







The Ague. Once upon an evening bleary, While I sat me dreaming dreary, In the sunshine thinking over Things that passed in days of yore;

Ah! distinctly I remember, It was in that wet September, When the earth and every member Of creation that it bore,

So I sat me, nearly napping, In the sunshine, stretching, gapping, With a feeling quite delighted

All along my back, the creeping, Soon gave place to rustling, leaping, As if countless frozen demons

'Twas the ague: and it shook me Into heavy clothes, and took me Shaking to the kitchen, every

Then it rested till the morrow, When it comes with all the horror That it had the face to borrow,

And to-day the swallows flitting Round the cottage, see me sitting Moodily within the sunshine

SELECT STORY. FAITH.

"All this world is sad and dreary, Everywhere I roam; Odarkies! how my heart grows weary,

Thus sang Katy, maid-of-all-work, dwelling in rustic style on every word, drawing out darkies into dark-eyes,

Bertha Wallace, sitting out beneath the apple-trees, might have laughed heartily at the words and tune at any other time,

Do you not get tired, Katy, of doing the same things over and over again? And Katy had looked up, and said quietly,

The Lord does what he knows is best, Miss Wallace. If I was to marry, I suppose I would and if I wasn't, I suppose it is for the best.

Bertha had thought of Katy's answer several times this morning; in fact, she was thinking of it just as the song came floating to her, and, rising now,

Is John your brother? No, ma'am. Your cousin? she queried, in a careless way,

He was my beau, Miss Wallace, Katy answered, while her face grew crimson, and the tears came into her eyes.

I ask your pardon, Katy, said Bertha. I am always causing some one pain.

It makes no matter, ma'am; it is all the same to speak or to think of it. I am always thinkin' and thinkin' till my heart seems ready to break and I can't cry.

John, I will wait for me if I go to the West to find money enough for us to begin with? And I said,—

John, I will wait for you till every hair on my head is as white as the driven snow; but I cannot let you go alone

I know you will, Katy, says he, I know you will! and he kissed me three times, for says he, three years I will be away,

But I said, says I,— If you don't come back, John, these three kisses shall last me my lifetime.

And then he went away, and I heard of your aunt, Miss Wayne, as she wanted a girl, and would give good wages;

And when will the three years be ended, Katy? asked Bertha. O Miss Wallace, that is what makes me feel so sad.

O Miss Wallace! That's Miss Wayne, and I hanit skimmed the milk yet. Will you go way, please? She mightn't like to find you here.

Bertha turned away quickly, for she knew well enough that her aunt, Rachel Wayne, would not like to see her there

A brown-skinned, hard featured woman was Rachel Wayne, with steely grey eyes, and light hair, which was always drawn up into a little knot behind,

Haint you got that milk skimmed yet? she queried, bustling round. What you ben doin' I should like to know.

Did you want me, aunt, I wanted to know what you'd like for breakfast. I declare, I'm completely cooked out. I don't know what to get;

now there's your Uncle Wayne, he was just like you when we first got married, thought he couldn't get up in the mornin',

Bertha shivered a little. You may give me a cup of coffee and a poached egg, aunt, she said. I am not hungry at all,

And then she began to wonder, as she had done every day since she had been there, if she would ever see Fred again;

Frederick, your paragon of a governor has flown. It is just as I told you all along.

But Bertha smiled, as she thought how the letter she had given Bridget to give to Fred would deceive him,

Your mother asked Mr. Loomis if he would be kind enough to get a carriage for me, and drive with me to the depot,

But Bertha did not know that Mrs. Irving bribed Bridget to act confidentially to Bertha,

Meanwhile, Bertha waited and wondered, and grew heart-sick with hope deferred.

And I welcome, or do I intrude? he laughingly queried, as he took both of her hands in his.

Doubly welcome, she replied. I began to stagnate. And for what reason I am welcome?

You would be welcome at any time; but I must confess that I have become dreadfully lonely.

