Poetry.

Consider the Lilies,

Go forth, if both body and soul have grown weary, To the mountains, the hillside and vallies so fair. For a while leave the crown and the toll that has bound you, And give to kind nature your burden of care. same thing, I take it. Lie down, with your check pressed against

the soft grasses, And list to the Iullaby song of the breeze, Hear the bee's drowsy song, as on slow wing

he passes,

around you, The humble field daisy and buttercup fair, wild roses, rare.

Mark the fleecy wild clouds, as they float of blue dazzled eyes closing, The fair world around you seems sinking from view-And, lying at rest on your soft, grassy pillow.

You dream the sweet dreams of your childhood again, And forget, for a time, in the calm hush and help, nor nothing? beauty, the gain.

More sure and tenderly careth for you.

Biterature.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE,

chill and raw. Lake Village was almost

'Well,' said the boatman, 'you've a and that, through no act of his. Why queer notion of old acquaintance's sake, not profit by the accident? Why not, in then, that's all. the man's own spirit, in his very words, 1'll give him a swing for old acquaint-ance's sake, if I can, replied Groom, with But Joe could no more be deceived by his own than by other's sophistries; a a scowl.

Joe drew a quick breath. voice within him cried : If you leave this Can you do that? he said. That or a lifer. I tell you, my man, I thoughts that had been in his heart seem-Can you do that? he said. saw it done. ed to be swept away, and before the

You saw Sawyer kill Wilson? exclaimed second lightning bolt could tear the clouds he had thrown himself after Joe, stopping short on his oars. I saw him strike the blow that killed Groom.

him, and that comes to pretty nigh the When the two rose together, the boat was nowhere in sight. There was nothing But how is it you've kept back all now for it but to strike out for the shore. Luckily the Milham side was not very dis-

Well, it's like this, said Groom, who ap- tant ; still it was a hard stretch through peared to be in a more communicative numbing water, encumbered, as he was, mood than a while before. The day of with his heavy clothing and the weight of he passes, And the robin's clear note from his ambush of trees. the murder—to begin at the beginning— I happened to be passing through Milham and stopping over a train there to see a Watch the flowers, as they nod in their beauty man I had dealings with. He lived a that they had neared the shore, his little out of town, a lonesome road, part strength was pretty well spent; but the of the way across some fields. I did my growing lights gave him his heart again. The sweet purple-wing flower and blushing business and started back alone, as I had He rested an instant for the final pull, come. Half way, or thereabouts, I heard and just then it was that the gust seized And the stately field lily, so brilliant and a kind of cussing and quarrelling in the him, unprepared, and whirled him away next field-right close to my ear it sound. from the inlet he was making for to the ed, only I couldn't see anything for the rocky ledge jutting into it, that caught

far high hedge. What's up? thinks I, might and battered him -poor Joe. above you, So sharply defined 'gainst their background as well take a peep. Twas an uncommon He was conscious when they took him fine evening-moonlight you could al- up, but there was a look in his face that most see to read by, and I knew Sawyer foretold his end, even before the doctors Watch the light dancing leaves, till, your as soon as I set eyes on him. His face did. As for Groom, he had been shieldwas turned exactly to me, and ugly ed by Joe, and tough and wiry as he was, enough it looked then. The next minute was scarcely the worse for the whole ad-I saw him strike out, and the other man venture. When he heard what they were went down like a log. saying about Joe, he burst out with an And you let him lay? interrupted Joe oath, and hurried to where he lay. in excitement. You never called for Well, Gorton, and how is it with you?

he said, affecting to speak cheerfully, What for? said Groom carelessly. I though struck at once by that look of The strife and the turnmoil, the loss and thought 'twas only a drunken quarrel-I death in the face.

knew what Sawyer was-and I left em to About as bad as can be, Mr. Groom, ansettle it between themselves. I had to swered Joe, feebly. The old boat and I Then close to your heart press the blest holy look sharp for the next train, so I hurried go down together, I reckon.

