividin' line between argyment an' abuse. See to it dat you dean' cross dis line. De man who can't argy an' not lose his temper am too weak minded to be convinced by argyment. De man who won't reason am a bigot. De man who can't be convinced am a fool an' shouldn't be meddled wid twice. We will now purceed arter de reg'lar programme."

PETITIONS.

There were sixteen petitions on the Secretary's desk, representing ten States and the Indian Territory. The most interesting came from New Orleans, and read as follows:

Gents,—I am known as the great Southern Mocking Bird. I imitate twenty-four species of birds, from the stately ostrich to the tiny canary. I warble. I carol. I twitter. I chitter. I break forth into sweet song. My business standing can be certified to here in the custom house. My moral standing will be guaranteed by the First African Baptist Church of this city. I believe I would be a valuable addition to your club, and I there fore forward my humble application.

Very truly,

Participate Jones, A. M.

Gen. Piebald Smith arose and said that he could vouch for the character of the applicant, having known him for the past ten years, and on his motion the rules were suspended and Mr. Jones was placed among the candidates for election.

OFF AGAIN.

The Committee on Harmony reported that the Concord School of Philosophy and the Chicago Chamber of Metaphysics were again by the ears, and had asked the assistance of the Lime-Kiln Club to settle their dispute. The Concorders held that nature could not make a mistake; the Chicago philosophers contended that she could be thrown off her balance. Neither would recede from the position taken and the club was appealed to.

"I wish de dispute had bin on de subject of beans or 'taters," observed the old man as he scratched the bald spot on his head. "Kin natur' be frowed off her balance? Dat's 'cordin' to how we look at it. If I've got my corn planted an' hung up de hoe an' 'long comes a week's rain, I pat de ole gal on de back. If my naybur war jist ready to plant, he gins de ole lady away in ferocious language an' kicks de dawg all ober de house. De Concord folkses should change dar' assertion to: Natur' cannot favor one without offendin' anoder. As to de second, Natur' has no pertickle track to trabble on; one day am' glorus an de nex' wet. She roars an' raves, an' she sings an' sighs, an' we have to take it as it comes. She has no balance, an' she can't be depended on. Darfore de Chicago folkses should give way on de original dispute an' sot up de claim dat Natur' am erratic. De club will den be in full sympathy wid 'em, fur we have seen 'leven sorts of weather heah in two days, an' purty short days, too."

NO USE.

Carniverous Mozart, a leading citizen of Cohoes, N. Y., forwarded a communication in which he stated that he was the inventor of a new method for fastening boot-straps, and he desired to pass over half his interest in the invention to the club, in case it would go in with him and secure a patent and work up a demand for the new style.

"De Sekretary will let him down softly, but at the same time inform him dat the club can't see any mony in it," replied Brother Gardner. "Fact is as we all know, straps am fastened to bute-legs merely for show. When it comes down to bizness de bizness man cut holes in de bute legs for his fingers, an' de butes have got to come on or the uppers give way."

DON'T BELIEVE IN IT.

Under date of Selma, Ala., Shadrach Shakeshin, a prominent colored man in that locality, informed the club that a strange and ancient darkey, calling himself the "New Healer," was passing about among his race and pretending to work miraculous cures by the laying on of hands, burning locks of their wool, burying their stockings, etc. His capital in trade was the statement that he had cured Col. Higham, of the Lime-Kiln Club of the habit of stuttering by giving him a powder to wear in his boots for a week.

"I b-b-b-rend d-dat as a f-f-f-alsehood!" exclaimed the Colonel from his seat down the hall.

"If he eber tried it on de Kernal he failed, n' failed bad," remarked the President. "De cull'd race better let sich ole pokes alone."

ANOTHER RELIC.

The janitor begged leave to state that he had received at the hall during the past week, at the hands of a prominent citizen of Toledo, the tomahawk worn by Tecumseh when that great chieftain went to grass to rise no more. He had started to take it home to put a handle in it and sharpen it up, but had lost it on the street. He was very sorry, he said, and was willing to buy the next gallon of kerosene out of his own funds.

The hall grew still as death as he ceased speaking. A long minute passed before Brother Gardner rose and said:

"De man who accepts a posishun of public trust an' confidence mus' suffer if he relaxes his vigilance. While we kin replace dis tomahawk wid forty or fifty odders car'd by de old Injun when he fell, we mus' not oberlook de fack dat our trusted offishul was lax in his dooty. I shall darfore fine him $400 an' costs!"

