POETRY.

SINCE TIME BEGAN, My love hath set my heart aglow, They say she's plain-I think not so; 'Tis true her hair is fiery red, It flames and flashes round her head. She is not stately, tall or grand, But ah! she hath a perfect hand.

Her nose is freckled, but her teeth Gleam whitely from their ruby sheath. I must confess—it makes me wince, To tell the truth, my darling squints. I do not care for that a bit, Because her ears are exquisite.

I've scaled my fate-I've made my choice Her feet are faultless and her voice Is sweet and low. Its soothing chime Fills my heart with summer time. I'm proud to walk with her I love, Her blue silk fits her like a glove.

Now these are things I must admire, Altho' her hair is red as fire. The tress she wove with cunning art, I wear it just above my heart. I love her, for I know that she, Since time began, was meant for me!

SELECT STORY.

A LORDLY LOVER. By the author of 'A Mere Schooleirl,' 'The Ac of Spades,' etc. CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED. Gratified ambition, contented pride, thing else far different.

of stating a fact of which he was already of stating a fact of which he was already it is them.

It was not always a trouble for her

He takes her into his strong arms and

expressible pain, watches that embrace. "And he doesn't care for her! He can- even now I'll forgive you." not love her as I have loved her. My together and he is left alone. "And yet- | lamentations?" oh, I cannot believe he would be so base. her false. Surely he would let me tell buries her face upon his breast. him that."

A long pause, while he turns the notion over in his mind; then the utter unselfishness of the man triumphs.

"I can but try; he knows I love her. him.

of care that is pressing upon him, before | tired of you." He will not go to the house and inquire now! Thus repulsed, she sees the dread lieves his secret to be hidden for ever. for his rival, although by this time, he | truth at last. And drawing herself up to

gloomy reverie into which he sinks, and She pulls her hand from the pocket Bert looks up to behold a gamekkeper, a now and raises it, pointing the tiny pisparticular chum of his own, regarding tol, which all the time she was speaking him with suspicious eyes.

The young man laughs. best chance to get it." "Oh! If a lady is in question-"

Jack makes a comic grimace and goes | wards. The chance has gone. off, before Bert can quite decide whether There is a rustling among the bushes. or not he shall correct the error into But that, at such a moment, is heeded by which he has fallen; and the incident neither of the struggling pair. Then, besoon passes off altogether from his troubled | fore Bert Cartwright can reach and divide | mind, as he resumes his weary watching. | them, there rings out a sharp report. Meanwhile, within the house, dinner is proceeding. The table, with its burden Blanche Gargrave is lying on her back of plate and its huge blocks of glittering upon the ground, while Lord Rixon, the ice, looks invitingly cool this hot sum- pistol falling from his grasp, leans over mer's night, and conversation is going on her, touching her pulse, then examining

"It is just the weather for a water picprick, where the bullet has entered the nic; don't you think so, papa?" Blanche temple. inquires, whilst dessert is being handed round upon tiny silver dishes. "Lord Rixon suggests that we should visit Eaves- the man before him. by Abbey to-morrow. What could be

pleasanter than to row down?" How exquisite she is looking to-night full revenge for my black eye." in her black jet embroidered lace gown, with white flowers in her blonde hair, her dainty fingers toying with the purple grapes upon her plate.

You might send out a note or two, my dear, and ask the Firths and the Gordons to join the returns readily. "By the way, Blanche, have you that engraved the way, Blanche, have you that engraved the way drawing off rings and bracelets."

Very little animal food is required, and though in many respects false teeth are a diamond brooch on tonight by any All of these, with the two bundles of let-

"Just pass it this way, my darling, if pistol, and is about to toss it out of you will. I have been talking of it to sight. Lady Ermyntrude, who would like to see

Mrs. Gargrave unfastens the pin of a small ornament upon her shoulder with a light laugh.

"See," she says, turning to the earl and displaying it, "this is the only one of my adornments which my father ever admires. I think it rather ugly, but it was found at Pompeii, and is supposed to be immensely old, and, of course, there-

fore very valuable." He takes the jewel from her and examines it carefully.

