THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

So you're going on your journey?
Well, dear, I wish you joy;
But while you wander from our roof,
Touch not a drop, my boy—
Touch not a drop of that which blights
So many in our day;
Ah! scorn the poison-mingled cup,
Whate'er your mates may say.

Your mother is your truest friend,
Aye, next to God is she;
Ah! heed the warning voice. I pray,
Wherever you may be.
It seems but a brief time, my boy,
Since on my bended knee
I taught you to repeat the prayer,
"Our Father," after me.

Yes, it was many years ago,
Ah! many years, my boy;
And you unto my lonely heart
Have been a constant joy.
Now God has willed that for a time
Our paths lie far apart,
So ne'er forget how fond I bear
Your image in my heart

And what I know of sunshine bright,
Yes, every ray of joy
Which lights upon my lonely path,
Shall be my absent boy.
Your cheeks are dyed with health's own glow,
With truth your eyes seek mine;
I cannot bear to think some day
They'll bear the stamp of wine.

Come, promise me the lips which kiss
My own good-bye to-day,
Shall be as pure when you return
To mother's home I pray.

* * * * * *

It may be we may never meet
Within this hallowed place,
Your mother's eyes on earth again
May never see your face!
And I to-night would pray, my boy,
"Our Father" we might not,
Did I—could I—one moment think
You would return a sot.

I'll wipe away the gathering tears—
How childish have I grown!
Your vacant chair will haunt me long
When I shall sit alone.
But you're ready for your journey—
Both hands—I wish you joy;
Remember mother's parting words.
Touch not a drop my boy.

LADY CAMMISH;

A STORY OF THREE RAINY DAYS.

[Conclusion.]

"You shall hear the tale of my troubles some day," she faltered; "I know I shall have your sympathy."

"Indeed you will," he answered, with genuine heartiness, and a silence followed.

He had forgotten me. I had ceased my pacing to and fro when he entered the room, and had stood by the table waiting for my turn of recognition and greeting, and it had not come. With a sullen pang at my heart, I resumed my walk, with the fretful child. But I had judged too hastily, for, as I reached the far end of the room and then turned, I met him face to face.

"I thought this was my old friend Nellie," he said, with his old, unforgotten smile.

The kind tones seemed more than I could bear, and my eyes also filled with tears as I lifted them to his face.

"I thought you had forgotten me," I said, laying my hand in his.

He looked at me intently.

"No, I—I don't think I have forgotten," he said, with a hesitation unusual to him; and then he returned to Adeline.

"Ellen, if you cannot keep that child quiet, will you kindly take it out of the room?"

It was Adeline who spoke, and without a reply I passed from the room. I laid the baby on my bed, and it soon fell softly asleep; but I stayed beside it until I heard Sir Marmaduke take his departure, and then I descended to the drawing-room, and found mamma and Adeline congratulating each other.

"But, my dear Adeline, it would have been so much better if you had happened to have a collar on," said mamma.

"It would," I remarked, emphatically; but mamma gave me such an angry look that I wished I had held my peace. Luckily Adeline was too engrossed with her own affairs to notice me.

"I cannot have made a very unfavorable impression," she said, serenely, "since he accepted our invitation to tea so readily."

"I wish it had been dinner instead of tea," sighed mamma.

"It does not matter at all," cried Adeline, with a little laugh. "Mamma, how lucky I am!"

"How so?" I suddenly asked, turning quickly on Adeline. "Has Sir Marmaduke proposed to marry you already?"

Adeline glared at me, mamma spoke.

"Another speech like that, Nellie, and you must earn your bread as governess."

"And I would gladly do it," I exclaimed, in desperation, with a defiance and rebellion and misery I had never had any conception of before—"I would rather do anything, I would, than continue to live in the same house with Adeline!"

Mamma was too astounded at this unexpected outburst to do anything but gaze appealingly at my sister, who, however, only smiled.

"Ellen is a little envious, I think," she said languidly; "do not mind her mamma."

"Well, I must go down stairs now, and get that dining room carpet down again," remarked mamma, quietly; but I could see she was very angry with me; "how I wish I had never taken it up!"

When we were left alone, Ayeline and I maintained a strict silence, Adeline smiling to herself now and then, and wearing a very sentimental expression of countenance, and I soon followed mamma into the dining-room, penitent now for my angry speech. I helped her in every way that I could; I pushed and lifted the heavy furniture, and hammered in the nails with untiring industry. But mamma vouchsafed me neither word nor look, and at last, in trying to lift the side-board, both bodily and mental energy suddenly failed me, and I cast myself down on to the carpet and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Nellie?" inquired mamma, calmly.