The janitor sank back in his chair, shaking in every limb and vividly realizing that his Christmas stocking would be as empty as space, and the triangle sounded to close the meeting. It is probable that an effort will be made by the friends of the victim to have the fine reduced at the next meeting, as he could not pay the sum as it stands a day under 142 years.

PARADOXES.

It is difficult to believe that the biography of Dr. Johnson was written by a gossiping, literary bore.

That Cowley, who boasts with so much gayety of the versatility of his passion amongst so many sweet hearts, wanted the confidence even to address one.

That the thoughtful, cast-iron essays of John Foster were originally written as love epistles to the lady who became his wife.

That Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor be helped himself.

That the ode to temperance, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was written by a journeyman printer under the inspiration of brandy.

That so many of the exquisite letters of Lady Montagu were destroyed by her mother who "did not approve that she should disgrace her family by adding to it literary honors."

That Luther, the greatest of reformers, and Baxter, the greatest of the Puritans, and Wesley, the greatest religious leader of his century, believed in witchcraft.

That Schiller wrote his William Tell without ever having seen the glories of Lake Lucerne.

That Scott never saw "Fair Melrose" by moonlight. (The truth was, Scott would not go there for fear of bogies.)

That Napoleon, with a million armed men under his command, sat down in rage and affright to order Fouche to send a little woman over the frontiers, lest she should say something about him to be laughed at in the drawing-rooms of Paris.

That Lafontaine who, in his fables, makes animals, trees and stones talk, "was in his conversation proverbially dull and stupid."

That Socrates learned music and Plutarch Latin after they were 70 years old.

That Baxter, the author of one hundred and sixty-eight works upon theology, wrote at the end of his life: "I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, and I find that few are so bad as malicious enemies or censorious professors do imagine."

HANLAN'S SECRET.

Why do not some of our oarsmen learn to row like Hanlan? He is not a very big man, nor all over a powerful one, though he is exceptionally well developed, not only where an oarsman always wants it—in the loins—but where one who rows as he does absolutely must have it—namely, in the extensor muscles of the legs. For he does not kick his stretcher, or shove his feet against it with anything like a jerk, but he sets them against it and pushes with the heaviest and mightiest force he can possibly apply, much as a man pushes with his legs and feet upon the floor when he bestrides half a ton and lifts it—if he can. This supreme push, far more forceful than any sudden kick could be, throws every ounce of pressure against the fulcrum that he can possibly impose. Hence he gets more power into his work than any less effective pusher could get, and it rushes him forward accordingly. This is largely why thirty-six of his strokes send him faster than forty-one of Trickett's, and put him two good lengths to the fore before either is off the Crab Tree and while both are comparatively fresh. It is hard work, and accounts for Hanlan's many stops to rest. But it does the business. It looks about hopeless for a rower on the old method to try to cope with him. It really need not be so, for at least to the more intelligent among the rowing men it must seem astonishing that a man like Trickett, a professional, who has for years been champion of the world, has not sense and judgment enough to let such a rusher go on about his business, and, instead of trying, like a freshman, to catch him by crazy spurts at the start, so distribute his strength and wind as to carry him his fastest, whatever that may be, over the whole four miles and three furlongs not over a paltry half mile. For, as usual in Hanlan's races, the time over the whole course is slow, though marvelously fast for a little way—as long as is necessary. If on that dead flat water, and with the current as it was, Trickett and his friends had not thought before the fight he could have done the distance in less than twenty-five minutes they would probably never have let him leave Australia. And yet his little rival thrashes him hopelessly and makes a laughing stock of him in twenty six minutes and twelve seconds. There is a lesson for Oxford and Cambridge in all this. There is a lesson for Harvard and Yale in it, and for every oarsman or sculler, amateur or professional, who ever means to row a race. Let us see who will first learn it.—*New York Herald.*

FINISHING THE VERSES.

How a Brooklyn Exchange Editor Helped a Fair Poetess Out of a Difficulty, and How He was Rewarded.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart, if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. 'You will see that I couldn't get the last line of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

Help her! Though he had never read even a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile!