"Seems to be scratched or something, Proper connoisseurs call those scratches

"At any rate, it would not seem to have muscle, has never learned wrestling in 2. That early rising is good for them. secured that for the former owner, if she a scientific school. Bert's wounded hand, 3. That cold baths invigorate them lived at Pompeii, he retorts," passing the too, handicaps him severely.

unreliable talisman on to his host. "Let She sighs, but says nothing, only bending a little to dabble her pretty fingers in self raises his voice and shouts for aid-

the rose-water that her finger-bowl contains, then, with a bow to Lady Ermyntrude, she rises, taking the brooch from "I shall be in the grounds in half-an- who, however, is quickly corrected by

her father's hand as she passes his chair, and restoring it to it to its former position.

thus cast off. If that fail-

his concealment and accosting Lord Rix- Mrs. Gargrave?" on; nor can she know that, when she

pairs of ears. small mercy, because she regards his early heart. arrival as showing some eagerness for their meeting.

For an instant Bert Cartwright hesitates. Shall he go away at once, now for such revelations as seem likely to be Rixon?" made? The position of spy and listener is not to his taste; and yet, if this man be making love to two women at once, ought not he, for Olive's sake, to know it? "For Olive's sake," he repeats again; and he stays.

"I hate scenes," the earl replies, with irritation. "Let us get this one over as soon as we can. You ought not to be out course I rushed to the rescue. But alin that low dress without a shawl, either; so there's the more reason to hurry." me," she says, with a half sob. "How

many times have you and I--" about it, then," he interrupts. "Here for a second. At present, however, no are your letters; now, if you want to do | idea of danger to himself arises. further palaver?"

brilliant anticipations are crowding her tressing; she seeks for a handkerchief to to stifle him. "It's a lie. He murdered mind, and she, silly fly, caught in the dry har wet cheeks, and as her hand en- the lady himself and took her jewels af- used by millions of mothers for their chilspider's subtle web, takes them for some- ters her pocket, she encounters the touch terwards, I saw it done. Just go and dren while teething. If disturbed a "Yes, I love you," she shyly owns, as as if with a suddon chill, and draws her you he has the jewels and the pistol that

He waits for no further permission. you to speak to me," she wails, her get him to the police-station. self-control for the moment entirely leaving her. "Oh, Rollo, Rollo! don't be so From behind the hedge a man, with a cruel to me. Tell me that you do care white, haggard face, and eyes full of in- for me after all; say that you've only been acting like this to test my love, and

"What a fuss you do make, Blanche! Olive! my one little ewe lamb," he moans | Come, let us have an end of this. Do you incoherently, after they have passed on desire all the neighborhood to hear your

But she is past heeding, for the instant, I wonder whether he would listen if I the mocking insolence of his words. spoke to him. She is so, sweet and ten- With a quick movement she throws her and loving hands tend gently the beautider-hearted, it would kill her if he played | fair, uncovered arms around him and

Surely he must admit that gives me some "How can you be so absurd, taking all meeting.

And thus it comes to pass that Bert, his exact words in a dreary, parrot-like well, I flatter myself." with fixed determination, places himself | monotone. "Tired! And once he swore amongst the bushes that border a path at that no love could ever be so lasting as some little distance from the house, and his own! Once he used to whisper that sets himself to wait, with such patience my kisses were his paradise, my arms his Gargrave opens next day. as he can command, for what the next | heaven. And I-fool !-fool that I was, | actually believed him! No,"-as he beyou after here?" arouses him from the I have a present for you first. Take it."

her fingers were clutching, full at his with husbed, curious tread. "Don't shoot me, Jack," he cries, with The man shrinks and cowers. Now is tell? For in another second the earl has ed before she be twenty-two."

caught her wrist and is bending it back-

When the smoke has cleared away, the tiny hole, scarcely larger than a pin-

Almost sick with horror, Bert, for the moment, remains motionless, watching "She is dead-stone dead," Lord Rixon mutters at last. "I have got more than

Then a sudden thought seems to strike him, for he lifts his head and gazes and magnificent diamonds upon her neck; round as though in fear. Not a soul is in sight, and, with a sigh of relief, he kneels down beside the motionless body. With quick fingers he unfastens the diamonds from her throat and ears, the ties of his friends.

