

THE NOR-WEST COURIER.

I.
Up, my dogs, merrily.
The morn' sun is shining.
Our path is uncertain.
And night's sombre certain
May drop on us, verily.
Ere time for reclining;
So, up without whining.
You rascals, instanter.
Come into your places
There, stretch out your traces
And off at a canter.

II.
Up, my dogs, cheerily.
The morn' sun is glowing.
Faster, still faster.
Come, follow your master;
O'er to-night we may weary.
Tired and dreadingly
Travel, not knowing
What moment disaster
May sweep in the storm blast.
And over each fern east
A shroud in its blowing.

III.
On, my dogs, steadily.
The keen winds are shifting
The snow flakes and drifting
Then straight in our faces;
Come, answer me readily.
Not wildly nor headily.
Plunging and fitting
Your feet—keep your paces.
For yet we shall weather
The "blizzard" together.
The evil our cases.

IV.
Sleep, my dogs, cosily.
Coiled near the fire
That higher and higher
Sheds its light cosily
Out o'er the snow and sky—
Sleep in the ruddy glow.
Letting Keewauwin blow
Fierce in its ire;
Rest, my dogs, soundly.
For to-morrow we roundly
Must buffet the lee.

Keewauwin. BARRY DENE.

TOO FAST A GOOD DEAL

An express train was tearing along. The only passenger thereby with whom we have to deal was a young man of two or three and twenty. A staid old countryman would have set him down for a "whipper-snapper"—a dandy, and a useless drone in the great hive of humanity. Really, he was a good-looking youth, shapely and well proportioned.

He opened a letter, and read—perhaps for the twentieth time. This was what was written, in a plain, precise, and methodical, though somewhat crabbed, hand—

"Mr. Ichabod D. Romney—sometimes called Frederic Augustus.

"Dear Sir,—

"I have to inform you that your uncle is dead. He died on Wednesday, of gout in the stomach. We have no telegraphic facility here at the present time, and I must send by post, which, I fear, will not give you information in season to allow you to be present at the funeral, which will take place on the 8th inst. But as you are one of the parties directly and most deeply interested in the distribution of effects, your presence at your earliest convenience is requested. Your uncle died intestate, but as you are one of the three only living heirs, there can be no serious question in the administration; and you may rest assured that an administrator has been appointed in whose good faith and strict integrity all reliance may be placed.

"The family are at the Hall, where you will find warm welcome, and ample accommodation. I think I shall myself have the pleasure of waiting upon you at the railway station, and driving you over to the old mansion. It has not altered much since you saw it last, though years have passed since that time. I expect you have grown to be quite a man.

"Very respectfully yours,
"ADAM BARWELL, Attorney."

A half-bitter, half-contemptuous, and fractionous oath broke from Augustus's lips as he crushed the paper in his hand.

"The old curmudgeon!—Grown to be quite a man!" Plague take him for an impudent dog. "Sometimes called Frederic Augustus!" He'll have the 'pleasure of meeting me!' That's old Barwell. I think I remember him. I'll make him sing small before I'm done with him. "One of the three only living heirs!" Zounds! it must be that Tom has turned up somewhere. Perhaps he's got home, and wasn't drowned after all. What in the world was the need of his coming back? Why couldn't he have staid under water? He don't say a word about Lizzie. I wonder if the old man left any word about our marriage. Oh, bother! What a nuisance! The old man died intestate, without wife, child, or child, and Lizzie and I are the only heirs—ah!—and Tom. He must have come back. Well, well, I suppose I must make the best of it, though I wish Tom could have stayed away. He would have been just as well off at the bottom of the ocean."

In past years there had been a family of three brothers and a sister. The brothers were Robert, and William, and Thomas, and the sister was Susan. Romney was the family name. Robert was the oldest, and never married. A bitter disappointment in his youth kept him single for life. He had been a keen and energetic man of business, going deeply into railroads and canals, from all of which he had gained a large fortune. William, the next brother, married, and died

young, leaving one child, a son, whom he named Ichabod Doodittle, after a very dear friend. That son was our hero of the railway train.

Susan had married the dear friend of her brothers, Ichabod Doodittle, by whom she had one child, a daughter, called Lizzie. Susan and her husband had died while Lizzie was but a prattling child, leaving her in the care of her uncle Robert, who came in time to love her with a love that absorbed the whole strength of his heart and soul. She was a dear, good girl, the light and the joy of his declining years.