back to the hotel, and none too soon Now, never you talk that stuff, my man Which falls from above like the soft falling either. I never thought again about the said Groom, almost in a blustering way-matter till the other day I happened to perhaps to conceal a certain unsteadines That the God, who so grandly has decked His child's dwelling, tried for murder, and taking this way and the one to rest till I've paid it, if it takes the one to rest till I've paid it, if it takes the stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper. that, I found the time and gen'ral circum- all the doctors from here to Jericho. I ve stances agreed with that evening; so, got the means, I tell ye!

then, I knew I had seen the thing done. Groom paused a moment, and when he ain't no doctor could patch up what's Wholesale Druggists. resumed, it was in an abstract tone. smashed inside of me; but look here! and "'Twasn't particularly for me to leave he instinctively lowered his voice, with a my business just then ! if it'd been any- glance at the attendant, though there was The day was drawing towards its close, chill and raw. Lake Village was almost always gusty; but just now the wind was having its own way more than usual, and any passer through the long, bleak street

happening to glance in at the window of seeing John Sawyer stand there, a dis. raise himself. You'll promise! the little water town tavern, might well graced and convicted man, and saying to Well, I spose I aint got no choice, anhim, 'Twas me that did it !' swered Groom, still reluctantly; yes, I do Sweats, Spermatorrhaa, Seminal Weakness; and There was something in Joe Gorton's promise-there's my hand on it. breast on which the fierce words and man ner jarred rainfully. He was no preacher, this poor untought boatman; he did not this poor untought boatman; he did not know how to tell the man before him that his promised revenge was cruel and cowardly; but yet he felt that even set-ting aside Margy's interests there was "But what is it you know, and how, ting aside Margy's interests, there was right. When John Sawyer had been dissomething in it which roused all his in-stincts of resistance. He shook his head as he thought about it. "That's a feeling I can't make ont?" right. When John Sawyer had been dis-charged for want of evidence; when the Lake Village gossips, wondering over the stranger's disappearance concluded that "Never you mind!" answered the man as he thought about it. "That's a feeling I can't make out," his boasts had been mere idle talk to make a sensation-Margy could have told the right time comes; don't you be afraid of that! The day's getting on," he add-ed, abruptly, rising and turning toward the window; and your duck pond there don't look over agreeable just now. Who's ause. "Can't you?" said Groom shortly, sup-posing the remark addressed to himself "Have you got a sweetheart, young man?" he added' abruptly, after a short pause. "Sold in Fredericton, by "Sold in Fredericton, by and for her father's, and, in a heart soft-pause."





have been tempted by the bright fire and good company inside the bar.

There were the usual afternoon loafers, with the exception of one small, wirylooking man-a stranger-who had stopped to take a glass of something hot, and who, at the moment, was evidently the centre of the general interest.

stranger?" asked one of the group. "Come, now, among friends."

addressed. "I know how to tell it when the right time comes; don't you be afraid he said, half aloud. a good boatman hereabouts? For if I'm pause. spilt, I can't swim,"

pilt, I can't swim," "Joe Gorton's your man," was the an-"A sweetheart !" repeated Joe, start-ing at the association connected with the swer; "he couldn't tip over if he tried, question and the man who put it.

"Well, you've no cause to be shy of couldn't Joe.' owning it," said Groom who had noticed "Why don't you wait till to-morrow, the movement. "A sweetheart, when

stranger, if you're afeard o' the water? And them clouds over there do look kinder pesky," said the landlord of the Lakeray mingling outline of lake and sky. "Well, fact is," said the other, "I'm acgray mingling outline of lake and sky. the same to you "-with a wink-"I'd look of her about the eyes and forehead, rather be there than here; so if you'll but nothing to compare-I had a friend since and drove out. hunt up this Joe What's-his-name, I'll be obliged."

a passenger here!"

In another minute the house door was closed, and a tall slight figure, with a closed with a tall slight figure, with a closed wi

his name called, and looking up, saw the girl Margy. The sharp wind had blown out stray locks of her crisp black hair from under the red shawl; but the hectic in the dilated eyes were not all the wind's work. She came close to the young boatman, who raised himself up, facing her.