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes

> "How softly sweet the autumn air
> The dying woodland fills,
> And nature turns from restful care—'

"To anti-bilious pills!" added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are——"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is more like this:

> "The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
> Look tender, meek and sad,
> While from the valley comes the roar——

"Of the mateless liver pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes! Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

> "How sadly droops the dying day,
> As night springs from the glen,
> And moaning twilight seems to say——

"The old man's drunk again, wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have something original. Suppose we say; now just suppose we say: 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet rosy lips. "At least, I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? 'Deed it's new. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper. That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh! don't be afraid, that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his side. This is the fourth verse:

> "The merry milkmaid's somber song
> Re-echoes from the rocks,
> As silently she trips along——

"With holes in both her socks, by Jove?" cried the delighted exchange editor. You see——"

"Oh! no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

> As silently she trips along
> In autumn's yellow tracks."

Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme rocks? Not in the Brooklyn *Eagle* it don't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks,' you give the impression of some fellow heaving things at another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hands, rhymes with 'rocks,' and beautifies them while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

> And close behind the farmer's boy
> Trills forth his simple tunes,
> And slips beside the maiden coy—

"And splits his pantaloons; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless you heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute" and went out from him forever.

LOVE ON THE TRAPEZE.

Romantic Story of a Well Known Female Performer.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—A marriage occurred yesterday which has been the cause of much gossip for the past few days, the gentleman being Ernest Grunebaum, of Vienna, Austria, and the lady Leona Evaline Stuart, formerly known in western cities as Leona Dare, a trapeze performer. The story is, that Leona, when a girl at Charleston in this State, ran away with a circus and became a tight-rope performer, adopting the above name. Subsequently she married Frank Hall, a banjo player, but alleged that he deserted her and she sought her fortune in Europe. There she met Grunebaum, a wealthy young Austrian, who became infatuated with her. At Hamburg she met with an accident which caused her retirement from the trapeze. Grunebaum's suit was continued and she was married in England last spring, having learned that her previous husband, Hall, was dead. She then came to America. She spent the summer in Chicago, and also visited her old home in Charlestown, where she learned to her sorrow that Hall was not dead. She at once proceeded to get a divorce from him, which was granted on the 12th November. She then returned to Chicago, procured a license, and was re-married according to the laws of Illinois.

—A colossal statue representing "Italy" illuminating the world, after the manner of Bartholdy's "Liberty," intended for Bedloe's Island, is to be erected on the Janiculum Hill, at Rome.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST SNOW

"Oh! mamma! Is it snowing?"

"Yes, darling, it has just begun."

"Isn't it nice, mamma; you know I wanted to live to hear the sleigh-bells again."

"Hush, my child, mamma will not let you die. No, darling, you shall have many sleigh rides yet before you die."

"No, not many, mamma; if I could just have one it would be so nice."

It was last Tuesday and a little girl who had seen the snow come and go nine times lay dying in her humble home on St. Antonia street. Weeks and weeks the fever had burned within her and its fierce fire showed itself in the deep blue eyes and the lovely, innocent face. The mother, an ever constant watcher at the sufferer's pillow, had never given up hope, but the child with that knowledge which seems to come to all before death, knew she would never join her merry playmates over on the school ground. Day by day as the fever burned she had wished for the snow to come, and when the white flakes fell the other day the loving mother changed the child's position that she might, unwarned, catch the first glimpse of the fleecy snow. The child gazed out into the flurried air long and earnestly and then when the pain made her writhe, she turned an appealing look to the sad-faced mother and said:

"But, mamma, I don't believe I shall ever have another sleigh ride. Now promise me if this snow is on the ground when I die you'll have my coffin carried to the grave on a sleigh."

"Why, my sweet child, why do you make such a request? You shall not die—you will grow better to-morrow."

"But, mamma, promise me, will you? Please mamma, please."

"Yes, darling, yes."

"Oh, thank you, mamma—that's so nice. See, it is growing dark outside. Pull the bed nearer the window, mamma, so that I can see the street lamp. There, see—the—flakes—they glisten just—like—diamonds. It will be sleighing in the morning, mamma, and I shall hear the bells."

Like the snow flake that falls upon the warm earth, she melted away and no one knows whether she woke to hear the music and bells on that Morning we shall all one day open our eyes upon.

Yesterday passers-by turned to look at a small funeral procession, and wondered why the undertaker had put his hearse upon runners so early in the season.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND HER.

