

SHE.

BY H. S. BARNES.

In my study I was sitting,
Just because;
Thinking something most befitting,
Yes I was.
When my door bell gave a jingle,
Gave a tingle, tingle, tingle,
Then a jingle, jingle, jingle!
Was it mad
Or only glad?

Next I heard a silken rustle
In the hall;
Heard a bustle and a bustle,
Then a call;
Soon most sweetly she came blushing,
Where I stood in waiting, flushing;
Down she sat, in style quite crushing,
On my hat;
Crushed it flat.

Swift she talked in tones ecstatic,
High, then low;
Waved her hands in ways emphatic
To and fro;
Talked of father, sister, mother,
Cousins, nephew, uncle, brother,
Then of this one, then the other,
While she sat
On my hat.

Told in accents soft and broken
As could be,
Of her home in quaint Hoboken
Near the sea.
Said "some time she hoped to go
To the Archipelago."
What I wished just then you know,
While she sat
On my hat.

Did she notice my emotion?
Not a bit;
Or toward moving take a notion?
Truly nit.
Straight one mortal hour she talked on;
Not a word did she get balked on;
While the carpet I just walked on;
As she sat
On my hat.

Then a package from its wrapping
She brought out,
Knew full well she'd caught me napping
I've no doubt.
Said this book was just the one book
All my weary heart to unhook;
Would I kindly take just one look?
There she sat
On my hat.

To myself her list I drew it
Like a flash.
Signed my name most boldly to it
With a dash.
Then uprose this lovely being,
Through that hall went just a fleeing;
But one thing was worth the seeing:
'Twas that hat
Where she sat!

—New York Sun.

OUR FIRST BUTLER.

When papa was made a J. P. last month, he called us all into his study and adjusted his spectacles with much more precision than usual to tell us that since it had pleased—ahem!—those in authority to honor him by conferring the dignity of J. P. for Snobshire upon him—he—er—thought it only fitting to dispense with the services of Jane and the boy and have a butler. He looked round at us then, over his spectacles, to see the effect of his words. Ethel, who always was something of a snob, made a brave effort to extinguish a smile of complacency and to show her complete unconcern. George looked vacant without much apparent effort.

I tried to think of something cynical to say befitting the occasion. In such a family one must be a cynic or a nonentity; and though I chose the former, I found it hard work at first. But none of us said anything. So mamma, who had been sitting by bristling with dignity, put in her word: "We have heard of a man who has consented to come to us; and as he has been with Sir Somebody Something, I hope we shall all do our best to make him happy and comfortable." George said, "Will he have the spare room?" Mamma scowled and remarked haughtily, "He will, of course, sleep downstairs in the butler's bedroom." "My dear," said papa, looking up from the letter he was writing, "he wants sixty pounds a year; shall we take him at that, or shall I ask Sparker what he gives his man?" "Oh, don't ask him," said mamma, "whatever you do; it would look as if we had never had a butler before, and I'm sure you won't get him for less." "No; I was thinking," papa explained apologetically, "whether I ought not to offer him more, my dear; I shouldn't think of asking him to come for less—a butler!" "What's his name?" Ethel asked indifferently. "Marmaduke Cumberland," mamma answered, supreme satisfaction and consciousness of the effect she felt certain of producing. "Shall we call him Duke or Marmie?" George inquired. "He will be called Cumberland," mamma flashed. "And I particularly request that you will be very careful of your conversation at meals. Think beforehand of some pleasant or instructive topic, interesting to everyone present, and pray, don't let us have any nonsense or personalities, or, in fact, anything they could laugh at afterwards in the servants' hall." "Besides," I suggested, "I've heard that they write for the society papers, and of course we don't want our private concerns to be the talk of the world." Mamma beamed—I thought she would—and said, "You're quite right, dear, the public is always so delighted and eager to get hold of any details concerning high life."

