

POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

Give us a song 'neath the soldier's tread,
The outer trenches guarding,

When the heated guns of the camps all
Grow weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scorn,
Lay grim and threatening;

And the heavy mounds of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardman said:
"Storm the forts to-morrow;

Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

hey lay along the battery's side,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde.

And from the banks of Shannon,
They sang of love, and not of fame;

Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name.

But all sang "Annie Laurie,"
Till their tender passion

rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder

Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sun's embers,

While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,

With screams of shot and hurra of shell
And following of the mortars.

And Irish Nones eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory;

And English Mary mounds of him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest,
Your truth and valour wearing;

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the darest.

—Byard Taylor.

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE

CHANGED BRIDES," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

"Thank you, sir," said Cap, demurely.
And now, Cap, one thing is to be

noticed, Herbert says, both in your letter
and in mine, that they were to start to

return the day after those letters were post-
ed. These letters have been delayed in

the mail. Consequently we may expect
our hero here every day. But Cap, my

dear, you must receive them. For to-mor-
row morning, please the Lord, I shall set

out for Stanton and Willow Heights, and
go and knock down at the feet of my wife

and ask her pardon on my knees!
Cap was no longer divided between the

wish to pull Old Hurricane's grey beard,
and to cry over him. She threw herself at

once into his arms and exclaimed:
"O! my dear! God bless you! God bless

you! God bless you! It has come very late
in life, but you may be happy with her

through all the ages of eternity!"
Old Hurricane was deeply moved by the

sympathy of his little madcap, and pressed
her to his bosom, saying:
"Cap, my dear, if you had not set your

heart upon Herbert, I would marry you to
my son Travers, and you two should in

herit all that I have in the world. But
never mind, Cap, you have an inheritance

of your own! Cap, Cap, my dear, did it
ever occur to you that you might have had

a father and a mother?"
"Ye! often! But I used to think you

THE BANK-BOOK.

It was a bright morning in early Sep-
tember, the leaves just tinted with the

scarlet touch of autumn's first frost, the
grass all glittering with dew, when Abby

Blackthorn drove her patient old horse
along the country road, with a wagon

load of "struck" for grocery store, where
the Blackthorn family made their modest

purchases on the principle of "exchange
or barter." There was butter, golden and

fragrant, packed down under fresh grape-
leaves in a stone jar; there were plump

young chickens, picked and dressed, and

wrapped in white, old linen; there was a

basket of eggs and a box of the first and

fairest of the Bartlett pears that had ripened

on the old tree by the well. And Abby,
a pretty girl of two or three-and-twenty,

was so busy to herself, as she drove along
the elm-shaded road in her blue-and-white

gingham gown and her bonnet trimmed
with home-made blue ribbon.

"Yes, there was no sort of doubt but that
the bonnet was rather shabby now, in

spite of the care with which Abby had
worn it, and she had a lingering hope that

after the grocery bill was paid there would
be enough balance left to purchase a new

straw shape and two or three yards of the
lovely "hunter's green" ribbon for which

her soul yearned. She was turning this
over in her mind, when a shrill voice

chimed on her ear.
"Abby! Abby Blackthorn, I say!"

And she became aware that old Miss
Milton, at her gate behind the monster

lihu bushes, was violently gesticulating
to her.

She drew rein at once.
"Go in to the city, Abby?" said Miss

Milton—rather an unnecessary question
as it would seem.

"Yes, Miss Milton."
Miss Milton looked up, wrinkled, yellow

and small, like an Egyptian mummy dressed
in the fashion of the year 1888. Abby,

with her rose-pink cheeks, shining brown

eyes and delicate curves of cheek and chin,
smiled down in her turn. The two made

an ideal embodiment of "Youth and

Crabbed Age."

"Go in anywhere near the savin's bank,
Abby?"

"To the grocery's, on the next corner be-
low," Abby answered, blithely.

Miss Milton whistled out from beneath
her lihu bushes, as she said:
"I'll be obliged to you, Abby, to take

this bank book there and draw out a hun-
dred dollars for me. There's the order-in-

ance, all signed. Pay to bearer, you know.
They'll give it to you without any trouble."

Abby Blackthorn took the book with a

certain awe at the solemnity mentioned,
and bestowed it carefully at the bottom of

the calico pocket that she wore beneath
her dress skirt. A hundred dollars! She

had no idea that Miss Milton, so rich.
"Be very careful of it," said Miss Milton.

And Abby answered: "Yes, I will."
"That's a dreadful pretty girl of old

Blackthorn's," said Miss Milton, as she

stood looking after the departing farm

wagon, with her eyes shaded by one claw-
like hand.

Abby went diligently about her business.
The farm produce, said to relate, did not

quite balance the outstanding bill at the

grocery's, so the new bonnet question was,
for the present, shelved. She went to the

bank and drew out the hundred dollars,
in ten crumpled, billous-looking bills—

she did a little absolutely necessary shop-
ping for her mother and Aunt Prudence,

and then, wearied with trying to make
one dollar do the work of five, climbed

into the wagon and started for home.
"I wish I knew of some way to get rich,"

thought Abby. "There are so many ways

for money, if only one could get it. Come,
Pug! to the pony, 'make haste! It's get-

ONE DRINK.