"I am so miserable!" I sobbed.

"And I am afraid, Nellie you will continue to be miserable until you subdue your temper—you are very envious and spiteful!"

"Mamma, I am not spiteful—I am not envious! But why should Adeline have everything and I nothing?" And I beat my hands upon the carpet in agony, for this feeling of rebellion and longing was so new to me, and so inexplicable and intolerable.

But in a short time I calmed down to my normal condition, and when Sir Marmaduke returned for tea I was in the dining-room, calmly setting the best tea-cups. I heard him go up stairs, and in a short while afterwards, tea being ready, he entered the dining-room with Adeline on his arm, she looking lovely in her deep mourning, and with a flush of excitement on her fair face.

After tea they again retired up stairs; but I had the baby to wash and get to sleep, and it was late in the evening before I entered the drawing-room. When I entered, mamma was dozing over her knitting in the easy-chair, while a little table was drawn up to the couch on which Adeline so gracefully reclined, and she and Marmaduke were engaged in a game of chess. They were too absorbed to notice me as I took my usual place on a low seat in a recess by the fire, and began my embroidery. When Marmaduke had at last said "Checkmated," he turned and looked round the room.

"How like this is to the old times," he said. "We used to sit here and play at chess; and you, Nellie, would sit where you are now, with the firelight just touching your face, and only that you are a little taller and a little more womanly, I could imagine time had never moved since then."

Did he count time by my years? My face flushed with pleasure, and I was about to reply, but Adeline caught the chessmen with her sleeve, and scattered half of them on the hearth-rug, and in Marmaduke's picking them up, and her apologies, and then the commencement of a new game, I had no opportunity.

It was late when Marmaduke rose to go; and, as the servant had gone to bed, I went down stairs with him to let him out and secure the door after him. He put on his thick, shaggy overcoat, and even his hat, and then, placing both his hands on my shoulders, he looked earnestly at me.

"You are very little changed," he said. "But why have you been crying this afternoon?"

I looked up wretchedly in his kind, handsome face, but I could not speak.

"Your sister has told me all her troubles," he went on. "Perhaps you have troubles too."

"Yes, but not to tell you!" I answered, sharply, feeling that he was tormenting me in a way I could neither understand nor bear. If he did not soon go, I felt in my mysterious misery that I should strike him.

"Ay, love-troubles are best kept to oneself, aren't they?" he remarked, letting me go.

"If I had no troubles but love-troubles," I laughed, scornfully, "I should not have many."

"All is going smoothly then, is it?" he inquired, and I then saw he was joking—so I pretended to laugh.

"What does it matter to you?" I asked; and I opened the door, and he bid me good night, and went away.

I put out all the lights and returned upstairs. Adeline had retired, and mamma was raking the fire, and, giving her a kiss, I also went to bed, and thus ended the second rainy day.

As the weeks went on Sir Marmaduke became a very frequent visitor at our house, but I saw little of him, and went my way undisturbed, except by Adeline's overflowing good spirits and triumph, which I found far harder to bear than her former fretfulness and bad temper.

One January day she seemed rather put out after a morning visit of Marmaduke's, and I, on coming into the drawing-room, was asked pretty sharply what nonsense I had been telling Sir Marmaduke, as he had just asked when I was to be married.

"What did you tell him?" I asked, quietly.

"I laughed in his face," cried Adeline, insultingly, "and told him there had never been the least prospect of such a thing, and I did not suppose there ever would be."

What prompted me to answer as I did I cannot comprehend; for, giving a meaning I felt to be utterly false in my words, I said:

"Thank you, Adeline; you have served me a better turn than you think."

Adeline turned very pale, and I hurried from the room, very uneasy at what I had said, and wondering what the consequences would be. I was not long in suspense. On the following morning mamma told me that she was going to see her sister, my aunt Anne, and make arrangements for me to stay with her for a short time.

"I dare say you know as well as I do why this has to be done," said mamma, sternly.

She then proceeded to give her directions for the day. She would not be back till tea-time, she said, and as Sir Marmaduke was coming to tea, I was to remain in the dining-room, so that he and Adeline might have an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete*, as he was coming early. "And I hope and trust," she concluded, "that everything will be nicely settled between them today."

That morning, when I first came down stairs, it was pouring rain as steadily as on the previous days I have written of, and again I had opened the front door and looked forth.

"Wet again!" I exclaimed. "So what will happen? For it is always on these hopelessly dreary days that something happens I can never forget." And so, as mamma spoke, I thought I knew what would happen on this rainy day. But for all that I did not understand why I should feel so unhappy; for had I not often and often wished and almost prayed for Adeline to marry Marmaduke, and now that it was coming to pass why could I not rejoice?

