THE BOBOLINK

What bird is that with liquid notes, This May-day morn to cheer? Oh, on the air now sweetly floats A song we heard last year-A snatch of song repeated oft, My ears with pleasure drink, And as it falls both clear and soft, I know 'tis "Bob-o-link."

Oh, welcome back to meadows green, Ye bird, so blithely gay! Our joy like yours, is fresh and keen, And half your notes convey; A "rice bird," South, a song bird here! Your coat is black as ink. And feathers few of white appear,

They shoot you South, esteem you sweet, For there you never sing, When once you reach that far retreat, And fold your faded wing; But here you come with early flowers, And purpose kind we think-To fill with joy these May-day hours, Oh, happy "Bob-o-link!"

To make you "Bob-o-link."

The dandelions welcome you, The apple and the plum, While violets of white and blue All smile that you have come: And if they yield to daises bright. From buttercups do shrink, These touch thy heart with gay delight, Thou long-gone "Bob-o-link!"

In all the world no bird we see, Allied or closely kin; Changest oft like thieves who flee, Or men who run from sin; Three names thou hast and song so strange The mocking bird will shrink-Dares not provoke thy notes to range, Provoking "Bob-o-link!"

I laugh sometimes your pranks to see. You saucy songster near! Your notes are jumbled, wild and free, Like nothing else we hear; Your air grotesque, you are a flirt, "A catch," yourself you think, But soon, too soon you may desert, You heartless "Bob-o-link!"

At wedding-time you woo with song, And fairly burst your throat! You sing and sing, the whole day long, And glossy is your coat; But soon your dress is faded quite Your married song is "chink!" And never give your queen delight, Gh, naughty "Bob-o-link!"

Oh, how we love to hear thy song, Upfloat from meadows green, Or fields of flowers the roads along, Where thou art ever seen! Our hearts are light with notes you sing,

So airy free we think. They could not fail sweet thoughts to

Thou much loved "Bob-o-link!" SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR

By the author of 'The Gypsy's Revenge,' 'A Wome Scorned,' etc. CHAPTER X. CARL IN PRISON. CONTINUED.

"Poor soul! she has expiated her crime here, if misery and repentance can expiate; and it must not be forgotten that she had suffered grievous wrongs."

"Father, is there in all the world a which my poor girl avenged by that awful crime? And even then, she must have been mad; her wrongs must have turned her brain, otherwise it would have a struggling joy. been impossible for her to seek the life of a fellow-creature, least of all the man she had loved.

"You are right in that, my son. I am convinced that the poor creature was indeed driven beside herself; but she has you? I am Val." died penitent; may her soul rest in peace! I have been at the death-beds of far greater sinners, but of not one half so truly penitent as poor Ellen Darrell."

"Ellen! Darrell-not-not Zilloh! Merciful Heaven, I thank thee! Now-now I can die in peace, if it should be Thy

And then, to the astonishment of the priest, the poor prisoner weakened with ed to be near you—to watch over you alillness, and ill able to bear the excitement of these revelations, even though the last | Carl. revelation relieved his mind of a burden that had dragged him into the very arms of death, swooned quietly away.

In a private room at a Parisian hotel, Zilloh was sitting. She was alone, and last two weeks had held for her so much | told her his story. of pain and grief; had brought such

pursuit of Bruce. On that morning, when had been done, he would have no steps she had been missing from Olive Grove, taken to contradict the statement. she had simply risen early and gone for a long walk among the vine-clad hills, tak- heard no more, and of course, believed ing the child with her. Her mind and the report that had reached her of his heart were torn and anguished, and undeath. Val had not only recovered, but able to close her eyes in sleep, she had had become wonderfully better and dressed herself and the child in the early stronger after his illness. He was permorning, and obeyed that natural longing suaded to undergo an operation at the to get away somewhere where there hands of a clever London surgeon; and would be none near to witness her grief the result had been, that in spite of the in its first, wild, bitter moments. She had wandered further even than she had tendants, the spinal complaint from which intended, but had returned home in time he had so long suffered, had been entire for luncheon, and had Carl only waited ly removed. His lameness disappeared an hour longer, much of his misery might he could stand and walk upright with

For a fortnight she had remained at the villa, too wretched, and indeed, too

not understand. message he had sent into Zilloh, and his culty in disguising his voice to Zilloh.

