

Bachelor's Reverie on New Year's Eve.

Musty strap and rusty buckle, relic of a day gone by.
Ere my hair was tinged with silver, when my hopes
were soaring high.
New Year's Eve, I well remember! I was then but twenty-two—
She was beautiful, fair, and slender. She—but I alone
was true!
Pshaw! what nonsense I am talking, thirty years have
gone since then—
Love-sick boyish nonsense talking, I, who rank with
gray-haired men!
Still that musty, rusty buckle, and that musty, monied
strap.
Buckle up the musty memories of my mind, and now,
mayhap,
After all I'm not more foolish than the rest of bachelors
be—
Crabbed, crusty, churlish fellows, who've been filled
probably,
And who, though they scoff and sneer at woman's love
as much as I.
Love and cherish musty tokens of the times that have
gone by.
New Year's Eve, I well remember! brightly shone the
stars on high.
And the moon was sailing swiftly far athwart the twink-
ling sky.
On the bosom of the river, sitting, glancing to and fro,
From the dark overhanging shadows to the fire's bewil-
d'ring glow.
Went the skaters swiftly gliding, whirling wildly in their
glee.
While their shouting and their laughter sounded joyous,
light and free.
Twas no little city rink, enclosed with boards and cov-
ered o'er—
Far above the sky o'erarching, and afar the distant shore.
While the glancing frozen river circled miles the hills
among.
And its banks for miles re-echoed far and near the skater's
song.
Overhead the tow'ring branches of the snow-enshrouded
trees
Waved their long and leafless arms before the cradling of
the breeze.
That with gently cooling whisper, like the cooling of a
dove,
Seemed to whisper happy ending to the wooing of my
love.
That I loved, I know I told her, but my words I do not
know—
Thoughts and feelings rushing o'er me with resistless
overflow.
But I know she said she loved me, in response to my
appeal,
And our truth we plighted there for life through coming
woe or woe.
Putting on her skates that evening I had chanced to break
a strap.
And into my pocket then I placed the fruit of my mishap.
And forgetting when we parted, did not give it to her
then.
So, alas! I've kept it ever, for we never met again.
On the morrow she departed to her girlhood home afar:
Love's horizon then was darkened, when was gone its
radiant star.
Letters soon she sent unto me, vowing that to latest
breath
She would love and cherish me forever, ay, until her
death!
Ah! one evening came a letter with a darkly bordered
rim.
That I opened wild with terror, and with vision strained
and dim.
Dead! Yes, dead to me forever! dead not to the world
at large.
She had simply wed another, and was now another's
charge!
Well—but there the bells are striking one, two, three,
and up to twelve.
As the new old year's shelving, so will I my troubles
shelve.
With the dead year all my troubles I will banish from
my head.
Having stuck the strap into the fire, I'll travel off to bed.
C. E. JAKWAY.

Stayner, Ont.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GOLD AT INTEREST.

"Papa," said Primrose a few days after this, —they are very happy! Duke and his wife, I mean."

"Yes, my dear, yes," answered Dr. Maryland; "they ought to be."

"Well, papa, they are; and they are happy in the right way. Papa, I was up there to-day, and I saw Jane Best, that little dressmaker Arthur spoke about, who had got broken down with work; Hazel had invited her to come there and rest out, you know, and get well."

"Yes, my dear, I remember."

"Well, I saw her to-day, papa. I was there, and I went into her room. And I wish you could have seen her! Such a bright cheerful room, open to the garden; which to be sure is all bare now, but there is the look-out, and a good piece of blue sky above the tree tops;—and it was as prettily furnished as any lady need have; and a bunch of splendid greenhouse flowers stood on the table by her. She was sitting in an easy chair, taking royal comfort. I could see. And while I was there her dinner was brought in; a roast quail, papa, and tea in a dear little t-pot, and everything as nice and dainty as it could be. And she told me that the day before,—you know yesterday was so mild and pleasant, papa,—Hazel had taken her a long drive; with herself, papa, under her own fur robes, and had given her a blue gauze veil to save her eyes from the glare, because there is so much snow about yet. You ought to have seen Jane's face when she was telling me! She says she has got among angels."

"Whose doing was all that?" Prudentia asked.