"Because I know now that she is not worthy of him, and will not make him happy," was the answer I gave myself—and I was satisfied with the explanation.

Mamma being absent, Adeline and I ate our dinner in silence; and after it Adeline immediately went up stairs to put on her best dress, ready to welcome Marmaduke.

"How happy she is!" I muttered to myself. "How happy she is, and I so tired and sad!"

The baby was poorly that afternoon, and would not go to sleep. I paced with it in my arms up and down the dreary dining room for two hours—from the door to the window, from the window to the door, wondering each time I approached either if it would not have ceased its moans and gone to sleep by the next turn. The rain beat against the windows; daylight was already fading, and all seemed very dreary. Was it any wonder that the slow tears followed one another down my cheeks as I thought of the past, the present and the future, all alike so cheerless?

Suddenly I heard Marmaduke's brisk knock, and, after he had taken off his coat, the servant showed him up stairs. I knew Adeline had not descended to the drawing-room yet; still I was surprised to hear Marmaduke open the door immediately after the servant was gone, and come down stairs and enter the room where I was.

Uncomfortably conscious of my tears, I turned and looked out of one of the windows; but he came and stood beside me and greeted me, and with great tact quite ignored my wet cheeks. The baby had fallen asleep at last, so I laid him gently down on the sofa, and then stirred the fire into a blaze.

"Adeline will be in the drawing room in a few minutes," I said, "so I think you had better go up-stairs."

"No, thank you," he replied; "for 'lost opportunities fly away in anger,' you know, and, if I lose this, perhaps it may be a long time before I have another opportunity of a little quiet chat with you May I take a seat?"

"Certainly." And while I sat quite in front of the fire he sat on one side.

"I wonder if you remember the old times as well as I do?" he began.

"Possibly I do."

"Do you remember saying good-by?"

"Yes."

"You are not so affectionate now as you were then."

I made no reply, and he continued:

"Do you remember the question you asked me about Adeline?"

Now his reason for this "quiet little chat" was coming! I answered, "Yes."

"And do you think the reason is removed?"

"Of course it is." I answered, contemptuously; "you are Sir Marmaduke now, and have plenty of money."

"That was the reason you imagined, and doubtless it would have been a reason also, had not the one I knew of embraced all others, and to the present moment it remains unchanged. I said I would tell you what it was when I came back. Shall I?"

"If you like."

"The reason—one of the reasons, of course—that your sister did not marry me was that I did not ask her, and never had the slightest intention of doing so."

I looked at him in silence, while the dawn of a sudden hope, conviction, something I knew not what, rendered me unable to speak or to stir.

"I had seen some one else I thought would make a better wife," he went on, becoming earnest and anxious, "and some one I had already begun to love, although she was not then a woman grown. Nellie"—in a quick, low, whisper—"do you understand?"

Yes, I understood. I understood many things now, my own self included. I could not speak, but I held out my hands to him and hid my face safe against him as he folded me fast in his arms.

"Oh, Nellie, the time has been long to wait," he said, tenderly; and I had so little hope to cheer me!"

"Why didn't you tell me then—seven years ago?" I whispered.

"How could I, when the chances were that I should never come home again? How could I have condemned you to a weary waiting like that?"

"Marmaduke, you've been very good to me?

"And I will be good to you, my patient, uncomplaining darling, come weal, come woe."

His kind words to me, so unaccustomed to kindness, were more than I could bear, and my tears fell fast; but, held safe in his dear arms, it did not take me long to cry all my weariness and bitterness of heart away; and then we had a quiet talk about the past and the future that now wore such different hues.

In a short while Ann came in to lay the cloth for tea, and I was obliged to help. Marmaduke also helped, and we were happy and merry, and I was astonished at my own merry laugh and my own merry heart, and still more astonished when I looked in the glass and saw my face with its shining eyes and radiant looks.

Suddenly mamma came into the room in her every-day dress, so I knew she must have been in some time to have got her wet things changed. She was surprised to see Marmaduke.

"We did not think you were come," she exclaimed, as she shook hands. "Adeline is upstairs expecting you." And mamma instantly called Adeline, who soon entered the room.

"Have you been here long?" she inquired haughtily of Marmaduke.

"I scarcely know," he answered, looking at his watch. "Anyhow it has not seemed long," he added—and I knew he glanced at me, but I would not take any notice.

I busied myself at the table, anxious to avoid mamma's or Adeline's notice of my happy looks.

