

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
With a brickbat and a stone,
Here's the buzzard you ever saw'd—
A mawin' a chicken bone!
Run like the mischief, Maud,
I am here with the beast alone.

Queen cook of the kitchen-garden of cook!
Come hither with poker and broom!
With scolding tongue and with frowning looks,
And struts about the sweep the room!
Come out old girl, from the cookery-books,
And pronounce the creature's doom.

There has fallen a heavy shoe
From the window into the yard;
Maud has a soft eye blue,
But the fling at a cat awfully hard,
And she throws a straight and true,
That his visage is generally marred.

The horse-rudish neighs—"She is near!"
But the only word she says is "late!"
And the cat is seized with foreboding fear,
And rushes toward the gate;
But the scallard Maud gets round in his rear,
And mauls him small as fish-bait!

THE MANIAC'S FREAK.

BY MISS D. P. H.

"By-by," Arthur came home as early as you can," and with a long, lingering look at the retreating figure of her husband, Cousin Fanny shut the door, and approached the fire, where our little Cousin Maud and myself were sitting. "How like lovers you and Arthur are, Fanny! It is really a novelty to see such a couple in this indifferent world," Maud observed languidly. "I never would think I was insane, if I should kiss him when he was only going to the club."

Fanny smiled, but there was a tinge of pride in her tones as she answered, "We are old-fashioned enough to love each other, Maud."

The fashionable little woman opened her eyes. "Is there such a thing as love? I thought it only lived in books, and was too frail for everyday wear."

"Unquestionably that is the case, where marriage is simply a bill of sale or stock-exchange; but love has made our romance a pleasant reality."

"Tell us something about it," Maud asked, with awakened interest.

"About what? You have seen a chapter of our every-day life."

"Oh, you know what I mean; tell me where you first met Arthur—something about this agreeable love-making," and Maud laughed.

"I am afraid, Irene, that such a recital would bore you," Fanny said, turning to me.

"By no means. I have heard that you had a spice of romance in the affair, but have never learned any of the particulars," I rejoined.

"Well, then, as I see Maud is in earnest, you shall hear something of the manner in which we were introduced to our present happy life."

"Times were hard with us after father died; our farm was small, you know, and as our family consisted of girls exclusively, mother, by dint of saving, could barely keep us together with any show of respectability. Such turning and changing from one to the other, such mending and piecing, I am sure was never surpassed, if it was ever equaled. I never threw away a bit of lace now, without thinking of the many times that I have darned for hours on a like bit, in the dear old days of the past. We used to say laughingly that all our lace was *apologie*."

"One evening we girls sat looking over the doleful picture, and I surprised them all by saying—"

"It is of no use to sit still and fold our hands over this affliction; I for one shall try to relieve the Little General (we used to call our heroic mother this) by ridding her of my presence."

"What will you do?" they asked, in surprise, for they knew I had no talent for sewing.

"I shall teach," I said firmly.

"A short silence followed, and then sister Ida said,

"If you really mean what you say, and would accept of such a position, you can find a situation in a public school by applying to Mr. Archer. He was asking me yesterday if I knew of any one who would accept of the situation. He said it was a small school, about eight miles from here, called 'Still Brook School.'"

"Just the thing," said I. "I will see Mr. Archer in the morning, and ask him to take me."

"The preliminaries were soon finished, and I was engaged to become the schoolmistress of 'Still Brook School.'"

"Everything was new at first, but after a week it was decided that my boarding place was to be changed. Mrs. Irving had consented to board me. Now, Mrs. Irving had the largest and the whitest house in the neighborhood, and the said house had the greenest of all green blinds. Mrs. Irving, too, had the prettiest flowers and the only iron fence in the neighborhood. How the people did congratulate me! She had never been known to take a boarder before, and it was really a great compliment to me."

"In spite of my self-possession—in spite of all my democratic independence of the trifles that make a position, I was awed by the stately appearance of Mrs. Irving's domain, and when her little snarling poodle caught ungraciously at my skirt, I felt a cold thrill steal over me. When I pulled the bell and glanced at the forbiddingly closed blinds, I really did wish that I had never thought of teaching. The door was opened presently, and Mrs. Irving welcomed me to my new home."

"I think I shall like to have you here," she said, "it has been so very lonely since my niece married and went away. My husband is absent so much that I feel indeed alone."

"There is, they say, 'a skeleton in every house,' but really I can't find any here," I said that night, as I sought my pillow.

"Her table was certainly worthy of the acceptance of a king, and all the furniture of the house was beautiful, enjoyable and cheerful."