The other day several men were standing on the street corner, talking, when a handsomely dressed lady passed.

"You may not believe me," said a man named Spriggins, "but I have put my arm around that lady."

"You are a vile slanderer, sir," exclaimed young Mr. Paperage, and, drawing off, he struck Mr. Spriggins a heavy blow between the eyes. Both parties were instantly arrested, and when Mr. Spriggins requested that the lady be summoned, a policeman caught up with her and requested her presence in court, which had just convened in afternoon session.

"Judge," said Paperage, "while several acquaintances and myself were standing on the street talking, this lady passed. Then this man," pointing to Spriggins, "remarked that he had put his arm around her. The lady is nothing to me, Judge, but my mother was a lady, and my sisters ladies, and I have always made it a point to chastise a man who speaks ill of a lady."

"Mr. Spriggins," remarked the Judge, "did you say that you put your arm around the lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the gentleman did right in striking you. Ladies are not safe in Little Rock so long as such ruffians are allowed to insult them."

"Judge, allow the lady to speak," requested Spriggins.

"Certainly. You will please make your statement."

"I didn't hear the man when he said that he had put his arm around me, and as I had passed on I do not know what occurred."

"Excuse me for being blunt, but——but——"

"Do you mean to ask if the man ever put his arm around me?"

"Yes."

"Then, I must say he has."

For a few moments there was a deep silence, only disturbed by a boy who picked at the plastering with a horseshoe nail.

"What right had he to put his arm around you?" stammered the Judge.

"Because," answered the woman, "he is my husband."

When the court adjourned, the men took beer, and "the court adjourned."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

BULLDOZING A VOTER.

Old Uncle Mose, of Galveston, was not noticed near the polls on election day, consequently a colored striker was sent to hunt him up. He was found sitting by the fire, groaning dismally, in his cabin.

"Uncle Mose, has yer voted yit?" asked the colored rounder.

"No, chile, I wouldn't risk ketchin' cold in my lungses foah all de money in de world."

"Here's a dollar to pay for yer time."

The old man secured the subsidy, remarking: "Ef you is comin' de bulldoze on dis old niggah he weakens. Hev you fetched a kerridge for me."

"Hit's waiting at de doah, Uncle Mose."

"Is yer gwine to bring me back after I'se voted?"

"Bring you right back, Uncle Mose; hurry up, now."

"Gimme a dram foah I starts?"

"Here it is," said the emissary, producing a flask. "Take a pull."

He pulled and asked:

"Gwine to gimme annudder pull when I'se done voted?" and then he pulled again.

"Yes, take annudder pull right now. Don't be afeard ob it. Dar's plenty moah whar it come from."

So the old man pulled again and wanted to know:

"Hev yer got annudder dollar bill wid yer?"

"Look heah, ole man, you must 'low de campaign committee's made of money. Here's yer udder dollar. Now jump in. De polls is gwine ter close."

"Lor, chile, you makin' out you is a statesman, heah! heah! I'se been foolin' yer. I done voted de udder ticket only dis morning, heah! heah! heah!" and the old image settled down in front of the fire and nearly chuckled his head off.—*Galveston News.*

—Translations of Mill, Spencer, and Darwin are commen in Japan, where the "Origin of Species" has a large sale.

—It is estimated that 8,000 wild ducks were shot on the Susquehanna flats, near Harve de Grace, on the first day of the duck shooting. Judge Gildersleeve was conspicuous among the slayers.

The Ultramontanes in the Prussian Parliament intend to turn out in full force in the debates Saturday on the Jewish persecutions. The anti-Jewish party have been singularly unlucky in personal encounters. The Crown Prince has repeatedly disapproved of the disgraceful proceedings.

—Prize fighting in Rhode Island is dangerous to all concerned, because the authorities are in earnest in enforcing the law against it. When Mike Mullery and Jack Norton fought at Providence, a few days ago, hard gloves were worn, and the spectators—numbering twenty-five, and paying $10 each to make up the purse—were sworn never to disclose the particulars.

—The *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, says: "We urge the Land League to make war without quarter upon assassins and skulkers, not for the sake of their own character, which is not at stake with rational men, but for the interest of their agitation, which is. If the same *Gazette* which probably will offer a reward of £1,000 from the Crown for the apprehension of the Skibbereen murderers announced a reward of £1,000 from the Land League for the same object, the League would be using their money wisely and would promote the object for which it was subscribed. They have more to fear than the landlords from revolvers in the hands of madmen."