When we were seated at the table, I dared not lift my eyes to Marmaduke's.

"Will you take a cup of tea?" I asked, looking steadily at the tea-pot.

"Is that the way to ask, Nellie?" demanded mamma. "Don't cast your eyes on the table as if you were asking Sir Marmaduke to take poison. When will you learn manners?"

So I looked up and met Marmaduke's eyes fixed on mine, and I could not help breaking into a most conscious smile, which he returned.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired mamma.

"Nothing," I said, and went on pouring out the tea.

"And why," asked mamma, when all were served, "have you given me a cup of hot water instead of tea? Are you afraid my nerves are unable to bear tea, pray?"

Hereupon Marmaduke burst into such ungovernable laughter that I was forced to follow suit, while mamma and Adeline looked on in indignant amazement.

"Oh, Nellie," gasped Marmaduke, at last, "you are a bad one to be intrusted with a secret! We must make a confession Low. Mrs. West, I would fain have asked you in a more decorous manner, but—but——" He hesitated.

"I do not know what you mean," said mamma, stiffly.

"I mean," answered Marmaduke, quite solemnly, now—and advancing to me, he drew my hand through his arm and led me to mamma—"I mean, will you give me this little girl for my wife?" I love her dearly—I have always loved her—and I will do my best to make her happy."

Mamma turned very pale, and looked nervously at Adeline—Adeline had risen from her seat, and was staring indignantly at Marmaduke and me—but she paid no heed to mamma; so, after a long pause of hesitation, mamma replied:

"Of course, Sir Marmaduke, I can offer no objection; but I do think you had better reconsider your determination. I think you might do better."

Marmaduke flashed such indignant eyes upon mamma that I there and then registered a little vow that I would never be the one to put him into a passion.

"Possibly," he said, in answer to mamma; "but it is far more patent to me, Mrs. West, that I might have done worse—inconceivably worse."

And I knew then that, if Marmaduke had been quiet and wary, he had not been unobservant, and anything I had ever suffered seemed to melt entirely away, for he knew of it all, and understood, and that was recompense enough.

I heard a rustle behind me, and, looking round, I saw Adeline leaving the room. After some further conversation, mamma also went up-stairs, bidding Marmaduke a curt good-night. When she was gone Marmaduke put a bright diamond ring on my finger.

"I bought it for you seven years ago," he said, "and since then it has been with me wherever I have been."

Then he took his departure. He held me close against him as we stood at the hall-door.

"I wish I could take you with me now," he said anxiously.

"I wish you could," I answered sincerely enough, for, now that he was going, the terrors of what I might have to face up-stairs assumed dreadful proportions.

But it was not so bad as I feared. I went boldly into the drawing-room after he was gone, and found mamma sitting all alone by the fire.

"Where is Adeline?" I exclaimed.

"She has gone to bed," answered mamma—"and, Ellen, I do not suppose your sister will ever speak to you again; and I cannot but say she is justified."

"Mamma," I said, softly, longing to put my arms round her neck, but not daring to do so, "let me talk to you, and tell you how happy I am!"

"An unhappy child has more need of her mother; I am going to sit with Adeline;" and mamma left the room.

But I would not be cast down; I fetched up the kitten, and told it everything, omitting nothing, and it purred its congratulations softly. And when I took it down to its box in the kitchen Ann was just going to bed. In rather a shy way she said:

"I've said it, Miss Nellie, from the first, and I've often longed to tell you that there was no cause to fret; but I thought it was best to leave things alone, for they were in safe hands with Sir Marmaduke. Eh, but he's a sharp one, and has seen what's what through it all! Lor', it's been as good as a play!" and she offered her honest congratulations.

I smiled as I thanked her, and then I went up stairs to my little bed-room; and the third rainy day ended as I knelt by my bedside in a trance of unutterable thanksgiving.

I would feign relate the history of yet another day that dawned a couple of months after this; but it does not come under my category, and must therefore be left to the imagination, for it was the reverse of a rainy day; and it brightly fulfilled the old saying that "happy is the bride the sun shines on," for never was a bride happier than that bride, and never was a wife happier than this wife who on that day changed her insignificant little name of Nellie West for the honored one of Lady Cammish.

Cheap Rum.