The younger brother, Thomas, had been a wayward boy and youth, running away to sea in his boyhood, and following the ocean from that time. A few years previous to the period of which we write, word had reached his relatives that his ship had been cast away, and he drowned; and, from that time to the present, Frederic Augustus had not heard the report contradicted—unless, indeed, he might take that mention of a third heir as a contradiction.

Eight years previous to the opening of this story, the son of William Romney had received a very liberal offer from a relative of his mother, who was in mercantile business in London, and had gone thither, where he had been ever since, having never once cared to leave the city long enough to visit the friends in the far down country; so he had not seen his uncle Robert nor his cousin Lizzie since. The time had been when Robert Romney, with the desire of keeping his estate together in the family, had hoped that the son of William and the daughter of Susan might marry. In fact, he had once gone so far as to express his wishes to that end. But of late he had said less, and in his letters to his nephew had not alluded to the subject.

After a time Augustus smoothed out the letter, and put it back into his pocket, and went on with his meditations.

Just as the train's lower rim was touching the hill-tops the train came to a stop in a small village, and the porters cried out, "Romney Station!" And there Augustus got off. Near by was a vehicle, which might have once been the state carriage of Hamlet or Alexander the Great. It was certainly old enough, and, one would say, quaint enough. An old gentleman, in a snuff-coloured suit, of dark complexion, and coarse, heavy features, with a pair of big-bowed green spectacles upon his nose, and a long, heavy whip in his hand, approached the young gentleman from London.

"Is this Master—a—Frederic Augustus, I think—is it so?"

"My name, sir, is Frederic Augustus Romney. You, I presume, are Adam Barwell, the attorney?"

"At your service, sir," returned the old man, bowing very low.

"And I would like to ask if that ark is for me to ride in?" said Augustus, pointing to the carriage aforesaid.

"That, sir, is the chaise of your dear old uncle, and I thought you would like to ride in it. It will remind you of old times."

"Oh, bother old times! These new times suit me a good deal better. And you brought that lumbering old carcase on purpose to please me?"

"Yes, Augustus."

"Dear old soul! Your innocence is refreshing! I shouldn't like to be seen in that by anybody that knew me. However, here's for it. What can't be cured must be endured. Fetch it up, Barwell, and get my traps aboard."

The chaise was brought nearer, and the old man himself lifted the trunk of the young gentleman.

"Don't you find it rather heavy, old man?"

"Yes, sir; it is heavy for me."

"Why didn't you get help?"

"Help didn't offer, so I did without."

"Ho! if you mean that as a hit for me, you may understand, as well first as last, that I am not a mendicant."

The old man made no reply, and when all was ready Augustus took his seat, and the other got in by his side and took the reins. The mansion, usually called "Romney Hall," was four miles distant, and surrounded by beautiful scenery. After they had got under way, said Augustus, "And so my uncle is dead at last?"

"Yes, sir."

"How will he cut up, think you?"

"How—will he—what, sir?"

"How will he cut up? What is the probable figure? In short, what was old Bob Romney worth?"

"Upon my word, young man, you speak very feelingly of your poor old uncle."

"Oh, hah! don't preach. We understand all that. What's the use of mincing words? He's dead and gone, and there's the end—"

"No, no, young man; not the end, I hope—"

"Bother! I mean the end of the old fellow's worrying further use of his money."

The old man made no reply to this, and Augustus went on in a free-and-easy, rattling way. "Dye know, old man, that sometimes the best used to creep over me that Uncle Bob would make a will and leave me out in the cold. Egad! that would have been rough. I certainly wrote him the nicest letters I knew how to write, and I did get him him above a bit. But, I say, has Tom turned up? Wasn't he drowned as was reported?"

"No," answered the travelling companion, with a touch of soft and tender sadness.

"And he's come home, eh?"

"He came home—yes."

"Well, I don't know as I ought to find fault; but, really, I can't see the use. I'll take a big slice out of my pocket. How does Lizzie like it? Ah! and, by the way, what sort of a daisy is my cousin Lizzie? Is she handsome?"

"I think she is," answered the old man, struggling mightily to hold down feelings which were seeking to burst their way to an explosion.

