POETRY.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS.

There is truth in that old saying, which we
very often hear,
That to make a world, it takes all sorts of
folks;
But to think, of all the millions, that the
ones who are so near,
Are the very worst our patience half provokes;
But 'tis just as true as preaching, that in all
this great broad land,
There are none which at the present we
recall,
Who are quite so disagreeable or difficult to
stand,
As the family in the flat across the hall.

They have a tin piano, which they hammer
all day long,
And a poodle dog that barks throughout
the night;
It may be very sinful to dwell on such a
wrong,
But we'll slay the creature some time
with great delight;
Their children tread as noisily as rampant
Texas steers,
And pinch the baby just to hear it squall,
If they should ever move away, there won't
be many tears,
For the family in the flat across the hall.

Our daughter Mabel plays with grace the
organ now and then,
And Johnnie blows a little on his flute,
While Margaret takes lessons on the pleasing mandolin,
And Richard plays the violin and lute.
Of evenings all the young folks sing or have
a promenade,
And now and then we give a little ball;
Our home would be real pleasant were it
not for noises made,
By the family in the flat across the hall.

—Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.

SELECT STORY.

A TREVOR COURT TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER VIII.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

CONTINUED.

"I do not think that I at first intended to kill Philip Trevor; only to threaten revenge for his cruelty, and to expose him to the contempt of the world for his treatment of me, but when I saw her," with a glance of hatred at Kathleen, who stood with pupils dilated and hands clenched upon the rail before her, "when I saw her, I say, and heard what passed between the two, a red mist seemed to float before my eyes, and the devil overcame me. Directly she left the room, I crept noiselessly up behind Philip Trevor's chair, and stabbed him. He gave one cry. I was not sorry for him, but I could not bear to see the blood. Bah! it ran over my hands, and some fell on my cloak. I took this off quickly, and rolled it up in a bundle, and put on the fur cloak Lady Trevor had thrown off—his gift. 'Lady Trevor'—yes," with a mocking laugh; "but for this she would never know she had any right to the title. My revenge on both was complete. He was dead by the hand of the woman he had scorned, while she, his true wife, should carry to the grave the burden of a nameless shame. If she was suspected of murder, it mattered little to me. I would not have stirred a finger to clear her!"

A thrill of disgust ran through the crowd; every face paled at her savage look and tone, as she fixed her glittering eyes on the girl she so fiercely hated.

"All this took but a few seconds, then I rushed from the room, for if Sir Philip's cry had been heard, detection was imminent. As I passed through the shrubbery, someone grasped my arm; I wrenched it away with superhuman strength, and ran out through the open gate on to the moor. Some strange instinct guided me onward towards Ilford. I heard the distant rumbling of a train, for the air was keen and frosty, and made for the railway track. I kept along by this, till in the grey of early morning, I got to the town. No one was astir. I reached Dr. Bell's house unseen, and found my keepers in a state of terrible anxiety. The rest you know. My cloak? I threw the bundle into a thick clump of ferze on the moor; probably it is still there, also the knife which I hid with it. The sealskin jacket excited no remark, for I had one like it in my wardrobe, and my jailers did not know how I was dressed when I made my escape.

"No, I should not have confessed, but for hearing from Dr. Bell that Oliver West was accused of the murder, and would probably be sentenced to death for it. As I said, I owe him a debt of gratitude. I have repaid it now."

Job Hearn, called, deposed to having taken up the speaker, whom he recognized, into his wagon, leaving her at Trevor Court gates on the night stated. Thoroughly frightened, he concealed nothing. The silver flask was sent for, and on close scrutiny, the initials M. L. were found engraved among the chasing covering it.

Questioned with severity, he protested sullenly that it had not occurred to him to connect his mysterious passenger in any way with the murder, and to this statement, whether true or not, he firmly adhered.

A new complexion was thus entirely given to the case. A few more days were devoted to an enquiry, during which the blood-stained cloak and knife were found in the place indicated by Maraquita Lopez. It was well, indeed, that she had made confession when she did. That very night her overstrained brain gave way. Hopelessly insane, she was sentenced to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure, in a criminal lunatic asylum, and Oliver West was once more free.

CHAPTER IX.

SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

"So you are going to call on Lady Trevor? Poor, dear young creature—what a sad, a terrible experience! and losing her father too! It is not unnatural that she should seclude herself; only do tell her Dr. West, that we are all longing to assure her of our sympathy and affection. Ah! to think, if it had not been for your chivalrous conduct, what a dreadful fate hers must have been. I always mistrusted Sir Philip, in spite of his fine manners, though one should not speak ill of the dead. His end was a judgment. Of course, I need not tell you, we none of us believed you guilty, in spite of your plea. Good-bye, Dr. West, give my love to dear Kathleen."

