

"IN PACE."

When you are dead some day, my dear,
Quite dead, and under ground,
Where you will never see or hear
A summer night or sound;
What shall become of you in death,
When all our songs to you
Are silent as the bird whose breath
Has sung the summer through?

I wonder, will you ever wake,
And with tired eyes again,
Live for your old life's little sake
An age of joy or pain?
Shall some stern destiny control
That perfect form, wherein
I hardly see enough of soul
To make your life a sin?

For we have heard for all things born
One harvest-day prepares
Its golden garner for the corn,
And fire to burn the tares;
But who shall gather into sheaves,
Or turn aside to blows
The poppy's pucker'd helpless leaves,
Blown bells of scarlet flame?

No hate so hard, no love so bold
To seek your bliss or woe;
You are too sweet for hell to hold,
And heaven would tire you so.
A little while your joy shall be,
And when you crave for rest,
The earth shall take you utterly
Again into her breast.

And you will find a quiet place
For your still soul to lie,
And lay the flowers upon your face,
Sweet as your kisses were;
And with hushed voices void of mirth,
Spread the light turf above,
Soft as the silk you loved on earth
As much as you could live.

W. H. MALLOCE.

AUNT JUDITH'S DENUNCIATION.

BY FRANCES JOSEPHINE MOORE.

Aunt Judith! How shall I hope to describe her majesty! Tall, angular and stern of visage, yet with handsome features. A few years back, and Aunt Judith was as upright as the very straightest of pokers; now, however, she was slightly bent with rheumatism, and had to lean upon a substantial gold-headed stick when she walked. Report said that, in the days of her youth, Miss Judith Crampton had been both a belle and a coquette!

Accordingly, she was now straight-laced to a degree. No one could pounce upon the mildest flirtation with more hawk-like celerity than she—no one could preach a severe moral lesson with more awe-inspiring aspect than she. There were folks still living who spoke in whispers of a "love disappointment" which had once assailed this paragon amongst ancient virgins. Perhaps this was true, perhaps not. Anyway, she was perfectly safe from such assaults now.

Miss Judith had a heart underneath her stern exterior, although few found the way to it. The one who loved her best, and whom she loved best in the world, was her niece, pretty, merry, warm-hearted Katie Lorton, her dead sister's only daughter.

Katie was engaged to be married, and was coming on a short visit to her aunt, the last before her marriage with Mr. James Manly; "Manly Jimmy," as some of his bachelor friends called him.

Katie had written to say she would be down, in about a week, adding:

"Jim is also paying some farewell visits, and, if he can manage to make them fit in comfortably, will come down to see you and me for a day or two toward the end of my visit, and then take me back to New York. Won't that be nice, auntie?"

"Charming!" muttered the old lady, grimly, and, indeed, she had cause for grimness just now, for there lay close beside her on the table another letter from a lady she knew well formerly, and who lived in a quiet seaside town no very far from New York.

Miss Florinda Ferrett was perhaps the very cleverest person at managing her neighbour's affairs that you ever came across. There was no mystery too deep for her.

"Bless you, I guess they can't deceive me. I know it's true," etc., etc.

The more difficult the prey, the keener the chase for Miss Florinda Ferrett. That she was no favourite in the small town you may be very sure.

This worthy creature had written to Aunt Judith, and here is her letter:

"MY VALUED FRIEND—You know how distasteful it is to my too-sensitive organization to find out anything against other people. Were it not for our long friendship" (they had been rivals in their youth) "I would keep silence for ever. As it is, however, I feel it my bounden duty to speak.

"I have, most unwillingly, discovered that Mr. James Manly, your sweet Katie's betrothed" (she hated Katie!) "is a villain of the worst type! One of my windows overlooks the garden of a pretty villa here—Rose Villa. My friend, prepare yourself. In that villa dwell James Manly's wife and children. Mrs. Manly has been down here about a month; he came a week ago. She appears to be a little older than he is (young men so often make fools of themselves in that way), a very fine-looking woman (sure to get coarse), and very quiet manners (those very quiet people are generally sly). The children—a boy and a girl, about seven and five—are really very pretty.

"Mr. James Manly arrived one evening whilst I was sitting at my window (it happened to be the very one I mentioned to you), reading 'Paley's Evidences.' Such a meeting! 'Oh, Jim, I am so glad to see you!' she cried. 'Well, how are you all? Jolly as usual!' Then such kissing! It really made my blood curdle. I drew down the blind, but I could not avoid seeing through a little chink that they went back into the house arm-in-arm, laughing and talking.

"They are together all the time; he evidently adores the children, and, I suppose, her, too. They all walk together, drive together, and (I blush to name it even) bathe together! Of course, the present age (dead to modesty) allows of such atrocities; but I must say it makes me creep to think of them.

"I have now told you all, and leave you to make what use you please of this letter (without bringing in my unblemished name, of course).

"Yours, with true friendship and in sorrow,
"FLORINDA FERRETT."

"And this young man seeks my niece!—seeks to ally himself to one of the best families in New York! I'll tell her—I'll tell the poor deluded child directly she arrives. Yet, no, I won't; she shall have a few more happy days. But when that fellow comes, I'll confront him with all his villainy. Surely pride will cure my Kate—the pride of the Cramptons. Ah! how the dear girl takes after me, to be sure."

