## POETRY.

THE OLD TIME NEW YEAR CALLS.

I'm sad because the New Year calls are going out of style Like other good, old custo

ent make you smile, But once, when I was young enough cut a pigeon wing,'

Two hundred calls on New Year's Day just the proper thing. The ladies then expect m

friends to make Their list of callers biggest so their hearts would ache And, for that noble purpose, they all " set a

table" fine th turkey, pickled oysters, jelly ham, cigars and wine.

with delight

The ladies rose to greet me and return my bows polite And then without a waste of words on

weather topics, they, Extending me refreshi

led the way. With other callers there I sat as jolly as you

And heaping plates of New Year's fare I balanced on my knees

While holding brimming coffee cups. In spite of all my skill Upon the parlor carpet, oh, those dainties

used to spill. With heart too full for utterance and hands and mouth the same I put card-basket callers of the present day

to shame: Then, wishing "Happy New Year" to the ladies one and all. I bowed myself away to run and make an-

O, yes! It was delightful in those good, old days to see Three hundred handsome lady friends who

thought the world of me And at their tempting tables be invited to partake Of turkey, pickled oysters, wine, ham, jelly,

nuts and cake. 'Twas even more delightful for the ladies who would show

The longest list of callers - half of whon they didn't know . When on the following "Ladies' Day" they on each other made Their New Year calls to show their clothes

## SELECT STORY.

and sip hot lemonade.

IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE!

By the Author of 'A Queer Sort of Honeymoon.'

CONTINUED. CHAPTER VIII.

was just a momentary flicker in her eyes | and could live in peace together? not herself aware that her eyes reflected the flash of uneasiness in her heart.

"My dear Vernen," she said, laughing, what a singular time to ask for! Wouldn't How old and worn she seemed suddenly to-morrow do as well? You see, with guests-and I suppose it's on business?" Devereux, smiling, "but it is important and won't wait until to-morrow. When

the library, please." look at him covertly and tremble inwardly. Indeed, his request looked more like

"Very well," she answered, "I will be at your service." evening, she could not keep under the have deemed her capable of feeling, but internal fever which rendered her so un- she shrank back in terror, as Devereux

an uncomfortable resentment of evil. The guests retired rather early that there at least, and Devereux, while taking

"Dearest, I am going to see her now, but try and not be anxious: meet me in

her cousin insisted on talking business with her at that time of night. Isn't he incorrigible?" she added, "men always gone."

want things settled off-hand." But she felt anything but happy as Vernon came into the room and closed the door, advancing to the mantel-piece, by which he stood, while Harriet sank

as short as you can; and it's so very improper, you and I talking here together." long as you please," returned Devereux, am compelled to for the honor of the quietly. "I only want to tell you something, and to ask you a few questions."

Harriet looked interested. "What a solemn beginning," said she with a smile; go on."

"Well, what I have to tell you is this. Briefly, I met Edith this afternoon by chance, though I had intended to seek rose up and pushed it towards him. had gone white, and a strange look had come into her eyes—her hands clutched raised on the promises you made."

ling somewhat over her words; "only. forgive me, do you think peace will last between you two?"

He almost laughed, though he was on such a tension inwardly.

said: "anyway, that is our affair, isn't it? be after to-morrow. Good-night." Well, so much for my news. I learn, for the first time that Edith sent me a letter to the address of my solicitor, who had door for her. orders to forward all letters to me, and who always knew my whereabouts. The letter told me of the birth of my child—a made him shudder; "if I am to fall, the shawl that he found lying on a chair, the shawl that he found lying on a chair, the shawl that he found lying on a chair, the shawl that he found lying on a chair, climbed the tree to where D'Arcy was, girl. I never received it; it was sent through you. Wait a moment," for Mrs. Erle had half risen, with well maintained money; who made the price of his help surprise and incredulity. "I wrote to Edith about that same time from London-my letter was returned without a to keep in idleness and extravagance! who would have died long ago could level position. Now it appears, if the word. You was in charge of my wife, Royston is here-in this neighborhood! she have had her wish. who knew nothing, never saw her child, was told it had died, and was shown its grave. All this I learned from her."