> "Yet, no! It may be found; and what work with such a dainty toy?" he ex-And, finally, he thrusts the tiny, murderous weapon inside his waistcoat. Words and action seem to release Bert from the awe and dread which have hitherto held the solitary witness spellbound.

With a shout, he dashes from his hiding- and the underclothing should be of wool. place and springs upon the earl "You base wretch!" he cries, endeav-"You base wretch!" he cries, endeavoring to seize him and throw him to the clad. An eiderdown quilt on the bed is a

ground. "Murderer! Betrayer!" But, though unprepared for the attack, be suffered to get cold in bed. Rixon is not the man to yield at a word. engraving," she replies, looking around. Besides, his assailant must at least be current with regard to old people: "They form some Greek words, which two inches shorter than himself, and, al- 1. That the aged require rich and very though undoubtedly possessed of more nourishing food.

With a single dexterious twist of the us hope it may prove a better safeguard leg, the earl succeeds in floooring his accuser. Then, with his knee upon Bert's chest and his hand at his throat, he him-

"Help! Help!" In the drawing-room the noise of the fatal shot has created some little commot-

"Poachers," pronounces the baronet,

to her lover before she will consent to be sweet scents, and the song of the nightin- they should shut themselves up in a well- America under treatment for catarrh," thus cast off. If that fail—

CHAPTER VI.

A SCENT of tobacco smoke serves as a character of the scent of the second of the scent of th

guide, were any needed, to the spot where struggle, and afterwards Lord Rixon's apalready the earl has stationed himself, peal for help. Almost before the words according to appointment. Blanche nev- have died away, his friends, followed by

er guesses how her own appearance upon | several men-servants, are around him. the scene causes dismay to the heart of a "Hold him down," he cries to some of man clad in working clothes, who has them, as he lifts himself off his antagonbeen upon the point of emerging from ist. "The infamous dog! Has he hurt

Sir Ralph, his countenance almost as speaks, every word will be audible to two white as that of the dead, is bending in stupified grief over his beautiful daught-"So you have not kept me waiting. It er's form, fondling the white hands, so

"Oh, she is dead!" he moans, in answer to that inquiry. "My little Blanche! What has done it? My sweet daughter!' "Yes, who has done it, and what has that this fresh complication has arisen to happened?" inquires Beaumont. "We spoil his plans, or shall he stay and listen are all in the dark. Can't you help us,

But the earl shakes his head. "I know nothing," he protests. "I tol shot. As I turned the corner over there,"-pointing to a bend in the path this man and another stooping over Lady though I succeeded in capturing this

fellow, the other made off. And he, I "You know that the air never hurts | fancy, was the one who secured the booty." Bert listens to the tale in dumb astonishment. That the man should have the "Don't trouble to wonder any more audacity to tell it, absolutely silences him

so, hand over mine. Where's the good of "It is a lie," he manages to articulate, after an instant, in spite of the rough Her sobs grow louder and more dis- grasp upon his collar which almost seems of something hard and cold. She shivers, as if with a suddon chill, and draws her you he has the jewels and the pistol that send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs." though he had asked a question, instead of stating a fact of which he was already to confident. "I do love you."

send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. killed her, upon him now," the young man declares, earnestly, as they allow him to stating a fact of which he was already to confident. "It was not always a trouble for stand up, in order more conveniently to stan But who is likely to listen to such a

As the words faintly reach Lord Rixon, they remind him that it may be well to rid himself as speedily as possible of all those evidences of his crime.

