POETRY.

MOTHER'S HYMNS.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended;
The singar sleeps at last;
While I sit gazing at her arm chair vacant,
And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,
As singing soft and low
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,
She rocks her too and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph,
Or loud-toned trumpet's call,
Bidding the people prostrate fall before him,
"And crown him Lord of All."

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,
That leaned upon his word,
Rose in those strains of solemn deep affection,
"I love thy kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"
She bade farewell to fear;
Sure that her Lord would always genty lead her,
She read her "title clear."

Joyful she saw "from Greenland's icy mountains,"
The gospel flag unfurled;
And knew by by faith "the morning light was breaking"
Over a sinful world.

"There is a fountain"—how the tones triumphant,
Rose in victorious strains!
"Filled with that precious blood, for all the ransomed,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Dear saint, in heav'nly mansions long since folded,
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins in rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pain or sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,
The lover of her soul.

SELECT STORY.

A LORDLY LOVER.

By the author of 'A Mere Schoolgirl,' 'The Ace of Spades,' etc.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUED.

"Which way will duty call you to-morrow night, little one?"

She shakes her head. "How can I tell?"

"Not over the fields towards Densbrook, then?"

The brown eyes are downcast. She stands there in coquettish silence.

"Anyhow, I have a fancy that we shall meet again soon," he assures her.

She does not answer him, but bidding him good-bye, runs swiftly down the street.

"She is charming," meditates the earl, as he saunters leisurely in an exactly opposite direction. "At least, I have done one good action in rescuing her from the clutches of that young giant. Poor little soul! what a life he would have led her."

And then he finds a fresh subject for his thoughts, and forgets all about Olive and the tempting notions which he has already instilled into her inexperienced brain; while the man whom he despises, lies upon the grass, the dew falling upon his clothes and glistening in his hair—and moaning aloud, in an agony of regret:

"How I love her! But I will keep my word: I will never again ask her to marry me."

CHAPTER IV.

At Morton Hall, dinner has long been a thing of the past, when Lord Rixon makes his entry into the drawing-room and drops into a chair near his hostess' side.

A young and very pretty blonde is Mrs. Gargrave, Sir Ralph Bailey's widowed daughter, who has for the last two years held her place at the head of his household. Maid, wife and widow, all within six months; the short married life has left few traces upon her slender form or handsome face. But for the plain gold ring, which she has a trick of twisting and turning about her finger, no one would take her to be anything but the girl she looks.

Yet Blanche Gargrave, who lost her mother when she was ten years old, and has ever since been more or less dependant upon her own resources, has a knowledge of the world which is deep and wide.

Not deep or wide enough, however, to give her the clue to the dark, dangerous character of the man who has just entered, or why does she blush so hotly as she raises two blue eyes anxiously to his face, at the same time smoothing with long, transparent fingers the small golden curls on her forehead into a more becoming position?

"I hope your headache has disappeared?" she inquires softly.

"Oh yes, thanks, it has quite gone. I was certain that you would, under the circumstances, pardon me for running off so unceremoniously."

"There's nothing like a walk for headache," declares stout Lady Ermyntrude, with the air of an oracle; whilst Sir Ralph bustles across the room to inquire whether the earl has been fed since his return.

"I told them to have some dinner ready, but servants are such a set nowadays. It wasn't so when I was young."

"But that must have been so very many centuries ago, papa," laughs Blanche.

Lord Rixon joins in the joke.

"Two or three, at least, for I am quite a hundred years of age, judging by my feelings, and your white hairs, Bailey, show that you have the advantage even of me; however, I've had a most excellent meal, I assure you."

"I suppose you are too tired for a stroll?" inquires Mrs. Gargrave, and anyone observing her closely, might see that her breast heaves and her eyes fall as she makes the simple suggestion.

"Not at all, with you for a companion," he returns. "Shall I fetch you a shawl?"

But already she has passed through the open French windows into the moonlight, and is sauntering languidly down a winding path, which speedily leads beyond the sight and hearing of the occupants of the drawing-room. Then she pauses, and for the first time breaks the sience.

It is darker now, a good deal, than was the case some hour or two ago, when the earl sat side by side with Olive and admired her radiant beauty in the slowly gathering twilight. But still the darkness is not deep enough this summer evening to hide from Lord Rixon the exquisite shape and soft fairness of the gleaming shoulders and arms, which Mrs. Gargrave's white dinner dress leaves displayed, and he can distinguish the tears which dim Blanche's blue eyes as she looks up at him, and says, in a tone of reproach—

"I've seen nothing of you all day, Rollo. where have you been?"

