

Poetry.

THE OLD ATTIC ROOM.

I remember the dear old attic room,
Where I slept when a little boy,
In the farmhouse over the hill,
When life was a perfect joy.
I remember the chairs so old and quaint,
And the bed where I slept,
And the chest of drawers beside the door,
Where the apples were always kept.
I remember well how the early sun
Through the window small would stray,
And how the bird in the tree outside
Would warble morning lay.
And how my mother's "Time to get up!"
On my headless ears would fall,
And the unrepentant print that hung
So crookedly on the wall.
I remember the ceiling, cracked and low,
Where bunches of peppers hung,
And the old green curtain that wouldn't roll,
That in every wind would swing.
I remember the hallway with its stoneware still,
And various other things,
And the memory of this dear old room
Remembrance alone brings.

Of the nights I had of innocent rest,
What wouldn't I give to be
Again, in those rosy, boyhood dreams
A wanderer happy and free.
And on the carpeted floor to romp,
A merry and boisterous boy,
And see my little sister play
With her latest painted toy.

The room was not far to look upon,
But to me 'twas a jolly nest,
Ah, that now as then I could lay me down,
Be tired and willing guest.
And dream the dreams that then I dreamt
On the nights so cool and still,
In the homely but so dear old room
In the farmhouse by the hill!

Literature.

A TRAGEDY.

"Life is desolate and objectless. I don't desire it, now that all which made it desirable in the future is withdrawn. With-out Marion Lyle it would be a worthless burden. It was thrust upon me, not bestowed by my own choice, but being mine why should it not be at my disposal? I will endure it no longer, but return the use, less gift to him, by whom, the Bible and schoolmasters tell me, it was bestowed."

So John Erskine reasoned in calm words but with a light that was not that of reason in his eyes. He was alone in his room in a great city of the world. When he had done speaking he got up and moved about the room quietly, but with an air of preparation. Then he sat down and wrote two letters, sealed and laid them down conspicuously upon his table, and then—

Two hours later a friend sought him in his room. It was twilight, but the duskness was made ready by a glowing coal fire in the grate. There was a low, hush and silence in the room, and it seemed to be empty, but as the door fell to behind the visitor, something long and dark above the bed swung slowly and heavily round, a small table tottered and fell from the bed to the floor, and a quick shout of horror, a hasty retreat, and strange-voiced words of summons in the entry, told that the friend had recognized that smiling figure.

A great book in the wall and a pocket handkerchief held the means by which John Erskine had done himself to death. But the verdict of society was that Marion Lyle was his murderer. He had made no secret of his love, or of his despair, and Marion, with a school girl's reality, and no thought of consequences, or the future, had at one time encouraged him.

A grave, world worn man, a student of astral sciences, he was not one to awaken love in her light heart. But he was a celebrity, and she felt flattered by his notice, and so she talked and smiled, and accepted his homage of love as a little prize, and he, in turn, she felt bored and weary when he talked to her, but when he talked of love, and then of marriage, she began to listen, and he was so earnest, and she was so young, and he was so handsome, and she was so lonely, and she was so tired, and she was so sad, and she was so alone, and she was so afraid, and she was so desperate with the fatigue of listening and pretending to feel interested.

So, lightly she dismissed the love that had become a part of John Erskine's solitary existence, brightening it, giving it a rest and an object such as it had never before possessed. And he had never been able to blame her as she did, not to find it in his heart to name her guiltily vainly. She was like the savage who tosses away the diamond he has found simply ignorant of the value of the prize so wasted.

But it solemized her young life, and she could never quite feel that the hands were clear that had held this strong and beautiful life, only to toss it away as worthless. No matter if by her hand the deed had been done. Behind that lay her own responsibility at the very root and foundation of the act. There shall not kill, said the Book, and there are other modes of murder than the cord, the dagger and the bowl.

And so Marion Lyle entered society with the shadow of this awful deed lying dark upon her life. Often in the beginning of the dance, or merry jig, she would pause in her laughter, and her cheek grow pale, as some thought of her who was gone crossed her mind; or as glances or whispers seemed directed toward her a terrible sense of accusation and trial would steal over her.

