

The Inebriate.

Nota sous had he got, not a guinea or note, And he looked confoundedly flurried As he bo ted away without paying his shot; And the sand lady after him hurried,

We saw him again at dead of night, When home from the club returning; We twigged the doctor beneath the light Of the gas lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews, Recimed in the gutter we found him, And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze, With his Marshal cloak round him.

The Doctor's as drunk as the D—, we said, And we managed a shutter to borrow; We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head Would 'consumedly ache' on the morrow.

We bore him home and put him to bed, And we told his wife and daughter To give him next morning, a couple of red Herrings, with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone, And his lady began to upbraid him; But little he recked, so they let him snore on 'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done, When, beneath the window calling, We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun Of a watchman 'One o'clock' bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down From the room in the uppermost story; A rush light we placed on the cold hearthstone, And we left him alone in his glory!

In Bygone Days.

The green was on the old beech-tree, The gold was in the soft spring sky; A silar tearlet, like a star, Gleaned in the purple violet's eye.

Pink were the hawthorns with the flush Of blossom time and rosate morn; The blackbird piped on cherry spray, The bullfinch wanted in the thorn.

Red orchids spangled all the meads, And myriad nodding yellow bells Of fragrant crows lips speckled and starred With knots of gold, the greening dells.

Oh! for the rose-hued ha cyon time Of tender dreams—of life's sweet spring When But to live and breathe is joy, And youth is vassal, love is king!

That dear old beech! I see it yet, And shall whilst memory holds her throne; 'Twas there I c'asped my pure white dove And found her heart was all my own.

There was a rustic moss-grown seat, A haven for young Love's cares! There 'twas a questi-n sweet I asked, And there my Nelie whispered, 'Yes.'

Ah me! the brown is on the beech, The oak is red, the em is dun; The hazels yellow all apace, The reign of autumn hath begun.

And down life's hill, hand c'asped in hand And heart, to heart, as in our youth, We go together—Nei and I— One life, one love, one soul, one truth

Wrinkled our cheeks, our hairs are white And soon must come our closing scene; But, thanks to Him whose self is Love, Our hearts are ever, ever green.

Ay, green as when 'neath the old beech, On that red-letter day of life, Our young hearts full, our young hearts joined, She found a husband, I a wife.

SELECT STORY.

Doctor Dorn's Revenge.

(CONCLUDED)

WITH speechless wonder and admiration the three followed Dorn through the intricacies of this complicated operation, envying the steadiness of his hand, firm as iron, yet delicate as a breath; watching the precision of his strokes, the success of his treatment, and most of all, admiring his entire absorption in the work; his utter forgetfulness of the subject, whose youth and beauty might well unnerve the most skillful hand. No sign of what he suffered during that brief time escaped him; but when all was safely over, and Evelyn lay again in her bed, great drops stood upon his forehead, and as Meredith grasped his hand he found it cold as stone. To the praises of his rivals in science, and the fervant thanks of his rival in love, he returned scarce any answer, and with careful directions to the nurse went away to fall faint and exhausted on his bed, crying with the tearless love and longing of a man, "Oh, my darling, I have saved you only to lose you again!—only to give you up to a fate harder for me to bear than death."

Evelyn lived, and when she learned to whom she owed her life, she covered her face, saying to her hungry heart, if he had known how utterly weary I was, how empty my life, how remorseful my conscience, he would have let me die.

She had learned long ago the folly of her choice, and pined in her splendid home for Max, and love and poverty again. He had prospered wonderfully, for the energy that was native to him as his fidelity, led him to labor for ambitions sake when love was denied him. Devoted to his profession, he lived for that alone, and in ten years won a brilliant success. Honor, wealth, position were his now, and any woman might have been proud to share his lot. But none were woeed; and in his distant home he watched over Evelyn unseen, unknown—and loved her still.

She had tasted the full bitterness of her fate, had repented and striven to atone by devoting herself to Meredith, who was unalterable in his passion for her. But his love and her devotion could not bring happiness, and when he died his parting words were, now you are free.