"Schools in the morning, driving this afternoon, rambling to-night," he replies with rather a bored air, ticking off each engagement upon the fingers of his left hand, as he names it.

"With whom?" she says, suddenly and incoherently.

"With whom? When? What do you mean?"

But the question only increases her suspicions.

"Who was your companion to-night," she says, "if you must have it so precisely? I remember your headaches of old, Rollo; you've had too many many of the same sort when I was the woman in question, for me not to thoroughly understand their significance—it is quite plain."

"My dearest Blanche, for goodness' sake don't let us have a scene."

"A scene?"

"Yes; I suppose you will allow me. By the way," as once more he produces that eternal cigar case, "suppose I have been strolling about the country not altogether in solitude, what then?"

"Then it isn't fair to me," she cries, with passion in her voice and air. "How do you imagine I can be happy, when I am just as fully conscious as you are, that you, the man who has begged me to love him, the man who, I suppose, will one day be my husband, is, as you say, 'strolling about the country, not altogether in solitude?'" angrily imitating his voice.

"You're a splendid mimic, Blanche. As I've often told you, you ought to be on the stage. This weed won't draw. I declare I'll deal with the fellow who sold it no more. Well, my dear?"

"Don't call me dear! I wonder you dare," she exclaims, stung by his nonchalence out of all patience. "I asked you for the name of this wretched woman, and I want to know when I am to tell my father of our engagement."

In an instant he removes his cigar from between his lips, then he lays one hand caressingly upon the snowy shoulder, which looks so temptingly beautiful.

"I am sorry that I am not at liberty to inform you who the lady is. As to your other question, Blanche, I own that I don't quite understand it. It may be my own stupidity. But really, I wasn't aware that any engagement existed between us."

She catches her breath audibly.

"You were not aware that any engagement existed between us?" she echoes, as though she can hardly credit the evidence of her own ears.

He nods as his only response.

"Then what have all your notes and presents to me meant? Why have I accepted your kisses, and given you mine in return? For what have you made me love you; drawn the very heart out of my breast, the soul out of my body? If I had not believed it, if you had not sworn that you desired to marry me, do you imagine——" She breaks down then, her words ending in a long tremulous sob.

Lord Rixon flicks the ashes from the end of his cigar, which is well alight now.

"My dear—oh! I beg your pardon. I am to address you as Mrs. Gargrave, by the way, am I not—I am really not responsible for what you believe. Of one thing I am very certain. You will find no hint of any such engagement as that to which you refer in the notes of mine that you possess. As to words—what man can ever be held responsible for his foolish utterances when he is in the society of a beautiful woman?"

A long, dead silence, during which the fall of some withered leaf or the rustling of the breeze amongst the trees is the only sound. Then, with an entire change of manner, Mrs. Gargrave takes up the conversation exactly where it was broken off.

"You do still think me beautiful, then?" laying her ungloved hand upon his arm.

"Who that looked at you could doubt it?" he answers, with a smile.

"Then why do you speak so cruelly? Am I old, am I faded, that you should have grown tired of me so quickly?"

"You are handsomer than ever, Blanche, and yet——"

He turns away, and from the woman's lips there rings out upon the night one low, terribly bitter cry, a cry which has no words.

"Did you speak?"

The cold, insolent power of his manner, the careless indifference with which he regards her, maddens the overwrought brain. She throws out her smooth, white arms with a wild gesture.

"I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she hisses, repeating the words, as though she liked to hear them.

Lord Rixon laughs.

"Do you really my beautiful one? You are really very fascinating, Blanche, and your poses are quite perfect. But I'm glad to hear what you say; it will make things so very much easier for you of course."

"You are a devil, and not a man! Upon my soul, I believe it; and yet until one short hour ago, I had faith in you. Faith in you! Oh! what fools we women are!"

"I would be rude to contradict you," he smiles.

"However, you are still a gentleman. You will, at least, not refuse to return my letters," she goes on, more calmly, without heeding the jeering interruption.

"Certainly, if you think them of any value. As for mine to you—why, there is as little in them as there well can be; burn them! Don't trouble to bring them back."

"I shall exchange them for my own," she answers, growing more colder and collected each instant. "Meet me here, at this spot, to-morrow night, and bring my notes with you. You will not forget?"

"Oh, no! When did I ever fail to keep an engagement? Tell me that, Blanche, and then give me a kiss before we say good-night."

For a second she stands as though he had struck her. To make such a request after what had gone before! And already he is actually stooping to touch the lips, that in happier moments, have been gladly yielded to him.

With a shiver, she shrinks suddenly backwards; then she raises her strong, little right hand, with all its sharp, glittering rings, and with her clenched fist strikes him full in the face.