business was one of life or death. With a fast-beating heart, Zilloh had ordered him to be admitted, and there had entered Father Hilarien, the priest who had visited Carl in his prison-cell. watch over you, and help you whenever and cornered him. It was a strange story he had come to trouble came, my darling, he whispered; tell, and Zilloh listened to it with pallid and she, realizing what a devoted, what cheeks and a heart torn with varying an undying love this had been, felt her band!" emotions. It was then she heard of the heart thrill with passionate regret that terrible death of Bruce—the man she had she should ever have despised it. The the place of honor, and I get a great deal literary, political, financial, art, music and general once loved, the man whom she had be- tears ran down her cheeks; mutely she of attention by it, dear?" lieved had been her husband, and then pressed her lips to his, mutely she clasped Father Hilarien went on to tell how, a his feeble hands—her heart was too full day or two ago, he had been summoned for words. to the bedside of a young woman who | "And now they tell me I am dying, was dying of brain fever, and how she that there is no hope. Zilloh! love! dearhad confessed to him that it was she who est! shall you miss me?" had shot Lord Bruce. She had said her | "Miss you! Ah, Val! I cannot live name was Ellen Darrel, and that two or without you now. My darling, you must three years ago Lord Bruce had gone not die! Oh, my darling, you must live

She had long suspected him of being faithless to her, but for a time he had appeased her with specious explanations that his devoted love would at last meet and promises and assurances of love. At with love's full reward, had acted upon regular habits of eating contract dyspepsia. last, however, she had lost all faith, and him like a life-giving elixir, dispelling Then try this remedy and that, without hearing that he was living in Spain, had weakness and disease, wooing back health paying the least attention to diet or regucome there from England in search of and strength. him. She found that he had hurriedly

confessed, there might have been a grave of her claim. miscarriage of justice, for suspicion fell on a Spaniard, who was found on the scene of the crime with the pistol in his hand, and he persisted in maintaining an obstinate silence, evidently in the hope of screening someone whom he suspected of

complicity in the crime." "Ah! was his name Carl?" exclaime Zilloh, starting up excitedly.

"Yes, madame. I am right in thinking he was your servant, am I not?" "He was my friend as well as my ser vant-the truest, the most faithful. His unaccountable absence has perplexed and distressed me beyond measure."

"Madame he would have sacrificed his very life for you," said the priest gravely. "It was because he feared to implicate you, that he has suffered himself to be falsely accused. He labored under a fearful mistake. It grieves me to have to tell you that this noble-hearted man is dying. I have come to beg of you to go to Paris to see him before he dies.

That was how it happened that Zilloh had come to Paris; and she was now awaiting Father Hillarien, who was to take her to the prison where Carl still lay, he being to ill to be removed. The father did not keep her long waiting, and in less than a quarter of an hour, they to his side. stood together within the corridor of the

"Does he know that I am here? Is he expecting me?" whispered Zilloh. you will stay outside for just one moment, | real happiness at last. I will go in first and tell him you are here. He is very weak - indeed, the nurse tells me he cannot live many hours." "My poor Carl!" murmured Zilloh, in low, grieved accents. "How good, how

faithful he has been to me." The priest entered Carl's room, and re turned in a few seconds, saying-"He wishes to see you quite alone a

first; do you mind?" "Mind! no; it is little indeed I can do to show my gratitude to him. Let me

The priest opened the door for her to pass through; then closed it behind her. She stood in the dark, narrow room, and advanced softly towards the bed on which Carl lay. She stooped down and gazed with tender pity upon the pallid face; then started back with a stifled cry, while wild thoughts and feelings passed like lightning through her heart and brain; for that pale, death-like face be fore her, though it still bore a resemb lance to her servant Carl, was the face of him whom she had loved - whom she had mourned as dead: he who had been her boy-lover-Valentine Grey!

She had come to visit the dying; butlo! it was one arisen from the dead that more base and cruel wrong than that lay before her. Well might she tremble in every limb, while her cheeks turned deathly white, and into her eyes came a great horror that was quite unmixed with Carl's voice-nay, Val's voice, a voice

> recalled her scattered senses. "Zilloh! - dear, dear Zilloh!" he breathed softly. "You know me, don't

"Oh, Val !-oh, my darling !-they told me vou were dead!" And then unable to control her emotion, she knelt down by the bed, threw her arms round his neck and broke into passionate weeping. "Yes dear, I know; and afterwards when I found out the mistake, I deemed it best not to undeceive you. Forgive me dearest: I did it all for the best. I want-

blind I must have been, not to know my own dear Val!" she cried, in bitter self-

"I had disguised myself too well," he murmured. And then in low, faint tones, her face looked very sad and weary. The and interrupted often by weakness, he

When that terrible fever had desolated strange and startling revelations; had in- Ingledon, he and his guardian had both deed seemed to so completely change the been attacked by it in its most malevotenor of her life, that there was no won- lent form. The Rector had died, and der the change should be reflected on her Val had been so near to death, that for hours the doctor had actually believed Carl had been wrong, utterly, fatally him dead. Under this belief, a notice of wrong, when he had assumed that his his death had been sent to the papers, dear young mistress had left her home in and when he recovered and heard what

