

POETRY.

TIED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of "That Fair Face," "She Knows Best," etc.

CHAPTER III.

It was the aunt's turn to laugh now,
and look amused.

"My poor child," she said, "what do
you know about your father?"

"I shall have what you require;
you are so very extravagant."

"My dear friend," she remarked to
Denise's mother, "your niece seems to
have sprung into a woman all at once."

"There was method in her complaint
now—she wished to see what effect it
would have on her son; she was not at
all pleased to remark a glad light springing
into those expressive eyes of his."

"Do take my little cousin about the
grounds, Mr. Kerrison, she has never
been to Kingscote before. I shall owe
you my eternal gratitude if you amuse
her, she so revels in floral and sylvan
beauties."

and the marvellous Chief-Jesses they
had been collecting for centuries. Sir
Giles was a worthy descendant of a noble
race; he would not despise—the rather
added to the hooped-up treasures.

The gallery was extensive and well-
filled. It was no small office to be
certain to Denise, who lingered before
the smallest picture, asking pertinent
questions, begging for history of noble knight
and lovely dame. Sir Giles' heart was in
his employment. Never had he found
this girl he dubbed coquette, so engaging;

"Oh, how awful!" exclaimed Denise,
shivering and drawing closer to Sir Giles,
her golden head near his shoulder, she
clinging to his arm. "Were you ever in
a storm?" she asked, in an awful whisper,

"Another and another tale she craved,
so he went on from grave to gay, watching
the ruby lips, sometimes rippling
with smiles and dimples, then changing
to solemn awe, her breath panting, her
bosom heaving. He had no idea she
was so enthusiastic, even his mother had
not spoken of this similarity in their art
tastes."

"Let us look at the living picture now,"
she exclaimed playfully, drawing him
towards one of the windows. There was
a view of the grounds below, they thought
to see it filled with gay dresses, a joyous,
laughing crowd; it was deserted, not a
soul upon the lawn.

"Not much need to inquire the where-
fore, rain had begun to fall; as they
looked, a vivid flash of lightning flashed
before their eyes, almost blinding in its
brilliance, filling the whole gallery with
its electric light—Denise drew closer to
him, with a tiny scream, shading her
eyes beside his broad shoulder; when the
rumbling thunder had stopped rolling,
she said, childishly—

"Do you know, I fear—a chestnut tree
or so, all the rest nuts and undergrowth. It
was but an ordinary tree, the great King-
cote woods, Noreen so loved; yet as the
thunder crashed around him, and the
lightning forked the dismal sky, he shud-
dered at the aspect of the place.

He hurried on through the bracken,
thunder grinding still, the lightning play-
ing like fiery serpents o'er the pathway,
o'er the heavens.

"Noreen, Noreen, my love! Cannot you
hear me? Oh, my darling!"

It did not take him long to push the
door back and enter—to fly to a pile of
leaves at the other end, whereon lay a
graceful figure in white. He flung him-
self beside her, clasping his arms about
the lovely form, turning her marble face
to the light. The eyes were closed, the
hands limp, only a faint moaning came
over and anon from the pale lips.

"Speak to me, darling! Look at me,
Noreen!" he implored, straining her to
his breast, striving to call back the life
that seemed ebbing away. Just low
shuddering passed through the delicate
frame, a weary sigh issued from the
sweet mouth. He had pillowed the girl's
head on his broad chest; she lay in his
arms like a bird of prey.

"My love, my life!" he whispered
again; "my precious woodland lily!"

"Yes, I am sure I do not know when
she slipped from my side, but she man-
aged it in her own strange fashion. Noreen
is so fond of wandering."

"Thanks all the same, my man. Keep
my lady in the dark if you like, but I've
a fancy to search for my missing guest
myself."

"Through the sodden grounds rushed Sir
Giles, his handsome face pale with dread,
lifting the dragged robe bought from his
path, thrusting aside the heavy-folaged
branches. Rain came down in sheets of
water from the heavens, while over and
anon forked lightning ran along the
murky clouds, and distant thunder growled
menacingly.

