POETRY.

WHEN LIFE IS DONE. When life is done availeth naught The pleasures that we dearly bought, The wealth we risked our souls to gain. The honors won through toil and pain, The titles coveted and sought No world-wide fame availeth aught. No name, no marvel science taught, When earth and earthly objects wane

When life is done. The kindly deed for others wrought, The patient word, the generous thought, The effort made by hand or brain 'Gainst might for right, though made in

Shall be by God forgotten not, When life is done.

SELECT STORY.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER II.

"I don't think I was," he said; "but while you spoke the sad look in your

than your lips. But why should you be the shade. sad, Miss Greville?" he added earnestly, "I never said I was," she retorted, with you be so personal, Sir Charles? I don't Ormsby's companion?" want to talk about myself but you make

"Because that is the subject which interests me most," he answered, half in

"But it doesn't interest me, and so I will wish you good afternoon. Come along, Dash!"-this to the dog, who was also one of her worshippers - and she sprang over the stile into the meadow, and was knee deep amongst the butter cups, before he recovered from his sur-

"You will get into trouble with Farmer Lowe for spoiling his hay," he called after her, not quite liking to follow, but her saucy defiant laugh was born back to him on the sweet scented air.

"Farmer Lowe is my Tom Curson-he never objects to anything I do. Besides, I am a light weight, as you know, or you mare."

Monday," she called back. "I can't wait a moment," and Sir Charles, who, as the catch of the county, was accustomed to be treated with extreme consideration by most of the young ladies he met, sat there, with his one leg dangling, piqued but pleased, looking after the graceful figure as it sped lightly through the high grass, and listening to the musical murmur of her voice as she

CHAPTER III.

"I am glad we have such a lovely day," Mrs. Ormsby said on the Monday morning, as she stood at the window looking out; you will enjoy your tennis, my dear. James has promised us a ground here by next year."

"By next year!" Miss Greville lifted her head with a start.

"You mean that is so long to look forward to?" continued Mrs. Ormsby, inquiringly. "But, you see, it takes time, my dear, and James did not like to cut up the lawn. However, now we have a young person with us, it is different, and fortunately," tapping her on the cheek, "you are such a favorite of Mr. Ormsby's

"Then please don't let him," answered Miss Greville, gravely. "I don't really care about tennis, Mrs. Ormsby, and it would be such a pity to spoil the grass." "My dear, I have been wanting it for some time, and am very glad my husband without a tennis ground nowadays is quite an anomaly, and makes us look very both like young people, and how can we morning, the darkest and dreariest hour expect them to come to us, if we do noth- of all the twenty-four."

Mrs. Ormsby and her companion drove passant, if I could be of any use." through them up to the front door, where Sir Charles stood ready to greet them in his cheery hospitable way. Mrs. Curson by his side, a comfortable middle aged woman, with some remains of past beauty, and behind her Tom Curson, a tall quiet looking young man with a pale face and earnest eyes, the very antipodes apparently of the frank genial baronet, while leaning on his arm with a confidential air was his sister, a brilliant brunette all

The group looked well, having the old clusters above. Miss Greville became tinizingly. When, later, they had all concluded with a great decision assembled on the lawn, and were standing and sitting about under the trees, waiting until it was a little cooler to begin Sir Charles, who turned and looked at her want there?" in the same way, then shook his head, and a faint, almost imperceptible shudder went through her slender frame.

Presently Sir Charles carried her off to see the conservatories, and then she said to him, almost imperiously-"What was your friend saying to you

about me just now, Sir Charles?

he was saying something else. Sir Charles seemed to recollect sudden-

ly, and became extremely embarassed. "It was only a chance resemblance

cool laugh. "They tell me I have just champagne; but if you encountered a

"I was afraid you would be offended." said the young baronet, much relieved; "although I believe she is a respectable person enough—as actresses go—and she to get safely away." certainly is uncommonly handsome. How-

spectable person as far as actresses go" - put a stop to the conversation. class against those who work for their but her discretion was admirable. living-and yet you seemed more liberal

reconcile the young baronet to the change. pressed, So tennis came to an untimely end, and feelings, and I shall trust them rather even Tom, and put his sister quite into manner confused and agitated.

Who would dream that she was only Mrs.

nothing at all. "Of course"-scornfully; "but I don't see why Sir Charles should ask other people to meet her."