Few really blamed her, and only those who were ignorant of the circumstances which connected her with the deed which had created a wide and marked sensation. Some who lived afar heard her name mentioned approvingly, but when they saw her would exclaim, "What, that child!" and so dismiss the subject, for she looked so young and pure, and this terrible occurrence had cast such a pervasive shadow over her bright face, that it was not easy to connect a thought of wrong with her. And so gradually the impression wore off, and Marion was permitted, in some degree, to enjoy her youth.

In a year or two she had forgotten, or nearly so, the terrible sorrow of the past, and it would never have been more than a haunting memory, had not a genuine love arisen in her heart, sought for and evoked by one whose pastime it had ever been to create for himself an interest in many lives.

There were genuine touches in his love; he had never been so profoundly stirred before, and he really believed his hour was come. The man was not all bad. He had his code of honor, and obeyed it, living strictly with his fellow men. But it was different where women were concerned. He played upon their heart-strings as upon a delicate instrument, that gave back sweet music to his touch. A note of dissonance drew him away—there was no amusement in harsh sounds.

But he thought he loved Marion—did love her somewhat—and Marion loved him with the absorbing first love of a maiden's heart. And so went on delightful, delicious weeks, in which the pervasive shadow fled away from the fair young face where it had rested so long, and then

came back a flash of joy and hope brighter than that which once dwelt there, before the day of her great sorrow. These two had met during a quiet summer passed by Marion in the country. There had been no disturbing influence, and Lawrence Elmore, who, only once conversed after a long illness, could have endured the excitements of society, found just the repose he needed in association with the subdued and gentle Marion. For once it really seemed as if the course of true love were about to run smooth.

But the disturbing influences came all too soon. Lawrence had been passing the summer quietly at his brother's villa, where there were only the old housekeeper and the nurses and children. He knew nothing of the fearful tragedy of Marion's life, the crime with which her name was connected, for he had been travelling in Europe; and though he knew that John Erskine had committed suicide, and that the name of some young girl was mentioned in connection with the affair, he had never identified Marion as she. And Marion had been silent because she had never spoken, could not speak of that terrible time, when for days and weeks she had felt the stain of the blood of the man who loved her upon her soul.

In this there was no attempt at deception, though it was afterwards so charged against her. The tragic occurrence had created such a sensation at the time, and had been so universally known, that Marion, as was not unusual, felt sensitively and abnormally that every one knew it, that all were discussing it. She never dreamed that Lawrence was ignorant that John Erskine had loved her, and died because of that love; and, added to her affection for him, was gratitude for having chosen her in spite of all, and having loved and trusted her, though this blight had fallen upon her young life. She had borne the penalty—a heavy one, she thought—for her girlish error, and her heart sprang up light and free, rejoicing in its freedom as she felt the burden falling from her. It did seem cruel that she should be punished all her life for having, almost in her childhood, been pleased with, and vain of, the attention to which she had attached no serious meaning, and thought of no tragic ending.

This new rejoicing freedom of hers, bowing, as it did, to the bonds that set so lightly upon her, gave her a fresh and intense charm which Lawrence felt, but of which he knew not the secret. The time came when, infected with the suspicions of manner minds, he only found in an accusation. He had only the remnant of a soothed heart to give, and he did not give that fully, or he could never so have suspected and misjudged the girl who had blossomed into such a glorious freedom of love and life beneath his gaze. The sweet summer idyl was past all too soon. Marion's aunt, under whose charge she had remained during this summer, less suspicious and less worldly even than herself, neither watched nor warned; and her surprise and sorrow were only less than Marion's when the clouds suddenly obscured the serene summer sky and the storm burst upon the unprotected heads.

Lawrence Elmore's brother's family returned suddenly to the villa, hurried homeward from some summer haunt by the tidings of the illness of one of the children. There was anxiety and suspense for a few days, till the little one was pronounced better, and then Mrs. James Elmore had time to turn her attention to the affairs of other people—a pastime to which she was addicted.