"And then, oh papa, just think of it! for it is so unlike the way of the world;—two nights ago they had her to dine with them—with

themselves—and entertained her all the evening. They sang for her, and talked to her. Poor Jane said she thought she was in heaven already!"

Prim's eyes were full of bright tears, and Dr. Maryland's glistened.

"But that does not strike me as judicious," put in Mrs. Coles. "That is mixing up things very much. A sewing-woman to dine with them! That is Dame's doing, you may be sure. Hazel never would."

"They are not of two minds," said Prim; "and she likes this, for she told me about it, when I repeated to her what Jane had said to me. It is only one evening a week; but one evening a week they will entertain whoever is in the house. But their guest, Hazel says Duke says, gives them the right. Papa, they are very happy!"

"Ay!" said Dr. Maryland. "They will be happy; for it is written—'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.'"

So the gold of Chickaree had begun its work; and it one main channel of the fertilizing flow went through Mill Hollow, went—to use the old image of the brook on the mountain side, literally wherever they could. To the well and able, men or women, Rollo rarely ever gave anything but work, which he never refused. Every other, need met a ready hand and open ear at Chickaree. Let no one imagine that the heads of that house led an easy life; to most wisely the demands that came, to sift the false from the true, to apportion the help to the needy, called for all their best strength incessantly in exercise. Being stewards of so much, less than all their time would not suffice to use it wisely. For let it be remembered, they had not allotted a part to philanthropy and a part to themselves; but had given the whole to God. They were hard workers; and it at evening Rollo threw off work and would have nothing but play, that was needful too.

And did Hazel spend all her income wisely? Not always perhaps, at first; that could hardly be expected. It is not easy for even experienced hands to escape a deception now and then. But slowly, surely, she made progress; chiefly by two things. First, an eager desire to be a good steward with the power put in her hands, which just guided and warned and stimulated too the also eager desire to help everybody. Then Wych Hazel "prayed her way," and took counsel. And by dint of loving all people and feeling for all need, the way generally opened out. One thing was soon decided, she would put her finger in every good work; everywhere her hand touched and left its token. But then went the nameless rills and drops of refreshment to hidden spots and places of need known to nobody else. Poor students fitted out and paid through college; poor invalids served with the best of medical care. Overworked ministers sent on a pleasure trip, wife and all. A nice dress here, a barrel of flour there, a wonderful book somewhere else. Ice to the sick, boxes of tea to the needy. Then from her odds and ends storehouse she showered prettiness upon the lives that were dry and dusty with toil. Flowers to one, a flower dish to another—wherever she went she left a touch of light and colour. People did not bend to kiss her shadow—as of Florence Nightingale; they turned and shaded their eyes to catch the light. Not the sheen of mere wealth, dazzling the sight of their poverty; but the joy and brightness of truth and love, reflected down upon her, and from her to them.

If you would know, dear reader, part of the sequel to all the foregoing, you may, if you will take a walk some summer day through Mill Hollow. We will say it is ten years since Wych Hazel's marriage.

It is June, and y you may smell the roses as soon as you get to the entrance of the valley. Wych Hazel's dream has been realized. The valley is a garden of roses. They climb the walls of the cottages, they cluster on the palings, they stand by the way side. They are set in a ground of smoothest green; for the turf everywhere is perfectly cared for as if the valley were a park; smooth and rich and luxuriant, it carpets the whole valley, except only where the footpaths run and where the houses and gardens stand. The houses nowhere stand close together; there is plenty of garden room; and maples and oaks and American elms especially shade the valley deliciously. In another ten years they will be very fine.

The place is as full of business as of roses, and as full of prosperity as of either. You see that at every step. Not a house but is in perfect repair and in perfect condition; the low white paling fences glitter in their purity; the windows are bright and clear. And meet whom you will, man, woman or child, no rags or penury or squalor will offend you; but the look is of respectable comfort and real and hopeful life.

And why not? See that substantial stone building a little way up the slope of the valley side; that is the library. There are reading rooms, for evening use, and well used by the hands. They have a variety of papers and magazines and maps; and the stock of books and pictures is large and excellent. Adjoining is the coffee room, where refreshments of a simple kind are always to be had. There is a reading room for the women and one for the men; large, lofty, airy, well lighted, beautiful rooms, with every comfort of tables and chairs and desks, for writing and reading.