"Is she gay and festive? Can she dance, and sing, and play the piano? And can she be content to allow a lover to bet on a race now and then, and to make himself jolly?"

"Your cousin Lizzie," said the old man, with a perceptible sternness of manner, "has been reared to a life of truth and virtue."

"Has she, though? Hallo! What's that?"

"That is the tall tower of your uncle's mansion."

Very shortly after that they arrived at the Hall, having driven through a broad and beautiful park, and stopped before a building almost regal in its architecture. They were met by a young lady as radiantly beautiful as an angel, and as seemingly pure and good.

"Ah, Lizzie, this is your cousin Ichabod—Augustus; and, Master Frederic Augustus, this is Lizzie Doodittle. You may show him in, Lizzie, and I will see to the horses."

"What an old guy that is, to be sure!" cried Augustus, after the old man had gone.

"Old what?" said Lizzie, in surprise.

"Old guy—an old bloke, I mean! A regular old nauty-fusty!"

"Of whom do you speak?" the girl asked, almost frightened, and certainly horrified.

"Why, of old Barwell, the lawyer."

"Barwell, the lawyer? Where is he?"

"Where is he? Why, wasn't that he that brought me from the station?"

"He?—the man who just left us?—who introduced you?"

"Yes."

"Mercy! how could you be so—"

She did not finish the sentence. A light broke over her beautiful face as the truth dawned upon her.

"That," she said, "is our dear uncle Robert—the best, the dearest, the noblest-hearted, and the grandest old soul that ever was!"

"Uncle—Robert?" gasped the young man, turning pale, and feeling suddenly faint and dizzy. "But—but they wrote me that Uncle Robert was dead."

"Did they write Uncle Robert?"

Augustus crossed his hand upon his brow, and reflected. And he remembered that Mr. Barwell had simply written his "uncle."

"Oh, no," cried Lizzie. "It was our uncle Thomas who died. Poor old Captain Tom! He came home terribly shattered, but we made him comfortable while he remained with us, though it was not to be for a great while. Oh, thank Heaven, no. Uncle, dear, good man! is hale and hearty yet; and I pray that he may long continue to us."

Poor Augustus staggered against the wall, and his cousin, frightened by his pallor and his struggling for breath, asked him what was the matter.

"Oh," he groaned, "I thought I was riding with old Barwell, the attorney, and that Uncle Robert was dead!"

Lizzie reached forth, and laid a hand upon her cousin's arm, and looked seriously into his face.

"Augustus," she said, with great depth of feeling, "you thought you were riding with Mr. Barwell, the old family lawyer, and that your uncle Robert was dead. Uncle wished to test you. His coming for you in place of the man whom you expected, was an experimental trip. You know how you showed yourself to him. I hope—"

But Frederic Augustus did not wait to hear more. He broke away into the garden, and Lizzie left him to come back at his pleasure. But he did not come back. On the following day a letter came to the Hall from him, informing his uncle that he was on his way back to London.

"You tried your experiment," he wrote, "and I came out at the little end. Thank Heaven, I can stand alone. I wish I could have known my sweet cousin before this thing happened, but it is too late now. Yet I will carry a remembrance of her while I live; and I pray that she may not think me utterly heartless."

The thing did not end, however, as such things generally end. Uncle Robert sent Mr. Barwell with five hundred pounds, which Uncle Tom had left for his nephew. Augustus was not a fool. The lesson he had received made a wonderful impression on him. He resolved that he would show his rich uncle that he could live and prosper without his help. In doing this he began to live a better life, which Uncle Robert very soon discovered; and feeling that he had served the light-headed youth a trick most severe, he was ready to make him an offer of love and friendship when he deemed it would be beneficial. But, after all, the memory of that sweet cousin was the saving power. And, strangely enough, partly on account of his real manly beauty, and partly from tender sympathy, she loved him from the first.

So the time came when Frederic Augustus went again to Romney Hall to leave it no more. The lapse of time, and the love of his sweet cousin, and the goodness of his dear uncle, had so far softened the old sting of shame and chagrin that he could, from the depths of his heart, bless the lesson derived in the old ark, for it had been the saving and the making of him.

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HUMOROUS.

"DOES top-dressing pay?" innocently inquires the *Utica Herald*. We think it does, just at this season, particularly if you are bald-headed.