—Some of the preachers of Boston have spoken plainly against Sarah Bernhardt, and advised their congregations not to see her when she visited that city. The Rev. J. P. Bland, however, takes the other view of it, and gives the following peculiar reasons: "The fact is that all the people of an artistic nature, such as actors, painters, poets and musicians, have a strong tendency toward transgression, and are constantly vacillating between right and wrong. Take, for instance, Shakespeare, Burns, Moore, Titian, Turner, Mozart, and many of our great actors and singers during the last hundred years, from the elder Kean to the present time. All bear the same type of character. The question now comes, Shall we patronize these people who are sinners against the common law? What do these people stand for? If for teachers of morality, I say no; but because their lives have not been what they ought to be morally, shall we refuse to enjoy the good they protray? By no means."

BURIED IN A MINE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Was I ever down in a coal mine? Yes, once. I will tell you the story.

I had some friends living in the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania, and I was induced to pay them a visit.

While there I was asked if I would like to descend into one of the most famous mines and see how the hard, black fuel, which affords us such grateful sensations on a cold winter night, is procured from the bowels of the earth.

Now I have a strong natural desire to see everything new and strange; but then I am also very cautious, and do not care to put my life in peril merely to gratify my curiosity, so I hesitated and reflected a little before I answered:

"I should like to see the miners at work if it could be done without risk of life."

A pretty, bright, blue-eyed young lady who was present, and to whom I had taken a great fancy, burst out with a ringing laugh:

"Surely you are not afraid, Mr. Maples?" she exclaimed, with a mischievous twinkle of her blue eyes that did more to urge me on than all the arguments of all her relations could have done in a month, for no man likes to be thought a coward in the presence of beauty.

"I certainly would not like to be considered afraid, Miss Stuart, merely because I have a repelling sense of danger," I replied. "Surely you do not think it necessary for a man to be foolhardy in order to prove that he is not a poltroon? I believe every one is in some degree afraid when he sees danger, but some people are gifted with the faculty of seeing danger where others do not."

"And sometimes where it does not exist."

"It may be."

"And you possess that gift largely," she laughed.

"Nay, Miss Stuart, you hardly do me justice. I at least claim to be reasonable. In the case of mining coal, neither you nor any one else who is familiar with past occurrences in the mines can truthfully declare that there is not all the time danger down in those dark and awful depths, and that every one who descends thither, be it for a minute or a month, carries his life in his hands."

"Well, I at least am not afraid," she rejoined, somewhat boastingly; "and I at least have been down there as many times as I am years old."

"A matter of nineteen," I observed.

"Exactly nineteen," she smiled.

"Well, then, make it twenty, and I will accompany you," I said.

"Agreed," was her prompt response.

The instant she said this I experienced a strange sensation, like a presentment of evil, and I would gladly have had my promise unspoken. But it was too late for me to think of changing my declaration, even had the danger been a thousand times more apparent, for I am one of those stubbornly firm individuals who always live up to my given word, let the consequences be what they may; and so we prepared ourselves and went down into the mine—a party of four of us—two gentlemen besides myself and the lady I have mentioned.

The descent for the first two hundred feet was in a large bucket, lowered by a windlass; and I do not think that any one for the first time ever yet took that plunge into the awful abyss of darkness and mystery without an inward shrinking akin to horror, however careless and indifferent may have been his outward assumption.

One of our party, who was connected with the mines, and was to act as our guide on the present occasion, carried a Davy lamp fastened to his cap, and by this feeble light we could dimly see each other's faces and the black, damp walls which surrounded us, as down, down, ever down we kept sinking, deeper and deeper into the bowls of the black pit, well knowing that the slightest accident might land us suddenly on the shores of eternity.

The two gentlemen and myself looked grave, as became the place and the occasion; but pretty Sibyl Stuart was full of talk and animation, rattling on from one thing to another, never seeming to care for a reply, but apparently satisfied to hear the sound of her own voice. Was she really heedless of any possible danger, or was this light chatter done to cover serious fancies and misgivings? I could not believe the words came from a heart as light and free as they seemed to represent.