Up to her bedroom they carry the dead, unfortunate woman, passing through the boudoir on their way. Of all her dreams, who could have forshadowed such a return to the pretty chamber, as this? And while they lay her upon the bed,

ful wounded form, her murderer seeks the privacy of his own apartment. There "Rollo, dear Rollo, don't, don't talk so! he empties out the ornaments which are still scarcely cold after contact with With something very like an oath, Blanche's warm flesh, the pistol which however, he interrupts, pushing her from has done so cruel a work, and the letters which were the cause of that final, fatal

right to look after her. What does any- the starch out of my linen with your idi- They take so little space, those silent otic tears? I think, Blanche, you should proofs of guilt. The dressing-case into So he rises and shakes himself, as though | have more pride than to go on like this, | which he crushes them, heedless of the to throw off the overwhelming weight | because a man tells you he has grown | fragile settings and exquisite filagree that enriches them, shuts quite easily. He turning in the direction of the park. He has killed her vain, useless hopes turns the key in the strong lock, and be-"It was a stroke of genius to think of

has discovered his name and title. In- full height, she stands watching him as the jewels. If I'd left them, where would stead, he will linger somewhere amongt he brushes the wet drops from his clothes, my history of the robbery have been?' the trees, trusting that a chance may the expression of disgust upon his face he meditates, regarding the little key, bring the earl out into the air, and so af- perfectly visible in the clear summer dusk. which he is fastening to his watch-chain, ford an opportunity for the interview he Again her hand has sought her pocket, with a cynical smile. "And really it seeks, yet so much dreads. That is the and this time she does not snatch it away. might have been difficult to invent anyplan which he, in his ignorance of the "Because a man tells you that he has thing more intricate upon the spur of the grown tired of you," she says, echoing moment. No; I've got out of that scrape

CHAPTER VII.

THE inquest upon the body of Blanche It is held in the large dining-hall of her father's house, where she has herself so Then a gruff, "Hullo, you! what are gins to to move off, "no, you do not go so, often sat at the head of his table, radiant with life and beauty. Now she lies, quiet and at rest, upon her white curtained bed upstairs, whither the jurymen are taken to view the body, and where they enter

"Poor child!" says one, himself well known as the happy father of two lovely pretended terror; "I want a word or her opportunity to pull the trigger. Does daughters, "she's had a short life and a two with somebody, and this seems my her woman's heart fail her? Who can sad one. A widow attwenty, and murder-

"Aye, Marsden, I'm sorry for Sir Ralph. so I am. Think, if it 'ad bin your Olive." The strong man shudders visibly.

TO BE CONTINUED. SOME VALUABLE HINTS.

For the Care of the Aged. Many of us have the care of aged people, and whether they be parents or friends only, they need a great deal of care, and special care, too. The chief points to be considered for their comfort are moderate

digestible food, sufficient warmth, and an even quiet life, free from trouble. The chief of the three is the food While all fixed dieting is bad where it can possibly be avoided, a few hints can be given that may prove of value. The older a person is, after fifty, the less food he requires. Luigi Cornaro, who lived to one hundred, though of a feeble constitution, took twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of fluid daily during the latter part of his life; and his most severe illness was caused by his increasing his allowance, through the continual entrea-

chance?" he questions, raising his glasses ters—his to her, as well a hers to him, he crams hastily into his pockets. For a food of the nursery is the best in old age. moment, as he rises, he glances at the Bread and milk is a capital diet. Milk

agrees with nearly all. Hot milk with a little prepared food forms an admirable drink at night, and dren object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I ommon thief would be likely to do his can be kept warm in a hot water jug say No! on the contrary, they are fond of covered with a cozy. Fruit is wholesome, claims, loud enough for Bert to hear. if ripe or well cooked; fat is also good, as cream or fresh butter. Warm food is very suitable, and all meals should be regular, and excesses avoided.

As to clothing, it should be both warm and light. Fur is an admirable material, A sealskin waiscoat is useful, and the feet good covering, for no aged person should I will here specify some erroneous ideas

muscular vigor, renewing the blood, rewhereas, they are fraught with imminen

danger, and are often fatal. 4. That continual medicines and din ner pills are needed to digest the food; waiter, see that the other half falls into whereas, instead, less should be eaten. 5. That their rooms should be hot; whereas, they should be cool, but not cold — 65 to 70 degrees.