Mr. Marmaduke Cumberland arrived. We all received him in the hall. Mamma made him a little curtsey and hoped he was pretty well and would soon "shake down." Papa said he was glad to see him; then, surveying him complacently, he added in a confidential undertone (which, however, reached us all), "I'm sure you are well worth the money." I thought George's greeting the least approp-

riate of any. He sidled up to the unfortunate man and said blandly, "Howdydo, Cumberland! I hope we will soon be friends—but I'm quite sure we shan't." Ethel looked quite nervous, and did not address any remark to him till she had met him alone afterwards. Then she asked him how his mother was, and if he felt homesick. He said his mother had been dead for years, and Ethel became still more embarrassed, and said it was a fine day.

At first none of us dared to speak during meals, and were shy of taking the food offered us by Cumberland. When we did take it we thanked him warmly, and when we didn't we apologized and explained why. Mamma always made a gracious little bow when she helped herself to a dish or refused it. George and I could never understand why she did it, and we felt quite sure that Cumberland couldn't like it, as, in the evenings, the aigrette she wears in her hair always tickled his chin, or, if the bow were extra gracious, got into his mouth.

After a few days, mamma complained that we were too stolidly silent at meals, and she was afraid that Cumberland would think us unsociable. She said we must all learn to make conversation when he was in the room. So we did our best in spite of our nervousness. George made the first attempt. He suddenly held up a fork in the middle of dinner one night, and exclaimed loudly, "Hullo—whatever's this?" "What?" I asked. "Why," he said, "there's a sort of curiously dragon thing with an ax in its claw! Look!" It was our new crest, and George had not been duly warned. "I say," he continued knowingly, "just look at Cumberland; he's got some little joke of his own over there!" Mamma, as well as Cumberland, was purple in the face, and told him not to talk with his mouth full. There was a short silence before he again undertook to support the entire conversation alone and unaided. "I saw Mrs. Smuggins sewing a cockade into James' hat last night," he began, talking quickly in case of an interruption: "she had got it upside down in the middle of the crown, and when I said I didn't think that she was right, she got cross and said it was the 'taziest job she had ever been put to, and she had broken five needles already. I said, 'besides spoiling the hat,' and that made her angrier still." Mamma sent George to fetch her smelling salts, and when he had brought them she told him to see if Dolly was asleep. She meditated sending him on a third message, but he had espied treacle pudding and frustrated her intention by saying: "Look here, mamma, I won't talk any more while Cumberland is in the room if you'll let me stay and have some pudding."

Papa's was really the best "give away" of all. I can only put it down to the fact that he is inclined to be absent-minded, for I know he shared our fear of Cumberland by the way I heard him asking for his boots one morning. He did not ring for them, he walked to the pantry door in his socks and said: "I wonder if you will be so very good as to get me my boots. Sorry to trouble you—any time will do." We could forgive him his very natural terror of Cumberland; but for his mental aberration at dinner the other night, which made mamma and all of us look thoroughly foolish, we could hardly find it in our hearts to pardon him. Uncle Jonathan was coming to stay with us, and mamma, anxious to impress Cumberland with his importance, asked papa across the table, when "dear Jonathan" first went to Court; "Was it in '79 or '80?" I have never seen anything like the way papa laughed. He roared and held his sides and upset his whiskey and apollinaris. He said that was a capital joke, and Jonathan would have thanked his lucky stars if he had never seen the inside of a court. Then he explained that "it was in '79 that there was that little unpleasantness about his cheese business, and he took over the sausage factory next door; but he pretty nearly lived in the county court that year, poor fellow!" Then he chuckled again, and smacked his knee and said, "Jonathan at Court! I should like to see him! A splendid joke my dear; I can't think what made you think of it." "I can," said George. "Cumberland."

I don't think mamma will ever forgive papa, though he said he was very sorry, and gave her a diamond brooch. Anyhow, he was sent to Coventry for a week, and the meals were more hopelessly dismal than ever. George, who had been threatened with a boarding-school, sulked all through them, and we were a most miserable family with ever-dwindling appetites. Mamma had always considered eating and drinking vulgar, and Ethel agreed with her—when Cumberland was in the room. As for George, he was so very sulky that he literally fasted, and only contented himself by making faces at Cumberland. One morning we missed George altogether; but he reappeared at lunch time, calm and stolid as ever. I asked him what on earth he had been doing all the morning, and he answered me politely. "Oh! I've only been down in the coal hole packing up his clothes for him: I want him to go!"—and he indicated the unfortunate butler with a grimy thumb. But George's manoeuvre was not the least use. Papa made him hand over the key of the box, and himself returned it

to Cumberland with profuse apologies.