She reproached herself for the thrill of joy that came as she listened, and whispered penitently, forgive me, I was not worthy of such love. For a year she mourned for him sincerely; but she was young, she loved with a woman's fervor now, and hope would paint a happy future with Max.

He never wrote nor came, and a friendly at last, she sent a letter to a friend in that distant city, asking news of Doctor Dorn. The answer brought small comfort, for it told her that an epidemic had broken out, and that the first to volunteer for the most dangerous post was Max Dorn.

In a moment her decision was taken. I must be near him; I must save him—if it is not too late. He must not sacrifice himself; he would not be so reckless if he knew that anyone cared for him.

Telling no one her purpose, she left her solitary home and went to find her lover, regardless of danger. The city was deserted by all but the wretched poor and the busy middle class, who live by daily labor. She heard from many lips praises, blessings and prayers when she uttered Doctor Dorn's name, but it was not so easy to find him. He was never at home, but lived in hospitals and the haunts of suffering day and night. She wrote and sent to him. No answer came. She visited his house to find it empty. She grew desperate, and went to seek for him where few dared venture, and here she learned that he had been missing for three days. Her heart stood still, for many dropped, died and were buried hastily, leaving no name behind them. Regardless of everything but the desire to find him, dead or living, she plunged into the most infected quarter of the town, and after hours of sights and sounds that haunted her for years, she found him.

As if her presence dimly impressed his failing senses, a smile broke over his pallid lips, his hand feebly groped for hers, and those magnificent eyes of his shone unclouded for a moment, as she whispered remorsefully. I loved you best; forgive me, Max, and tell me you remember Evelyn.

You said I might hope a little longer; I'll be patient, dear, and wait. And with these words he was gone leaving her twice widowed.

Is this the return you make for my confidence, he exclaimed—you, whom I have trusted and taken so much interest in? I am unconscious, sir, of having abused your trust or ill-requited your kindness, replied the youth with a touch of the other's pride in his manner; nor can I perceive aught that is reprehensible in the honest attachment I have this day declared for Miss Gray.

Would you do her a real service? I would die for her! said George earnestly. You can do her a greater favor at less cost, returned the other dryly. Name it. Never see her—never speak to her. I am not one lightly to make or break a promise; and I solemnly promise that should you repeat your foolish avowal to Gertrude, and should she be weak enough to listen to it, instead of bringing you the fortune with which it has been my promise to endow her, she shall come to you a beggar like yourself.

You do me rank injustice, answered George, whose cheek flushed, by the intimation which has just escaped you. I have never thought of Miss Gray with an eye to any prospects she may have in connection with your fortune. I have loved her for her own sake.

Then for her sake desist from a scheme which, if successful, must reduce her to beggary. If you possess a tith of the unselfishness you profess, you will heed this warning and go your way. I have other plans for Gertrude. A moment's reflection convinced George that harsh as Mr. Peyton's words were, in one respect they were just. It would be selfishness to persist in seeking happiness at the cost of her whom he intended to love.

PROUD, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton, rich withal, in wealth and honors. He had won distinction at the bar and on the bench. How deeply his proud heart had suffered those familiar only with his cold and haughty bearing would have been surprised to know.

Not very early in life he married one whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion, often characteristic of men like him, and of which weaker natures are incapable. In his early struggles with poverty, he had kept his love a secret. He would have suffered his heart to break sooner than have had it whispered he was seeking advancement through an alliance with rich old Ronald Mason's daughter.

But when he could hold up his head with the highest in the land, he no longer hesitated to speak the words he had been so many years waiting to utter, and which Alice Mason had been so many waiting to hear. A few years of unalloyed felicity followed their marriage. Though proud and stern as ever to the outside world, not the same man was Geoffrey Peyton at home, his wife by his side and this bright-eyed boy prattling on his knee.

There he forgot his pride, save that he felt in those he loved, forgot fame and ambition and greatness, and remembered only that he was happy.

Then came a blow which fell none the lighter on the proud man's head, because he gave no sign of yielding. Death crossed his threshold and took from him first his wife and then his child.

The last of these bereavements was peculiarly distressing. The child had gone for a walk with his nurse by the river side, and in a moment of inattention on the part of the nurse, had strayed out of sight. Soon after, his hat was found floating on the water.