THE *American Agriculturist* inquires "where does the dew come from?" Well, our collector finds that the heft of it comes from not exacting payment in advance.

A BIG load of school girls resembles a load of violets so much, that the sight makes a fellow feel that he would give ten dollars for the privilege of being a bumble bee. How gloriously he would bumble.

A MAN who can stand a great grief and conceal it, and hug it to his bosom, and go smiling round the world, can't conceal his emotion when a fly lights on his nose while the barber is scraping his throat.

"MARRIAGE," says a recent essayist, "has probably dealt the deathblow to quite as many honest friendships as debt." What have the ladies to say to this ungallant reflection?

A WITNESS, on being cross-examined lately, swore that he was in the habit of associating with every grade of society, "from lawyers up." The lawyer who "had him in hand" gasped out "That's all!" and sat down.

A BALTIMORE photographer advertises (to take "thirty-six beautiful pictures of yourself in four different positions, only twenty-five cents"). And yet there are families who spend their last cent for bread, and haven't a photograph in the house.

THE Marquis of Lorne was recently addressed thus by a youth of Illinois: "Esteemed Sir—Would you be so kind as to send me your autograph and the Princess Lorne, and I would like the signature of her mother if I could get it. Respectfully."

THE boy who thinks himself killed if asked to saw a stick of wood at home, will go over to Johnny Bragg's house, and not only saw all the wood he can lay hands on, but split it and pile it up in the bargain, and come home and tell what a "good time" he has had.

GENERALS of armies sometimes ride through a battle on a brindle mule; but the next century of painters makes the mule a pouncing white stallion with forty bomb-shells bursting under him, while the general sits aloft with their right arms athwart a cloudy sky.

A MINISTER went to dine at the house of one of his hearers whom he was in the habit of visiting. Dinner being placed on the table, the master of the house requested the minister to ask a blessing. It was a no easier done than a prattling boy, about 7 years old, asked the following appropriate question: "Papa, what is the reason we always have a blessing asked when Mr. — dines with us, and never at any other time?"

PHILOSOPHERS have written and poets have sung of the feelings of the man who can't stretch between his shoulder blades, but it is nothing in comparison with the despair of the person who gets a piece of chocolate taffy wedged into the end of his mouth, and realizes that he must either stand on his head and have it extracted with a derrier, or else bore a hole through the top of his skull and lift the dreadful compound through his roof.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAROL has signed an engagement for America to sing in opera. He will receive \$20,000 francs for six months.

IT is said, and it will be an extra attraction to the Surrey Theatre, that Garibaldi's daughter-in-law is playing in the pantomime.

M. VARNÉY, the musician who composed the celebrated chant, "Mourir pour le Patrie," for Alexander Dumas' historical drama, "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," has just died in Paris.

SIMS REEVES has a second son who is said to be a *tenor dramatico* of great promise. Joachim and Stendrale Bennett were his godfathers, and his full name is Herbert Stendrale Joachim Sims Reeves. A grave responsibility rests on a youth who starts in life with such a name.

A FAMOUS tenor once said:—"The voice is like a will—the more you take from it the less there is left." And Brignoli was told by Duprez, who was once his master, that it would be wise to sing in light opera as long as possible, adding that "force was the last resort."

THE Louisville News is responsible for this ambiguous paragraph: "Lotta Crabtree is the real name of the little actress who plays here this week. Her first appearance in Louisville was at the old Fuller Opera House in 1856. She was then seventeen years old. She is now about eighteen."

THE famous tenor, Father Giovanni, whose magnificent vocal powers have given so much pleasure to both foreign and native church goers in Rome during the last two or three years, has, after a serious illness, resumed his singing in the churches and draws larger crowds than ever. He refuses to listen to any proposition to go on the stage, though he is said to be the finest tenor Italy has produced in twenty years.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHEERINGTON, most finished of concert-singers, is about to take up her residence in Belgium, with her husband; but London will have the pleasure of hearing her sweet voice for a few months every year. M. Lemmens is founding a school at Matines for the study of Gregorian music, to which he has been composing harmonizing accompaniments. The scheme has been approved in Rome, and large numbers of the young clergy are to be instructed in the newly-arranged chant.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

It is valuable to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.