

THE SAME OLD SONG.

Mothers, out of the mother heart,
Fashion a song both soft and low,
Always the same dear mother art,
Rocking the baby to and fro,
Always a lazy, loving crone
Hummed in sleepy undertone.

Down the baby snuggles to sleep—
Winking as long as wink he may;
Now with a kick he tries to keep
The tricksey god from his eyes away.
We-wa, we-wa, long, long ago,
The Indian mother chanted low.

Veering, she said, on the baby's brow
Softly struck with his wee war-club;
Astride of his nose he playeth slow—
With his little fist a rub-a-dub,
We-wa, we-wa, tender and low,
Rocking the baby to and fro.

Le-ro-la, le-ro-la, ever a hum
Like murmuring bee in the golden light;
Under the palm trees mothers come,
Ethiopian mothers, dark as night,
Chanting the same old silvery flow
Swinging the baby to and fro.

Mothers, too, with the snowy skin,
By-lo, by-lo, tenderly sing,
And tell of the dust man coming in
Into the baby's eyes to fling
Atoms of dust to make him wink
And into dreamland gently sink.

We-wa, we-wa, by-lo, by-lo,
Le-ro-la-le-ro-la, ever the same—
Ever the tune of the long ago!
Out of the motherly heart it came,
Born of a sense that mothers know,
Rocking the baby to and fro.

Black or white, or bronze the hue,
Always the same sweet tune is heard,
The sweetest song earth ever knew,
Happy as trill of the nestling bird,
Mothers content in the twilight glow
Are rocking their babies to and fro.

Mothers, out of the mother heart,
Fashion a song that is sweet and low,
Always the same dear mother art,
Rocking the baby to and fro,
Always a lazy, loving crone
Hummed in a dreary undertone.

SUCH A PRETTY GIRL.

It was a dull rainy day, toward the end of August. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of 3 in the afternoon and I was sitting by myself in our little inner office, looking out at the expanse of dull, gray wall that formed my only prospect from the not over-clean window and thinking.

I was musing about Kitty Elton and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her.

Dear little Kitty! I knew it was a hard life for her in that overcrowded milliner's workroom, day after day and month after month, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity.

The door opened and Mr. Clenner came in. Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent, little man, with a square stern mouth, and clouded gray eyes. He sat down beside me.

"Meredith," he said, "didn't you say you were getting tired of doing nothing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well I have something for you to do. Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skilfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happened untowardly."

There has been a series of very heavy forgeries committed. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime, but after much quiet investigation he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Matteson—who had skilfully eluded all pursuit and was now somewhere hiding in the northeastern portion of the state.

"When shall I start?"

"Now—within half an hour."

"Within half an hour, sir?"

"Yes; why not?"

I could think of no sufficient reason except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior—the longing wish to see my Kitty before I started.

"Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said, rising. "If I take the 4 o'clock express I shall be there by daylight tomorrow morning."

"Yes, and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, and what you have to do must be done at once."

The house to which I was directed was in the midst of woods, about half a mile beyond the village of Drownville—the residence of Mrs. Matteson, the mother of the forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call for it upon the constabulary authorities of Drownville.

The rosy dawn was just flushing the eastern sky when I alighted at the little way station of Drownville.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Matteson's place?" I asked of the sleepy station master, who was yawning behind the little aperture of the ticket office.

"Matteson—Mrs. Matteson. Just follow the main street of the village out, about a half mile, and you'll come to a little patch o' woods, and you'll see a little yallar house. That's where Mrs. Matteson lives."

The "patch o' woods" and the "little yallar house" duly rewarded my search, and as I knocked at the door, a clock somewhere inside struck 7.

A decent-looking elderly woman in widow's weeds came to the door.

"Is Mr. Matteson in? Mr. Perley?"

"No," she answered, quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look. I did not believe her, and asked quietly:

"When do you expect him home?"

"Not at present."

Apparently she expected I would go away, but, instead, I stepped in.

"Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then for the first time I became aware that some one had been watching our colloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl dressed like the mother in deep black, with a very brilliant eyes, and a profusion of jet-black ringlets.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came half way down the stairs, pushing back her curls with one hand, and looking at me with wondering eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Perley is not at home," she added. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of Matteson's villainy. My heart bled for both of them; but it was no time to indulge in sentimental pity. Speaking briefly, I told them it was my duty to compel them to remain where they were, while I searched the house.

No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however—there was nowhere any trace of the flown bird. Nevertheless, I concluded to remain there quietly for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.

That same afternoon Clara Matteson came in, as I sat by the piazza window, keeping a quiet watch on all the surroundings.

"Mr. Meredith," she said, "mother thinks I have been very rude to you. She says it is not your fault, personally, that you are sent here on—on such a mistake, and perhaps she is right. I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings."

She talked at first shyly, but afterwards with more assurance, of herself, the absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand little family details which I almost dreaded to hear.

That twilight talk was one of the pleasantest episodes of my by no means universally pleasant life, and I was considerably annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the Drownville constables who were to watch through the night.