Miss Nannie McKinney was married a
few days ago to young Mr. Thompson, in

Stokes county, Greensboro, N. C. At the
conclusion of the ceremony the pretty

bride was being congratulated, when, by

some means, she happened to discover
that her newly-made liquor had had taken

a drink of whiskey just before the mar-
riage. The young wife was an ardent

temperance woman and had believed her
sweetheart to be a teetotaler. Finding that

she had been deceived she at once an-
nounced that she would decline to live with

him as his wife.

The friends of both parties made every
attempt to effect a reconciliation but their

efforts availed nothing.

ONLY BARNUM COULD DO IT.

In spite of the badgering Barnum was
subjected to in the white elephant case in

the Court of Queen's Bench the great show-
man not only obtained a verdict in his

favour, but succeeded in making the august
court a big advertisement for his show by

inviting Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to
visit it as he left the box. It was the first

time that the Court of Queen's Bench has
been used as a show poster, and the dodge

created an irrepressible laughter.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The ministers of the Gospel should or-
ganize a sin-dicate.

FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL
WASTING DISORDERS OF
CHILDREN

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil
with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The

rapidity with which children gain flesh and
strength upon it is very wonderful. It is

used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets
and Maramus of long standing. In every

case the improvement was marked.—J. M.
Main M. D., New York. Put up in 50c. and

80c. bottles.

When a man takes an "upper" in a
sleeping car he can at least claim the dis-

tinction of high birth.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup should always be used when

children are cutting teeth. It relieves the

little sufferer at once; it produces natural,

quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain,

and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a

button." It is very pleasant to taste. It

soothes the child, softens the gums, allays

all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels,

and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea,

whether arising from teething or other causes.

Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask

for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and

take no other kind.

It is a well-known fact that diamond

rates are higher than the original price.

Prof. Loisset's memory system is creating

greater interest than ever in all parts of

the country and persons wishing to improve

their memory should send for his prospectus

free as advertised in another column.

Wickwire—What is the reason Mudge

does not speak to you any more? Have

you offended him in any way? Yabber—

Yes, I claimed that he had nothing but a

NO ICE ON THE HUDSON.

A Washington, D. C., gentleman who is

now in the city and is putting up ice on

the Kennebec, has studied the present ice

condition in the Journal, and in a recent

interview with the Journal gave the fol-

lowing as an opinion: "But very few com-

prehend the immense importance of the

ice question to the health and comfort of

the entire country, and in consequence

they cannot realize the significance of the

fact that the ice on the Hudson. I be-

lieve that the entire failure of the Hudson

icecrop would be a severe calamity not

only to that state but to the entire nation,

and I don't believe there are many in the

ice business on this river who would be

wary to see a fair sized crop of ice secured

on this important New York river, where

nearly 4,000,000 tons are housed in a good

season.

The ice houses of the Hudson and neigh-

bouring streams hold ponds have an aggre-

gate capacity of 4,000,000 tons. Of this

amount the city of New York alone uses

nearly 3,000,000 tons. The houses at the

present time are practically empty where

in ordinary years nearly half a crop would

be carried over from one season to the

other.

If this was so the present season there

would be no great cause for alarm, as the

ice harvested in Maine would supply all

demand. As it is, however, the situation

is very different. Maine with all her ad-

vantages cannot put up ice enough this

year to supply even New York City, let

alone all the southern cities which are

anxious for Maine ice."—Augusta Journal.

MANY LIVES LOST.

The steamship Guthrie from Foo Chow

arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., Jan. 15th.

She had on board the steamer Dunbar

with 400 passengers. The Dunbar was a

vessel of 1097 tons burden and for some

years has been employed in the China

trade. She was commanded by Captain

Bertelson and cleared from Singapore,

Oct. 15th, for Hong Kong.

The steamer Glamorganshire, which

arrived at Singapore, Nov. 30th, brought

forth particulars of the loss of the ship

THE RACE QUESTION IN THE U. S.

The World's Washington special says

that Senator Butler, of South Carolina,

said the situation in the South was getting

more desperate every day, and a speedy

remedy was needed. He said the negro

question in the South has become a

political power which the South has ac-

quired by reason of the negro vote, if that

would settle the race question.

There is a man in Birmingham, Ala.,

who has read his Bible until he is con-

vinced that the word "angel" in the scrip-

tures should have been in most cases

translated "balloon." It was a balloon

which was his nearest approach to speed.

And the clatter of wheels away after the

stranger calling aloud for her to stop.

But the louder he called, the faster

she drove, until the woods were left far

behind, and at last she reached the safe

shelter of the farm lane, where the lantern

glanced in the barn door, and little John,

her brother, was waiting to unarm her.

Pug, whose brown coat was all covered

with sweat.

Her first action, when she was well out

of the wagon, was to feel in her pocket

to make sure that Miss Milton's money was

safe.

The pocket was empty—a fact partially

accounted for by a long rip in its lower

seam—and Abby gave a shriek of dismay.

"Hand me the lantern, John," she

cried. "Don't touch the things in the

wagon until I've searched it thoroughly.

I've lost—something!"

"A penny!" said little John. "Oh, I'll

help you look, sis."

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