Katie came, bright, pretty, and so happy. She was never tired of talking about her Jim.

"Auntie, he is such a dear fellow—so frank and true."

"Ah, my dear," sighed Aunt Judith, wistful, in some sort, to prepare Katie, "youth is easily satisfied."

"Now, auntie, dear, that is cruel. I tell you my Jim is as utterly incapable of any sort of deceit as—as a little baby."

"Babies, child, are the most deceitful creatures breathing. They always squall and pretend pain when they want their own way."

"You know very well, Aunt Judith, that you are only pretending. Anyway Jim is Jim, even if a baby is a baby—and a deceitful, squalling one."

How Aunt Judith managed to contain herself during the next few days was a marvel, bursting as she was with indignation and pity combined.

The austere old lady groaned in spirit when she thought of how soon Katie's crop of happiness would be dashed from her young lips.

At last the day arrived upon which James Manly was expected. Katie was in high spirits, with such a tender, happy light in her bright eyes! It was really heart-rending.

Aunt Judith began to wish herself at the North Pole, Kamtschatka, or any other equally remote district. But duty stared her sternly in the face, and when did Miss Judith Crampton ever shrink from that? She must nerve herself to her dreadful task.

Katie had to order some things for her aunt from the village, so she put on her hat.

"If Jim comes before I get back, you must amuse him, auntie. I don't think you have forgotten how to entertain a gentleman, you dear old thing!" cried the saucy girl, hugging the "dear old thing" rapturously.

Off she went, and again did the unhappy lady groan in spirit.

"Poor child! When she comes back—Oh, that wretch!"

She sat in her trim parlour, grim, majestic and full of wrath, but determined to face the worst, come what would.

Presently she heard the deafening shriek of the incoming train; in five minutes he would be there, for the station was close to her cottage. Five minutes! Good gracious! how should she begin! She wished Katie were back. Then she devoutly hoped Katie would not come back—just now, at all events.

Perhaps, after all, Providence would be merciful to her, and he would not come at all! Ah! that was very likely. He knew probably that he was already found out, and therefore—

And lo! there he stood in the doorway! Such a fine-looking fellow, with laughing gray eyes and the figure of an athlete!

In he came.

"I suppose I need scarcely ring—need I? How do you do, Miss Crampton? I am glad to see you looking so well. I—I hope—I am welcome!" a little uncertainly, seeing no smile of greeting on the stern face before him.

"Sir—young man—" began Aunt Judith, rising, and then sitting down again, trembling. Why on earth was this fellow so handsome and truthful-looking, making it so difficult for her to denounce him!

"Miss Crampton! why, surely you have forgotten me. I am James Manly."

"Forgotten you! Young man, I wish I had never seen you!"

Jim stared at her. Then a thought flashed across him.

"Good heavens! she is mad! How shocking! I wish Katie had told me. Age and rheumatism. I wonder where her keeper is."

She fathomed his suspicion.

"I see what you think, Mr. Manly. But I am not mad, although I wonder I retain my senses in presence of so much audacity. Are you not ashamed, sir?"

"Ashamed, Miss Crampton?" repeated Jim, utterly confounded.

"Yes, sir, ashamed of coming here, in order to delude my poor niece up to the last moment."

The poor old lady almost broke down here. At last Jim said:

"Of what do you accuse me, may I ask?"

Now for the dreadful leap.

"I accuse you, young man, of seeking my niece, Miss Kate Lorton, in marriage, whilst—whilst—you have a wife and children already!"

The leap was taken.

"Wife and children!"

"Do not feign ignorance!" and Aunt Judith shook with wrath. "Look here; do you see this letter, written from the very place you now come from? I conceal the name of the writer from motives of honour—a thing you know nothing about, sir." Then, tearing off the signature, she handed him the letter. "Read it, sir—read it for yourself. Never mind the style of the letter—it is the subject with which we have to do."

Jim read the letter, and a light dawned upon him. Returning it, he muttered, with a gloomy look:

"So, I am discovered!"

"Discovered! Yes, to be the deepest dyed wretch, the most heartless—"

"Well, where's the harm?" interrupted Jim, with a swagger of bravado. "Why shouldn't I walk and drive with a pretty Mrs. Manly? And as for bathing—by Jove, though," he said, meditatively, "that was a becoming costume she wore!"

"Shameless profligate!"

"Katie's figure is pretty, too," said Jim, with the air of a connoisseur.

Then Aunt Judith started up. Forgetful of rheumatism, and, shaking her stick at him, she shrieked:

"Out of my presence! Go—go before my poor girl returns! Go, and I will break the dreadful fact to her. Good heavens, she's here!"

"Why, auntie! Why, Jim! Whatever is the matter?" cried Katie, standing amazed in the door-way.

"And well might she ask, for there stood Aunt Judith, furiously shaking her stick at Jim, who had rolled on to the sofa in a perfect convulsion of laughter.

"Oh, Katie!" he gasped, "come here—come and support me—or—I shall die—your athletic Jim will die!"