Alarm was given; search was made; the river was dragged; but in vain. The child was nowhere to be found. The body, in all likelihood had been borne out by the tide. Geoffrey Peyton bore his loss in silence.

What his grief was no one knew, for no one was permitted to look upon it, and sympathy he would have resented as an impertinence. \* \* \* \* \* Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had become an old man.

At his death, his large fortune would descend by law to a distant relative, a young man whose avarice kept him free from all costly vices, and who, most vices being costly, enjoyed, in consequence, an excellent reputation.

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his own as to the disposition of his property. Like many men of his caste, he had an aversion to the division of estates; and while not inclined to disinherit his kinsman, of whom he knew nothing but his reputation, which we have already said was good, there was one other whose claims he felt it would be unjust to overlook.

He had brought up in his house, and in some sort adopted Gertrude Gray, the orphan daughter of an old friend, to whom he had been beholden in his days of struggle, and who had died leaving his only child destitute.

Mr. Peyton's plan, duly set forth in his will, was to settle his property in equal portions, on Gertrude and his kinsman, provided they married each other in a given period. If either declined the match, the share of the one declining was to go to the other; and if both declined, the whole was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years before the occurrence of which we are now to speak, George Hayne had sought and obtained employment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary. The young man proved faithful and diligent, manifesting moreover, qualities of intellect, which induced his employer to encourage the devotion of his leisure time to a course of legal study.

George made so good use of his opportunities, that by the end of two years he was prepared for admission to the bar. He had learned other things besides law in the meantime.

He had learned, for instance, how pretty Gertrude Gray was, and how devotedly he loved her; though he was too straightforward to tell her so without first asking permission of Mr. Peyton, with whom at last he sought an interview for that purpose.

Modestly, but unreservedly, the young man explained the state of his feelings, and was about to express the hope that he might be allowed to speak to Gertrude herself on the subject, when Mr. Peyton cut it short.

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Gertrude Gray swooned when she read it, and Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his conscience. That evening, as he sat moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose wrinkled face and wild eye had something sinister in them. Pray be seated, and explain the reason of your visit, said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

Taking the proffered seat, she remained for a time silent, gazing intently on the face before her. Time had graven deep lines upon it, and sorrow deeper still.

As she perused them, a smile of satisfaction, more like a shadow than a smile flitted over her countenance. You had a son once, she said. The lines grew deeper on the face she was studying, and a pained expression came over it.

I, too, had a son, she continued, an only one, as yours was. In a sudden affair he had the misfortune, in a moment of passion, to slay his antagonist who was quite as blameable as himself. The jury decided it murder, but recommended him to mercy. Others joined in a petition for clemency. My boy's life was in your hands, I begged it of you on my knees. The law had intrusted you with the dispensation of mercy, but you had no mercy. You turned aside from my prayers, and my was left to die a felon's death.

Geoffrey Peyton remembered now the face that had often haunted him since the day it had been turned pleadingly upon him, and vividly recalled the look of anguish it had worn when he spoke the relentless words that crushed hope out of the mother's heart.

That day, she resumed, I took an oath to make you feel, if possible, all I then felt. I stole away your child. My child—is he alive? Listen. I stole your child, and left you mourn him as dead. I took him to a distance and reared him as my own. I bore no malice towards him, I only hated you. I brought him up tenderly, educated him as my moderate means would allow, and felt thankful that in inflicting punishment on the father, I had been enabled to do it with so little injury to the child.

Is he alive? cried the old man, piteously. Speak woman!—have you no mercy? You had none when I sought, to appeal to it, she answered. That your son is not alive, and that your conscience may accuse you of his death, is the reason I am here. The young man you drove away because he presumed to love one for whom your pride had prepared other plans, was your own son! Before he went, he confided to me the cause of his going; and on reading the announcement of his fate, I resolved that you should feel again the agony of a parent's bereavement, heightened now by the sting of remorse.

Your story is false, he cried, springing up—a devilish invention, gotten up to torture me! But I will put you to the proof. My son bore a mark upon his person, put there clandestinely by an old nurse in India, when we travelled in that country, who attached some superstition to it. If the child you say you reared was my son, you must have seen and can describe that mark.

