

LITERARY.

It May Be Your Turn Next.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend!  
Of him your fellow-man.  
But draw the veil of charity  
About him if you can.  
He once was called an honest man,  
Before sore trials vexed—  
He stepped from out the narrow way:  
It may be your turn next.

Fainting upon the great highway  
A suffering soul doth lie;  
Go staunch his wounds and quench his  
thirst,  
Nor pass him idly by.  
God will not brook the swift excuse,  
The thoughtless, vain pretext;  
A fellow mortal bites the dust:  
It may be your turn next.

Your heard, one day, a single word  
Against a person's name;  
Oh, bear it not from door to door,  
To further hurt his fame.  
If your'e the man you claim to be,  
Remember, then, the text  
To 'Speak no evil,' true or false:  
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,  
And many need more light;  
Yet with true love for all, may we  
Help on the cause of Right.  
Lift up the sinful and the weak,  
The souls by care perplexed,  
Well knowing that to drink the gall  
It may be our turn next.

"BOREEN."

CHAPTER I.

A tall, powerful-looking young man, attired in a rough suit of gray Waterford tweed, stood opposite Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, London, one glorious morning in the month of June in 1874. In his ungloved hand he carried a ragged black thorn, and at his heels lagged a wiry, bandy-legged Irish terrier. Pausing awhile to gaze around him, Walter Nugent—for this was his name—after a brief glance at the lion over the gateway of Northumberland House, at the superb facade of the National Gallery, and at "Ben Ben" high up in the distant clock-tower attached to the Houses of Parliament, crossed the square in the direction of White Guards, passed beneath the archway on the park. He was no diligent student of landscape or color, yet the beauty of the sunlit foliage, the keen, translucent green of the young lime tree the yellow of the laburnum, the cream white of the chestnut, and the rose pink of the red hawthorn smoke his senses as do sweet chords of music, till he inadvertently exclaimed, 'How exquisite!' as he stopped short to quaff to the outer brim with radiant color glory.

As Nugent stood gazing, one hand in the pocket of his loose, coarse trousers, the other shouldering his backthorn, a gentleman whose glossy silken hat gittered in the dayshine, and whose varnished boots almost emitted reflected rays, languidly approached. This man, upon perceiving him of the dog and stick, adjusted a rimless glass to a very vacant eye, and, having satisfied himself of the identity of the stranger, extended a limp hand, exclaiming as he did so in a lifeless sort of way:

'You here?'

'Halloo, Duncombe,' cried Nugent, wringing the dead fish like fingers, 'When did you arrive?'

'This morning. I left Dublin last night I am here on—don't laugh, old man—Professional business.'

'So glad! You'll dine with me?'

'Con amore.'

'What are your opens?'

'I am all opens, Duncombe.'

'Then let—me—see. I'm free to-day. Come and dine at the Carlton. Or stay; hadn't you better come to Berkeley Square and see my people? You won't find the nuisance of dining "en famille," though, by Jove, I believe there are some outsiders entered for the race. I'll take you to hawf a dozen dances awiter if you care for that sort of lunacy. Say hawf pawst seven, ninety-one the Square. And waving two fingers daintily encased in delicate lavender gloves, Mr. Bingham Duncombe lazily sauntered on his way.

'I'm awfully sorry that I accepted Duncombe's invitation' muttered Nugent. 'It means a choker and conventionality. Besides, one never gets a dinner at these swell places, and, "Deo gratias!" my jaws are as muscular as that venerable lawyer who disposed of the goose, body and bones.' And Nugent, cutting at the daisies with his blackthorn, gaily warbled:

'You 'are old,' said the youth, and your jaws are too weak,  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak,  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'

'"In my youth," said my father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife,  
And muscular strength which it gave to my jaw  
Has lasted the rest of my life,"'

Walter Nugent owned the last plank of a property that wrecked in the famine of '48. His father, Virschovle Nugent had kept the Kildare hounds, a stableful of racing stud, and a house and cellar open to all comers, and, ere his only son reached the age of manhood, had mortgaged a princely estate, acre over acre till nothing remained of Kiltarnan but the house and lay. With fading fortune came the bottle, and then the end, and the unhappy man died in the ghastly consciousness of having sacrificed his wife his son, and his daughter to a recklessness as idiotic as it was criminal.

Mrs. Nugent, upon the death of her husband, let Kiltarnan, and, accompanied by her two children, went to reside in a little cottage on the outskirts of the picturesque of Rathfarnham, situated about six miles from the city of Dublin. Her sister, a nun in the adjoining convent of Loretto Abbey, undertook the completion of the education of Kate Nugent, while Walter proceeded for the Irish bar, to which he had been called at the Michelmass Term prior to the opening of this story.

The young barrister was possessed of one of those open, frank and fearless natures that woo confidence and win friendship. He was truth and honor personified. To him a mean or shabby action was simply unaccountable. He was simple as a child in the world's ways, but as a scholar he was both well read and distinguished. He had hot Irish blood in his veins, that at times lashed fiercely through his heart when he came face to face with hard fortune, but a soothing word from his mother or sister calmed him, and hope never blossomed more brightly or whitely than in the heart of Walter Nugent.