Reaching our first landing, we began our exploration through long dark galleries, where every here and there a heavy prop supported the rocky roof, with the thin layer of foundation supported in turn in the same manner, still below us, tier on tier, so that the yielding of any weak spot, far down in those awful depths, might precipitate thousands of square feet into one shapeless mass, and bury us forever from human sight.

Still, as there was no more danger, apparently, of this occurring now, than at any time within the past twenty years, there was no good of reason for my taking the subject into consideration, except that of my being still haunted by that presentment of evil, of which I have spoken.

Our guide led the way to some moving lights, which we could see sparkling in the profound darkness, and we soon found ourselves at the top of another shaft, where another descent of a hundred and fifty feet was made in a bucket; after which followed some rough climbing over rocks and fissures, with here and there a descent by ladders, which proved both precarious and tiresome, till, at last, we stood upon a ledge, from which, a hundred feet still below us, we beheld a hundred moving lights, and heard the peculiar sound of the miners at their daily toil of digging out and breaking the black lumps of coal that were intended to find their way to the bright world above.

"There they are," exclaimed our fair companion, vivaciously, "looking, with their red, bobbing lights and shadowy forms, like so many fiends of Pandemonium! Would you like to go down among them, Mr. Maples?"

"If you are satisfied where you are, Miss Stuart, I will venture to say I have seen enough," was my reply, with a kind of shudder.

"Oh, for that matter, I am willing to let you have your own way now," she rejoined, with a light, careless laugh. "You have braved the danger so far like a gallant soldier, and are now entitled to your discharge."

"I see that, in your thoughtless way, you are still disposed to make sport of my natural caution," I replied, a little severely; "but I would very much like you to comprehend that reasonable caution is not cowardice, nor in any degree allied to it; and, to prove it in my own person, I now throw down the gage to dare anything that either you, or any ambitious friend of yours, may have the courage to try."

Even in the dim light I could see that my sharp words had sent a deep color into her pretty face; and, after a momentary hesitation, she faltered out:

"I crave your pardon, Mr. Maples, if my light, flippant remarks have wounded your feelings."

"All s already forgotten," I cordially replied, extending my hand, which was accepted in token of amity.

An exclamation from one of our two companions at this moment drew our attention to him. He was looking down at the miners through a field-glass, and his words were:

"Ha! what culpable imprudence! One of the miners has struck a match to light his pipe!"

"Which one?" demanded his companion in a quick, excited tone. "Show me the man, and I will have him discharged forthwith!"

Just as he spoke, and while he was in the act of reaching out his hand for the glass, a blinding sheet of flame was seen to envelop all below; a rush of foul, heated air threw us down upon the rocks; and a crashing explosion, like a thousand thunders, completely stunned us, and shook down the rocks around us like a terrible earthquake.

When I came to my senses, all in the blackness of that rayless abyss, I heard a low, wailing moan of terror and despair, accompanied with the words:

"Oh, my God! my God! what has happened, and where am I?"

It was the plaintive voice of Sibyl Stuart, and I was grateful to God that she was still alive.

I knew where we were, and what awful thing had happened, for my recollection came with my consciousness.

Reaching out my hand I touched her, and, in a soothing tone, said:

"There has been a terrible explosion, Miss Sibyl, and I fear that many lives have been lost; but, thank God, we still survive, and I hope you have escaped injury."

"Oh, merciful Heaven, I comprehend all now!" she moaned. "Forgive me, dear friend! forgive me!"

"For what?"

"Making light of your forebodings and bringing you here to your doom."

"All is foregiven and forgotten, dear girl; I shall think of nothing now but how to get you out of this horror alive. The foul air here is almost suffocating. Where are our companions?"

She hurriedly called them by name, but received no reply.

I thought they might still be unconscious on the ground, and began to feel out for them

They were only a few feet from us when the explosion occured; but as I reached out for them now in the darkness, my hands came in contact with a huge rock on the very spot where they had been standing.

In a moment I comprehended the horrid truth; they had both been crushed to death under it.

I hurriedly made known to my fair companion the startling fact, and added:

"It may be that we two, of all within the mine, are the only ones that Providence has spared."

"Oh, Heaven!" she groaned; "spared, perhaps for a more terrible death! For how can we ever find our way through the awful darkness to the world above?"

"We will try, at all events, and while there is life there is hope," I rejoined in a cheerful tone, though with no cheerful feelings, for I thought the chances were all against our even seeing the light of heaven again.