"The next morning, as I came down to breakfast, Mrs. Irving introduced me to an old gentleman."

"You will find my Uncle Grey rather eccentric," she said, as she led me away to the farther part of the room; "but I am sure you will not notice it too closely. He was disappointed in marriage, and, consequently, women are not liked by him very well."

"As we seated ourselves at the table, I saw that he had once been a very Hercules in size and strength, and that even now he seemed possessed of wonderful physical powers. I knew not why, but I felt a strange dread of him, for there was something in his dark, piercing eyes, that spoke of the fire of insanity. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been insane. After that morning, however, he seemed to ignore my presence. He was a very quiet man, and as he seldom spoke to any one, and often remained in his own room for days at a time, I soon ceased to think of him."

"One morning, as I passed through the hall,

on my way to school, I heard Mrs. Irving's voice in the sitting-room. I was about to bid her 'good morning,' as was my usual custom, when I heard her exclaim—

"Oh, Arthur! you are the last man I expected to see to-day, and you know you are the best boy in the world to give me such a glad surprise."

"I waited to hear no more, for I knew by those words that Arthur Mariton, her nephew, had returned from Europe. Scholastic duties detained me until a late hour that day, and it was evening before I was introduced to Mr. Mariton. The hours seemed to glide away like moments as we listened to his experience in the Old World, and it was late before we retired. As I reached the landing at the head of the stairs, my light, by a draft of wind from some direction, was blown out. I gained my room in the dark; but just as I was about to enter a cold hand was pressed against mine, and a fierce whisper seemed to come from above—

"I dare to make him love you, and I will kill you!"

"The darkness was so intense that I could see nothing; but I burst open the door, entered,

and locked myself in my room. I was almost dead with fright, but I re-lighted my lamp as quickly as possible.

"What could it have been?" I questioned. I knew that I was the only inmate in that part of the house, and I tried to persuade myself that it was a dream. Still, the pressure on my hand seemed so real. All night long the terrible whisper rang in my ears, and I slept little.

"The next morning Mrs. Irving questioned me about my heavy eyes, asking if I were ill."

"Only a headache," I replied, and looked at her uncle. But Major Grey quietly sipped his coffee, as if he had not a regard for anything else in the world, and the more I thought of it, the more I reflected that I must have been deceived."

"Arthur and I soon became warm friends. I could see that Mrs. Irving was pleased. Every day she became more thoughtful of my wants, and I could not help wishing that my five months' school would last forever. But there was something in Major Grey's eye, as I found it fixed on mine, that I did not like; something so vindictive that it made me shudder. I saw him seldom, however, and as my thoughts were centred upon Arthur, I gave these glances but little heed."

"Weeks went by. Whenever Mr. Mariton and I were alone together, it always seemed to me as if I could feel a third presence, and often an indefinable sense of evil seemed hanging over me."

"I was detained at the school-house one afternoon until dusk, marking out my monthly report. The task was over at last, and I started on my way home, I was obliged to pass a woody section of country, but I knew it to be a quiet neighborhood, and therefore felt no fear. I was thinking of Mrs. Irving and Mr. Mariton, and wondering if they had returned from the neighboring town, when suddenly a dark form seemed to loom up before me. I felt myself clasped up in a pair of strong arms and borne swiftly away into the deep wood. Fear made the dumb for a moment, then a covering was placed over my mouth; my wrists were clasped by a vice-like grip, but still my captor hurried on. I knew that I was being carried deeper and deeper into an almost impenetrable woodland. I felt my breath coming fainter and fainter, until at length I was unconscious of everything around me. I was aroused by a violent shake, and an opening my eyes I saw the huge form of Major Grey bending over me. His eyes gleamed with an exultant fire, and he said, with a fiendish laugh, 'See your boudoir!'

"I glanced around me, and saw that I was in a sort of cave. It looked as if it had been of nature's forming, but I could see that the work of man had been recent. There was a rustic chair made of green boughs, a couch of the same rude construction, and on this was placed a small mattress and blankets."

"You don't even thank me," he said with a low laugh. "Do you know that I have made a carpet of moss for your delicate feet? I would not have taken so much pains for you, dolly

face, but I knew they liked you, and I remembered what was due to my guest."

"Why have you brought me here?" I faltered.

"Oh, you are innocent! Don't I know you want to take my Arthur's heart to pieces inch by inch, as she did mine, and then cast him off? But you won't, for I'll keep you here until you are dead. You women like to get us enmeshed. See what I have made for you!" and he threw over my head a rope net-work that bound me hand and foot. "How pretty you look in your cage! There, I will lay you on your couch!" And he arranged the blankets and took me in his detested arms once more and laid me down.