Then Tom spoke. anyone to meet, whether she is Mrs. Ormsby's companion, or-or-"

"Her maid," put in Minna, aggressively. "She isn't her maid, my dear; so your arrow falls short of its aim." "Es-tu brut?" his sister sighed; for though they had had their little squabbles

and misunderstandings, they were very good friends on the whole. "No," he answered, promptly, "Miss that, but she gives me the idea of a person wouldn't have offered to let me ride your | who is always on her guard, and there-

"Keep what you have to say until let him throw himself away at his age." you, Jack and I. And yet whoever had "I fancy he means throw himself away," them must have known where to look, "You think he is in love with Miss "Not quite, perhaps, but very nearly.

The least thing would turn the scale." "Then let us hope that that 'least thing' will never get into the scale," he answered decidedly. "I believe that if Charlie were disappointed in the woman he loved, it would break his heart."

"But you don't think she would refuse baronet with £20,000 a year?" "If she did he would get over it. didn't he wouldn't, perhaps.

"I believe you would sacrifice your principles for the sake of being epigrammatic," said Minna, who felt very cross and couldn't hide it. "You would be a much better man if you didn't try to be a wit."

Tom laughed good naturedly. "And you would be a better woman if you didn't try to be severe."

"WHAT was the matter with you last night?" Mrs. Ormsby asked Miss Greville he would sacrifice even the lawn to give the next morning at breakfast. "You went downstairs, didn't you?" "Went downstairs!" repeated Miss

Greville in a tone of great surprise. "It was just two o'clock: indeed as the our struck I heard your door open." "It must have been a rat, or one of Sir Charles' ghosts, as you don't seem to have any of your own," answered Miss Greville laughing. "I should be afraid for my stupid and old fashioned. Besides, we life to go downstairs at two o'clock in the

"That is very strange, for I felt so sure and was inclined to get up and see if anyovernight, and the garden and grounds at thing was the matter, only that it seemed The Grange were looking their best as so easy for you to knock at my door en

"Yes, but I should never have had the ourage to get even so far. I assure von Mrs. Ormsby was silent for a minute, and then she looked up suddenly and

"Did you ever walk in your sleep, my

Miss Greville indulged in a long peal of nusical laughter. "I? Never, thank goodness! made you think of such a thing?"

"Because I am almost sure that you came out of your room last night and porch for a background, and honeysuckle | went downstairs," persisted Mrs. Ormsby. and Ayrshire roses hanging in perfumed | "I had not been asleep, for I was over tired, and I was listening to every sound suddenly and unaccountably shy as the in that nervous way one has when wakecarriage stopped, and though everyone ful, when I heard the handle of your door turned, then your step coming past, the she did not recover her usual spirits faint creaking of the boards, and a sound until she had had a glass of champagne. as if you were touching the wall with Perhaps it made her uncomfortable to your hands, as you grouped your way find Tom Curson's grave eyes continually through the darkness. It doesn't seem fixed upon her-not admiringly, she was possible I could have imagined all this, used to that, but speculatively and scru- for dreaming I certainly was not," she

"No, but one gets all sorts of fancies when one lies awake; and even if I were not too timid to go downstairs alone in tennis, she heard him say something to the middle of the night, what could I

"You might have left something in the drawing-room.

surely until the morning, and if it had not been I would rather have taken the risk twenty times over than have gone to fetch it. You don't evidently understand how very, very timid I am, dear Mrs. "I expect he was admiring you, Miss Ormsby," she added, in her coaxing voice. "I was quite sure you would say that, of the darkness, and then it is the time of the darkness, and then it is the time which he said belonged to Christ. Rob"I cried out; I couldn't let go.
"I cried out; I couldn't heip it; but you are so fond of paying compliments; for evil deeds, so that I can't persuade but he wasn't admiring me, as it happened he was saying something else."

The darkness, and then it is the time which he said belonged to Christ. Robbers raided his house a few months ago.

Which he said belonged to Christ. Robbers raided his house a few months ago.

He was 80 years old, and at one time was been recommended by the parties and I couldn't let go.

"I cried out; I couldn't heip it; but the was 80 years old, and at one time was 1 touched the best leading to the recommendation." ever, here one ought to have no fear, for who would rob you or Mr. Ormsby?"

"Is robbery the only thing you are afraid of, then?"