A serpent's head, and some strange characters, in Indian ink, on the left arm below the elbow, was the answer. Geoffrey Peyton staggered, and fell into the chair from which he had risen. He seemed as one stunned by a terrible blow.

The woman stood over him for a moment, peering down into his anguish-stricken face with a look of triumph, and then walked quietly away. Good news good news! cried Gertrude bursting into the room. The evening paper corrects the report of this morning. George Hayne is among the saved.

But her words were heeded not. The old man lay in in his chair unconscious. He was placed upon his bed; and on returning to himself, and being informed of George's safety— Send for him, he whispered, eagerly—let there be no delay.

Then he called for his will, and when it was brought, kept it in his hand. Has he come yet? was the question he repeated, as often as he had strength. When at last the young man came, and was conducted to his late employer's bedside, the latter with eager trembling hands, turned back the sleeve of George's coat so as to expose the left arm.

My Ernest!—my son! he exclaimed. And raising himself with sudden strength, he clasped the young man to his breast. Bear witness, all, he said; this is my

son. These marks, pointing to certain devices tattooed on George's arm, prove it, as does the testimony of the woman who stole him away and reared him as her own, and whom I saw and conversed with last night. It now only remains to cancel this; taking his will and tearing it in fragments. Geoffrey Peyton would fain have lived for his son's sake, but it was not to be.

The recent shock proved too much for his strength, and, not many days after, he sank to rest in Ernest's arms. Ernest Peyton and Gertrude Gray, in due time, were happily married.

What became of the distant relative we don't know, and don't suppose any body cares.

FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

The local humorist of the Peoria "Review" records a social occurrence in these terms: Tweezer was on the bluff, last evening, calling on a lady friend, and they were out on the porch, discussing the works of the great authors, when the young lady's pet white rabbit, which had escaped from its cage, came rushing around the house with a big yellow dog after it. The young lady screamed, and Tweezer threw a rockingchair at the dog, frightening him away, but knocking over eight flower-pots, and telescoping the chair. Then the young lady implored Tweezer to catch the rabbit and save it from the horrid dog. And Tweezer commenced to catch the rabbit. He employed stratagem at first following it around to the back of the house, and whistling gently, in true hunter style, to arrest its attention, and cause it to stop. Then he made a grab for it when it paused to reflect under the gooseberry bushes. Tweezer grabbed not wisely but too well, for the rabbit took advantage of his plunging and snatching around; among the bushes to scurry over into a neighboring yard. Tweezer didn't like that much, and he took occasion to say something derogatory to the character of the rabbit as he extricated himself from the ticket. But, seeing the young lady near, he smiled a dim sort of a smile and got off a dismal sort of a joke about forty thorns in the hand, being worth a rabbit in the bush. Then he girded up his lions and resumed the catching of the rabbit. He had left his hat among the fruitful shrubs, and as he vaulted over the fence, a portion of his coat-tail remained on a protruding nail. But Tweezer meant business. And so did the rabbit. They coursed across the yard, then out in the street, then down two blocks, then into a potato field, then into another yard, and here another man came out and asked Tweezer what in all sixty-six he was trying to do. Tweezer asked him if he didn't have sense enough to see for himself. And the man smiled a sad and pitying smile. Ere this interview took place it might be stated that the rabbit had gone under the cow stable. Tweezer crawled under and chased it out. Anybody might know that by the look of his white duck clothes. When he came out the chase began anew. The rabbit was fair, and waited for him just on the other side of a picket fence. This time the pursuit was down the middle of the street, and spectators looked on and clapped their hands with enthusiasm. Tweezer's blood was up, and he resolved to catch the rabbit or die in the attempt. So it appeared until a dog darted out and caught the rabbit. When Tweezer came up and received the prey from the jaws of its captor, he found, to his inexpressible sorrow, that the poor little animal had not been killed. So he bore it back and restored it, unharmed, to the loving arms which awaited it at home, and in the midst of the caresses which were lavished on the return of the beautiful pet, poor Tweezer was forgotten.

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