## POETRY.

THE OLD BACK STAIR. Of all the sports of childhood I know of none so rare

As sliding down the banisters back

I remember well the circus. And the fun it use to bring; While watching fearless riders A-dashing round the ring. But this jolly old attraction Could never near compare With sliding down the banisters

Then I recollect the barn loft. Chucked full of clover hav: Mother use to send us there

To pass a rainy day. But I often stole away from that. And while mother wasn't there, Be sliding down the banisters

back

I have grown into manhood now. And often wander home; The old folks always welcome me-They're glad to have me come; But while they're not looking I'm tempted, I declare, To slide down the banisters

-C. E. Edwards in Kansas City Journal.

## SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO: -OR THE-

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

YANINA. "Well, baron, said he, "here I am at last; some time has elapsed since our plans were formed, and they are not yet executed." Morcerf paused at these words, quietly waiting till the cloud should have dispersed which had gathered on the brow of Danglars, and which he attributed to his silence; but, on the contrary, to his great surprise, it grew darker and darker.

said Danglars; as if he was trying in vain

general's words. "Ah!" said Morcerf; I see you are a stickler for forms, my dear sir, and you would remind me that the ceremonial rites should not be omitted. I beg your pardon, but as I have but one son, and it is the first time I have ever thought of marrying him, I am still serving my apprenticeship, you know; come, I will reform." And Morcerf, with a forced smile, rose, and, making a bow to M. Danglars, said: "M. le Baron, I have the honor of asking of you the hand of Mlle. Eugenie Danglars for my son, Viscount

Albert de Morcerf." But Danglars, instead of receiving this address in the favorable manner in which Morcerf had expected, knit his brow, and without inviting the count, who was still standing, to take a seat, he said: "M. le Comte, it will be necessary to reflect before I give you an answer. There is no hurry. My daughter is only seventeer years old and your son twenty-one. Whilst we wait, time will be progressing, events will succeed each other; things which in the evening look dark and obscure, appear but too clearly in the light of morning, and sometimes the utterance of one word, or the lapse of a single day, will reveal the most cruel calumnies."

"Calumnies, did you say, sir?" cried Morcerf, turning livid with rage. "Does any one dare to slander me?" "M. le Comte, I told you that I con-

sidered it best to avoid all explanation.' "Enough, sir," said Morcerf, "we will speak no more on the subject." And clenching his gloves with passion, he left the apartment. Danglars remarked that during the whole conversation Morcerf had never once dared to ask if it was on his own account that Danglars recalled his word. That evening there was a long conference between several friends, and M Cavalcanti who had remained in the drawing room with the ladies, was the last one to leave the house of the banker. The next morning, directly he awoke, Danglars asked for the newspapers; they were brought to him; he laid aside two or three, and at last fixed on l' Impartial,

chief editor. He hastily tore off the cover, opened the journal with nervous precipitation, and stopped with a malicious smile at a paragraph headed "YANINA." "Very good!" observed Danglars, after having read the paragraph; here is a little article on Colonel Fernand, which, if I am not mistaken, would render the explanation which the Count de Morcerf required of me perfectly unnecessary." At the same moment, that is, at nine

o'clock in the morning, Albert de Morcerf, dressed in a black coat buttoned up to his chin, might have been seen walking with a quick and agitated step in the direction of Monte-Cristo's house in the Champs Elysees. As he was passing he thought he saw the count's horses standing at Gossett's shooting-gallery; he approached, and recognized the coachman. "Is M. le. Comte shooting in the gallery?" said Morcerf.

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman. Whilst he was speaking, Albert had heard the report of two or three pistol-shots. He entered, and on his way met the

"Excuse me, M. le Vicomte," said the lad: "but will you have the kindness to wait a moment?"

"What for, Philip?" asked Albert, who being a constant visitor there, did not understand this opposition to his entrance. "Because the person who is now in the gallery prefers being alone, and never practices in the presence of any one." who loads his pistol?"

"His servant." " A Nubian?"

"A negro." "Yes, and I am come to look for him; he is a friend of mine."

"Oh! that is quite another thing, then. I will go immediately and inform him of secret." your arrival.

And Philip, urged by his own curiosity, entered the gallery; a second afterwards, not going at all." Monte-Cristo appeared on the the threshhold. "I ask your pardon, my dear count," said Albert, "for following you than the first which you proposed." so; I alone am to blame for the indis- be my second?" cretion. "I am to fight to-day."