"But, Vernon-indeed, I must speak!" cried Harriet, impetuously, "it is not possible you could seriously imagine I had anything to do with the miscarriage of these letters?-I, who would so gladly | Harriet answered; "he came to see me have brought about a reconciliation be- the very day you were to arrive, and

accusation. speak quite plainly. You have every said fiercely. "Crush him, Vernon, and mother and child. motive under the sun to keep me and half the sting of my defeat will be gone! Edith apart, to suppress the knowledge from reaching me that I had a child born to me. You say that child died; it was your interest to have it taken away. You are not courageous enough to take a life. hold over me, he said. Ah! that moves give me that I have taken your privilege

child die, gradually, from neglect, from a of it if you like." semi-starvation, from cruelty, which stops

want to get the credit of being good-heart- as she was going, "has the child been ed to the world. I learned that Alfred Royston visited the house where Edith lay in your charge. What easier than for him to aid you, to take the child away while the mother was between life and death, tell her it was dead, show its

took into your home?" "And you-you dare accuse me of such a crime as this?" said Mrs. Erle, clenchan air of injured innocence. "The whole to see me take the child to you?" thing is a monstrous fabrication. You have not an atom of proof of your wild

"But I can get proof. If you do not have the whole thing sifted to the bottom pitch of nervousness that was only stilled not be vicious, but they need to be made have the grave where the child is sup- by exhaustion. Poor little thing! she to realize that their conduct is dangerous posed to be buried, opened, rake up every | could not find relief, generally, even in a | to the good order of the community and soul who had anything to do with you at burst of tears—she had been too subdued that their parents are in a large measure that time, and if—as I believe in my soul for that—but lay quivering instead.

ten minutes to make your choice.'

other end of the room, his breast heaving, trembled fearfully. his lips quivering a little. His blood was face to face with discovery, sank down in | held him silent. her chair and stared with glassy eyes beof her life to be undone, her son to be cut | smiled, happily. out of his inheritance, just from a chance visit. "Oh, who could have forseen this?" came quickly, her eyes glittered, her tone.

bosom heaved. If she had only had rage to have taken that minute-old ning. Harriet?" Devereux asked of his life years ago! Yet what use when these cousin that day before dinner. There two chose to fancy they loved each other, that we noted, though probably she was "The ten minutes is up, Harriet," Devereux's voice said quietly, across the chaos, the tumult of her thoughts, and

she started and looked at him humbly.

to have become. stood whose child it was. I suppressed living at all." Edith's letter to you and sent back yours not? That's all. I wanted Muriel to die. easiness, and though she preserved her I hated her-I hate her," Mrs. Erle said, he had told her. usual outward demeanor throughout the with a gleam of savagery that few would

"Silence," he said, sternly. "I know But enough; I will speak with you no herself in a kind of rapturemore, now that I have the truth at last. the shrubbery about six to-morrow morn- To-morrow, those in the house must know it too, for I shall claim Edith as my wife | heart, Devereux bent over her. and Muriel as my child. And now, you ments if you like, till all your guests are

"Are you going to tell them?" the question that came at last. wretched woman said, hoarsely. "Are you going to bring shame on my boy?" "You have brought shame on him already," Vernon answered, grimly. "These people must of necessity know. How ly, and suppressing a yawn, "pray forgive away with us? Do you think I am going The child started up. to fabricate some story of adopting her to who spared no pain and misery to my child? I show you no mercy but what I hers, too? And yours."

> name I bear." without further pretext, wrote out and demanded, and when she had done this,

"Pleased? I? Oh, yes, Vernon, I-of that," returned Vernon, quietly. "I have you, darling, and she will love you, I course I am pleased-very pleased, stumb- told you I will help Percy, not you; to that I adhere. Now I am going to my is your mother." child; if she be awake and restless, as she not trust her out of my sight while we "Last? Oh, yes, I am sure of that," he remain under your roof, which will not

> "Wait," she said, and her lips parted arms to-night." him, and when I refused that, forced me

Don't you want to crush him as you have Vernon looked down at the fair face

transformed by her bitter hatred. "Where is he?" he asked briefly. "Staying at the 'Stag' inn at Caverly, a village three miles from the park gates,"

"I shall do so," Devereux said in a sup-

baptized?" "Oh, yes; I saw to that -- I don't know Muriel it was.'

Devereux bowed and held open th grave-in truth, bring that child here, door for her, saw her upstairs, then stood and throwing a sin on your own husband, a moment with his hands locked over his THE QUEENS COUNTY SHOOTING of which I do not think he was capable, forehead, trying to still the tumult within pass it off as his illegitimate child, which him -he must not startle his darling ou, out of consideration for his wish, child - then strode off to the nurser premises where Muriel slept.