With a grin, showing her prominent, suspiciously white teeth, and an effusive flourish of a bony hand, encased in a rusty black kid glove, the fingers a full inch too long, Amelia Plowman went on her way.

An expression of disgust passed over Oliver's dark face, giving way to a smile of scornful cynicism.

"Why should I be angry with her? It is only the way of the world," he said to himself, as he rang at the door of the cottage.

"Lady Trevor will see me," he said to the servant, as he handed her his card, with a few words scribbled on it in pencil. "At all events, take her this and I will wait."

As he stood at the drawing-room bow-window, looking out absently upon the green-tasselled larches and sombre pines, now in their summer bravery, he recalled with a strange pang, the time of his last meeting at the cottage with Kathleen.

Did she guess what terrible suspicion had been in his mind, and, if so, would she ever forgive him?

His heart beat wildly—the moments seemed an eternity. Perhaps after all, she would not see him.

"Kathleen!" He turned crimson, then pale, for suddenly the dark velvet curtain between the rooms parted, and Lady Trevor stood before him.

Her beautiful face was sad and wan, her brilliant color gone, but Oliver thought he had never seen her look more lovely. She wore no widow's weeds, though her mouring was deep. A vague satisfaction thrilled him as he noticed the omission.

"I thought you would not mind seeing an old friend, Kathleen—Lady Trevor, I mean," he stammered. Often as he had framed this interview, words deserted him; he was to agitated to frame any but trifling commonplaces.

"Do not call me that," she said, so quietly, that despite his throbbing pulse he began to feel more at ease. "The name is mine by right, but I shall never bear it, the memories it brings are too painful. If my child had lived, it would have been different." Her eyelids, cast down, were heavy with tears.

"It is dead?" he said simply, for he saw how the subject pained her.

"Yes; it only lived a few hours. Jeanne was very good, so good, that I partially confided in her. She thought I was a young widow, and told the doctor so. Nothing could have exceeded their kindness and care; but they could not save my baby. Oh! Oliver, it was hard to leave his tiny grave, with its little, white cross. The old cure baptized bim Horace, after my poor father. I think it was the shock of hearing of the loss of the yacht, that nearly cost me my life. Had it not been for Jeanne, I must have died. Ah! how I wish I had!"

She was weeping freely now, and Oliver West, knowing the relief which tears give, did not try to check them.

"Be comforted, Kathleen," he said, quietly, as he took her hand in his. "Believe me, it is better so. I may tell you now, that your father could not have lived many years. As a medical man, I knew this, and so did he. He asked me to be a friend to you when he was gone. You will grant his wish, will you not?

A pressure of the hand, though she could not speak, told him all he wished to know.

"And the child, dear Kathleen," he continued gently. "May not this trial be also for the best? Had your boy lived, the future might have held worse troubles for you. Try to believe this and be consoled."

"You are very kind—I do not deserve it," she faltered, with quivering lips. "But I will try."

"I have something to give you," Oliver West said after a pause, during which both had grown calmer. "I found it that terrible night, when—— Do not fear, I'am not going to speak of that," as she shrank away tremblingly. "Only I thought you might like to have it now."

He drew from his pocket-book, the gold chain and ring, and gave it to Kathleen.

She looked at it for some time in silence; a strange blending of emotions stirred her to her very soul, and gradually an inkling of the truth, he had kept hidden from her, dawned upon her, and soon became a conviction. She started a sudden flush dyeing her cheeks, and leaving them whiter than before, as she exclaimed:

"Now I know why you pleaded guilty. Oliver West, you did this thing—for me? Ah, Heaven! who am I, to be worthy of so noble, so stupendous a sacrifice?"

She rose, stretching out her hands to him, with a cry of passionate gratitude.

He took both her hands in his, looking down on her with his great soul's devotion concentrated in his gaze.

"Who, Kathleen?" he said gravely and tenderly. "I can soon answer the question, my, love my queen, for whom the sacrifice, even of my life, would have been gladly made. It is I who should rather kneel at your feet a suppliant for forgiveness. How could I, even in the face of the most overwhelming proofs, have harbored such a suspicion?"

His arms were round her, and her head rested against his breast. Here indeed, she had at last found shelter from the storms and buffets of the cold, cruel world.

"Tell me all," she whispered at last. "I can bear it now."

He briefly recounted the events of the dreadful night, when Sir Philip's murder had taken place, and as she listened, she understood the ordeal of suffering through which the brave heart, that loved her so well, had passed.

Understood it and secretly resolved that the future should bring with it atonement and compensation. For Kathleen knew now that she cared for Oliver West as she had never done for Philip Trevor. Her love for him had been but a transient passion, a girlish fancy born of the false glamour which had dazzled her for the moment only,

"What did that poor woman mean by saying that she owed you a debt of gratitude, Oliver? I can pity her now, in spite of all," she added, softly.