Taking the hand of my fair companion, that we might not become separated in the awful darkness, I began to carefully grope in the direction which I supposed would retrace our steps.

The air was very foul with poisonous gases, and at times it seemed as if it would paralyze our lungs to inhale it.

We soon came to a broad chasm, and had I not been carefully feeling my way, inch by inch, so to speak, I should have plunged headlong into a death-pit, and dragged Miss Stuart down with me.

I could not tell the width of this fissure in the darkness, but evidently we could not cross it; for when I lay down on the edge and stretched forth my hands, I could not touch the other side.

"Alas! we are doomed to perish here, and it is all my wicked doing!" said the self-accusing girl, when I announced to her the reason that we could advance no farther in that direction.

"Nay, dear Miss Sibyl; I will not hear you blame yourself for our being here," I replied. "You simply did not see the danger in the same light that I did—or perhaps I should rather say that you did not see the danger at all."

"Only as we see danger when it lightens," she responded; "we know we may be struck, but we can scarcely be said to fear it. Oh, Mr. Maples, if there is any way by which you can save your life, do not give a thought to me, but make the effort alone, and I will pray for your success."

"Ah! now you do indeed wrong me, and wound my sensitive nature, by assuming in all seriousness that I am a coward!" said I, reproachfully.

"Oh, no! no! I meant not that," she protested. "It is only that, if there is one life to be saved, I would have it yours instead of mine."

"Oh, dear Miss Sibyl, dare I understand that you would save my life at the sacrifice of your own?"

"Yes," she faintly sighed, after a momentary pause.

I quickly drew back from the verge of the dread abyss, and there in that rayless darkness and that awful tomb of death, I caught her in my arms and pressed her to my heart.

"You love me then, Sibyl—dear, dearest Sibyl—you love me?" I exclaimed, as I passionately kissed her sweet, tremulous lips.

"Yes; here in the presence of death, I frankly confess that I love you, dear Henry!" she faintly murmured.

"Heaven bless you, darling!" I returned; "it makes me happy to hear these sweet words, even though death be near us both! What is death, darling, if we are loved by our beloved and know we shall die with our love? for death here is only life hereafter. But we will not die now, if any effort of our own can save us, and so let us work together for life!"

With this keeping a firm hold of the dear girl, I began to feel my way in another direction; and so we wandered about in the darkness, hour after hour, seeing nothing, and knowing nothing of our course, whether it were right or wrong.

I said all I could to cheer my sweet companion: but at length she began to despair; and I, to tell the truth, lost all hope of leaving our prison-pit alive.

If we could have known that we were going in the right direction, there would have been some little encouragement to persevere; but when we considered that the chances were equal of our getting still further away from the point we wished to reach, there seemed no reason for this exertion, and we sat down completely disheartened.

"Well, darling, it will be as God wills!" I sighed. "I have no other consolation to offer."

"And I am to be punished for my boastful presumption, in the suffering of one whose life is dearer to me than my own!"

"Oh, Sibyl, darling, you must not accuse yourself, for that tortures me!" cried I. "Our being here is one of those misfortunes which were to be. We have reached a point where the air seems less poisonous, and we may possibly exist here for days; and who knows what time may do, when there are so many anxious souls above who will not rest day nor night until they shall have explored the mine in search of the living and the dead?"

In that rayless darkness we could not make a note of time, nor tell whether it were day or night in the world above. We only knew that, after a long period, we began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst; that we gradually grew weaker; that we slept at times; and that at last we began to have strange sensations in our brains, and see dancing lights and phantoms, and wonder, in a vague sort of a way, whether we were tenants of this world or the other.

That is the last I remember till I found myself in a room, on a bed, weak as an infant, and numbers of anxious friends standing around me. Even then my first thought was of my dear companion, and my first words were an inquiry for her.

When assured that she was safe, I remember feeling as if I were in heaven, and at once fell off into a dreamless sleep.

I subsequently learned that we both had been found after a three days' search, in an unconscious state; and that, of all the parties as far down in the mine as ourselves, we were the only ones brought to the surface alive. One hundred and nine persons had perished in that awful explosion, and the whole village was in mourning.

I have only to add that my dear Sibyl and I both recovered, and in time regained our health, and that she is now my loving wife.

CLEVER COLLECTION.

