

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Lines on a Skeleton.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
'This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beautiful pictures filled this spot—
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern; hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied riches shine?
To how the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

OUR STORY TELLER.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

"Not exactly"—Allen's heart halted in its rapid beatings at the voice, and the low, musical laugh that accompanied it; "but I deserve the credit of having instigated the self-willed infant to the desire expressed by directing her attention to the riches cast up by the waves, that proved themselves such able abettors in my womanly manoeuvre."

"I hoped you gained enough by said manoeuvre to recompense you for the loss of your new gaiters."

"I was fortunate even there. The boots are uninjured, except that the tips may be a trifle less glossy. The walk in the warm sand that succeeded my wetting dried my feet comfortably by supper-time. Even if they had been ruined, I should not have been inconsolable, well as they fit; should have considered it but a small mishap, one of the minor misfortunes of war."

"How much longer do you intend to drive two in hand?" interrupted the other. "Take care! it is a dangerous game!"

"I grant it—to the inexperienced," was the confident rejoinder. "I remember, moreover, your insinuation against my adorable Allen, as expressed in the French proverb. Harken, O unbeliever! My politic show of interest in the arrival of the interesting youth this forenoon was a bullet in the heart of the real game. Whilst I was making sure of the decoy here upon the sands this afternoon—partly because he might yet be useful to me, partly because my heart softened at the thought of his miserable state, and I was not loth to leave him 'with a sweet taste' of me 'in his mouth,' as the children say; while I was doing this, a certain young gentleman was galloping restlessly through country lanes and woods to while away the tedious of the afternoon which I had named as the period I desired for deliberation upon the subject of a

letter slipped into my hand at dinner. Now, since this cogitation occupied less time than he expected, was I to mope in my room, like Marianna in the 'meated Grange,' through all the glorious sunset? This would have been especially nonsensical after I had seen my melancholy second-best strutting towards the beach. To cut short my story, at ten o'clock I am to meet the writer of this document in the pavilion on the bank back of us, and give him his answer. I was in a very good-humor towards the whole world, as you may suppose, so, as I could spare an hour after supper to 'the aforesaid No. 2, who the fates have decreed shall be No. 0 by tomorrow, it was but kind in me to bestow this parting blessing."

"How did you get rid of him finally?"

"Poor fellow! He is now diligently staring into the windows of the 'National,' expecting to recognize me in every girl that floats by in the waltz. It hurt my conscience to fib outright to him, but it was necessary to get rid of him. He is called the 'black sheep' of the family, and he is very like a sheep-burr in his pertinacity, where he once fastens himself. What a noisy heathen old Neptune is! Let us go on. I do not care to crack my voice before the interesting interview at ten o'clock this moonlight night."

And warbling the song she had quoted, she walked away.

CHAPTER V.

None of Allen Tyndale's kindred have looked upon his face since that summer night, four years ago. A brief line to his father, dated from New York the day after he left the sea-shore, is all the direct intelligence they have ever had from him. It stated his intention of immediate departure from the country, without assigning his reasons for doing so, or his destination. A month later, an acquaintance just returned from a Southern tour informed Mr. Tyndale that he had met his son in New Orleans, in company with several filibusters of Walker's army; had spoken to him, and received a sullen recognition, which, however, did not surprise him, as the young man was evidently intoxicated! Every means of inquiry was resorted to by the alarmed parent, but no further information was ever gained.

The mother knows not if the son she nurtured upon her bosom is still a fugitive and a wanderer upon the earth; or, if he moulders in a nameless grave; or, more distressing yet, if he's in a malefactor's cell, awaiting the day of doom. On her the stroke has done its work. Remorse, late and ineffectual, sets before her his shadowed childhood; his embittered youth; his neglected manhood; and asks, "Was there no balm in a mother's love—no pity in a mother's heart, that could more than compensate to him for Nature's deficiencies and the world's slight?" This voice it is whose accusations have robbed spirit and body of rest; made her old while yet in her prime—a change that causes friends to wonder, and acquaintances to conjecture what mysterious grief thus weighs her down, which arouses the husband's fears for her health and reason, and the daughter's indignation at the extravagant expenditure of sentiment upon an object so unworthy.

"It may seem unsisterly in me

not to sympathize with mamma's anxiety," she says to her friend and neighbor, the still pretty and blooming Mrs. Delisle, "but what else could she—what could any of us expect? You know yourself, Minna, that Allen was always our 'black sheep!'"

THE END.

Fashion Notes.

None but brides wear white gloves. Gold ornaments are no longer in vogue.

Black lace dresses are worn at balls and evening parties.

Chinchilla is the correct fur to put on grey satin garments.

