

POETRY.

OLD SONG REVISED.

I'm driving down the road, Mary,
Which used to see us two,
One summer, long ago, Mary,
The summer I loved you.

The stars shone bright, the sky was light,
The evenings were serene,
The fields close by, the grass - and I -
Were very fresh and green.

Your lips were ripe and red, Mary,
Your teeth were white as pearl,
You said a fellow ought to know
When he could kiss a girl.

I thought if this was, Mary,
I'd try and see it through,
I kissed you, then and there, Mary,
And not one word from you!

We oft drove down that road, Mary,
Delightful evenings those!
The lines were wound around the whip,
The horse pursued the breeze.

But then there came a breaking up,
One glorious summer day,
For you were firing all the time -
I wasn't built that way.

I'm ninety dollars old, Mary,
For that gay summer through,
I guess I blew the money in
A beating round with you.

I learned a lesson from that time
Which peace of mind inspires,
And I can paddle my canoe
If you can paddle yours.

The birds are singing gay, Mary,
The grass is green again,
The buds upon the trees are out,
Just like they blossomed then.

And spoozy couples lally gag
The way they did before,
But I have had enough, Mary -
I don't want any more.

- J. B. SMILEY in JOLLY NEWS.

SELECT STORY. THE PIONEERS.

By J. Plimrose Cooper
AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEROUND," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.
"Poor wretch! the mother that him bore,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sunburnt hair,
She had not known her child." - Scott.

It diminished, in no degree, the effect
Produced by the conversation which
Passed between Judge Temple and the
Young hunter, that the former took
The arm of his daughter and drew it
Through his own, when he advanced from the spot
Whither Richard had led him, to that
Where the youth was standing, leaning on
His rifle, and contemplating the dead bird
At his feet.

"I have greatly injured you, Mr. Edwards," said the Judge; but the sudden
and inexplicable start which the
person spoken to received this unexpected
address, caused him to pause a moment.
As no answer was given, and the strong
emotion exhibited in the countenance of
the youth gradually passed away, he continued:

"But fortunately it is in some measure
in my power to compensate you
for what I have done. My kinsman,
Richard Jones, has received an appointment
that will, in future, deprive me of
his assistance, and leave me, just now,
destitute of one who might greatly aid me
with his pen. Your manner, notwithstanding
appearance, is a sufficient proof
of your education, nor will thy shoulder
suffer thee to labor, for some time to come."
(Marmaduke insensibly relapsed into the
language of the Friends as he grew warm.)

"My doors are open to thee, my young
friend, for in this infatuated country,
we harbor no suspicions; little efforts to
tempt the cupidity of the evil disposed.
Become my assistant, for at least a season,
and receive such compensation as thy
services will deserve."

There was nothing in the manner of
the offer of the Judge to justify the
reluctance, amounting nearly to loathing,
with which the youth listened to his
speech; but after a powerful effort for
self-command, he replied:

"I would serve you, sir, or any other
man, for an honest support, for I do not
affect to conceal that my necessities are
very great, even beyond what appearance
would indicate; but I am fearful
that such new duties would interfere too
much with more important business; so
that I must decline your offer, and
depend on my rifle, as before, for subsistence."

Richard here took occasion to whisper
to the young lady, who had shrunk
a little from the foreground of the picture.

"This, you see, Cousin Bess, is the
natural reluctance of a half-breed to leave
the savage state. Their attachment to
a wandering life is, I verily believe, unconquerable."

"It is a precarious life," observed
Marmaduke, without heeding the sheriff's
observation, "and one that brings more
evils with it than present suffering.
Trust me, young friend, my experience is
greater than thine, when I tell thee, that
the unsettled life of these hunters is of
vast disadvantage for temporal purposes,
and it totally removes one from the
influence of more sacred things."

deemed of importance among men of
business. The youth listened in extreme
agitation. There was an evident contest
in his feelings; at times he appeared to
wish eagerly for the change, and then
again the incomprehensible expression of
disgust would cross his features, like a
dark cloud obscuring a noontide sun.