> Zilloh, far away in her Spanish home, prognostications of his earlier medical at-

ease, and this accomplished, he had grown stronger with each succeeding day. Then at last, he had decided to go to ill to take any active steps, or even to re- Spain, in search of Zilloh; he loved her flect much upon her probable future. so devotedly, he so longed to be near her. The shock of the discovery of Bruce's And he determined to disguise himself, baseness hrd told cruelly upon her health in order to remain by her side, at hand and, although she refused to have a doc always to guide and advise, and helf, if tor, she lay day after day upon her couch, he could. The disguise had been cleverly white as a lily, sau silent and weary, effected, so cleverly that not even the seeming to have strength for nothing, eyes of love had ever once suspected it. save to caress the little one that so often | His fair skin was tanned to a dark olive, nestled in her arms, and tried, in baby his hair and eyebrows dyed jet black, as fashion, to comfort the grief she could was his slight moustache; and with the addition of a short false beard, his appear-But two days ago, an elderly priest had ance was utterly changed. He looked a place in the brass band as a cornetist,

through a form of marriage with her, and let me show you how I will repay and she had believed herself his wife. | your love."

And Val did not die. Joy seldom kills, but it often cures, and the joy of knowing

And one more joy was in store for Zil- medies as frauds because the impossible left Spain for Paris; there she followed loh; for one day Val had told her that does not happen, and their health come him, and in a passionate interview was she had been in very truth Lord Bruce's back to them. The very worst case of told that she was not his lawful wife; he wife. He had made every inquiry, in dyspepsia can be cured by Hawker's had deceived, and the ceremony they had his jealous care for his darling, and there nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's was not a shadow of a doubt, although liver pills, if at the same time sound judg-Maddened by her wrongs, she had Bruce, in hopes of shaking her off and ment as to diet, exercise and general reburst away from him, vowing a deadly preventing her from making any public gularity of habits is observed. revenge-a vow which she had kept only claim, had chosen to tell her that cruel too well. That same night she had pur- falsehood. Nellie Darrell had been dechased a pistol, followed him home to ceived-her marriage had been a hollow

It is five years later. On the lawn of a lady, who unites all the grace and dignity of womanhood with the fresh, blooming beauty of a girl. It is Zilloh, Valentine Grey's loved and happy wife.

At a little distance three children are playing, and her eyes rest upon them fondly. One is a lovely, graceful child of six or seven, her face a childish copy of Zilloh's own; her name is Leila, and she is Lord Bruce's little daughter. The two other children are boys of two and fourfair haired, blue eyed, straight limbed and

As Zilloh sits thinking of her darlings, a quick, firm step comes across the velvet lawn, and she looks up to find her hand imprisoned in her husband's. A noblelooking man is Valentine Grey-Sir Valentine he is now, for he has recently inherited a baronetcy and a pretty little estate from a bachelor cousin. His eyes beam with love's own light as he gazes into the upturned face of his wife.

to kiss her, "how happy you looked; it was a pity to disturb you." "Ah! but I am even happier now," she whispers softly, rising and nestling closely

The children run up to him, demanding kisses. It is to Leila he turns first, taking her up and kissing her fondly. She is as dear to him as are those two bright child-"He knows that you are coming. If ren of his own. Truly Zilloh has found

> ROUTED AY A JERSEY HEIFER. Reserves in Their First Field Day.

The first division of the naval militia of the Connecticut national guard had its first public appearance. The regulation orking uniform of the naval reserves was worn and the new organization, the only ne in the state, made a creditable appearance under command of Major Reynolds. After target practice, says a New Haven dispatch, the division was marched to an open lot at the base of East rock for drill and was commanded by Ensign Goodridge The company drill was gone through and, with the division formed in double ranks, Ensign Goodridge started his men across the field at double time. Half way across an innocent looking Jersey heifer, tethered by a long rope to a log of wood was munching fresh daisies and butter-

down on the heifer in beautiful order. When about one hundred feet away the heifer raised her head and looked at the army of white tufts and glittering arms H. P. Yeomans A. B., M. D. coming towards her. First her delicate ears moved forward, then there was a defiant shake of the head and distention of the nostrils, followed by an elevation of the tail util it assumed a position on a line that thrilled her heart with tender joy, with her spine, the end waving like a flag of warning. Then, lowering her horns to a fighting position, the heifer, with a loud and angry bellow, came toward the young navy men. Ensign Goodridge saw her coming at about the time that the men on a line with the heifer began to waver. He called a halt, and his men came to a standstill at the same moment that the heifer was brought up at the end of her rope only four feet away. The young Jersey was game, and for a noment stood watching the reserves, pawing the earth and shaking her sharp ways; that was why I came to you as

horns at them. Then, with a bound, she came on again, dragging the log of wood and prepared to do battle. "Backstep,' ame the order from Ensign Goodridge. and backstep his men did in lively order, soon getting out of range of the heifer's horns. As soon as order was brought about in the ranks the naval reserve was marched into the city, leaving the pretty two-year-old Jersey to enjoy her daisies

and buttercups unmolested.