"How very well you are looking, Lawrence," she began, "I should say that it agrees with you extremely well to rusticate without society for a summer." "But I have not been without society," answered Lawrence, who had no thought of, nor motive for concealment. "You forget our neighbors, my dear." "Our neighbors—the Lyles! They have not been at home this summer?" "Mr. and Mrs. Lyle have not. Miss Lyle and her niece, Miss Marion, have." "That girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, with an infection of disdain. "Do you mean to tell me, Lawrence, that you have picked her up?"

Lawrence would have stared had he not been so well bred. "I hardly understand such mention of a very beautiful and accomplished girl like Marion Lyle," he replied, quietly, hiding under ice the rage that was seething in his heart.

"A girl with such a stain upon her—about whom I have heard so much of a 'recess'?" interrupted Mrs. James Elmore. "You do not mean that I should suppose you ignorant of her history?"

Lawrence bowed. He could not have spoken, his heart was throbbing so at these strange words.

"That you have not heard that she was the girl who flirted with and encouraged John Erskine, and then broke his heart and led him to an awful death?" continued Mrs. Elmore, pouring, almost with a pleased eye, the discomposure of Lawrence.

There was no room in the heart of this cold, narrow woman for compassion. She could not see how the girl who had been so loved that the despair of winning her had broken the heart and unsettled the reason, and caused the suicide of a man like John Erskine, could be guiltless. She had flirted often enough in her youth herself, but then she played only with herself as hollow as her own, where no strong, over-mastering love could abide, and so "nothing came of it." She did not do to others what she had just done to herself. She, a girl trained for society, had done as she could to break hearts, only fortune had been practiced on subjects where the heart was wanting. Marion, a mere child, had been pleased by attentions she had not understood, and had erred in ignorance and girlish vanity. Unfortunately her subject was not a concern of society—making love automatically, and for past time. And so the terrible harm was done; a life lost—a life shadowed.

Without a thought like this, Mrs. Elmore had decided that the connection was ineligible, and that Lawrence should not bring "that girl" into the family which had the honor of her connection.

She saw that Lawrence seemed and quivered under the stroke, but she only commented, mentally, that he had gone further than she suspected; but he was not likely to be harmed. Knowing what would have been her own course under similar circumstances, she decided that Marion, presuming on his ignorance of the scandal, had deliberately planned the campaign, determined to escape good repute, and seeing her opportunity in this quiet summer time and immediate neighborhood.

Little by little she instilled her poisonous suspicion into the mind of all too ready to receive them. Lawrence Elmore had seen the social world in its least attractive aspects; he knew well how hollow and false it was, and had not now to learn that the hands that clasped in the marriage bond not always held the hearts supposed to be a part of the bargain. It was quite possible for him to believe in motives, the very existence of which were unsuspected by Marion.

And so he turned coldly away from the girl whose love he had won, blighting once more her young heart, and crushing the blossoms of her affections beneath a relentless heel. In doing this, it is true that he suffered also, but not deeply nor long. He had been a transient passion—one of many; and though more nearly genuine than any other since his boyhood, it made, after all, but a brief impression. He went out into the world again, and with regained strength, and with renewed zest after his long abstinence, entered into his avocations and his amusements.

He still remembered Marion—her sweetness, her gentleness, her love, that bore in every look, and gesture, and unconscious mode of expression, the stamp of purity and truth. He had been charmed with her, and he could not easily forget. But he was not capable of forgetting all that proved that his love was small and feeble. So in a little time he passed out of his life as completely as some figure strangely interwoven in the pattern of a dream; and was only recalled at times when he remembered, in a lull of his ardent and welcome pursuit of pleasure, the quiet summer of returning health spent at his brother's villa.

And Marion—did she forget and console herself so easily? Alas, no! She had given her whole heart into his keeping, and he had crushed it in his strong grasp, and tossed it back to her as a worthless gift. It had bloomed gorgeously, but the dear autumn of his coldness had blighted its beauty, and the dead flowers of her love lay now and withered—perfume and loveliness gone forever.