On the other side of the valley, nearly opposite, is another large and slightly edifice. It is the store. Everything the villagers need is

to be had there, at little over wholesale prices; it costs the owner nothing, it saves the people a vast deal. Nobody can purchase goods there except the hands and employees of Mill Hollow. There is no place for the sale of liquor in all the village.

You see the two churches; one would not accommodate the population. For Mr. Rollo has not ruined himself; on the contrary his business has grown and spread and increased. He is a richer man to-day than ten years before. That is, his income is larger; his reserve capital never will be. Let us go out of the valley by one of those gentle and well-trodden ways.

Over the brow of the ridge—and there stretches before you a wide landscape of cultivated park ground. It is a park, of many acres, for the pleasure-taking of the hands of the Hollow. What is not here! Groves and lawns, walks and seats under the trees; prepared places for cricket and base ball and gymnastic exercises; swings for the children. Flowers are cultivated here in profusion, of rare as well as common kinds; and they are in abundance enough to be on hand whenever floral decorations are wanted for a wedding or a funeral in the cottages, or a festival in church or school-house. For there are festivals every now and then, besides the three national ones. The park has great plantations of fruit trees also; the fruit free to all, from the time it is officially declared to be ripe. And I assure you, it is very little disturbed before such an announcement. The park is under an excellent police, and nothing but the most perfect order prevails.

On the further edge of the park, if you go so far, you will see a low elegant building of grey stone, with many costly little windows and doors. It is the home for the disabled and superannuated old people. No herding in one common community of togetherness; each small apartment or establishment is perfect in its way, with its own entrance, and its own little kitchen and sleeping room. There are people appointed to look after the comfort of those who are finishing their days there, but nobody to interfere with it. Wych Hazel is there very often, and her pony chaise never stops before a door but to bring brightness within.

But down in the Hollow there are the schools yet to visit; they are the pleasantest school-rooms you ever saw. There is the bank. There are the public baths. And I know not what beside. The schools are provided with means and teachers for the art instruction of those who show capability for art proficiency; and designers and mechanics for Rollo's work are growing up under Rollo's eyes. And nobody enters work at his mills but wants to stay with him; and nobody ever wishes, in all the Hollow, I think, to do anything but what the master wishes; for they all know he does not live to himself.

A visitor came to the Hollow however, about the time I speak of, who was not ready to take the testimony of his eyes, nor yet of his ears, and he had both. It was an old gentleman who had left the railway station a few miles from Croens, and depositing his baggage at the village inn desired to be driven on to the famous manufacturing establishment in the neighbourhood. He was an elderly man, but vigorous yet, of the sort of frame both of mind and body which holds out a tough resistance to life's wear and tear. That such he had seen, his somewhat set face, overhanging brows, and keen, unrestful eyes, bore witness. The brows were particularly drawn together to-day, and the eyes critical, almost suspicious, in their glance.

It happened, as the old gentleman walked slowly up the Hollow, for he had stopped the carriage at the entrance, that he fell in with Dr. Arthur. It was a very frequent thing to see visitors in Mill Hollow, strangers from all other parts of the country and often foreigners from abroad; and Dr. Arthur would have gone his ways with a courteous salutation, but that in the instant of making it his eye caught some indication which obliged him to look a second time; and after that second look Dr. Arthur joined himself to the stranger and offered to be his guide and attendant. Slowly, and very tactfully on the visitor's part, the various objects and places of interest were gone over; Dr. Arthur explaining and enlarging upon everything that seemed needful, but left very much in ignorance all the while as to the impression made upon his companion. At last, when they had reviewed the park and were sitting down to rest and to look, on one of the many places provided with seats, the old gentleman began to come out. They had passed a great many cherry trees, hanging full of their just ripe fruit; roses were all around them, as well as a multitude of other flowers both old-fashioned and homely and rare; the grounds were perfectly kept; the air was full of perfume. In the midst of all this, the old gentleman began. "This is all very fine, sir. Do you think the owner holds his own in the matter of money?" for after all, that is the test.

Dr. Arthur smiled. "One can hardly say of such a man that he has grown 'rich,'" he said, "but Rollo's income increases with every year."

"Doesn't give it, or fling it, all away then?"

"All the increases he gives away. He does not 'hoop up' riches, not knowing who shall gather them."