"Years ago, I was travelling in Spain, and while spending a few days in Madrid, I went one evening to the opera. Maraquita Lopez was playing Dinorah. Approaching too near the footlights, her gauze skirts took fire; she screamed; the other actors were too paralysed, or afraid of being burned, to attempt to extinguish the flames. My school training did me good service; I leaped from my box on to the stage, and catching up a heavy velvet cloak she had let fall, I wrapped her in it, stifling the fire before much harm had been done. The curtain fell, and I attended to the prima donna's burns, which were slight. In her excess of gratitude, she told me that she was privately married to Sir Philip Trevor, an English gentleman, that he was away from Madrid just then, but on his return, would rcompense me richly for having saved his wife's life. Poor soul! she had evidently not yet learned the true nature of the man she loved too well. Upon my refusal to await his arrival, or to accept any reward, as she urgently implored me to do, she made me tell her my name. 'If ever you need a friend, remember Maraquita Lopez,' were her farewell words. 'Some day I will repay you all.'

"The whirl and bustle of life obliterated the circumstances from my mind, and not until fate brought me to Gateley Regis, did the name of Philip Trevor recall the incident. It surprised me to find that he passed as a single man, but knowing the unfortunate results frequently attending unequal marriages, I concluded he had reasons of his own for keeping his connexion with the prima donna of Madrid a secret. If his wife, as I then thought her, had told him the name of her rescuer, he had obviously forgotten, and when we met, he made no sign. And I too, should have kept my own counsel, for it is unfair to drag to light the sins of another's past, had it not been to save you, Kathleen. But do not let us speak of this any more. Dearest, what are your plans? You do not mean to stay here?"

He held one of her hands in a tender clasp, and she placed her other one on his.

"No," she replied, with the shadow of a smile; "my cousins, Torquil Templemore and his wife, have developed a sudden affection for me, and wish me to pay them a long visit. I think I shall go, for a time at least. For they will be kind for poor father's sake; Angela, too, has written me a civil letter. And you?"

"I am going a long voyage to the other side of the world. A good appointment has been offered me at Melbourne, which I have accepted, But in a year, Kathleen, I shall return— to fetch my wife.

Their lips met in silent pledge of the compact.

* * * * * *

"On the 28th inst., at St. Luke's, Higham Ferrars, by special license, Oliver West, M. D., to Kathleen, widow of the late Sir Philip Trevor."

Amelia Plowman burst in upon her friend, Mrs. Reynolds, the Times supplement in her hand.

"Only fancy such a thing! Lady Trevor to throw herself away upon a man who has actually been tried for murder—a common country doctor! And her friends, what can they be thinking of? Higham is Lord Templemore's place. Maria, if I had only known, I should have felt it my duty to write and remonstrate. It is too dreadful."

"Everyone may please themselves, is my motto, placidly returned fat Mrs. Reynolds. "If half of us had as good a chance of happiness as those two, the world would be a better place. Let well enough alone Amelia, and leave off meddling.

THE END.

A LIAR AND TRAITOR,

The Woman Who Carried the Knives Swears Parnell was Innocent.

Lying in a darkened room on the ground floor of a tiny frame house in Providence, R. I., is the helpless body of a woman who but a few years ago was the focus of horror and hatred for all England. She is Mrs. Mary Byrne, widow of F. Byrne, the man who, above all others, organized the famous "Invincible" conspiracy that culminated in the tragedy of Phœnix Park. Mrs. Byrne is the woman, it is generally believed, who carried from Dublin the knives that were driven by Brady and Kelly into the bodies of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

For three years she has been dying, literally by inches, by creeping paralysis. From her feet upward the malady has crept on, minute by minute, until now every limb, every muscle, every nerve is dead and speech itself has almost left her. Her horror in being seen by strangers or casual callers is so intense that all would-be sympathizers have long ago given up the attempt to approach her.

The reporter who talked with up at her home, No. 300 Knight-street, stood behind a curtain that concealed the bedroom from sight, while her daughter bent over the bedside and caught the faint replies and interpreted them. Her first reply when Tynan's story had been read to her was emblematic of the wild and revengeful spirit that sickness, poverty and privation have only strengthened.

"I will say nothing in answer to the man who has betrayed us," she gasped. "Those who are dead carried their secrets to another world, and I'll carry mine. I'll die as I lived. I'll make no sign. I'm paying the penalty for it all. What else would they have?"

Her daughter pleaded with her for a word in defence of Parnell. At last came this reply, in thick, short gasps: "Parnell was innocent. Before God I swear it. I know—who better? Whether my husband was the ringleader or not does not matter. I'll say nothing about it. Do the newspapers think I will turn informer? I will not say a word of the Invincibles or about my husband for all the wealth of the world. But Parnell knew nothing of the murders."