Little did John Erskine dream how his sin was to rebound to the heart of her he loved, and would have shielded from a breath of sorrow with his life. For he would even have borne the fatal burden the length of the weirdest, far-reaching years, than that harm or suffering should have come to her. And here she lay—blighted—because he had loved her, and could not bear the burden of despair.

Marion dropped like a withered flower beneath the cruel desertion of the man she loved, and never again was the fair held lifted up. Too much sorrow had smitten the very chords of life, and jagged them to a dissonance that would have been broken by day by day shed away. She never complained nor wept. "I have erred, and I suffer," was all she said, "and God has seen fit that my life should be a little mistake."

And so one evening of the following winter, at twilight, she lay in the gloom of her room, made ruddy by the gleaming lights of the fire—its light, and with no shadow of change upon her. But suddenly she stretched forth her hand, and a heavenly smile dawned over her face.

"Mamma," she said, joyously, "John Erskine has come to me, he has forgiven me."

Her mother came to her with startled haste. She was lying back upon her pillow, with that strange smile upon her face. Her hand was outstretched as in greeting. Her attitude was full of peace and joy. But Marion was not there—only the beautiful casket in which a pure and lovely soul had long been held in bonds.

The Case of Mr. Perkins Warbeck. Containing a Great Moral Lesson for Temperance People.

When young Mr. Perkins Warbeck came to the city he had in his pocket \$37 and the diploma of a commercial college, which certified with many flourishes and much fine lettering that Mr. Warbeck was qualified to keep books, single and double entry, and do banking in all its branches.

Perkins came to town with many high resolutions and a determination to get on in the world by strict attention to business, as the advertisements say, would do it. He was moral, temperate, honest and industrious. He thought a large city ought to contain a good market for such qualities.

He selected a nice boarding place, paid a week in advance, and started out to find employment. He began feeling fresh and hopeful and ended feeling depressed and discouraged. After several weeks of fruitless search for a business opportunity or lodgings and finally landed in a dirty room in a disreputable part of the city, where he got cheap, and boarded round as best he could and lived at a little cost as well kept body and soul together.

From asking for a bookkeeper's place he got down to begging for work of any kind. The market for help seemed everywhere overcrowded.

Finally he called the secretary of a helpful institution and stated his case. The secretary heard him patiently and then asked him why he did not go home. The city was overcrowded and winter was coming on. Things would be even worse after a while. The best thing was to strike for home.

The young man said he had no money over if he wanted to go home, but he would not go anyhow. He had left for the purpose of carving a way for himself and he meant to carve.

The secretary shrugged his shoulders at this and said that in that case he had no advice to offer.

"But," urged Mr. Perkins Warbeck, "you must know what a business opportunity you could perhaps give me a line to one of them or say a word for me." "I would be very glad to do that, but unfortunately I do not know that you are trustworthy, and I could not conscientiously recommend you to any one."

He determined to work the free lunch racket without the five cents. He made a very satisfying meal and then, turning to the bartender, said:—"I'm a starving man. You may call the police as soon as you like. I have no money."

The bartender looked hard at him. He was a bad man but a good judge of character. He knew Mr. Warbeck was not an ordinary every-day beast. He drew a glass of foaming beer and placed it on the counter. "Every man that goes to the lunch counter gets to take a beer in this shanty," said the saloonkeeper.

"But I've got no money," reiterated Perkins.

"Well, pay it next time you happen to be passing, or send me your cheque," Warbeck drank the beer.

The second night on the street was cold and drizzly. Perkins Warbeck made up his mind he had had enough of outdoor life. "I run myself in as a drunk," he said to himself. Down the middle of the street he started—whooping.

"See here, young fellow," cried a policeman, collaring him. "You get off home a little quieter or I'll run you in."

"You haven't got it," yelled Warbeck, trying to shake off the officer.

"Oh, dassen't I?" sarcastically replied the policeman. "We'll see about that."