"That is the only kiss you will ever receive from me after to-night," she says, quietly, as she moves away towards the house.

Lord Rixon does not reappear in the drawing room again that evening.

"I have knocked my head against a bough in the garden, he explains to his valet, who brings hot water to bathe the bruise; "I fear it will be quite black in the morning."

"It's turning already, my lord."

When in the brilliant morning sunshine he surveys the mark of his punishment, the earl finds that his eyebrow is swollen and black, cut, too, in three or four places, where the sharpest of the jewels happened to strike. The disfigurement certainly adds no charm to his face.

"The detestable vixen," he mutters. "Imagine marrying a woman who could behave like that! Besides, I never, at the best of times, cared a straw for her. Little Olive is worth a dozen such high-born furies. It was high time to break off the entanglement."

Then he descends to the breakfast room, in a bad temper with himself and all the world, which is not improved by the remarks which greet his ears.

"Why, what a figure-head," exclaims Beaumont, as soon as he had taken his place. "Been in the wars, Rixon?"

"Your branches want lopping, Bailey," Lord Rixon responds carelessly, "or else you'll be having a second tragedy, a la Absalom."

"Then we are to understand that your injuries were the work of a tree, not of a woman, my lord?"

He has not glanced towards the place where, serene and fair, Blanche Gargrave sits behind the urn; and he certainly has not expected her to join in the strife of words. He actually starts as the clear voice comes to him down the whole length of the table. How he longs to pay her off. He hesitates for a second, wondering whether he shall tell all the story, and shame her there, before her father and her guests.

But what man ever cared to look ridiculous; or to confess to having been marked by a woman's hand?

"I beg that everyone will understand exactly what they please," he retorts, so sulkily as to be almost rude; then, to the footman, "get me some of that ham, will you?"

"Dear, dear me! It is a pity your servant did not come to me. I have some such admirable ointment for cuts and bruises. If only it had been applied last night! Yet even now——"

But exasperated almost beyond self-control, the earl interrupts—

"You are very good, Lady Ermyntrude. If I needed a doctor, where could I find a better one than yourself? Though, as a rule, I don't care for lady practioners," he adds. "In this case, however, I think my man and I are equal to the emergency."

Then he settles himself to his meal, and the conversation veers round to other topics. But all the time he is pondering one question in his heart.

"How can I pay her off?"

As to Mrs. Gargrave, she talks to Lady Ermyntrude, and pursues a mild flirtation with George Succors, without casting another look in the direction of her handiwork. And when breakfast is at last finished, she takes her basket into the garden, to gather roses with Beaumont's willing aid, with as much coolness as though Lord Rixon does not exist.

Nor does anybody guess at the wild whirl which all the time is going on in her brain; or that her every thought is absorbed in the remembrance of a certain tiny, dangerous toy, locked away at present in one of her drawers, but destined to play an important part and to influence several lives before the day shall be over.

CHAPTER V.

"I told you that we should meet again soon."

Olive's shy, brown eyes are bent upon the ground. Somehow she does not care for Lord Rixon to read all the pleasure that she knows is legible in their clear depths.

"How sweet of you to come wandering along this path after all," he whispers, drawing her willing hand through his arm. "Yet—shall I confess?—I somehow fancied that you would."

She laughs and looks up at that, then exclaims, in astonishment:

"What have you done to your face? Oh! what a terrible bruise."

The lovely eyes are so full of pity, that Lord Rixon, as she regards him, almost begins to consider that even such an injury may have its advantages.

"I can't tell you all the story," he says. "But will you be less kind if I own that it is the price I had to pay for a great happiness?"

She is startled at once. His look seems to lend point to his words.

"You do not mean to say ——," she begins. "Bert never could ——"

"Please ask no questions," he answers, delighted at his success. He has not uttered the lie; yet she has taken up exactly the notion which he intended to convey. "One does not talk of such little affairs. And, after all, it is easy to forgive a man so deeply disappointed."

"But indeed," she cries, earnestly, "it is dreadful. I should not have supposed that Bert would have behaved so. Lord Rixon, I'll never speak to him again. At least,"—with quick recantation,—"I—I think not."

"Poor fellow! That is a heavy punishment indeed. But please to remember, my pretty comforter, that I never said that Bert, as you call him, had done—anything objectionable."

"Oh, but that's just your generosity," she cries, impulsively. "I understand quite as well as if you'd told me in so many words. Poor forehead!"

She has drawn off her gloves. The evening is so warm, and not a soul is near them as they sit, side by side, upon the fallen, moss-grown trunk. Now she lifts a little, timid hand and just touches the livid bruise with one small finger. The man thrills at that caress as he has not done for years. It is so soft, so innocent; like the touch of a butterfly's wing.