"Edith, my darling," he kept whispering, "your heart is yearning for me, for ing her hands. She was pale as death, her. I am coming, you shall clasp your lating to the shooting of the boy, Abner and her eyes had grown wide with fear | child to-night. I care not, all the house In toilets, most magnificent and beaming and dread, though she strove to maintain will know to-morrow. What if they were

CHAPTER IX.

MURIEL, like many delicate and sensitell me all the truth," said Devereux, and | tively organized children, was frequently now he came close up to her and laid his a restless sleeper, and as often as not, hand heavily on her shoulder, "I shall go passed the first hours of the night lying at once to Royston, and with a pistol at wide awake. Once or twice Devereux his head, wring the truth from him. You had come to her and soothed her to sleep, have thrown him over; he is not likely to and now the child often lay longing for

I shall—I find that Muriel is my child, I And to-night she was wakeful, and will have you indicted for its abduction, strained every nerve to hear the lightest and conspiracy with Royston; your son sound that could be construed into an ap- and many are curious to know if it is of Percy shall never possess a shilling of proaching step. Muriel suffered agonies such a nature that the machinery of law mine, and I will do nothing for him, but that nervous children alone know, becut you both out of my life; you have cause she was not permitted to have a law that the statement made by the denothing to gain by concealment. But if light in the room, and she started up with ceased, subsequent to being shot, is not you confess to me the truth, and give me a half cry, as she fancied she saw a light admissable in a court of law; that such a back my child, I will not make your gleaming under the door. Breathlessly statement was made, has been proven by crime public, and I will not visit your sin she waited, with her hands clasped to- several witnesses under oath. Of this, entirely upon your boy, but will still be gether. The door opened, a tall form presume a higher court would be more responsible for your education and start came in, setting down the lamp he carried competent to pronounce. But aside from

He made a quick step to her side and bounding like fire within his veins, but gathered the little tremulous creature he kept down his passion with an iron right into his arms, pressing the golden before referring to those points, I wish hand; he had not schooled himself in head to his breast with heaven knows to draw your attention to the argument vain. And the wretched woman, brought what rush of passionate tenderness, that that appears to me, has led the mind of

"My little one," he said at last, brokenfore her, her hands twisting themselves ly, "my own child," and bent his head to have been accidental, because the boys together in the dread anguish of her soul. hers, and kissed the soft curls; and Muriel were all such good friends and had been All her plans to have failed, all the works | twined her little arms about his neck and | most of their lives. This is gratifying to

she cried in her heart, and her breath mand himself to speak in his ordinary plead malice aforethought. But, are all the old and well-tested corn cure - Put

"And I wanted to come to you, darling, and I want you never to leave me again. held against such cases as the former Muriel, should you like to be always with | when, if the circumstances point strongly

The child lifted her head-bewildered. good and quiet while I tell vou some- a false charge against one he had thought thing-something that will make you so much of? Is it not the most natural "Well," she said, in a hollow voice, "as very glad, as it has made me too. I am you say, I have nothing to gain by con- going to take you away from Mrs. Erle's cealment. Muriel is your child and house; you are not related to her at all, Edith's." (The man almost reeled, and but when you were quite a baby, only a liberateness, when it was shown by evi- I went right to his cot in the hospital and covered his face a moment, then mastered few hours old even, you were taken away nimself and stood like a statue). "Roy- by her from your mother—your father ston helped me; he took it away to Eng- was a long distance off at that time-and land and left it there, and I let it be under- neither of them knew that you were

He was silent while he watched her unanswered. She knew nothing; she was with changeful face; her eyes were fixed delirious. She believed-why should she on his, eagerly drinking in every word. She seemed utterly bewildered by what "But-but," she said, in a half-choked

voice, "I don't understand you." "Darling," Vernon said, "should you usually restless, and filled her mind with laid his hand with a clasp of steel on her like to think that you are my own little He held his breath when he had said

night, much to the relief of three people too well the intent in your heart; you that, he hardly knew how she would have made my poor child suffer, and by take it. She looked at him, a radiant some music from Edith to put away, heaven for that I almost repent that I wonderful light breaking over her wistpromised to spare you a public disgrace. ful face. He heard her whispering to "My father-your little danghter," over

and over again. Moved to his inmos "Does that make you happy, my little to the library, saying, laughingly, "that will write out your confession and sign it, one," he said softly, and her long drawn then you may go and keep your apart- sigh, "Oh, yes," almost broke him down. time, soothing her, waiting the inevitable