Evening shoes are of the color of the dress or golden bronze.

Tulle forms all or a part of nearly every ball dress this season.

Fur trimmed cloth suits are the correct wear for January.

All shades of brown up to ecru look well with gold tinsel trimming.

There is a revival of French taste for mirrors in artistic interiors.

Fur trimmings should match the material on which they are used in color.

Cream white and pale rose are the colors preferred by young girls for evening dress.

Steel and silver tinsel are the correct metal trimmings for gray stuffs of all kinds and in all shades.

Diamond spangled chenille makes a lovely and lustrous tablier or front breadth for an evening dress.

The fashionable colors of the season are steel blue, grape red, chestnut, mushroom, autumn meadow green, and twilight pink.

Among new woods used for furniture and artistic interior finishing is cocoba wood, darker than mahogany, and very effective.

Evening gloves are as long as ever, and always of unglazed kid or suede, and the preferred colors are beige and tan in various shades.

The stockings for evening wear must match the color of the dress or its trimmings, and be plain, of silk or fine hie thread, with embroidered clocks.

Coiffures to be fashionable must be in the form of a figure 8 on the top of the head, with frizzled bangs on the forehead and in the nape of the neck.

Bisque dogs and cats are not the proper ornaments for the parlors and reception rooms of a well-appointed modern house; but they are frequently seen there, nevertheless.

Wide sashes of white Surah, loosely tied around the waist and arranged in a big bow in the back, make an effective finish to a plain white tulle, organdie, or crape evening dress.

English brides refuse to wear long-trimmed wedding robes, saying they do not care to look like dowagers at their own weddings, where they propose to dance in a demi-trained dancing dress.

Zouave velvet jackets, very short, in bright colors, and braided with gold and silver, are worn by young girls over tulle and organdie dancing dresses, a Greek scarf sash embroidered in tinsel and color forming most of the drapery.

Ball dresses have skirts put on in gathers or pleats around the waist, opening like a screen over a petticoat of another material. The preferred materials are velvet or satin broche for the petticoat, and tulle, lace, or crape for the overskirt.

The latest aesthetic wedding gown reported by English papers is that of the daughter of Prof. Huxley. It was of creamy satin, trimmed with Mechlin lace, myrtle and jasmine, while the bridesmaids wore sage green velvet trimmed with chrysanthemums.

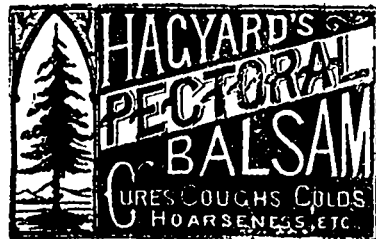
No Harm in It.

No harm can come from using Hagar's Pectoral Balsam; as a remedy for throat, bronchial and lung complaints it is always reliable and positively safe.

A German paper says "Bismarck is dancing on a volcano." Our Irish contributor thinks he'll lava narrow escape from being blown up if he fools too much with the "crater." Generally, when a man fools with the "crater," the "blowing up" doesn't take place until he reaches his home, we've been told.—[Norristown Herald.]

An essay by a pupil teacher.—Rector (reads): Horse racing is a favorite pastime of the aristocracy and other blackguards. Jockeys are led on gin from childhood, to stop their growth. The racecourse is a scene of drunkenness, profanity and vice, ruinous alike to body and soul. The next important event is the St. Leger. The favorite is Ratoacher, but father says the straight tip is Bluenose!—[London Punch.]

Take an agency for that rapid selling book "Canadian Home, Farm and Business Cyclopedia." J. S. Robertson & Bros., Toronto and Whitby.



\$200,000 in presents given away. Send as 6 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the \$200,000 in presents with each box Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FARMER'S ADVOCATE, AND HOME MAGAZINE

Is the only Independent Agricultural Journal in Canada Owned and Published by a Farmer.

WHAT FARMERS SAY:—

"It is our best friend."
"It is worth ten times its cost."
"The dollar spent for the Advocate is the best spent money from the farm."
"The wife and family are also delighted with it."
"No farmer's house should be without it"

The right information in the right season by the best specialists that can be procured on the Farm, Stock, Dairy, Garden and Orchard, Poultry, Veterinary, Apiary, Markets, Family Circle, etc., etc.

ONLY \$1 PER ANNUM. Sample copy sent free to applicants mentioning their lot, con. and P.O. Address FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in the world. All, of either sex, succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TOWN & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN!

ESTABLISHED 1846.

The most popular weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the Scientific American is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, \$3 20 a year. Discount to clubs. Sold by all newdealers.

MUNN & CO.,
Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.