"What for?" "I am going to fight-"

"Yes, I understand that, but what is have been at your disposal, but the service ling of a dress announced the arrival of of milk, and their lambs will be in a posthe quarrel? People fight for all sorts of which you have just demanded of me is Valentine. She looked marvellously ition to grow and thrive.—Farmer's Adreasons, you know."

"Ah! Let us speak of nothing till we get home. Ali, bring me water." The

after shooting. and I will show you something droll." tance Albert thought it was a complete ten, "Ah! ah! said Albert, "I see you were preparing for a game of cards." "No," said the count, "I was making a

suit of cards." "How?" said Albert. "Those are really aces and twos which

you see, but my balls have made them into threes, fives, sevens, eights, nines, and tens." Albert approached. In fact, the bullets had actually pierced the cards in the exact places which the painted signs would otherwise have occupied, the ines and distances being as regularly kept as if they had been ruled with pencil. "Wonderful!" said Morcerf.

"What would you have, my dear viscount?" said Monte-Cristo, wiping his hands on the towel which Ali had brought him; I must occupy my leisure moments in some way or other. But come, I am waiting for you." Both then entered Monte-Cristo's brougham, which in the course of a few minutes deposited them safely at No. 30. Monte-Cristo took Albert into his study, and pointing to a seat, placed another for himself. "Now let us talk the matter over quietly," said the count. "With whom are you going to

"With Beauchamp." "What has he done to you?"

"There appeared in his journal last night-but wait, and read for yourself. And Albert handed over the paper to the count, who read as follows:

"A correspondent at Yanina informs us

"Well!" said Monte Cristo, "what do you see in that to annoy you?" "What do I see in it?" "Yes; what does it signify to you if the

astle of Yanina was given up to a French "It signifies to my father, the Count of

Morcerf, whose christian name is Fer-"Did your father serve Ali Pacha?" "Yes; that is to say, he fought for the independence of the Greeks, and

hence arises the calumny." "I do not desire to do otherwise." "Now, just tell me who the devil should ! know in France that the officer Fernand Yanina, which was taken as long ago as

"That just proves the blackness of the perfidy; they have allowed all this time o elapse, and then, all of a sudden, rake up events which have been forgotten, to furnish materials for a scandal, in order to arnish the lustre of our high position. I inherit my father's name, and I do not choose that the shadow of disgrace should darken it. I am going to Beauchamp, in whose journal this paragragh appears, and I shall insist upon his retracting the ssertion before two witnesses."

"Beauchamp will never retract." "Then he must fight." "No, he will not, for he will tell you. what is very true, that perhaps there were fifty officers in the Greek army

bearing the same name." "I am determined not to be content with anything short of an entire retrac-

"Which means, I suppose, that you reuse the service which I asked of you?" "You know my theory regarding duels:

I told you my opinion on that subject, if you remember, when we were at Rome.' "Nevertheless, my dear count, I found you this morning engaged in an occupation but little consistent with the notions you profess to entertain."

"Because, my dear fellow, you understand one must never be eccentric. If sary to study folly. I shall, perhaps, find honor.' myself one day called out by some hardbrained scamp, who has no more real will bring his witnesses or will insult me in some public place, and I suppose I am expected to kill him for all that."

"You admit you would fight, then? Well, if so, why do you object to my "I do not say that you ought not to

fight, I only say that a duel is a serious the paper of which Beauchamp was the without due reflection." "Did he reflect before he insulted my

father?"

"A son ought not to submit to such stain on his father's honor." "We live in times when there is much to which we must submit." "Well, I own it."

"Are you quite impervious to good ad-"Not when it comes from a friend." "And do you accord me that title?"

"Certainly I do." "Well, then, before going to Beauchamp with your witnesses, seek further infor-

"From whom?" "From Havdee."

"Why, what can be the use of mixing a woman up in the affair?—what can she

in the defeat of the vizier; or if by chance he had indeed the misfortune to-"I have already told you, my dear count, that I would not for one moment admit of such a supposition."

"She can declare to you for example

"You reject the means of information, "I do-most decidedly." "Not even before you, Philip? Then him alone. Because then the affair will only thirty-one, Barrois was sixty years cording to age of lambs. I believe that

"Then I will go alone."

"Go; but you would do better still by "That is impossible."

here, and I must first tell you that it was "But if, in spite of all my precautions, to our desires; but Barrois, who had long will admit; but about a month before not the fault of your servants that I did I am at last obliged to fight, will you not

"My dear viscount," said Monte-Cristo, gravely, "you must have seen before today that at all times and in all places I the door of the study, and soon the rust- ley. By so doing they will have plenty one out of my power."