"But. mother—is she dead?" A spasm went through his heart at the child's low spoken question, but he kissed her and said as calmly as he could-"Shall I take you to her, Muriel? She

otherwise explain why I take Muriel is in this house - you have seen her." "That beautiful lady!" she exclaimed spare you who spared no pang to Edith- excitedly. "She cried when she saw me. She had a little baby that died. Am I

"There are many things, my child, by us. And your mother," he faltered a stock of the gun was lowered towards "You have but yourself to thank for little and bent his head, "is waiting for the ground, with the barrel turned up-

think, even more than I do, because she "Take me to her," the child whispered, clinging about his neck, "but, oh, father, you love me-no one could love me more."

"Well, perhaps not more, my faithful little soul, only a mother's love is different But she stopped him with a gleam in that's all. Now I'm going to carry you her eyes, as he was about to open the down to mother's room. and she will keep

Devereux paused outside Edith's dress-

thought, and knocked softly. "Edith," he called out, quietly, and the next moment the door was opened, and Devereux stepped into the room

"I bring you your treasure," and laid the child in her arms. Could he ever forget the passion tween you? Yet your tone is almost an forced more money from me. He said he she clasped and pressed the frail form to in "Something like it, Harriet," answered find it better worth his while to sell our in rapture, whispering a hundred endear-graph alimb above, for the tree is a Vernon, sternly. "It is incredible that secret to you than to keep with me. He ments with broken voice and falling Edith's letter to me should have missed has kept me in torture and suspense all tears? He turned aside, not able to bear me, unless by some ruse of yours. I will this time, and I hate him," the woman the pathetic sight of that reunion of the shot was fired, that killed Abner

Presently, when she was a little calmer,

"Vernon, Vernon," Edith said passionshort of being personal only because you pressed way. "Wait?" he stopped her ately, and laid her face to his, "it was yours. We are one; there is no difference. Oh! how happy you have made me." Her voice broke, her head drooped on why," answered Harriet. "Edith always his breast, and pressing his lips to her had a fancy for the name of Muriel, so curls, the man whispered tremulously-

"As I always will, my wife." TO BE, CONTINUED.

To the editor of The Herald; SIR.—In your issue of the 2nd inst., appears as a concise statement of facts as brought out at the enquiry of the information laid against the Brown boys, re-

It is true that many incorrect and sensational reports went to the press concerning this matter, vet there are many persons that believe substantial justice has not been done, nor a sufficient penalty attached to insure peace, law and order, a proper observance of the Sabbath, and a guarantee against the dangers of life by a too careless use of firearms. It goes very commonly, that the expression, "I will shoot you," has been of a very common occurrence in this locality, for some wish to spare you. And moreover, I will him to come, and exciting herself to a time past with those boys. They may

opinion that a crime has been committed. is not sufficient to reach it. It may be no in life—on certain conditions. I give you on a table, and Vernon Devereux ap- that evidence, it appears there are other proached the bed. The child looked up grounds upon which substantial evidence He turned away and walked to the at him in grand relief, though she still could be gleaned and a strong case made out, which would show deliberateness to some degree, and go far to break down the theory of accidental shooting. But, many from the main issue. It has been used very strongly to show that it must know, because if a crime has been com-"Were you wakeful, my child?" he mitted, I presume it would lessen the said, after a moment, when he could com- penalty, as there would be no grounds to few days, all that is required is to apply

crimes void of malice aforethought, to go nam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure, "Yes," she whispered. "Oh, I wanted unpunished? Is not a life as precious, when painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes taken without malice aforethought, as if no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly so taken, and are not safeguards to be up- and painlessly on hard and soft corns. in that direction? We will refer again to the friendliness of those boys. If so was ball seems so brutal to me. "See, my little one," Devereux said, in the case, and such it appears was, what persons, would have stated that Judson Brown was innocent of every intent or dedence that he had little to build a hope of apologized to him. life upon? Could it be possible, that he. seventeen years of age, nearing his dying

noment, soon to pass to his judge, should in the face of his kindly affection towards this boy, make a false charge, that Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, would at least, leave a stain upon this Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, boy for life? Or more: if upon trial his statement was believed, place Judson ranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure Brown's life in peril, or a lengthy period ever known. Warranted by Davies. of confinement. I think this argument has two sides, and by careful judgement must bear strongly upon the case from this point. But apart from the statement

cumstance which will bear more convinc-

In the first place, Abner Rathburn was

ing testimony than all others.