How a Wentworth Farmer Paid a Note.

Constable Thomas Ingram, jr., of Aberfoyle, will be remembered as being the constable who had the exciting and dangerous chase after the Hills, the Black's Corners burglar. Mr. Ingram subsequently gave evidence in the case at the Police Court here. The other day a farmer living this side of Freelton was sufficiently impressed with Ingram's ingenuity and strategic ability. This farmer had made a note which he refused to meet when it became due. The holder of the note, which was payable to bearer, handed it to Ingram for collection. The constable was in no hurry about the collection, and patiently bided his time. A few days since the maker of the note arrived at Aberfoyle, on his way to Guelph, with a load of potatoes. He did not know that Ingram held his note. The constable bargained with the farmer for the potatoes, and purchased the load for a sum slightly above the face value of the note. The potatoes were duly delivered, and Mr. Farmer sought his pay, when the constable produced and tendered the note, and the small balance in cash. The farmer was excessively wroth, and refused that sort of *quid pro quo* point blank. He went to Guelph and consulted a lawyer, and the result of his interview was that he altered his mind, accepted the note in payment for the potatoes, and went home a trifle sulky, but thoroughly posted in a new wrinkle.

A SUPPOSED ELOPEMENT.

Quite a ripple of excitement has been caused in the city over a case of supposed elopement which it is alleged took place from this city on Sunday last. The man in the case is Capt. Sheldon, an old resident of the city, and captain of the schooner Manzanilla. This ancient mariner is well up in years, and for a long time has been in the employ of Capt. James Murray. All that is at present known of the case is that on Sunday last he hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable. He drove to the International Hotel, where a woman joined him. The two then drove off, heading towards the Suspension Bridge, and they are reported to have crossed the river, sending the conveyance back to the city. Nothing has been heard of the parties since. Capt. Sheldon leaves behind him a wife and three young children, to whom he has always apparently been most devoted. His wife is left in a bad way. She is said to be entirely without means of subsistence, with rent amounting to $50 overdue on the dwelling. On Saturday last Sheldon is said to have drawn all his pay from Mr. Murray. If the case is as reported it is a very heartless affair—*St. Catharines Journal.*

—There are 170 pupils attending the evening classes of the School of Art and Design of Montreal. The classes are free.

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Table tops, Mantel pieces, Fire Grates, window and door sills, etc.

Stand—Opposite town hall, Mill street, Listowel.

W. M. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto. Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Bean & Gee's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas. 15

PROCTOR & GALL, ARCHITECTS and Superintendents. Plans and elevations of public and private buildings drawn architecturally and practically, with specifications in detail. Offices—Wingham and Listowel. Ont.
J. C. PROCTOR, Wingham.
WM. GALL, Listowel.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. D. CAMPBELL, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at STANDARD Office will receive prompt attention. 2-13

THOS. E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at Climie, Hay & Co.'s store, or at the STANDARD Office, promptly attended to. Money to loan. 7y

R. L. ALEXANDER, NEWRY, Ont. Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Conveyancer, &c. Mortgages, deeds, &c., drawn up at lowest rates. Money to loan on farm property at lowest rates. Complete arrangements for sales can be made either at Newry or at the STANDARD Office, Listowel. 40

THOS. FULLARTON, NEWRY, Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE Warden will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, Stratford. 38

DOMINION HOTEL, WALLACE street, Listowel, F. W. Meckes, proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc. Prime lager a specialty.

W. J. FERGUSON, B.A., ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Campbell's Block, Main street, Listowel. Money to lend on farm security at low rates.

MISSES TRIMBLE, DRESS and Mantle Makers. Rooms, over Bean & Gee's store, Main st., Listowel. Latest fashions. Terms reasonable. Ladies attention invited.

RED CROSS TEMPLE Royal Black Preceptory, Royal Black Knights of Ireland, encamped at Listowel. Regular night of meeting last Friday in each month.
DR. J. A. BURGESS
Registrar

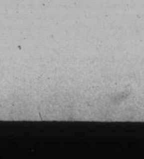
LISTOWEL MARBLE WORKS

A. M. MORROW

Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

Granite Monuments Imported and Finished to Order.

English and American Grave Stones, Mantel Pieces, Table Tops, Counter Tops, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop—Opposite the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, Ont.
31 A. M. MORROW.



L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Reglan street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS, Master