"We will say no more about it, then. Morrel experienced such intense delight Good-bye, count." Morcerf took his hat in gazing on her that he felt that he

strewed about the room. your journal that I come to speak." "Indeed! what do you wish to say

"I desire that a statement contained in should be rectified, which implicates the honor of a member of my family." "What is it?" said Beauchamp, much surprised; "surely you must be mistaken."

"It is an article headed 'Yanina." "Is the officer alluded to a relation of yours, then?" demanded the journalist. "Yes," said Albert blushing. "Well, what do you wish me to do for

you?" said Beauchamp, mildly. "I am determined to have the announce ment of yesterday contradicted. You have known me long enough," continued Albert, biting his lips convulsively, for he saw that Beauchamp's anger was beginning to rise,-" you have been my friend, and therefore sufficiently intimate with me to be aware that I am likely to maintain my

esolution on this point. "If I have been your friend, Morcerf, your present manner of speaking would almost lead me to forget that I ever bore the title. But wait a moment, do not let us get angry, or at least not yet. You are irritated and vexed-tell me how this Fernand is related to you?"

"A correspondent at ranna informs us of a fact of which until now we had remained in ignorance. The castle which formed the protection of the town was given up to the Turks by a French officer named Fernand, in whom the Grand Vizier, Ali Tebelen, had reposed the greatest confidence."

"He is my father," said Albert, "Fernand Mondego, Count de Morcerf, an old soldier, who has fought in twenty battles and whose honorable scars they would denounce as badges of disgrace."

"Is it your father?" said Beauchamp: "He is my father," said Albert, "Fer-"Is it your father?" said Beauchamp

that is quite another thing. Then I can well understand your indignation, my dear Albert. I will reperuse;" and he read the paragraph for the third time, laying a stress on each word as he proeeded. "But the paper nowhere identifies this Fernand with your father." "No; but the connection will be seen

by others, and therefore I must have the article contradicted." At the words 'I must,' Beauchamp tenance, and then as gradually lowering "Oh, my dear viscount, do talk reason!" them, he remained thoughtful for a few | Morrel to come and claim me at my own Vicomte de Morcerf; I never allow them and the Count of Morcerf are one and the from my enemies, and therefore shall not same person? and who cares now about put up with them from my friends. You nsist on my contradicting the artice re-

> which, I assure you on my word of honor, I have not taken the slightest share?" "Yes, I insist on it!" said Albert, whose aind was beginning to get bewildered with the excitement of his feelings. "And if I refuse to retract, you wish to

lating to General Fernand, an article in

"Well!" said Beauchamp, "I know that a duel between us two would be a serious affair, because you are brave, and I am brave also. I do not therefore wish either to kill you, or to be killed myself to the purpose, too. Do you insist on this retraction so far as to kill me if I do not make it, although I affirm on my honor, that I was ignorant of the matter with which you charge me, and although I still declare that it is impossible for any one but you to recognize the Count de

Morcerf under the name of Fernand?" "I maintain my original resolution." "Very well, my dear sir; then I consent. But I require three week's preparation: at the end of that time I shall come and say to you, 'The assertion is false. and I retract it,' or 'The assertion is true,' when I shall immediately draw the sword | coveting a good draught of it." from its sheath, or the pistols from the

case whichever you please.' "Three weeks!" cried Albert; "they will pass as slowly as three centuries one's lot is cast among fools, it is neces- when I am all the time suffering dis-

"M. Albert de Morcerf." said Beau champ, rising in his turn, "to-day is the cause of quarrel with me than you have 29th of August: the 21st of September with Beauchamp; he may take me to will, therefore, be the conclusion of the task for some foolish trifle or other, he term agreed on, and till that time arrives -and it is the advice of a gentleman I am about to give you—till then we will refrain from growling and barking like two dogs chained within sight of each other." When he had concluded this speech, Beachamp bowed coldly to Albert, turned his back upon him, and retired to his printing office. Albert vented thing, and ought not to be undertaken his anger on a pile of newspapers, which he sent flying all over the room by switching them violently with his stick; after which ebullition he departed-not, however without walking several times to the door of the printing office, as if he had half a mind to enter it. Whilst Albert was lashing the front of his chariot in the same manner that he had done to the newspapers which were the innocent agents of his discomfiture, as he was crossing the barrier he perceived Morrel, who was walking with a quick step and a bright eye. He was passing the Chinese Baths, and appeared to have come from the direction of the Porte Saint-Martin, and to be going toward the Magdalen.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LEMONADE.