6. That a fixed diet should be rigidly adhered to; whereas, variety is often es-Two o'clock a. m. is the hour when "I shall be in the grounds in half-an-hour," she whispers hurriedly in Lord Rixon's ear, as she leaves his side. But for those thirty minu to elapse, she has yet to wait, and, ah what wretched work such waiting is apt to prove!

For all her being is absorbed in one notion. She will make one final appeal to her lever hefere she will correct to her lever hefere she will correct to hour," she whispers hurriedly in Lord Rixon's ear, as she leaves his side. But for those thirty minu to elapse, she has yet to wait, and, ah what wretched work such waiting is apt to prove!

There, however, is quickly corrected by Succors.

"Poachers don't use pistols," he says.

"And that was the report of a pistol, if ever I heard one. Let's go outside and see if anything is wrong."

There, however, for the moment, all seems quiet enough. The air is full of sweet scents, and the song of the nighting the provided in the powers feeblest. The warmth of the bed is of great importance in old age. A warm bath should be taken every day, with plenty of pure soap to keep the skin supple and soft. It is better for old people, who have the opportunity, to winter in a warm climate, but if they should shut themselves up in a well-hour when most deaths take place; then the tem post deaths take place; then the tem most deaths take place; then the tem post deaths take place; then the tem powers feeblest. The warmth of the bed is of great importance in old age. A warm bath should be taken every day, with plenty of pure soap to keep the skin supple and soft. It is better for old people, who have the opportunity, to winter in a warm climate, but if they should shut themselves up in a well-hour well and all the powers feeblest. The warmth of the body is lowest, and its powers feeblest. The warmth of the body is lowest, and its powers feeblest. The warmth of the body is lowest, and its powers feeblest. The warmth of the body is lowest, and its powers feeblest. The warmth of the body is lowest, and its powers feeblest. The warmth of the body is lowest, and

PAY UP OR SHUT UP

A committee of citizens visited the editor of the Weekly Wobble to know where the editor would be at in the approaching

"We have come, sir," said the spokesman, sweeping his arm over his followers; "to know how you stand on the issues of cate stomach and effective. the day."

"Well," responded the editor, interrupting the address promptly, "its none of s good of you to be punctual Rollo," she rapidly growing cold; and feeling, with your business. What I want you to know says; the more thankful for this very trembling fingers for the beating of the is how you stand on the issues of this paper, and I'll say right here that all of you owe for the last fifty-two issues. Now pay up or shut up."

> RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain have only come up since hearing the pis- in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water at a distance of some few paces, "I saw and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is Gargrave, evidently robbing her. Of your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

> > Farmer Brunk - "Now, I've got you, preacher! You're the thief that's been stealing my chickens." Preacher Shembones-"I 'low things does look 'spicuous, Brother Brunk ; but de fac is, I just 'spected some ob my con-

gregation might be 'noying' you, and I called 'round to cotch 'em!' FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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Tourist (in Utah)-"Polygamy is no longer practiced, I am told." Ex-Mormon (dejectedly)-" No, and its a shame. Only one wife! What good is one wife? Just a trial, that's all."

" How so?" "Everything at sixes and seven. Nothold days we had one wife to sew on butduties of society. A man had some comfort then."

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Easterner - That's remarkable. How do you account for it? Westerner - Well, you see, after the spat, the one that's alive ain't got anything to feel hard about.

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"Gintlemen av the jury, ye'll take yer accustomed places, if ye plaze." "And may I never laff," said the Baron, 'if they didn't all walk into the dock."

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it and it keeps them pictures of health." SILENT CONTEMPT. "I'm sorry," said the rural justice,

but there's no evidence against you, and I'll have to turn you loose, with just a fine for contempt o' court." "But, your honor, I haven't said a

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