The Indian, in whose manner the
depression of self-abasement was most
powerfully exhibited, listened to the offers
of the Judge with an interest that
increased with each syllable. Gradually
he drew nearer to the group; and when,
with his keen glance, he detected the
most marked evidence of yielding in the
countenance of his young companion,
he changed at once from his attitude and
look of shame to the front of an Indian
warrior, and moving with great dignity,
closer to the parties, he spoke:

"Listen to your father," he said; "his
words are old. Let the Young Eagle and
the Great Land Chief act together; let
them sleep, without fear, near each other.
The children of Mignon love not blood:
You are just, and will do right. The sun
must rise and set often, but men need
not make one family; it is not the work of
a day, but of many winters. The Mingoes
and the Delawares are born enemies; their
blood can never mix in the wigwam; it
never will run in the same stream in the
future. It makes the brother of Mignon
and the Young Eagle foes. They are
of the same tribe; their fathers and
mothers are one. Learn to wait, my son;
you are a Delaware, and an Indian warrior
knows how to be patient."

This figurative address seemed to have
great weight with the young man, who
gradually yielded to the representations of
Marmaduke, and eventually consented to
his proposal. It was, however, to be an
experiment only; and, if either of the
parties thought fit to rescind the engagement,
it was left at his option so to do.
The remarkable and ill-concealed reluctance
of the youth to accept of an offer,
which most men in his situation would
consider as an unhopd-for elevation, occasioned
no little surprise in those to
whom he was a stranger; and it left a
slight impression to his disadvantage.

When the parties separated, they very
naturally made the subject the topic of a
conversation, which we shall relate; first
commencing with the Judge, his daughter,
and Richard, who were slowly pursuing
the way back to the mansion-house.

"I have smily endeavored to remember
of the holy mandates of our Redeemer,
when he bids us love them who do
definitely use you, in my intercourse with
this incomprehensible boy," said Marmaduke.
"Know not what there is in my dwelling
to frighten a lad of his years, unless it may
be thy presence and visage, Bess."

"No, no," said Richard, "with great
simplicity, 'it is not Cousin Bess. But
when did you ever know a half-breed,
duke, who could bear civilization? For
that matter, they are worse than the
savages themselves! Did you notice how
knock-knocked he stood, Elizabeth, and
what a wild look he had in his eyes?"

"I heeded not his eyes, nor his knees,
which would be all the better for a little
humbly. Really, my dear sir, I think
you did exercise the Christian virtue of
patience to the utmost. It was disagreeable
with his air, long before he consented to
make one of our family. Truly we are
much honored by the association! In
what apartment is he to be placed, sir;
and at what table is he to receive his
meat and ambrosia?"

"With Benjamin and Remarkable," interrupted
Mr. Jones; "you surely would
not make the youth eat with the blacks!
He is part Indian, it is true; but the
natives hold the negroes in great contempt.
No, no; he would starve before he would
break a crust with the negroes."

"I am not too happy, Dickon, to tempt
him to eat with ourselves," said Marmaduke,
"to think of offering even the
indignity you propose."

"Then, sir," said Elizabeth, "with an air
that was slightly affected, as if submitting
to her father's orders in opposition to her
own will, 'it is your pleasure that he be a
gentleman.'"

"Certainly; he is to fill the station of
one. Let him receive the treatment that
is due to his place, until we find him
unworthy of it."

"Well, duke," cried the sheriff,
"you will find no easy matter to make a
gentleman of him. The old proverb says
that 'it takes three generations to make a
gentleman.' There was my father whom
everybody knew; my grandfather was an
M. D., and his father a D. D.; and his
father came from England, I never could
come at the truth of his origin; but he
was either a great merchant in London,
or a great country lawyer, or the youngest
son of a bishop."

"Here is a true American genealogy for
you," said Marmaduke, laughing. "It
is very well till you get across the water,
where, as everything is obscure, it is certain
to deal in the superlative. You are
sure that your English progenitor was
great, Dickon, whatever his profession
might have been?"

"To be sure I am," returned the other.
"I have heard my old aunt talk of him
by the month. We are of a good family,
Judge Temple, and have never filled any
but honorable stations in life."

"I marvel that you should be satisfied
with so scanty a provision of gentility in
the olden time, Dickon. Most of the
American gentlemen commence their
traditions, like the stories for children,
with three brothers, taking especial care
that one of the triumvirate shall be the
progenitor of any of the same name who
may happen to be better furnished with
worldly gear than themselves. But, here,
all are equal who know how to conduct
themselves with propriety; and Oliver
Edwards comes into my family on a footing
with both the high sheriff and the judge."

"Well, duke, I call this democracy,
only republicanism; but I say nothing;
only let him keep within the law, or I shall
show him that the freedom of even this
country is under wholesome restraint."

"Surely, Dickon, you will not execute
till I condemn! But what says Bess to the
new inmate? We must pay a deference to
the ladies in this matter, after all."