Perkins spent the night in a plank bed, infinitely more comfortable than the stone steps of the night before.

"Well," said the police justice next morning, "you were having a roaring good time last night weren't you?"

"I was, indeed," replied Perkins dolefully.

"Yes; you were out with the boys and the town wasn't big enough to hold you. The world looked mighty cheerful then, but I venture to say that your head isn't particularly comfortable this morning and things don't look quite so rosy, do they?"

"They do not," replied Perkins.

"How long do you think that good time will last you?"

"A long while," replied Perkins.

"Well, as I don't remember to have seen you here before I'll let you off this time, and I'd strongly advise you to leave liquor alone and spend your money in something more useful."

As Perkins made his way out of the Police Court his hand was warmly grasped by some one, and looking up he saw the secretary of whom he had called a couple of days before. He thought at first that the secretary recognised him, but he saw a moment after that he never knew they had met before.

"My young friend," said the secretary, warmly, "how long have you been a drunkard?"

"Ever since I was a little chap," answered Perkins, unblushingly. The secretary sighed and a couple of sympathetic ladies who were with him said:—"Dear, dear!" but it was evident that their interest in his misfortune increased on account of his youthful depravity.

"Don't you think now if you made a real earnest effort to reform you could leave the horrid stuff alone?" asked one of the ladies, bending beseechingly towards him.

"Well, I don't know," said Perkins, doubtfully. "You see it makes me forget my troubles, but if I could get a good steady job and living wages I'd try to break up."

"Oh, that can be managed," said the other lady, enthusiastically, and the first lady and the secretary said, "Why, certainly."

So Mr. Perkins Warbeck, who had never known anything but one glass of beer, solemnly signed the pledge and got work.

"Toady Local."

"I saw an amusing incident early this morning," said one of the policemen to a citizen.

"What was it?"

"It occurred about half-past one. A certain gentleman down town got out of a coach and went up the steps of his residence. He hesitated a moment then pulled the bell. Presently a window opened up above and a woman put her head out of it."

"That you dear?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied.

"Latherine," said he.

"Say truly rural first."

"Toady Local."

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TEA, 3, 5, 10, 12, 15 and 20 lb. Caddies.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

100 DOZEN AXLE PULLEYS 3 inch, 3 1/2 inch, 4 inch, 4 1/2 inch, 5 inch, 5 1/2 inch, 6 inch, 6 1/2 inch, 7 inch, 7 1/2 inch, 8 inch, 8 1/2 inch, 9 inch, 9 1/2 inch, 10 inch, 10 1/2 inch, 11 inch, 11 1/2 inch, 12 inch, 12 1/2 inch, 13 inch, 13 1/2 inch, 14 inch, 14 1/2 inch, 15 inch, 15 1/2 inch, 16 inch, 16 1/2 inch, 17 inch, 17 1/2 inch, 18 inch, 18 1/2 inch, 19 inch, 19 1/2 inch, 20 inch, 20 1/2 inch, 21 inch, 21 1/2 inch, 22 inch, 22 1/2 inch, 23 inch, 23 1/2 inch, 24 inch, 24 1/2 inch, 25 inch, 25 1/2 inch, 26 inch, 26 1/2 inch, 27 inch, 27 1/2 inch, 28 inch, 28 1/2 inch, 29 inch, 29 1/2 inch, 30 inch, 30 1/2 inch, 31 inch, 31 1/2 inch, 32 inch, 32 1/2 inch, 33 inch, 33 1/2 inch, 34 inch, 34 1/2 inch, 35 inch, 35 1/2 inch, 36 inch, 36 1/2 inch, 37 inch, 37 1/2 inch, 38 inch, 38 1/2 inch, 39 inch, 39 1/2 inch, 40 inch, 40 1/2 inch, 41 inch, 41 1/2 inch, 42 inch, 42 1/2 inch, 43 inch, 43 1/2 inch, 44 inch, 44 1/2 inch, 45 inch, 45 1/2 inch, 46 inch, 46 1/2 inch, 47 inch, 47 1/2 inch, 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