"Joe," she said, "there's a passenger shook the boat side. waiting up to the house." She laid her hand on his arm, and glanced cautiously around before adding, in a whisper : "Joe if once that man reaches the other side you are speaking just now of a girl up at its all up with father!"

"What's that, Margy?" said the boat- Sawyer's girl-his only child. man, looking wonderingly at her. "I tell you I heard it. He'll bring it

purpose. It's father's chance clean gone child. if you take him across." "Do you mean that I should refuse to take him Margy?" said Joe slowly.

"What good would that do?" said the girl impatiently. "Kelly, or some of 'em well, but I don't forget neither whose which we always take pleasure in calling which we always take pleasure in calling would take him fast enough; what's child she is on the other side. No! I'm attention to. It is both for internal and would take him fast enough; what's father's life against a fare? No, it's you must take him, Joe, and then if anything happens," sinking her voice to a meaning whisper, "nobody but you and me's the was to die for it." child she is on the other side. No! I'm attention to. It is both for internal and external use and is worth more to a family than a whole medicine chest. Clement's Inn, London, where Mr. Justice Shallow lived as a student, and sallied

prayer had been answered in God's own

Josh Billings on Marriage History holds its tung as to who the

pair wuz who first put on the silken har. she's the right sort, is what no man need ness, and promised to work kind in it be ashamed I had one myself when I was side House, turning a practical eye on the down age." He stopped a moment-"I thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, swim, drown, or float. But whoever tha wuz, tha must have made place, that tavern there, had a kind of a good thing of it, or so many of their

But there ain t but phew folks who put too-well, it aint much of a story"-Groom broke off with a dry laugh-" and their money in matrimony who could set The landlord, resenting the wink and I don't know why I tell it.all, only maybe, down and give a good written opinyun

it'll help you out what seems to puzzle whi on arth tha come to do it. and called out, rather sulkily, to some one in the next room: "Margy, run down to to the to do it. The long and short of it is that my friend—mind that youngster—my friend their pockets, nor a friend in the world, down to to the water and tell Joe there's cheated me out of my sweetheart. I aint nor a drop of pedigree. This looks des-a passenger here!" could care for a woman just as much as if If marrying for love ain't a success, then

and I'd take my oath she cared for me. Sum marry bekawse they think wimshawl over its head, might have been seen and I'd take my oath she cared for me, win will be scarce next year, and live to too, till he came between us with a false wonder how the croe holds out. Joe Gorton, busy about his boat, heard is name called, and looking up, saw the Well, he came off first best; she left me Sum marry tew get rid of themselves,

and went away with him. I swore then, and discover that the game was one that boy," said Groom, looking darkly in his two could play at, and neither win. listeners earnest face, "that if ever my Sum marry the second time to get even day came I'd be even with John Sawyer' and find it a gambling game—the more I never thought 'twould, but it has, and they put down the less they take up. do you think I'll let my chances slip Sum marry to be happy, and missing it, now? No, by God!" and the man wonder where all the happiness goes to brought down his fist with a force that when it dies.

Sum marry they can't tell why, and live "That was hard lines, sure enough." they can't tell how.

said Joe, thoughtfully ; "but, Mr. Groom, the tavern there? She's my sweetheart, Is three times the man he was before and," added the boatman, slowly, "she's

he began using "Wells' Health Renewer.' \$1. Druggists. "No!" exclaimed Groom, evidently moved by the intelligence, "Hetty's The difference between a man's being home to him—he says so; he's come a child," he muttered to himself; "Hetty's out of temper and out of money is, that when he is out of money he shows the

"Yes," said Joe eagerly, "don't forget least of it, but when he is out of temper whose child she is, and that you'll make he shows the most of it.

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Joe started back. "Margy, what's that you're thinking

"I can't help it!" cried the girl passionately, twisting her fingers in the shawl drink — you know yourself; everybody alone in all the earth. If he were to die the trumpet sounds to draw it." But says-and if you could hear that man up for it! Every plunge of the dark water there laughing and boasting he'll hang him, Joe, you'd find it hard to keep your hands off him ; but I don't ask you to so much as to touch a finger to him, only-if the boat turns over he can't swim. I heard him say so; and then father's sayed, and nobody's the wiser; for the best boatman that ever was might have an ac- fashion ?" suade me to cheat justice after that cident on a squally evening like this."