"Hem!—Has he nobody to come after him?"

"I am told he has children. I should think this arrangement," indicating the park and the roses by a vicious movement of his stick,— "would be very open to abuse."

"Yet you can see that it is not abused. This is the pleasure-ground of the workers, where

they rest, and keep well, and get well. Where they learn to forget drinking saloons, and to do without low excitements. We have a fine band of music here every evening in summer, which is a great attraction. The park is kept in order, as you see; the work is given by preference to mill people—too old or too young for the steady mill labour. And any child may have his own plot of flowers, if he will give it good care. If you enjoy such things, sir," the young man went on with a glance at his companion, "it will be worth your while to come here next week to the mill fruit and flower show, and see Mrs. Rollo give out the prizes."

"Does she come here often?" the old gentleman asked in a stifled kind of voice.

"I might say daily. Of all that look after the comfort of those poor worn-out people over there, Mrs. Rollo is chief. An hour ago you would have found her pony chaise here. If you choose to step in, sir, you will find the fragrance her roses have left. They will talk of her—these poor old people—till she comes again. They will watch for her 'in the gates' till she enters there!"

"Hem!" said the discontented old man.

"Does she find time to do anything else?"

"Else?" the doctor repeated.

"Yes. These people who do so much abroad are apt to be cyphers at home, in my experience."

Dr. Arthur laughed a little over the word "cypher."

"Any one who had known Chickaree years ago," he said, "with its gay rush of surface pleasure, would find much to study in the full literary and artistic life that now fills the old place."

"Eh?" said the other in the same way, but pricking up his ears at the same time. "Literary? Then they do not go much into society, if I understand you?"

"They go—and they receive—both 'much,'" said the doctor; "yet both after an unusual fashion. Where they can confer a favour, or show a kindness, or get refreshment and help in their life-work, they go. And they receive—all people—for everybody goes there. Yet not to great entertainments; at Chickaree society is not finished off at wholesale. It is the dinner, or breakfast, or luncheon, to which rich friends and strangers are welcomed. If there comes one who has known 'the loss of all things,' the doctor paused a moment, with some thought he did not put into words;—"if one of the Lord's special guests comes," he ended abruptly, "then indeed he is received as such."

"Do I understand you, that they never give entertainments like other people?"

"Never—what are called by that name. Unless to people who are 'entertained' nowhere else," said the doctor with a tone of satisfaction which was every now and then perceptible in his talk. "Their 'feasts' are all 'Bible feasts,'—but their hospitality is boundless. And the *evening* at Chickaree is perfect."

"It remains nevertheless," said the other after a slight pause, and speaking with a certain concealed grumble in his voice, "that if they—or anybody—neglects the world, the world will neglect them. Concourse is not society, sir."

"Chickaree hospitality is not precisely neglect," said the doctor with some quickness. "I have yet to see the first person—gentleman, literary, fashionable—who was not glad of a chance to enjoy it. It is the house in all this region where you are sure to meet whoever is worth seeing."

"Well, sir, well," said the old gentleman, getting up and giving himself an uneasy shake, "perhaps I have something to learn."

If he had, he began upon his course of lessons that very evening, appearing at Chickaree for dinner. A few days after, Mr. Falkirk took possession of his old cottage again; and he has no purpose to forsake it any more.

THE END.

HUMOROUS.

AN editor says that, when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the gaoler "to give the prison a puff."

MARK TWAIN thinks nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a green cicurant. If it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as for fruit, it invariably dies happy.

AN old German song says the world is like a bottle of beer, with froth at the top, clear wholesome drink in the middle, and hard work, trouble, sorrow, and crime at the bottom.

SOME men never take a joke. There was an old doctor, who, when asked, "What is good for mosquitoes?" wrote back, "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?"

"Did you say I was the biggest liar you ever saw?" fiercely asked a ruffianly witness of the lawyer who was cross-examining him.—"Yes, I did," said the lawyer, nervously.—"Well, all I've got to say," returned the other, with suppressed passion, "is that you never saw my brother Jim."

"Isn't der brisener guilty or not guilty?" asked a beaming Teutonic justice the other day. "Not guilty, your honour," promptly responded the person addressed.—"Don't you want get out and go about your business, my friend, and stop your fooling round here with your blaying off," indignantly ordered the outraged arm of the law.

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