"Oh, sir," returned Elizabeth, "I believe
I am much like a certain Judge Temple
in this particular - not easily to be
turned from my opinion. But, to be
serious, although I must think the
introduction of a demi-savage into the
family a somewhat startling event, whomsoever
you think proper to countenance
may be sure of my respect."

The Judge drew her arm more closely
in his own and smiled, while Richard led
the way through the gate of the little
court-yard in the rear of the dwelling,
dealing out his ambiguous warnings with
his accustomed loquacity.

On the other hand, the foresters - for
the three hunters, notwithstanding their
difference in character, well deserved this
common name - pursued their course
along the skirts of the village in silence.
It was not until they had reached the
mountain, on the lake, which
bordered Louis, and who are only kept from
the village by the lights. One night,
since we have been here hunger drove
them to our very door. Oh, what a dreadful
night it was! But the riches of Judge
Temple have given him too many safeguards,
to leave room for fear in this house."

"The enterprise of Judge Temple is
taming the very forests!" exclaimed
Elizabeth, throwing off the covering, and
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Nature!" she continued, as her eye glance

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repeated howls from the lake. Finding,
however, that the kindly of her companion
removed the sounds painful to her,
Elizabeth resumed her place, and soon
forgot the changes in the country, with
those in her own condition, in a deep
sleep.

The following morning, the noise of the
female servant, who entered the apartment
to light the fire, awoke the female.
They arose, and finished the slight
preparations of their toilets in a clear, cold
atmosphere that penetrated through all
the defenses of even Miss Temple's warm
room. When Elizabeth was attired, she
approached a window and drew its curtain
and throwing open its shutters she discovered
to look ahead on the village and the
lake. But a thick covering of the frost on
the glass, while it admitted the light, shut
out the view. She raised the sash, and
then, indeed, a glorious scene met her
delighted eye.

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LORD BOYLE AT HOME.

Arrival at Liverpool on the Teutonic -
An Interview.

Among the passengers on the steamer
Teutonic which arrived at Liverpool
recently, was Viscount Boyle, the missing
heir to the earldom of Shannon, a small-
sized model-looking young man, with
decidedly the manners of the far west
about him. The passengers found him to
be an affable fellow. His first acquaintance
was made by the name of Mr. Boyle, and no one ever
dreamed that he was the long missing Viscount
Boyle. A rumor spread on the ship two
days out that a live lord was on board,
but Boyle guarded his secret well. "I
have no romantic story to tell," he said
to a correspondent who met him at the
tender. "I have simply come home to
take possession of the family estates and
to assume my duties as a British peer. I
first learned of my father's death in an
old copy of the San Francisco Chronicle
which I picked up by chance in a hotel in
Seattle, where I had gone to sell some
horses. I had been running a small stock
ranch 100 miles from Boise City, and was
surprised to find my brother advertising
for me. I wrote him in England, but he
had gone to New York again, and the
letter was forwarded to him there. He
wrote me as soon as he could to arrange
my affairs and come to New York and
meet him. I did not remain in New York
seven hours."

"But why did you not write to your
relatives or make your whereabouts known
throughout these seven hours?"

"Well, there really is no good reason.
I always was a poor correspondent. I
intended to write every week, but I always
put it off."

THE STORY CONTINUED.

In brief, Lord Boyle's story as he gives
it is that he was in America in 1882 to
start a stock farm in Canada. He was a
member of the Dominion parliament (?) for
Fort McLeod. His brother, the same one
who was advertising for him, was there
in the same business and at the same
time. Early in the year his younger brother
tired of stock raising and sent home, but
Lord Boyle determined to try his luck
again in another part of the country. He
first went to Tacoma and finally bought
a few horses near Boise City. Here he
went under the name of Boyle, always
taking pains to conceal his title. He
settled there three years. He never heard
or wrote to any friends or relatives, and
never read any newspapers. Three times
in three years he journeyed to Seattle to
sell horses. It was on his last visit that
he picked up a newspaper advertising for
himself. "My brother showed me news-
paper clippings, said Boyle, 'saying I had
been seen in Alaska and that some United
States marshal claims to have seen me
there. This is not true; I never was
within 1,000 miles of Alaska; I know
nothing of the reports presuming me to
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Lord Boyle repeated several times that
he had no ulterior motives in concealing
his whereabouts. He had no quarrel with
his family or alliances by marriage or
otherwise which would justify such a
course. He simply took a notion to keep
quiet for a time and did so.

Lord Boyle's brother, who listened to
the conversation, confirmed this "If he
had any serious reason for hiding himself,"
said his brother, "I have not found it
out yet and he has not told me."