"Come!" replied Mrs. Ormsby, in a

"Is that all? Why I have heard it you are pleasantly stimulated, as if you ourglar when you were alone and quite defenceless, you would not be pleasantly stimulated, because one would know he

would be very likely to kill you, in order "He might of course; still, burglar ever, I shall pitch into Tom, as I said be- don't often commit murder. And, really my dear, I shouldn't trouble about such things, for they never happen here," Mrs. very handsome woman, who is a re- Ormsby concluded, in a tone that at once

tone—"might not consider it a compli- several times at the Hall during this in ment to be considered like me! But I terval, and on each occasion his attention suppose you have the prejudices of your to Miss Greville became more marked

One evening, Mr. Ormsby bade Mis-Greville good night when he left the "I hope I am, Miss Greville. I myself dining-room. He had to look through have never had to work perhaps—but I some papers, he said, and should not be honor those who do. Come, you are not able to join them up stairs, as usual. Mrs. cross at me, I hope. Let us go and beat Ormsby pretended to be very angry with him for his desertion, but went to sleep came of it; for Tom insisted on changing | chair, while Miss Greville walked softly partners, and although Miss Curson exert- up and down the room, a strange light in ed all her fascinations, she could not her brown eyes, her lips tightly com-

This had gone on for half an hour, per terrupted, quickly. "I can't manage they sat about under the trees, and drank haps, and then the door was thrown iced champagne; and Miss Greville was silently open, and Mr. Ormsby came so witty and bright, she seemed to amuse striding in, his face as white as ashes, his

"A most presuming person," Miss Cur- voice, that struck like an arrow through son called her, to her mother and Tom, Mrs. Ormsby's peaceful sleep, and made as later they were walking back to the her wide awake directly, "I have been rectory, "and gives herself such airs too! robbed of the title deeds of Benson's farm and his lease. They were in the iron chest, with other valuable papers, and "Mrs. Ormsby tells me she is a lady by were safe two months ago; now they birth," her mother remarked. Tom said have entirely vanished, for I have examined everything twice over." "You must be mistaken, surely," his

wife said. "What would be the use of those papers to anyone but you?" "You could borrow money on them "Don't be so caddish, Minna! If she don't you see? The scoundrel who has be gentlewoman, she is good enough for taken them knows well to what use they may be put to, you may depend. I wish I could get hold of him," he said fiercely. "I would thrash him until he hadn't a

> Miss Greville was evidently alarmed at his violence, for she ran to Mrs. Ormshy

whole bone left in his body!"

"Don't James," his wife said, as she put her arm round the trembling girl in her motherly way. "You frighten Miss Greville is very pretty and witty, and all Greville and, after all, it is no use talking about the thief-the thing is to catch

fore playing a part. Charlie seems rather | "So I will-if I can. But what puzzles "Miss Greville—" and he had one leg taken with her, and I shall give him a good talking to. It would be a shame to deeds were. I thought no one knew but proper key and where to find it. The lock is a peculiar one, and it has not been tampered with, the thief certainly had the right key." "You are sure you had not moved the

leeds?" Mrs. Ormsby said. "Just as sure as I am that my name is papers when I wanted Barnes' lease, and

ning, and the key has always been in its proper place, so far as I know. The whole thing is mysterious and unaccountable, and makes one so uncomfortable." he Winnyford over to Ayshe the first thing to-morrow morning, and have the inspector of police here, and telegraph to Scotland Yard for a clever detective. I am not going to sit tamely down and see for the thief may have borrowed on the

with his spoils." the room up and down, but his was the quick, hurried stride of an angry agitated nan, not the soft meandering to and fro of an abstracted girl-thinking of an abdown with such force that they shook the room, and made a great noise even through

Mrs. Ormsby's arm, trembling more than to be the points where the government ever, and said with a nervous gasp-

"If they find him, will he be hanged?" its efforts to maintain itself. "You foolish child! people are hanged for murder only," she answered soothingly. "Do try and calm yourself, my dear-your teeth are actually chattering in your head. James,"-as Mr. Ormsby strode towards the door-"do tell Winnyford to bring up some wine-this poor child is frightened out of her senses."

> TO BE CONTINUED. CURRYING THE COW

It is as gratifying to the cow as it is to a the neck and back. Good grooming will make the hair smooth and glossy, especnot have the best care, and thorough grooming in winter, is one of the most important points of good management.

In the support core will much the resolution of the drawer, like the drawers in all well constructed bureaus, opened smooth and In the summer, cows will rub themselves against trees and fences, but their hair does not get so full of dirt in pasture as it is sure to do in winter in the stable.