"My darling," he murmurs, catching the hand as it descends and pressing it to his hot lips.

She looks around—then rises.

"It is very quiet and lonely here," she says. "I cannot stay longer. As it is, I must run all the way back. For it would never do to be late again. You can't imagine, Lord Rixon, how strict my people are!"

"I can't imagine how anyone could be strict with you," he replies, and then adds in a regretful tone of voice—"Do you know I'm afraid that I must not come a very great way with you, either. You see I am not staying in my own house, and it might look odd to miss dinner two nights running, don't you know. People would begin to talk and wonder. There are such gossips in the world. But we can walk together as far as the park gates, child."

She is offering him her hand, to say good-bye at once. He notices the quick, little heave of the breast, and the happy light that comes into her eyes, and smiles.

"She actually cares for me," he thinks. And then with an unaccustomed feeling of compunction, "Poor little bird."

"This day week will see me in London again, I suppose," he remarks, as they pace slowly along. "Would you not like to be coming, too?"

"You know it," she says. Then murmurs, "But only one week more! Oh, what a little time."

The man smiles again as he watches her, and taking both her hands into his own, draws her close to him.

"My pretty love," he whispers, the dark eyes scanning her face, the lips still curving with that smile of accustomed victory. Once as they stand so she, glances up, then her eyelashes droop, and he can feel her quiver in every limb.

"My pretty love," he repeats, slowly; "and now you must bid me good-bye, Olive."

She tries to speak, but her voice seems to have lost its power. She struggles for a second to withdraw her fingers from the tight clasp which detains them, but his grasp never relaxes.

"Will you not give me one kiss, dear—one little kiss, Olive? So much you can scarcely grudge me, for you do love me, child."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LEGAL LEVY.

The book peddler had called at the lawyer's office to sell him a book and the lawyer very peremptorily didn't want any book. The peddler insisted and the lawyer continued to decline. At last the lawyer rose in wrath

"Now, look here," he said emphatically. "I've told you I don't want your book, and I mean what I say. Furthermore, my advice to you is to get out of this, promptly, or I'll throw you out."

The peddler was about to make a reply.

"And," interrupted the lawyer, "let me also say that if you hesitate, I shall charge you for that advice and levy on your books to satisfy judgment. Now git." And the suppressed peddler got.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

CARE FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

Patient's Husband—Doctor, won't you please give strict orders that she must not read the newspapers?

Doctor—I don't think it would hurt her.

Patient's Husband—Yes it would. Goods that she bought just before she became ill are marked down thirty per cent.

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 in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Tell us, cried the group of maidens, how to remain always young and attractive. That is easy, replied the sage without even lifting his eyes from his book. Get a fortune and stay single.

Sleep fails to refresh you, your system is beyond nature's restorative powers. It demands assistance. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will promote healthy, refreshing sleep, renew lost energy, revitalize the blood, aid digestion, and make the weak and nervous, strong and vigorous. Sold by all druggists, 50c. a bottle, six bottles for $2.50

MISDIRECTED SYMPATHY.

A New York clergyman meeting one of his female parishioners dressed in deep black, tried to console her by saying:

You have no idea how I regret to see you wearing those sad habiliments of woe.

You can't be as sad about it as I am, responded the widow; I look worse in black than in any other color. It makes me look like a fright.

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

George Robb, Farmer
Markham, Ont.

Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

He (pleadingly)—Why can't we be married right away? She (coyly)—Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet. He (earnestly)—But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time. She (freezingly)—Sir!

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging: most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops that itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swyne & Son, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Benedict—Now what would you do, Mr. De Batch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon? De Batch (grimly)—I'd do the next best thing for him, ma'am; I'd make him see stars.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It esremov at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Dorking—Sambo, I suspect that you know what became of my chickens last night. Sambo—Dat's where's you's wrong. I can prove an alibi. I done had goose las' night.

A Railway Manager Says:

"In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

Briggs—I read the other day that some words in the Chinese language are capable of fifty different meanings. Braggs—What a beautiful language to make campaign promises in!

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minute's—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. H. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A man may think he adores a woman. But his love is put to a terrible strain when she asks him to button her boots with a hairpin.

Travellers, away from the comforts of home, will find in Hawker's liver pills a speedy cure for all disturbance of the stomach.

That stuffed up feeling in the head is instantly relieved by using Hawker's catarrh cure.

Mrs. Placid—Where were you last night? Mr. P.—At a stag party, my dear. I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs.

That tickling cough is instantly relieved by using Hawker's balsam of tulu and wild cherry.