"Why did you omit his title when you
booked his name for sailing?"

"To avoid publicity and being obliged to
answer questions," was the answer.

Lord Boyle said that, though he knew
nothing about New York or down east, he
left the locker here, breaking with the
weather, Benjamin?" inquired the
master of the house.

"There's a shift of wind, your honor,"
returned the steward, "and when there's
a shift of wind, you may look for a change
in the here climate. The wind has been
all day the south, and now there's a shift
as if the last blast was out of the bellows;
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you'll have half of them their porter
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the locker here, breaking with the frost,
afore the morning water is called."

"That art a prudent sentiment," said the
Judge. "Act thy pleasure with the
forests, for this night at least."

Benjamin did as he was ordered; nor
had he any hours elapsed, before the
prediction became a reality. The wind
blew from the south, and the clouds
drifted out, and it was succeeded by the calmness
that usually gave warning of a serious
change in the weather. Long before
the family retired to rest, the cold
had become cutting and severe, and when
Monsieur Le Qui sailed forth under a
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he might envelope his form, in addition to
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Long before midnight, the whole family
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ICE WATER DOCTORS DISAGREE.

A celebrated physician says "All ice
water drinking is bad" also that "a severe
blow upon the body just over the solar
plexus," which in good United States
language means an important portion of the
nervous system located just back of the
stomach, "will cause almost instant death"
and he further says "the sudden shock
caused by a deluge of ice water into the
stomach has exactly the same effect upon
the solar plexus as the blow, and may cause
sudden death by its action upon it and
through that on the heart." Another
equally celebrated physician, "Any dietion
which unphilosophically says that cold drinks
are bad and hot drinks are good must be
absurd" and further "cold water stimulates
gastric secretion; therefore do not smile at
your friend because he thinks a half a glass
of ice water before eating gives him an
appetite and helps his digestion." In con-
tinuation we will say, drinking ice water
in copious quantities, which over-heated is
irritating, if not dangerous, that is undeni-
able. But that the free drinking of water
in some form in hot weather must be
avoided, is undeniable, and is one of the
greatest popular errors extant. When a
person is perspiring freely, a vast amount
of water is drawn from the body, which
must be resupplied; great injury is being
done the physical health, and the founda-
tion of some of the worst forms of kidney
disease is being slowly but surely laid. Do
not drink ice cold water, but pure cold
water, a little lemon- or juice will improve
its effectiveness. Plain soda water with a
little acid is also excellent in hot weather.
If from drinking too much ice water you
have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged"
as it is called, or are attacked with
cholera morbus, summer complaints, diar-
rhea or dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic
stimulating drinks, which irritate the bowels
than allow the inflammation which has
caused the trouble, but adopt the practice
of taking daily after retiring, during
July and August, one teaspoonful of John-
son's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweet-
ened water, which will prevent all such
attacks and ill effects from hot water. In
fact a little pamphlet sent free to any one
by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., con-
tains a vast amount of information about
treating those summer troubles with that
good old household remedy.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has
been used by mothers for their children while
teething. If disturbed by night and broken
of rest by a sick child crying with pain of
Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle
of "Mrs. Wislow's Soothing Syrup" for
Children Teething. It will relieve the poor
suffering infants. Depend upon them
mothers, there is no mistake about it. It
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and
Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums
and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to
the taste. The prescription of one of the
oldest and best female physicians and nurses
in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents
per bottle by all druggists throughout the
world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislow's
SOOTHING SYRUP."

"I have had a delightful evening," he
said, as he took his hat and rose to go.
"May I call again?" "I shall be glad to
see you," she replied with a blush. As he
walked out into the hall he saw in the
mirror of the hall back a reflection of the
roughish girl slyly throwing a kiss at him,
and he turned back. "I must have been
in the original package," he whispered.
He was a Kansas young man and he got
it.

He could support her. "Mary, I love
you deeply. Will you be my wife?" "I
don't know, George. Can you support
me?" "I think so. You have a little
something, haven't you?" "I have \$1,
800 a year." "Why, then, it's perfectly
easy. I am sure we can live on \$2,000 a
year."

Nix's Mate is the name of a submerged
island in Boston harbor upon which an
obelisk was raised some years ago. It is
said that Nix's Mate was the name of a
sailor who was hanged for piracy upon the
spot which afterwards took his name nearly
800 years since, notwithstanding his
strong protestations of innocence. He
predicted that the island would sink with-
in a year if he was, as he claimed, unjustly
condemned by the law. Within a short
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