At the sound of their footsteps on the piazza floor Clara rose and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"O, Mr. Meredith, those men—"

"Be easy, Miss Matteson," I said, "you shall in no way be annoyed by them."

My orders to the men were brief and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Matteson.

At length an answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner—it was short and to the purpose:

"Come back; if the bird has flown we must look elsewhere for him."

I went to Kitty Elton's that night. She received me with a sweet, shy gladness of welcome that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Matteson's beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier.

When I reached the office the next morning Mr. Clenner was not there.

"He's gone to Drownville," said my fellow detective; "he went last night."

I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr. Clenner distrust the accuracy of my reports, or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises.

I was sitting at my desk, two days subsequently, when the door glided noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? and what luck?"

"The best."

"You don't mean to say you've got him?"

"I do mean to say it. Meredith, I knew I could not be so entirely mistaken. Perley Matteson is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."

"Where did you apprehend him?"

"At home in his mother's house. He was there all the time you remained there."

He opened the door of the private inner apartment. A slight boyish figure leaned against the window smoking a cigarette, with black curls, tossed back from the marble brow, and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I started at him, with a motion not entirely unfamiliar to me.

I turned away, scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.

"Never mind, my boy, it will be a good lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He makes a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."

I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and to my surprise the dear, faithful little creature loved me just as well as ever.

Perley Matteson's girlish beauty is eclipsed in state's prison now—nor do I pity him! The steak for which he played was high—and he lost!

Visitor—You must have a remarkably efficient board of health in this town.

Shrewd native (one of many)—You are right about that, I can tell you.

"Composed of scientists, I presume?"

"No, sir. Scientists are too theoretical."

"Physicians, perhaps?"

"Not much. We don't allow doctors on our board of health—no, sir—nor undertakers, either."

"Hum! What sort of men have you chosen then?"

"Life insurance agents."—Tid Bits.

A Countess Selling Papers.

Early every morning a little woman of 50 or thereabouts sets a small table on the sidewalk in front of the postoffice building on Washington st. in Brooklyn, says the New York World. She gets the table from a barber shop a few doors away, where she has stored it the night before. Then she takes a bundle from under her arm, unwraps it and draws out a stock of morning newspapers.

She is a quiet little woman. Usually she wears glasses. Her dress is faded and thin; so is she. Everything about her indicates pinching poverty.

Now there is nothing unusual in all this. There are many other faded and pinched little old women in Brooklyn and New York and some of them sell newspapers.

But this little woman is one of those interesting people who have a history. She was a countess once, and is a grand-niece of Pulaski, the great Polish patriot who fought for America in the revolutionary war.

Her full name is Josephine Suffeczka Iarozka. Her story as she tells it, begins when, a young Polish girl, she married Count Paul Iarozka and went to live in St. Petersburg to live. She had a high social position there. That was almost a generation ago, and she was happy in the Russian capital for many years.

By and by she and her husband began to disagree. She does not say what caused the quarrel, but she says it was no fault of hers. Finally she left him.

Then her husband retaliated. They had a son, and the father caused information to be sent to the government that he was in conspiracy against the crown.

One day the boy disappeared. The next the mother heard of him was that he had been sent to Siberia to die in the mines.

The countess endeavored to secure her boy's release. She visited officials herself. She asked all her friends to help her, but she could not remove the czar's chains from her boy. Then she came to America, bringing with her a little money she had saved.

Though in want, Mme. Iarozka retains much pride. One day last week, when it was raining, she went into the barber shop where she leaves her table and complained that the rain had wet her papers so badly that they were ruined, and she had lost 75 cents.

One of her regular customers, who happened to be in the barber's chair raised up and offered her 75 cents.

"O, no," exclaimed the woman stiffly, "I couldn't do that. I couldn't take any money from you. I thank you, but you must not expect me to do that."

"But I am one of your regular customers," said the man. "You ought to take it from me."

Finally he persuaded her to take 25 cents, but she said as she went away:

"I'll make it up to you in papers. I won't let you pay anything for them until the debt is settled."

Vanished Occupants of the Earth.

What strikes us most markedly in reading the book of the rocks is, not so much the strange forms which are portrayed in its pages, as the fact that so many of them are extinct. Indeed, except in the very newest of formations, it is extremely rare to come upon any forms which can even approximately be considered identical with any now living on the face of the earth. All are vanished species. What is more, when we once get clear of any formation, it is the rarest possible occurrence ever again to see any of the species of fossils characteristic of it. Each period of the world's history had its own fauna and flora—that is, its own assemblage of animals and plants—and once they disappear they are gone forever. Yet, within the historic period, we know of the extermination of only a few animals, and of no species of plants at all. Even then the extinct animals have, in every instance, met their fate at the hand of man. The dodo, a curious bird of Mauritius, and the solitaires, of the Islands of Reunion and Rodriguez, were exterminated by ruthless seamen within the last two centuries. The moa of New Zealand lived long after the Maoris reached these islands. The great auk and the Labrador duck have ceased to exist, from an identical cause, within the memory of man. The Philip Island parrot is a still more recent loss, while the only mammal which can be said for certain to have been utterly destroyed from off the face of the earth is the gigantic sea-cow (Rhytina), of Behring Strait, though, when it was first discovered, and took the taste of the seamen who liked oily beef, its number was small, and seemed on the wane. These, and a few other species of less interest, form the total extinctions of which history preserves any record. But in the rocks composing the earth's crust there are the remains of thousands which disappeared ages and ages before man came upon earth.—Our Earth and its Story.