For meat and other sandwiches, cut slices of bread about one-eighth of an inch thick, then with a sharp knife cut off all the crust, leaving trim, straight edges; butter each slice and cut across the centre, or, with two more sharp cuts, shape each piece into the form of a triangle, making the three sides as nearly even as ply. possible, and fold carefully together. bread to use, how to cut evenly, butter smoothly and fold exactly, the sandwich

SANDWICH-MAKING

may be varied indefinitely. Slice ham or tongue to almost paper thinness, and lay between buttered bread-Roast beef, ham and chicken should be chopped fine and seasoned before spreading, and a delicious variety is made by using thin slices of Hamburg loaf.

In making cheese sandwiches or sandwiches of smoked fish or sardines, use, if possible, bread made from some form of the entire-wheat fine brown flour. This will cut smoothly without crumbs. Spread with sauce Tartare and then with the cheese or fish.

To make egg sandwiches, boil fresh eggs five minutes, plunge them into cold water and leave until cold; this will prevent any discoloration of the yolks, which sometimes darken if left to cool otherwise To chop the eggs, use a knife and plate season with salt, pepper and a little mus tard, and spread on the buttered bread.

HE WILL NOT BLOW.

come to the quiet villa. He had travelled much older, and as he invariably spoke and just as his hopes seemed to be on the LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers from Paris purposely to see her, was the in the Spanish tongue, he had little diffiverge of fulfillment she met him on his way home from the postoffice, near Major Such was the romantic story that Val- DeCamp's, and, linking her hand within entine's faint accents breathed in Zilloh's his arm, walked on in silence until they reached the edge of the popular row. ears.
"I wanted to be always near you, to There she stopped in the long shadows

"George," said she, "I wish you wouldn't play the cornet in the new

"Yes, I know," said she coaxingly. "It is nice to have you noticed by everyone and all that, but "-She paused and hung his curly head a | Saturday Evening Transcript. little lower in the hush.

"But what?" said he sharply "Blowing the cornet makes - makes"-Her voice sank to a pouting whisper. Makes the lips so stiff and hard!" George will not blow the cornet in the band this summer.

Mothers

sands of them - who by careless and irsuffering with weakness and emaciation, who give little larity of habits, and finally denounce all renourishment to bables, should

> Scott's **Emulsion**

and Mrs. Berry liked the face of the his hotel, and shot him through the mockery; but Zilloh had been Lord young Irish girl. One day Kathleen was Bruce's lawful wife, and Val had been sent on an errand to town. She was "But," said the priest, "if she had not careful to secure ample proofs in support longer than usual, and Mrs. Berry stood on the porch as she came through the field. Kathleen was happy and Mrs. Berry observed: "Why, Kathleen, what beautiful country house in Essex, sits a a rosy, happy face today. You look as if the dew had kissed you. Kathleen dropped her eyes and murmured: Indade, mum, but that wasn't his name.

WHY MEDICINE DOES NO GOOD.

There are scores of persons - aye thou-

English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take bleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer

Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

HOW HE KNFW. The Major - So the Gubbington girls The Captain - Oh; and you have seen

The Major - No - not as yet. The Captain - Then how do you know? The Major (crimsoning) - Well - a -"My sweet," he murmurs, as he turns

Hours of Suffering, and perhaps a long sickness, can be easily prevented by havremedy, the universal pain cure, in the

He-I had my picture taken along with Nero - my big St. Bernard, you senting you with a copy? She - Oh, I

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ceived the following note from one of the residents of his district: Dear Sir: I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from an attack of measles as required by act of parliament.

Health says:

Young Sharpshins - Dad, can you explain to me what faith is? Old Sharpshins - Faith, my son, is an abnormal power of belief. For instance, when your elder brother comes down in the morning with a black eye and tells me he got it by knocking up against the bedpost in the

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Unpardonable. - Ted - Chollie has discharged his valet. Ned - What for? Ted - The man took his clothes to be pressed to the wrong shop, and the tailor wouldn't give them back until his bill

What had the prisoner in his hand when he struck the prosecutor? asked the magistrate of a policeman. I saw nothin' in his hand but his fist, sor, was the re-

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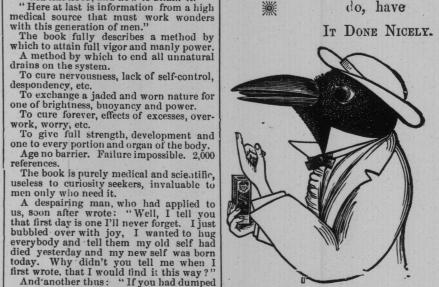
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