One evening mamma came into the drawing room breathless and purple. She stumbled into the first arm-chair and burst into tears. "He's given me notice," she sobbed, "our first butler." "And our last," snarled papa: for which remark he was promptly hugged by me, clapped on the back by George, who said he was a "first-rate old guv'nor," and politely thanked by Ethel, who was really hungry.—Max Hamilton, in St. James' Budget.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper of Burk's Falls, Found All Remedies for Kidney Disease of No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—Today He is a Well Man and Gives the Credit where it is Due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that to-day I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble." Sold by Garden Bros.

Precautions.

Great precautions are being taken to prevent Queen Victoria from being frightened by her horses bolting during the commemoration exercises. The horses are driven daily under fluttering flags and are becoming accustomed to shouts and other noises. Recently traffic was stopped near St. Paul's at 8 in the morning while a rehearsal of the carriage procession took place in front of the cathedral. The Queen's eight cream colored horses with outriders and postillions drew a coach, and fourteen other carriages were placed in the position they were to occupy next June. The commemorations seems to be looked upon as a sort of millennium, when all sins of omission are to be made good. Besides endowing the hospitals, it is proposed to bestow decorations on all officers who served in the army as late as the Indian mutiny, to increase the pensions of veterans to a shilling a day, to set free all slaves in British protectorates, and Chief Nana, who was recently captured, asked to be sent back to his west African home.

His Cheque Good

For Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars.

He Finds in Paine's Celery Compound a New Life.

In one of our large Canadian cities there resides one of Canada's merchant princes who can at any moment write his cheque of thousands of dollars.

Some time ago this merchant prince was a sick man. Liver trouble, headache and insomnia were fast pulling down a strong physical frame. Doctors bestowed great care and attention on their healthy patient, but no perceptible benefit was felt after months of treatment.

A voyage to the south of Europe was then undertaken, and weeks were spent at one of the most famous watering places, but no change for the better was experienced. Returning home, the merchant prince received a visit from the faithful pastor, who strongly urged the use of Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that had some time before cured a member of his family. The good advice of the ministerial friend was promptly taken; the great healing compound was used, with the result that in five weeks the sick man and his family were overjoyed with proofs of recovery and new health. Restful sleep was restored, digestion was improved, and a brighter look came into the eyes and face. After four months' careful use of Paine's Celery Compound and proper dieting, every deadly and treacherous sympathy of disease had vanished, and the merchant prince was a new man.

What a wondrous and happy proof of the life saving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound! Surely the statement is powerful enough to lift all poor and helpless sufferers from the dark pit of despair.

This story of a true cure was related by an intimate friend of the cured man, who gave permission to refer to it publicly without giving the name of the once-dying merchant.