I. THE RABBIT.

So shy and gentle is thy meem,
So shrinkingly and so timorous!
Thou knowest well if thou art seen
Thy chance of life is slimmerous.

II. THE LION.

Thou quiet beast within thy cage,
Thou captive curiosity!
But, ah! within thy heart is rage,
Revenge and ferocity.

III. THE CAT.

Calmy thou purrest, snoozing there:
Dost thou feel aught of gratitude
For thy good home and kindly care
And health and strength and fatitude?
—Emma A. Opper, in St. Nicholas for October.

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem upon it, and make it worth \$65,000—that's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and make it worth \$20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch springs worth \$1,000—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A lady can purchase a seventy-five cent hat but she prefers one that cost \$27—that's foolishness. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3—that's labor.

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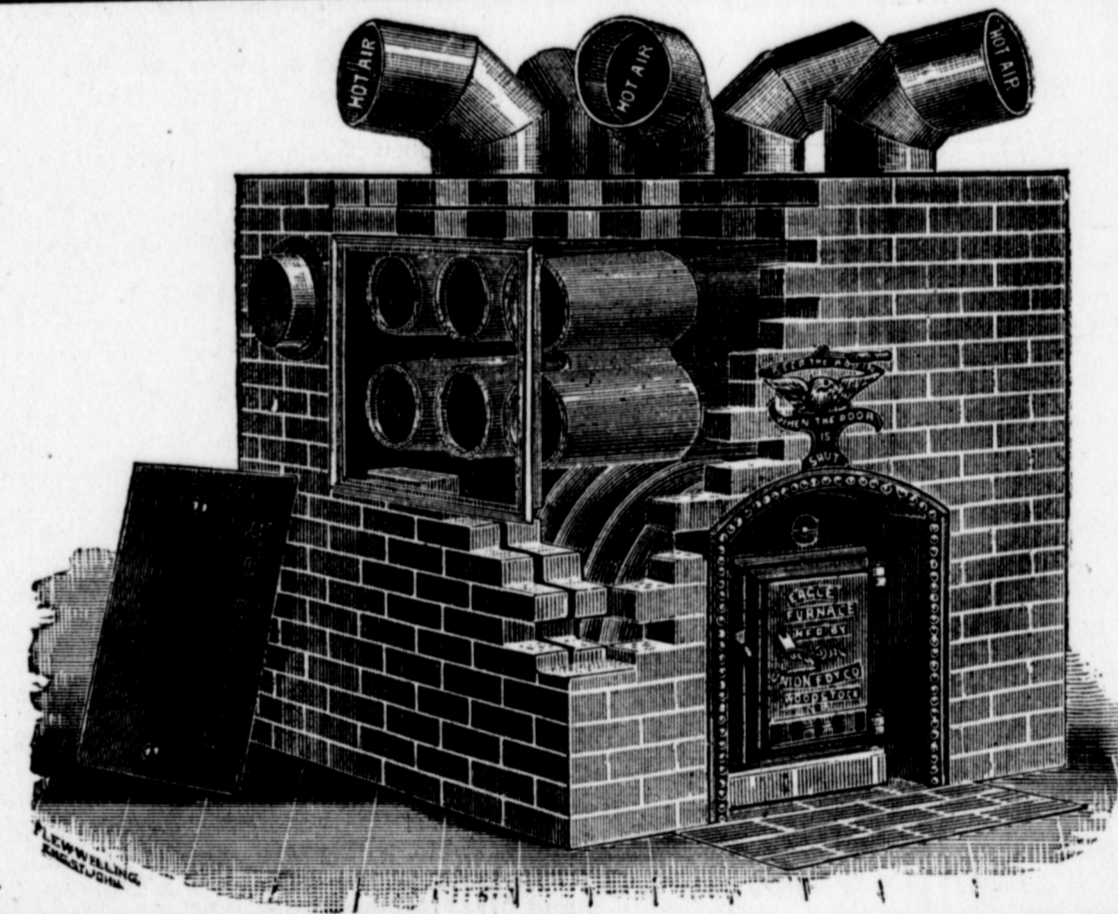
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REFERENCES.

Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kitto. Hamilton—R. G. Doene.
Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald. King City—Wm. Walker.
Belleville—R. Templeton, druggist. Churchill—David Grasse.
Tottenville—James Scanlon, J. Reid. Bradford—R. Davis, J. Reid.
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