"He set his teeth hard, looking from
right to left. One had thought he sought
a fairy amongst the dripping flowerets,
so minute was his inspection. There was
agony, deep, unutterable, in the man's
face; no thought of Denise was in his
heart now; each sense in his was for
Noreen. He remembered she had told him,
in her artless fashion—when he had by
chance encountered her, taking her for a
peasant maiden, the only things she
feared, were thunderstorms; that while they
lasted, she shook with terror, hiding her
eyes from the lightning in greatest fear;
that the noise of the rolling thunder
seemed to turn her to stone.

"Noreen! Noreen!" he cried, in bit-
terness of soul. "My little Noreen, where
are you?"

"Yes, she was his Noreen; now she was
in possible danger, he knew his own
heart. Denise had fascinated him, en-
thralled him for awhile, but he knew,
dazzle as she might, there was no ring of
the true metal in her character. This
little freak on the level, loved her
passionately, with all his soul and strength.

"Come to me, Noreen, my darling!"
he cried again, in impassioned tones.

"Oh! if I have lost you, what will become
of me? Noreen, Noreen! Cannot you
hear me?"

He had nothing to guide him but Lady
Decimer's words, and to them he could
not give entire credence. Mrs. Ardleigh
and she were for ever doing some polite
sprawling; openly meeting, visiting as
friends, but not much love lost be-
tween the two ladies.

Nevertheless, the faintest clue in a case
like this, was worth something. He
steered his course towards the copse, and
entered among the nut bushes. They
thrust their wet and slimy heads, knock-
ing him with ice-cold fingers, seeming to
urge him back, to warn him that that
haunt was not for him; a few tall elms
were above his head—a chestnut tree or
so, all the rest nuts and undergrowth. It
was but an ordinary tree, the great King-
cote woods, Noreen so loved; yet as the
thunder crashed around him, and the
lightning forked the dismal sky, he shud-
dered at the aspect of the place.

He hurried on through the bracken,
thunder grinding still, the lightning play-
ing like fiery serpents o'er the pathway,
o'er the heavens.

"Noreen, Noreen, my love! Cannot you
hear me? Oh, my darling!"

SEEKING A DIVORCE.

A divorce case was commenced at Hall-
fax, Monday, before Judge Graham. The
petitioner is Mrs. Bessie Agnes Lovitt,
wife of Dr. Jers. I. M. Lovitt of Yarmouth,
and daughter of the late Hon. W. B. Beveridge
of Andover, N. B. Dr. Lovitt is a
son of the late W. D. Lovitt, and inherited
a quarter of a million dollars. Lovitt was
married in Woodstock, N. B., in 1887.
Two children were the result of the
marriage. The wife alleges that the husband
has been in the habit of remaining out
late and drinking. She also alleges in
her petition that her husband became ac-
quainted with a woman who alienated
her husband's affections. Mrs. Lovitt al-
leges that when her last child was born,
and when she was greatly in need of
professional treatment, her husband refused
her a nurse and allowed the house woman
who was ignorant of such matters, to look
after her.

[Mrs. Lovitt was well known as Miss
Bessie Beveridge in Fredericton, some
years ago, when her father represented
Victoria County in the House of Assem-
bly.—HERALD.]

An absent-minded Southwark woman
went to bank the other day to have cashed
a check her husband sent her. She
endorsed it thus: "Your loving wife,
Mary Miller."

OVERWORKED STUDENT.

Students, and especially those of weak
constitution, run a terrible risk in "burning
the midnight oil." In their man-
agement of health is permanently undermined
in this manner. Nature exhausted by
overwork, and no pains taken to restore
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the most instructive and entertaining selection of news,
literary, political, financial, art, music and general
topics of the day and season.

Patrick McQuinn was brought up before
the justice in the morning, and when
asked his occupation by the clerk said he
was a sailor. "A sailor?" retorted the
judge. "I don't believe you were at sea
in your life." Well retorted the dis-
tinguished Irishman, "how does your
Honour think I came over from Oireland
—in a wagon?"

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is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

BETTER THAN ALARM CLOCKS.
Bright Boy—"You don't have to wake
up the girl any more, do you?"
It was but an ordinary tree, the great King-
cote woods, Noreen so loved; yet as the
thunder crashed around him, and the
lightning forked the dismal sky, he shud-
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