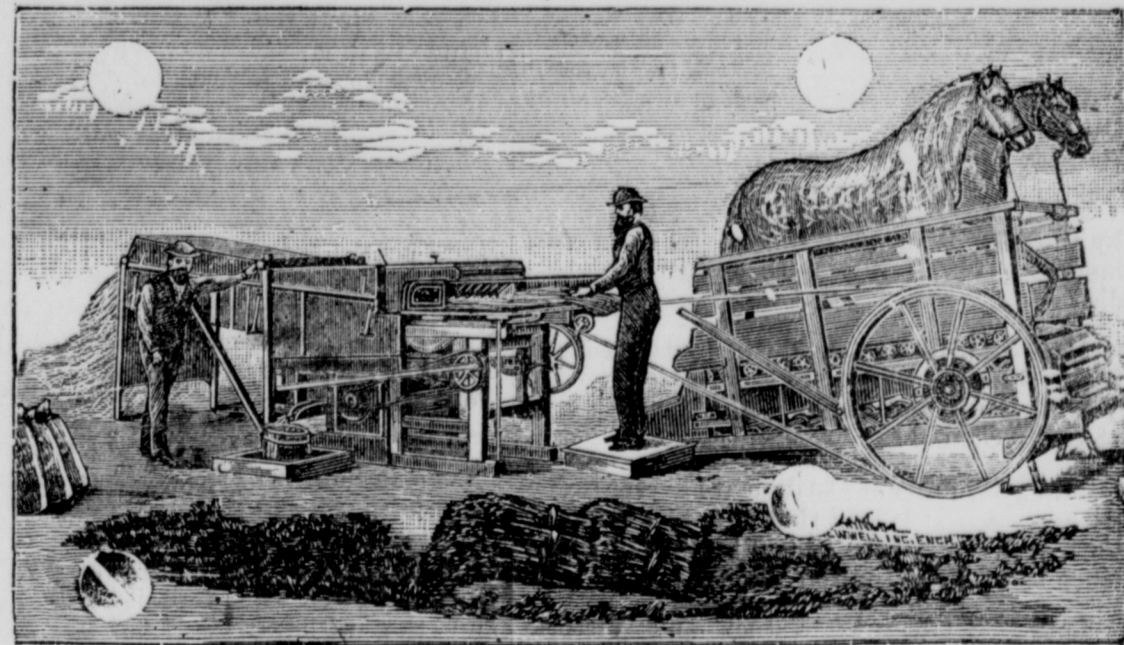
A Revived Title.

"Earl of Menteith and Strathearn" is the title which Mr. George W. Graham asks of the House of Lords, claiming descent from a younger line of the Graemes than that represented by the Duke of Montrose, but the one which first acquired a peerage. The earldom of Menteith dates from 1424. It was granted by King James I. as compensation for that of Strathearn, which had come to the Graemes by marriage and of which they asserted they had been unjustly deprived by the crown. The earldom was later raised to the dukedom, and has lain dormant since 1694, though Burke calls it extinct. Strathearn remained with the crown and has lately been revived in the title of Queen Victoria's son, the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn.

THEY DO GOOD WORK.

The following letter tells what people think about Laxa Liver Pills:
DEAR SIRS,—I gladly testify to the virtues of Laxa Liver Pills. I used to be troubled with severe headaches and constipation for a long time, and took these pills hoping for a cure, and my hopes were rapidly fulfilled. I have found them a never failing remedy and heartily recommend them.
Signed,
Miss S. LAWSON, Moncton, N. B.

What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1891
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.
Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement.
Tracey's Mills, N. B.

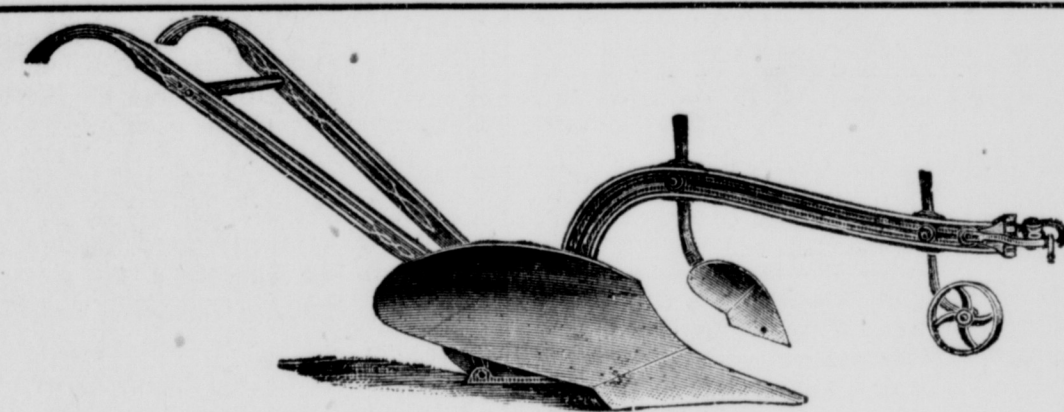
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.
Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.
Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.
Small & Fisher, Woodstock:
Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.
Yours respectfully,
DAVID DELUCRY.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

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Woodstock, N. B.



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