NOT NUMBER ONE.

"Tynan is a liar, a traitor and a fraud. He was not Number One. Mind that. I know who was, but I won't tell you. He never had anything to do with the direction. I don't know Mrs. Margaret Moore, except that I heard about her. But she is wrong when she says that Carey got his pardon on condition that he would implicate Parnell. He never knew anything about Parnell to tell. He was simply to inform on Brady, Kelly and the rest, and he did it to save himself. Tell the reporter that the world shall have all it wants to know after I am dead."

"Will you, now that all danger to yourself is past, that those associated with you are dead and beyond the reach of human punishment, say whether or not you carried those knives?" Mrs. Byrne laughed. I'll say nothing. I have sisters and brothers in England who would suffer, even if I don't."

"The matter is almost forgotten, and it is regarded as an act of political hostility anyway," was the next suggestion. "Let well enough alone," came back the feeble answer.

"Carey could not identify me. That satisfied the British government, and it ought to satisfy you. I'll not say whether I carried those knives or not."

A CHINESE PLAGUE.

Accounts are received of a terrible plague which has been devastating the population of China. The city of Canton was first attacked, and in two weeks tens of thousands of the inhabitants fell victims.

It reached Hong Kong last week, and threw the colonists and the government of that island, as well as the foreign and native residents of the coast ports, into a state of terror and alarm. The disease is attended with purplish and black swellings in the glandular regions, in the groin, arm-pits, under the knees and in the neck, accompanied by terrific fever, the temperature going at a bound up to 105 and over 108.

It is frightfully rapid in its course. Purging diarrœha at once sets in and a state of delirium followed by coma, is is reached in three or four days. In bad cases death ensues, the body turning black, putrid and swollen to twice its usual size in the course of twelve to twenty-four hours. Six thousand fatal cases are known to have occurred in one district of Canton—in the old Mohammedan quarter—within a week. A foreign missionary resident in Canton avers that at least sixty thousand people have been carried off. Several medical and other experts were despatched from Hong Kong to enquire into the cause of the plague and they all agreed that it was due principally and primarily to the incredible filth, the abominable habits and dirtiness and poverty of the Cantonese, aided, no doubt, by the prolonged drought which caused the filth in the open sewers to germinate into hideous forms of life. Some people believed that the fondness of the Cantonese for rats as an article of food is largely accountable for the pestilence. None of the European residents of Canton or Hong Kong have been attacked by the plague, which is entirely confined to the Chinese.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It esremov at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

HE WAS COMPETENT.

Spokesman (of town committee)—We are going to have a little boxing exhibition in the town hall before the fireworks come in, and we want to know if you can help us on the program.

Stranger (modestly)—I think so, gentlemen. I taught school in a country district for three years.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

DIDN'T DARE LEAVE.

Wimpleton—Maria, did you invite our next door neighbor around to our little fireworks celebration to-night?

Mrs. Wimbleton—Yes. But when I told him you were going to set off the fireworks he said he couldn't come.

Wimpleton—Why not?

Mrs. Wimbleton—He said he would be too busy carrying water.

BAD MANNERS.

A man's disposition is in some degree responsible for his manners, but an abrupt or fretful and generally disagreeable manner is often the result of a disordered digestion, which Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills will permanently cure. Try them and be happy.

Why do you use such peculiar terms? asked a lawyer's wife of her husband, who had returned home, worn out by his day's labor. I don't see how you could have been working all day like a horse. Well, my dear, he replied, I've been drawing conveyances all day.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or caloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

GEORGE ROBB, Farmer
Markham, Ont.

Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Look here, Mr. Editor, exclaimed an irate caller, you referred to me yesterday as a reformed drunkard. You must take it back or I'll sue your paper for libel. Very well, sir, replied the editor, I'll retract my statement cheerfully. I'll say you haven't reformed.

OPEN AS DAY.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Mamma—What! Ethel! dipping your bread in the gravy! Don't you know that's exceeding bad form? Ethel—It may be bad form, ma, but it's good taste!

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Cholly—Have a stick of chewing gum ole chappie? Fweddie—Naw, thanks. My physician says I have got to quit my blawsted dissipating.

For cramps in the stomach take a few drops of Dr. Manning's german remedy, diluted in either warm or cold water. The effect is instantaneous. Sold by all druggists.

Willy—Say, pop. I'm glad you wasn't killed in the war. Father (pleased)—Are you, Willy? Why? Willy—Because I'd be going to the cemetery today, instead of the ball game.

Nerve Exhaustion is quickly cured by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

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When you can get one neat and attractive for the
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