I and I confess that I am pleased to find you lonely. And then Aunt Wayne came around the corner from the dairy kitchen,

Katy sighed, and looking after them, wondered if John and she would ever again walk arm-in-arm through the meadows,

Lying lazily at Bertha's feet, beneath the fragrant apple-blossoms, Ed Loomis talked to her of the Irvings; told her what she had been longing to know,

One day Irving, remembering that Bertha had an aunt at Pleasant Valley, and thinking perhaps he might prove

his mother's accusation false, at any rate learn something of Bertha, he bought a ticket for that place, and in a few hours after was strolling up the path to Mrs. Wayne's just as Bertha and Loomis were crossing the meadows beyond.

All that morning Bertha had been unquiet, been troubled with a feeling of unrest, and had said to Loomis,—

Let us take the road to the village, Mr. Loomis, she said. What! To-day? he inquired. I brought 'Aurora Leigh' on purpose to read it to you beneath the maple tree.

And so, against her wish, Bertha turned down the lane, and lost the chance of meeting her lover—lost the sight and greeting of him, for which she would have given ten years of her life;

Walking slowly up the path that Bertha had trod but a moment before, he lingered for a while; and then, in answer to his knock, met Mrs. Wayne.

She isn't out ridin', answered aunt Wayne. Law sakes! They don't go out ridin' often, though when they do go, it a most takes my breath away,

Irving stood quietly biting his lip at Aunt Wayne's harangue, not understanding much of it save that Bertha was here.

Why, yes, did I tell you? She and her feller, a dreadful nice young man, came here one day, and took both her hands in his,

It was well for Irving that Aunt Wayne had a gift of tongue-wagging, as he found himself powerless to speak even at the end of her speech,

Who is the gentleman—Miss Wallace's lover. Mr. Loomis; and, as I said— But Irving did not wait to hear what she said.

But Irving did not wait to hear what she said. He drew a card from his pocket, and writing on it, "Farewell forever!" enclosed it in an envelope,

Bertha returned home earlier than usual, and bade Loomis good-by at the gate.

You will excuse my not asking you, in, she said. I am under the influence of the blues, too severely to be entertaining.

He seemed awfully cut up, said Aunt Wayne, when I told him you had gone out with your feller.

Bertha had opened the envelope, and read the name so dear to her, coupled with the words, farewell forever, and, turning upon her aunt, she cried,—

threw herself upon the floor, and shrieked aloud. Her long waiting and watching for him, coupled with the strain upon her nervous system, and the shock now given her, was too great;

A cup of strong tea will fetch her round; it's them high-strikes of 'hern; fetch the camfire, Katy, and put the kettle on for some tea.

Katy obeyed, and, whether the camfire and strong tea were beneficial, or whether the exhausted nervous system must needs rest itself, deponent sayeth not;

Mr. Loomis called the next morning and as Bertha was too unwell to see him, he received a minute account of yesterday's adventures from Aunt Wayne.

It is as well, he said. Bertha would never be happy in that family, and I—I will make her life an earthly paradise.

You will do this, Mr. Loomis? she queried. "Oh, I have no words to thank you. It may be unmanly in me to send to him, but, Mr. Loomis,

Loomis trembled a little and grew pale while she was talking. It is so hard to listen to the woman we love when she, unaware of our feeling, tells us of her love for another, glows and radiates with the wealth of affection which we long to possess, and says, 'All this I am to the man I love.'

At last, when ready to leave, he said, May you ever be as happy, Miss Wallace, as you are now.

Do you doubt it? she queried. No, hesitatingly, only realization scarcely comes up to our anticipation.

He held her hands for one moment, then, stooping quickly, pressed a hot, passionate kiss upon her forehead; and when she looked up, angrily, he had passed through the gate, and was walking quickly away.

Now Bertha was by no means blind as to her own personal attractions; she therefore, was not surprised as a new light broke upon her in regard to the feelings of Loomis.

How cruel of me, she said, if he loved me, to talk as I did of Fred! And then she began to glow again with the thought of Fred, and of to-morrow.

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