IS IT ADULTERATED WITH POISON?—A NICE CHEMICAL QUESTION

Professor Doremus, the chemist of Bellevue Medical College, who recently appeared as an expert in the Vosburg poisoning trial, has been giving his views on the adulteration of cheap liquors, as follows: "That the spirituous liquor in use is nearly all badly adulterated and that not a little of it is unfit for human beings to drink are facts which we suppose nobody cares to dispute. Indeed, so freely is this acknowledged and so familiarized has the mind of the public become to these facts, that the terms 'Jersey Lightning,' 'Benzine,' 'Pizen,' or the significant if rather inelegant 'rat-gut,' are commonly used in application to liquors sold over the counter. The deterioration has gone on very rapidly within the past few years, and it is a safe rule that the cheaper the liquor the poorer it is, though the reverse does not hold true, and the mere fact of high price does not insure safely pure beverage. The trouble is, and the main trouble, that the rectifying is not carried on with sufficient care to clear the liquor of all fusil oil. The presence of this poisonous oil is an adulteration, since pure brandy or whiskey does not contain it. But each successive rectification increases the cost of the product, and hence the danger of low-priced liquors. Beer, too, is made up by the use of grape sugar in place of hop and the hop sugar. Much of the brandy is not such at all, except in name. It is simply corn spirits, or raw whiskey, as some call it, with the flavor of brandy communicated by an artificial flavoring extract, which last is easily prepared in the laboratory. The brandy color is obtained from burnt sugar. Imitation brandy, or 'British brandy,' as it is called in the trade, is spirits doctored in this way, and nothing more. The percentage of alcohol, too, is an important point. Normally pure brandy should contain from fifty to sixty per cent. of it, but water may bring it down to thirty-eight per cent., or even a much lower strength. To detail all the other ingredients, which swell the line of adulterations would take up a great space, but that such adulterations do exist is beyond doubt, and the Board of Health, if their powers are as extensive as they should be, and their ability as extensive, should and could easily ferret out those frauds by chemical analysis.

A Curious Case.

An inquest was held before Mr. C. C. Lewis, coroner, at the Forresters' Hotel, Plaistow, on the body of George Miselbrook, belonging to the sect known as the Peculiar People. The room was filled during the inquiry with members of the sect, principally females, and additional interest was taken in the matter in consequence of this enquiry following so closely upon a similiar case a fortnight before. The child had been ailing for about a month with the whooping-cough, and had gradually got worse until it died on Thursday, the 6th of June. It had otherwise been a strong and healthy child, but before its death was seized with convulsive fits. It had been supplied with nourishment, but had received no medical attendance, the parents, putting their "trust in the Lord," and carrying out the principles of their order by sending for the elder, who laid hands upon the child, annointed it with oil, and prayed for it. The parents admitted that they possessed ample means for providing medical attendance, but they conscientiously believed that it would be wrong to do so, and contrary to the Word of God. Dr. Carey, who had had made post mortem examination, stated that the cause of death was suffocation from spasmodic cough, such as whooping-cough. He considered that the child's life was injured by non-medical treatment. After a long consultation the jury returned a verdict of man-slaughter, and the coroner formally committed the father for trial at the Criminal Court, admitting him to bail on his own recognisance and one surety. The father remarked—"Very good, Sir, I am willing to suffer for the Lord."—*English Paper.*

Pedestrianism Under Water.

Perhaps the most remarkable pedestrian challenge ever made is that of Captain John T. Guire, a submarine diver of Cincinatti, who has proposed, on a wager of $10,000, to walk under water, on the bottom of the Ohio River, from Cincinatti to Cairo, in the space of twenty-five days. The distance is something over five hundred miles, requiring him to make over twenty miles a day. He stipulates that he is to have a flat accompany him, with an air-pump to supply him with air, and, moreover, to be allowed to come up as often as he likes, but the boat is to be stopped whenever he comes up, so that he shall walk very foot of the way. Captain Guire achieved a good deal of reputation as a diver when the St. Louis Bridge was built, working unusual lengths of time in water seventy-five feet deep, and he has backers who will see the money is put up.

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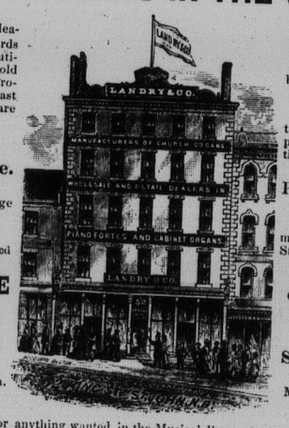

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TO lease for 14 years, with usual conditions, except that spirituous liquors are not to be sold on the premises, the following desirable Building Lots, viz:—
No. 1, on the corner of Carmarthen and Brittain street, has a frontage of 30 feet on Carmarthen street, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $90 per annum.
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By order,
ROBERT MARSHALL
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Have removed to New Premises,
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By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
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