"You goose," said Katie, "get up and tell me what you've done to Aunt Judith."

"What he's done!"

Then came the whole story in a torrent. And then what did Aunt Judith see? Instead of a poor stricken girl, flying to her arms for shelter and sympathy, she saw Katie run over to Jim, throw her arms round his neck, and off they both went into such fits of laughter that her aunt stood dumbfounded.

At last Katie got her breath.

"Oh, auntie!" she cried. "Why have you been accusing Jim of being married to—oh, wait—or I shall choke—to his stepmother!"

Another explosion from Jim. A bombshell falling into the midst of Miss Judith Crampton's cottage and shattering its inmates would be but a faint description of the fearful revulsion which took place in that good lady's mind. She knew that Jim had a stepmother, but had never seen her—never thought of her as a young woman—in fact, she had not thought much about her.

"Stepmother!" she faltered, sinking into her chair.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jim, with mock humility. "Please, mayn't I have a pretty stepmother and a nice little brother and sister—Tommy and Tottie?"

"Stepmother!" repeated Miss Judith—then, with sudden alacrity. "Why, what a mischief-making, scandal-loving, prying fool!"

"Is Miss Florinda Ferrett," interrupted Jim. "Yes, Miss Crampton, I have guessed your informant. She is well-known in her immediate neighbourhood."

Miss Judith Crampton was a true lady in spite of her little eccentricities; she rose, and, holding out her hand, said:

"James Manly, I ask your pardon, and Katie's, too. You were right, child. Your Jim and deceit don't fit together at all."

"That was a very becoming bathing costume, though," said Jim, mischief brewing in his eye.

"Go along with you, sir!" said Aunt Judith, making a playful dive at him with her stick.

Jim and Katie have been married some years now, and have three blooming children. Their home is very bright and happy, and one of its most welcome visitors is Aunt Judith. Often does Jim, when he and Katie are alone, rehearse the scenes of Aunt Judith's denunciation. "Shall I ever forget it! Bathed together! shameless profligate!" Then, brandishing an imaginary stick, or anything that comes handy, off he goes into one of his convulsions of laughter, and his little wife cannot help joining, although they both love Aunt Judith dearly and have never told a soul about the absurd mistake made by the mischief-making old maid. Aunt Judith adores the children, and is not anything like as stern as she used to be. But if you wish to rouse within her the most righteous wrath, just mention Miss Florinda Ferrett.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures all disease of the blood, liver and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

WHO HE WAS.

One of the book-keepers for a Detroit lumber firm was recently sent to the north woods to transact business for his employers. He is a man of good mind and strong limb, and has hung about gymnasiums long enough to get up his muscle and understand how to strike from the shoulder. He reached a camp belonging to another firm just at noon one day, and all but one of the loggers gave him a hearty welcome. This one man seemed out of sorts and bent on mischief. After throwing out repeated slurs and insults he boldly said:

"Stranger, I've been aching for a whole week past to put some one in my vest pocket."

This was turned off in a pleasant manner, but the logger persisted:

"I've got a great hankering to play pitch and toss with you, and if you don't run away before I finish my dinner, I'm going to heave you over the shanty a few times."

The Detroitier didn't run worth a cent. When he saw that a fuss was inevitable, he removed his watch and pin and shed his overcoat, and was in first-rate trim when the logger was ready to heave away. As the bully came forward he was neatly knocked down. He got up with a grin and went down again. The third time he got up he sat down on a log to collect his ideas, and when they had returned to him, he carefully approached the Detroitier, and said:

"Mebbe you are presidin' elder?"

"No."

"Regular preacher?"

"No."

"Circuit rider?"

"No."

"Tract distributor?"

"No; I am a bookkeeper in the employ of Lath & Shingle of Detroit."

"Put it thar!" said the man, as he held out his hand. "I'm all bluff and no fight, but I took you for some sort of a preacher, and I thought I might wallop you and stand solid with the boys. Say, will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'm going to tell the boys that you are Tom Sayers, and don't you deny it! Carrying two black eyes around this camp for the next fortnight will be grief enough for me to stagger under, let alone any one knowing that I got 'em from a man wearing a billed shirt and a clean collar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LONG SWIMS BY MEN AND ANIMALS.

Referring to the wonderful feats of swimming performed by Webb, the opinion is expressed in

Nature that men and animals would sustain themselves for long distances in water much oftener were they not incapacitated by terror or completely ignorant of their real powers.

Some years since the second mate of a ship fell overboard while fisting a sail. It was blowing fresh, the time was night, and the place some miles out in the stormy German Ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmouth, and as the mainsheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished except Brock himself, who from 4 in the afternoon of an October evening to 1 the next morning swam thirteen miles before he was able to hail a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirty miles in America in order to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog washed overboard during a gale in the Bay of Biscay have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope. The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished, which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was labouring heavily in the trough of the sea it was found needful, in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard which had been taken in at Corunna. The poor things, a staff surgeon said, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel. A man on the east coast of Lincolnshire saved quite a number of lives by swimming out on horseback to vessels in distress. He commonly rode an old gray mare, but when the mare was not to hand he took the first horse that offered.

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