from four to five, or more inches higher, I think, to judge from appearances, than Judson Brown. Now take Dr. Casswell's evidence, which was that the course of the charge was at right angles with a line through the body, neither upwards or downwards, and that the charge entered his left side, three inches to the left of the navel, and about one inch and a half below. Now take the boys, D'Arcy and David Brown's evidence, which was that the gun was discharged while in Judson's right hand, with his arm extended down its whole length by his right side, which would be well down near the knee, or at least half way between the hip and knee, and that the gun was in a horizontal position. Now put those two persons on a a level plain, and the charge could not enter the body at all. Again, where Abner stood, was with his left foot on a root run-She broke into a passion of tears at ground near the tree, as sworn to on eviast, and clung to her father in a way dence. Again, the ground where Judson Cowed and completely subdued, thank- that convinced him of her joy. He did stood, some ten or twelve feet from the ful to escape the punishment which the not seek to stop her tears, only to pacify tree, was some inches lower than at the law would award for her crime, Harriet, her a little, and when she was calm tree, some thought from five to six inches, enough to hear him speak again, said very or more. Now take the difference in the eight or ten inches above the ground, the that you will not understand now, that difference of heighth of ground at the "You have undone me," she said when you are older you shall know. Now, tree and where Judson stood, with Dr. our long separation will end. That ought | through her teeth. "You leave me after | you will believe what I tell you, just be- | Caswell's, D'Arcy and David Brown's evito please you, Harriet—though you don't having for years taught Percy to look on cause I say it, won't you? The lady you dence, how could the charge enter up in look very pleased," for Harriet, a little himself as your heir, with the miserable have known as Mrs. Clifford is my wife the body? It seems to me, to be one of off her guard in her dismay at his words, pittance this estate brings, for it is miser- and your mother, and so you belong to us the impossibilities. Now D'Arcy Brown, able, because it is charged with debts and will always be loved and cared for in answer to Justice Palmer, said that the

wards, while David Brown said the stock was on the ground. Now, as stated by Dr. Caswell, the course was "neither unwards or downwards," and that through fleshy matter, without passing by any bony sub-

Again, D'Arcy in answer to further enquiries of Justice Palmer, and the clerk of of a million dollars in the destruction by boys at the moment the gun went off. How four hundred miners are thrown out of you there, and you will go to sleep in her then, could he swear that the hammer was down on the cap, or how could he Brown, swore that Judson had the gun in between her son and his inheritance, and his right hand down by his side, in a foot, allowing for boots or shoes, which can be ascertained, as the measurement ing room door. She would still be up, he was taken, and measure that distance up the trunk of the tree above the root where Abner stood, and taking a level from said heighth, to where Judson stood, you have the heighth of the gun when discharged, for according to the doctor's evidence, it must have been on a level with the wound to make its course at right angles with a straight line through the body. Besides, the body would be forced more money from me. He said he she clasped and pressed the frail form to in a perpendicular position, as Abner should keep round here, because he might her breast, kissing the face lifted to her stood on the root of the tree, with his very straight one. It is also stated by re-liable persons, that the gun from which

> Rathburn, is a safe gun, as they have used it at times for years. It would be a gross injustice to charge

You are base enough to let a delicate | you, I see. Well, you can get possession | to clasp her first from you. I could not | Hampstead, Q. C., De., 9, '93.

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my husband comes home? Charlie - What have you done about the physician's advice to take physical exercise? Fweddy - Incweased the size Saturday Evening Transcript-

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Maude - What do you suppose Gus de Noodle said when I told him I wanted to speak to him a moment last night? Beatrice - I don't know. What? Maude -Replied that he was all ears. Beatrice -

The donkey! That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a

THE GENTLE SPORT. Fond Mother - But, Edward dear, foot-

Edward - That is just a woman's view a deeply moved tone, "you must be very | would prompt the deceased to make such | of the matter. It is the most gentlemanly sport possible. You recollect Billy Simnons, who was here last summer? Well. thing in life, to suppose he, of all I happened to kick off his ear in the course of the play last week, and on the very instant the game was ended, mother,

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