THE DEVIL THE OWNER. ROBINSON, Ill. Jan. 12 .- Dr. David Wilon, the aged hermit, died at his home,

one of the best physicians in Ohio, but became deranged. It is said he was worth I hadn't made a sound myself. Then a ROMANTIC STORY FROM ST. LOUIS

"It was only a chance resemblance. To mad such odd fancies. I don't notice it myself," he stammered out.
"A chance resemblance to whom, if you please?"
"And I obliged to say? I declare I shall pitch into Tom," he went on, with a longing to be revenged on the person who had placed him in such a disagreerable position. "He has no right to say such things. Don't you know?"

"Of course I don't know; but if you know?"
"Of course I don't know; but if you know?"
"These pink heater are whose the country for political arguments of the mysteries!"
"The see pink heater are whose the country for political arguments of the person who had placed him in such a disagreerable position. "He has no right to say such things. Don't you know?"

"These pink heater are whose the country for political arguments of the person who had placed him in such a disagreerable position. "He has no right to say such things. Don't you know?"

"Of course I don't know; but if you know?"

"These pink heater are particularly are the northwest content of the leaves that there is the eternal rustle of the leaves to know."

"These pink heater are particularly are the northwest content of the leaves to the content of the leaves the northwest content of the leaves are the northwest content of the leaves, and when his feet touched "These pink heateness particularly delicate looking, Mit reville. I want you to notice them, and these gardenias—"
"The night is fine, the walrus said, Do you admire the view" she quoted. "It is no use, Sir Charles. I mean to know."

"Well, then, he are wered desperately, "he said you were view like Kate Law-"
"The night is fine, the walrus said, Do you admire the view" all the time."

"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess. An excitement like that warms one's blood and quickens one's pulses, and though you may seem outwardly cool,"

"I wasn't the search or a box which Stussner on his death bed said contained title deeds and papers revealing his true name and noble station. Stussner was forty-five years of age when he died, and a man of refinement and superior education. Mrs. Stussner has some of her dead husband's letters which substantiate his noble lineage, but seeks further proof before making them public. Nothing has yet blood and quickens one's pulses, and though you may seem outwardly cool,"

"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess. An excitement like that warms one's blood and quickens one's pulses, and though you may seem outwardly cool,"

"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess. An excitement like that warms one's blood and quickens one's pulses, and though you may seem outwardly cool,"

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"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess. An excitement like that warms one's blood and quickens one's pulses, and though you may seem outwardly cool,"

"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess. An excitement like that warms one's blood and quickens one's pulses, and the man shut off the current.

"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess. An excitement like that warms one's blood and quickens one's pulses, and the man shut off the current.

"I wasn't the least afraid, I must confess the man of the breat form the box which Stussner on an one is death

WAR CLOUDS LOOMING UP.

Italy it is Said Will Shortly be the Scene

New York, January 15.-The following cables appear in the Sunday papers: "The authorities were quite recently warned through their most trustworthy sources of information that a war might be thrust upon England at any moment. This startling announcement was spread before the country Thursday morning with all the emphasis that could be given to the words by the London Telegraph, a most conservative journal, which enjoys the largest circulation of any newspaper in Great Britain. Saturday the me newspaper, in a remarkable leader, mminent and unavoidable. It even went so far as to urge the government to require subsidized steamships, such as the Lucania and Teutonic, to take aboard an armament at once. It argued that war will break out among the nations like lightning from a clear sky, and it was necessary to save the valuable time required for mounting guns.

At no time in this generation has the English press used such extraordinary language on the subject of a threatened war as has filled their colums the past week. In the newspaper offices elaborate preparations are being pushed forward for covering the campaign. Not only are war correspondents being engaged but certain London journals are arranging for press steamers under the Red Cross or American flags, in the English channel and Mediterranean, and for correspondents on battle ships. It is strongly believed in Fleet street that Lord Roseberry shares the darkest forebodings. In fact the war panic, in certain circles, has reached a nore acute stage than at any time since