"Ah," said Morcerf, "there goes a happy

man!" And Albert was not mistaken in

Morrel was, indeed, very happy. M. Noirtier had just sent for him, and he was in such haste to know the reason of this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to CHAS. S. FEE, that your father had no hand whatever his doing so that he had not stopped to take a hack, placing infinitely more de- advt. pendence on his own two legs than on the four legs of a cab-horse. He had, therefore, set off at a furious rate from the Rue Meslay, and was hastening with rapid rest between you. If Beauchamp be dis- of age; Morrel was deeply in love, and an animal in good condition in the fall is posed to retract, you ought at least to Barrois was dying with heat and exertion. half wintered. give him the opportunity of doing it of These two men, thus opposed in age and As the sheep go into winter quarters, his own free will; the satisfaction to you interests, resembled two parts of a tri- see to it that the sheds are roomy and will be the same; if, on the contrary, he angle, presenting the extremes of separa- well ventilated. Have wide doors, as refuses to do so, it will then be quite time tion, yet nevertheless possessing their sheep are very apt to crowd and jam in enough to admit two strangers into your point of union. This point of union was narrow doorways. Do not let them run Noirtier, and it was he who had just sent in yard with other animals, and keep the for Morrel, with the request that he rams away from them, as they get rough should lose no time in coming to him—a with the ewes during the winter. command which Morrel obeyed to the Now, as to feeding in winter when the "Do so, then; it will be a wiser plan On arriving at the house, Morrel was not ewes will do nicely on oat straw, with even out of breath, for love lends wings hay once or twice a day, as circumstance constrained to use. The old servant in- cut fine and made damp, to which add a troduced Morrel by a private gate, closed little bran and chopped grain, oats or bar-

and left the room. He found his chariot | could almost have dispensed with the count turned up his sleeves, and passed at the door, and doing his utmost to re- conversation of her grandfather. But the who oddly enough came from Valognes into the little vestibule where the gentle- strain his anger, he drove at once to easy-chair of the old man was heard roll- in the department of the Manche, has just men were accustomed to wash their hands Beauchamp's house. Beauchamp was in ing along the floor, and he soon made his been found dead under rather peculiar his office. It was one of those gloomy, dusty-looking apartments, such as journal-knowledged by a look of supreme kind-knowledged by a look of supreme knowledged by a look of supreme kn ists offices have always been from time ness and benevolence the thanks which l'Abbaye. She had come to Paris (says a immemorial. The servant announced M. Morrel lavished on him for his timely Albert de Morcerf. Beauchamp repeated intervention on behalf of Valentine and of hard work had contrived to put by the name to himself, as though he could himself—an intervention which had saved scarcely believe that he had heard right, them from despair. Morrel then cast on suit, for he counted from the ace to the and then gave orders for him to be ad- the invalid an interrogative look as to the mitted. Albert entered. Beauchamp new favor which he designed to bestow uttered an exclamation of surprise on on him. Valentine was sitting at a little seeing his friend leap over and trample distance from them, timidly awaiting the rendered her a favorite with her neighunder foot all the newspapers which were moment when she should be obliged to bors. On Sunday morning she went out speak. Noirtier fixed his eyes on her. as usual apparently in the best of spirits, "Am I to say what you told me?" asked but on Monday, when hour after hour Valentine. Noirtier made a sign that she the most intense interest, "my grand- a New Testament and near it some cards, father, M. Noirtier, had a thousand things on one of which —" the nine of spades"—

> impatience," replied the young man; speak, I beg of you." Valentine cast rcoming Valentine.

lusar; in the first case I shall leave directly; and in the second, I shall await my majority, which will be completed in about ten months. Then I shall be free, I shall have an independent fortune. ments will be close to his. Now, M. de inent position as a mute witness of the

"And what?" demanded Morrel. "And with my grandfather's consent I shall fulfil the promise which I have made vou." Valentine pronounced these few last words in such a low tone, that nothing but Morrel's intense interest in Valentine, addressing Noirtier.