"How pretty you look!" he said, leaning over me; "I would kiss you good-night, but I don't kiss women," and with a shrill laugh he withdrew, taking the light with him."

"All that night I lay helplessly thinking of my hopeless fate. I felt something cold and slimy creep over my face, and I knew it must be something like a lizard. Then came a slow, wavy motion over the ropes, that chilled me with horror, I knew it was a snake. I gave one shrill scream, and tried to fling myself from the couch. The reptile was probably frightened,

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"Then he reproached himself for ever trusting the major to any other keeping than that of the asylum."

"If I could only release you," he said, 'I would not care for myself.'

"I did not tell him anything the major had said, for Arthur had never told me he loved me, and I could not, even in this dreadful position, tell him the words of my captor. His thoughts evidently were of some way to relieve me. He tried to break the rope that bound his hands by gnawing it in two with his teeth."

"It will take some time," he said, hopefully, 'but must yield at last. We are so far from any human habitation, and the opening of the cave is so concealed, that unless I can free myself there is little hope of relief for you. His sympathy was so tender for me that I felt the rigor of my confinement become more endurable. He would give me from time to time a glance in which was blended so much anguish for my suffering that it seemed as if his pain was even greater than my own."

"An hour or more passed in this manner, when we heard voices and footsteps hastily approaching."

"Again the huge form darkened the opening, and this time the maniac was accompanied by Mr. Blyn, a near neighbor of ours, a clergyman. Mr. Blyn was a man of slight form, one whom ill health prevented engaging in active duties, and he had therefore taken up his residence at Still Brook to recuperate his health."

"The light had blinded his eyes, so that he was unable to see anything in our prison-house."

"Where is Mr. Mariton?" This is a bad place for a wounded man. I can see nothing here. You said he was wounded in the region of the heart; let us hurry or it will be too late. We must get out of this."

"Not yet, my little man," and the maniac's laugh had a metallic ring. "My Arthur is wounded in the heart, but you can cure him, come along!" and he dragged Mr. Blyn toward the place of our helpless captivity. He quickly struck a light, and as the clergyman's gaze rested upon us he uttered an exclamation of horror."

"You see what I want," he cried, 'you must marry this couple!'

"Not if they are unwilling," said Mr. Blyn, firmly.

"Taking a revolver from his pocket, he said, 'Then you shall die!'

"Well," was the firm answer. "I do not think I have many months to live, anyway, and a little less does not frighten me."

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"Hold, Uncle Grey!" exclaimed Arthur, for the first time speaking; "wait a moment; I turning to me he said hastily."

"Will you not save Mr. Blyn's life? I have loved you ever since I first saw you. Can you love me well enough to marry me now?"

"Yes!" I said in a voice so low that he had to bend toward me to catch the whisper.

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"Exposure, from the damp vault, added to my fright, produced a dangerous fever, from which I did not recover till after a long period of suffering. Arthur was my constant watcher—and it was only through his tender care, added to the kindness of Mrs. Irving, that I was restored to health."

"In the meantime, Major Grey had become so hopelessly insane, that he had been carried to the asylum."

"We had been out walking one afternoon, and the exercise had given a tinge of color, for the first time, to my cheeks. Arthur quickly noted the favorable change, and drawing nearer to me, as we sat on a rustic seat in the garden, said,

"I shall want my little wife now—but I do not feel as if we were married yet; do you?"

"No," I replied.

"And seeing my quick rejoinder, and half frightened look, he laughed, and said:

"Don't be afraid of me, little one; you are so timid, that had it not been for the look of that maniac, I should have had some trouble in winning you. But the die is cast now, and I shall make you love me. Mrs. Irving planned that your people visit us to-morrow; and I have decided that we shall be married again—this time, in the good old English way. See, here is the ring!"

"I examined the massive gold circlet—and, as he replaced it in his pocket, he said,

"After the ring has been put on this little, fair finger, I think it will seem to you as if you were really my wife."

"Arthur took me to my city home, in a few days after—and for the first time I knew that he was wealthy. I had never given it a thought before. We had little time for courtship before marriage, and so we are lovers yet."

"But I must go and see if baby is all right, for there is no nurse like a mother, you know;" and, excusing herself, she left us to think of other story."

Maud sighed as she gazed into the glowing embers and said,

"Well, all are not expected to have everything they could wish, I suppose."

The largest thing about ladies' bonnets at present is the price.



THE FIRST BEAM OF MORNING.

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GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Chords. The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known. In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solution.

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