England last sheathed her sword. England at large, however, does not hare this alarm. The financial barometer, the most sensitive of all to genuine danger, shows no sign of disturbance. The leaders in monetary affairs, from Lord Rothchild down, say that they do not believe the peace of Europe is seriously threat ned. As regards any specific casus belli the situation to-day is distinctly better than a week ago. The fatal mistake of the French troops at Warina will probably be atoned for by an amende honorable France is still silent on the subject, but the disposition to treat the matter in a proper spirit is more liberal than was ex-

ected on this side of the channel. The political crisis—which undoubtedly prevailed in Germany, in spite of official denials—caused by differences between Chancellor Caprivi and the conservatives cited testimonial: Some months ago over the Russian commercial treaty seems | when suffering from a severe cold, I was now to be definitely at an end. Even advised to try Hawker's Balsam of Tolu pronounced Bismarckian organs, which and Wild Cherry and Hawker's Liver are the reverse of friendly to Caprivi, now admit the fact. The termination of the quarrel is the immediate outcome of correspondence between the East Prussian conservative union and Caprivi. The every case it has proved to be effective. chancellor showed fine diplomatic tact in this matter. Instead of trying to provoke the Agrarian party by opposition, James Ormsby!" he answered with stern he has tried (and succeeded) to conciliate lecision. "I looked through all my them by meeting them half way. The new German-Russian commercial treaty. there were none missing then. I have it is said, contains a number of considernot opened the chest since, until this eveupon agricultural products. Among other judge in a low tone. "Yes, my lord," items the rates upon cheese and hops are reduced by Russia. The new treaty therefore, is likely to prove as beneficia added, with a harrassed air. "I'll send to the agricultural as to the industrial interests of Germany. The reduction on

hops is especially for the benefit of the South German farmer. I have good reason to believe, says the Times London correspondent, that during myself robbed; but the question is whether the coming fortnight or three weeks I shan't be throwing my money away, there will be a more or less concerted attempt at revolution in various portions of deeds, long ago—we don't know when Italy. My principal informant is a Conthey were taken—and got clean away tinental publicist, at present living in London, who has had much to do with It was Mr. Ormsby's turn now to pace Italian politics and is now in close communication with parties there. His information is that before the end of the month there will be nearly simultaneous revolutionary demonstrations in Turin, sent lover maybe, or the solving of some Modena, Bologna, Milan, Mantua, Parma, difficult social problem. He put his feet Ferrara, Ancona, Foggia, and numeros other points of the north and east of the peninsula. I get the impression that the thick carpet, and his whole manner | Florence, Genoa, and Rome will not be counted upon, and that if Naples con-Under this new aspect James Ormsby's tributes her quota of disorder it will be genial kindly face became quite terrible, on general principles of imitation rather and poor Miss Greville, who did not seem than as the result of an organized plot. to know anything about the punishments | The province of the Marches and the that belong to certain crimes, clung to ancient Duchy of Parma are understood

will encounter the toughest resistance in

disturbed me in the least," said a retired burglar "for the proof against me was of such an nature that there couldn't be any possibility of mistake about it; and then, distressing as it was to me, I couldn't help admiring the the manner in which I was

"I had found my way in a house to the principal occupied chamber, and had surhorse to be groomed, brushed and curried. veyed the room as well as I could by the Do it carefully so as not to grate the teeth | dim light that was burning without using of the curry-comb on the cow's bones my own lamp. It was a handsomely furwhere they are prominent, but the cow likes it all the better if curried heavily on feeling just to look into it."

"I got over to the bureau and set my lamp down on top of it and got to work. ially if with it goes good feeding. It is im- The key had been left in the top drawer. ossible to get the most from cows that do | That seemed a little careless, but it made

"I reached in at the right-hand corner where people generally keep their pocket-books, and almost the first thing my hand touched was a silver purse, one of the kind that people used to carry more than they do now, wallet-shaped opening on a hinge, with accordio nlike compartments inside, and shutting with a snap. This pocket-book was carved or embose one mile west of this city, yesterday. He owned 20,000 acres of land in this and Lawrence counties. He also owned a drug store in Cincinnati, which has been locked up for twelve years, and which he said the devil had instructed him not to open. He had lived by himself for twelve years on one of his farms, west of this city,

I touched the bottle a bell began to ring man sat up in bed turned up a light and looked at me and said:

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Lodge Nights .- How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to? she suddenly asked. Fifteen. Mercy on me! But think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I am really glad that I'm

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The boy knew .- Teacher -- Yes, children, when the war broke out, all the able bodied men who could leave their families enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell me what motive took them to the front? Bright Boy (triumphantly) - Locomotives.

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I asked her for a kiss that night; She gently told me, "No." Then, reaching for the chandelier, She turned the gas down low.

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I am agent for a gate which can't be ifted off the hinges, and I've got two college towns in my district. Bronchitis and Influenza are quickly ured by Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry

AN EPITAPH. He spent his life at the Dentist's trade; He died - a man his tomb-

stone made.

And wrote thereon - oh, what Depravity! -"Tis thus good Snooks fills His last cavity." Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Mack & Co.

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