"Yes," looked the old man. Morrel can visit me in the presence of my good and worthy protector, if we still the differential line. feel that the union we contemplated will steadily raised his eyes to Albert's coun- be likely to insure our future comfort and happiness; in that case I shall expect M. moments. "Wait a moment—no threats hands. But, alas! I have heard it said desire grow cold in time of obscurity!" "Oh!" cried Morrel, almost tempted to

throw himself on his knees before Noir-

tier-and Valentine, and to adore them as

in my life to merit such unbounded happi-"Until that time," continued the girl n a calm and self-possessed tone of voice, we will conform to circumstances, and be guided by the wishes of our friends, so ight, do you?" said Beauchamp in a calm ong as those wishes do not tend finally to separate us: in one word, and I repeat

it, because it expresses all I wish to convey,-we will wait. Noirtier regarded the lovers with a look of eneffable tenderness, whilst Barrois, who had remained in the room privileged without a cause. Now, I am going to put to know everything that passed, smiled a question to you, and one very much on the youthful couple as he wiped the perspiration from his bald forehead. "How hot you look, my good Barrois," said Valentine

"Ah! I have been running very fast nademoiselle; but I must do M. Morrel the justice to say that he ran still faster." Noirtier directed their attention to a waiter, on which was placed a decanter containing lemonade and a glass. The decanter was nearly full, with the exception of a little, which had been already drunk by M. Noirtier.

"Come, Barrois," said the girl, "take some of this lemonade, I see you are

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ST. PAUL, MINN NOTES ON WINTERING SHEEP. is necessary to have them in good constrides in the direction of the Faubourg dition before coming into winter quar-"Then let me offer one more word of Saint-Honore. Morrel advanced with a ters; and to accomplish this, it is well to you when you go to Beauchamp; visit lowed him as he best might; Morrel was from the first to the last of September, ac-

letter, to the great discomfiture of Barrois, ground is covered with snow, thrifty forgotten what it was to love, was sorely lambing time they require better feed; fatigued by the expedition he had been say oat sheaves, carrots, turnips or hay beautiful in her deep mourning dress, and | vocate,

THE "NINE OF SPADES." An elderly woman named Valognes enough money to keep her in tolerable seventy-one winters the venerable dame was in the enjoyment of good health, and passed by and nothing was seen or heard of her, the concierge entered the apart-"M. Morrel," said Valentine to the ment and found her dead in her bed. On young man, who was regarding her with a table in the middle of the chamber lay to say, which he told me three days ago; a paper knife had been placed as if to and now he has sent for you, that I may draw special attention to it. Seals have repeat them to you; I will repeat them, been affixed by order of the juge de paix then; and since he has chosen me as his of the district and a searching investigainterpreter, I will be faithful to the trust, tion has been instituted into the cause of HARDWARE and will not alter a word of his inten- this sudden death. Meanwhile, however the neighbors have volunteered a very "Oh, I am listening with the greatest peculiar explanation, to the effect that Madame Valognes, who was a very superstitious person, had beguiled the time down her eyes; this was a good omen for during the evening with the cards found Morrel, for he knew that nothing but on the table, and in her endeavor to peer happiness could have the power of thus into the future through this means, had turned up the "nine of spades," which is "My grandfather intends leaving this supposed by those initiated in these myshouse," said she, and "Barrois is look teries to presage death! A prey to de ing out suitable apartments for him spair, at the fate which she believed to be in another. I shall not leave my grand-impending, she had then and there suffofather, that is understood. My apart- cated herself, placing the card in a prom-

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impressions would rate down As if there were no motes in sunbeams what she was saying could have enabled | Or comets among stars! Or cataracts in him to hear them. "Have I not ex- peaceful rivers! Because one remedy plained your wishes, grandpapa?" said professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets his patient die, are "Once under my grandfather's roof, M. all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate - to draw

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Fav-"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine. And here's the proof-Try one or both. If they don't help

two superior beings, "what have I done you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., and you get your money back again. Take something with me, remarked one laboring man to another, heading him toward a saloon. Take something from your wife and children, you mean, re-

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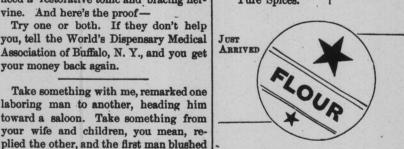
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A LL PERSONS having any claims against the Estate of the Hon. Richard Bellamy, deceased, late of the Parish of Southampton, York County N. B., are requested to present the same duly attested, to the undersigned Executors or to Havelock Coy, Barrister, Fredericton N. B., within three months from this date. All persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Dated the 7th day of Decemier, A. D. 1892.

GEURGE S. INGRAHAM JACOB ALLAN of Southampton, York Co., Executors

of Southampton, York Co., Executors
of the last will and Testament of
Richard Bellamy, deceased.

OTICE is hereby given that the professional co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name WILSON & WILSON, has this day been dissolved by mutual. GEORGE L. WILSON

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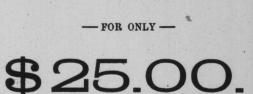
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