When Boreen, the terrier found himself in the open, he resolved upon making the very most of his opportunities, and with a joyous barking set off at a mad pace in eccentric circles, now bounding across the grass, now running fiercely after his own tail, now springing into the air after vicious and perplexing flies, and otherwise disporting himself after the fashion of the light-hearted of the canine race. Boreen was no beauty, on the contrary, he was a mean-looking dog, of a dirty white hue, and one eye was covered with a mourning-like patch of black that imparted a rouse air of dissipation to his whole appearance. He had not been toxed, so that his ears were to a lot of proportion to the remainder of his body, while they hung loosely and as if broken, like those of a lop-eared rabbit. His tail was long and turned upwards, his legs were complete semi-circles, and his feet were doubled up as though he had a preference for walking on his heels. But Boreen was as brave as Brian Boroihme, and would cling to death to any object if his master said 'Hold on,' and as for rats, he had 'done' his sixty in as many half-seconds. The dog when a puppy was given to Walter Nugent by a faithful follower of the family, who had shared its downfall as had shared its prosperity—Andy Gavin, the late Virschovle Nugent's huntsman. Andy, for whom the Nugents could obtain no suitable employment in Dublin, resolved to seek his fortune in the far West, and it was on the morning of his departure for America that he presented his young master with the pup.

'Keep him, Master Walther jewel,' said Andy; 'he's not a beauty to look at but he's as fine a breed as there is in all Ireland. His father it was "Paudheen" that pinned a hoccusser be the leg the night afore Flynn Tom won the Conyghame cup at Purbestown races; the hoccusser bruk into the roof, an' only for the dog the horse wud have been drugged. It's all I have for to give ye, Master Walther.' 'If I'd a had any sense I could have saved leshins; but I was always a gom, an' it all wint. Paze God I'll do better beyant, an' if I do I'll see yez all back at Kiltarnan afore I die; ay ay, an' I'll give the view-haloo whin you sir, will be leadin' the Wards over Malowney's Meadows.'

Boreen remained, and Andy Gavin crossed the broad Atlantic. Walter loved his father's huntsman, and loved the dog because it came from him. Boreen was his constant companion and with the hard favored terrier at his heels he had traversed every inch of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains, and every road and laneway around the capital. How the attached and intelligent animal came to be ensconced beneath the Westland Row Nugent had yet to learn, there remained nothing for it but to fetch him along. And thus was Boreen smuggled up to London, and, as if the brute was aware of the penalties imposed upon travellers discovered in the act of conveying dogs in first-class compartments, he rolled himself up in the smallest possible compass, giving no sign of vitality until his master dug him out of a remote corner upon the arrival of the train at Euston Square depot.

Boreen was in exuberant spirits this glorious June morning, and, having violently assaulted every saxon cur who came within a radius of a quarter of a mile, frisked on the green and dappled grass as his master sauntered leisurely along, flicking the heads off innocent daisies, or whirling his blackthorn around in his fingers after the fashion of stage Irishmen at Donnybrook Fair.

Nugent was in the best of possible spirits. But who is out of spirits on a June morning if the conscience be clear, the health good and the age twenty four? The senior member of the county of Kildare was interested in a railway bill that was to come before a committee of the House of Commons. To support his "locus standi" it was necessary to employ a counsel. The case merely required to be stated, and Mr. LeFanu bethought him of the son of his dear old friend Virschovle Nugent. He wrote to Walter, and through his attorneys, Messrs. Fitzgerald & Son, retained the services of the young barrister; hence this visit to Babylon.

Walter was about to mow down an intrusive tuft of coarse grass when an object at his feet caused him to stop short. This object had been triumphantly deposited there by Boreen, who stood over his loot, eyes sparkling, tongue lolling half a yard out of his mouth, and tail wagging like mad. At first the barrister thought it was a baby from its mass of white and lace and insertion, but upon adjusting the disordered draperies the prize proved to be a doll or rather the remains of one, for Boreen had worried the delicate waxen face, and pulled the tow hair, and tugged the costly garments as though each and every one of them had been attached to the person as a recalcitrant cat.

'Hut tut! Boreen! Drop it sir!' The terrier still held one of the legs, and was chucking at it for the bare life. 'Drop it, Boreen!' And Walter disengaging the limb, from which the sawdust was now pouring copiously into Boreen's eyes, looked around to see if the luckless owner of the doll was anywhere in sight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit and Humor.

'So you are going to keep a school,' said a young lady to her old maiden aunt. 'Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children.' 'I should prefer that myself was the quiet reply; 'but where is the widower?'

'Every man,' said Mark Lemon one evening at his club 'has his peculiarities, though I think I am as free from them as most men; at any rate I don't know what they are.' Nobody contradicted the editor of Punch, but after a while Albert Smith asked 'which hand do you shave with uncle?' 'With my right hand,' replied Lemon. 'Ah,' returned the other 'that's your peculiarity; most people shave with a razor.'

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon?—Because she is a cut-throat.

A bank is a good place in cool weather. Always plenty of drafts there. But the circulation is some times checked too suddenly.

Investigator wants to know what is good for cabbage worms. Bless your soul man, cabbages of course. A good pump cabbage will last several worms a week.

They have a saying out West that grasshoppers and grass widows will jump at the first chance. But these Western people will say anything but their prayers.

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I most respectfully take leave to call the attention of the Public generally to the fact, that certain Houses in New York are sending to many parts of the Globe SPURIOUS IMITATIONS of my Pills and Ointment. These frauds bear on their labels some address in New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be sold in any part of the United States. I have no Agents there. My Medicines are only made by me, at 555 Oxford Street London.

In the books of directions affixed to the spurious make is a caution, warning the Public against being deceived by counterfeiters. Do not be misled by this audacious trick, as they are the counterfeiters they pretend to denounce.

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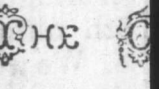
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