"There, there, Margy, be still, poor girl; you don't know what you're saying," interposed Joe.

"Yes I do," said she passionately; "never you think, Joe Gorton. I tell you it lays with you to save father or to kill him; yes, and me, too; for if they hang him I'll never live over the day, and that I swear, so choose between us. Hark?" she turned to listen. "I can't stay. She pressed her hand hard on his shoulder, looking up piteously in his face. "Joe, if you ever cared for me save that poor old man!" And before he could answer she

was gone, leaving him looking after her like one in a dream. The clouds were getting lower and heavier as the boatman started off with

his passenger. "Looks as if we should have a spell of weather." said the latter, glancing from the leaden water. "Hope you're what they cracked you up to be, for if I got a ducking here I shouldn't find myself in a hurry."

"Well, I'm as good as they'll average. I reckon, mister - I didn't hear your name," said Joe looking up inquiringly. 'Peter Groom is my name, and I ain't ashamed of it; it'll be pretty well known

of old Sawyer .--in these parts by this day week, I am thinking,' and the man smiled a smile not pleasing to see.

'How's that?' said Joe, anxious to betray no previous knowledge.

'I came to give evidence in a trial that is coming off in your county town,' answered Groom, motioning to the Milham shore. I've traveled nigh five hundred miles on purpose to do it, and I'd travel five hundred more if 'twere needed.' 'Is it the Sawyer trial you mean?' ask-

saying there ain't evidence enough to make a case, but I s'pose then there's something new turned up?'

that'll hold John Sawyer as tight as his coffin.'

Joe clinched his hand on his oar. He was beginning to understand Margy's ha- Groom, springing up, Just then the tred for this man with his open exultation in the ruin he was going to work. 'I'm sorry for the old man,' he said,

after a pause, 'and so are most folks about here. Wilson was known for a bully, and ing back lost his balance, overboard like by if Sawyer really done it, 'twas that-that a shot.

he sat.

Joe's grasp tightened convulsively on tice Shallow lived as a student, and sallied his oar. Was the man crazy, thus to out at night for larks with one Jack Falmake a boast of the misery he would staff, together with the block of buildings cause before one whose advantage and including Wyck-street, where Defoe lived

opportunity it alike was to ensure his and Dick Steele lodged, is to be swept fringe so that it snapped. "He's my pletely at his mercy here on his un- ments, silence? Who had him almost as com- away in the march of modern improve-

never too late to whet your appetite by seemed to be repeating these words. The boatman roused himself with a start taking Kidney-Wort, restoring health and making yourself a well, strong, hearty at the sound of the passenger's voice. man. It is unequalled as a remedy for "You're a pretty fellow, ain't you, all liver, bowels and kidney diseases. All now," said the latter, resuming the subdruggists keep and recommend it. ject in a lighter tone, "wanting to per-

When Daniel O'Connell, while conducting a case before Lord Norbury, observed.

'As for that,' answered Joe, 'you said, "Pardon, my Lord; I am afraid your yourself, if it had been anybody but Lordship does not apprehend me," the Sawyer you wouldn't have troubled to Chief Justice (alluding to a report that hunt him down, and I can't see as that's O'Connell had avoided a duel by surany better notion of justice than mine. rendering himself to the police) retorted. Besides,' he added gravely, 'the old mans "Pardon me also; no one is more easily got his death sentence already, if that's apprehended than Mr. O'Connell-whenwhat you want; what with the drink, he ever he wishes to be apprehended." ain't the man he used to be, and the

It seems impossible that a remedy night of the quarrel he got a cough that's tearing him all to pieces; the doctors say Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great 'He'll live long enough to make the cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old acquaintance of a rope's end, I reck on," said Groom, with a coarse laugh, 'and tor, lawyer and editor, all testify to hav-The brutal words and manner roused and try them yourself, and doubt no loning been cured by them, you must believe the lurking devil in Joe Gorton's heart. ger.

He stammered out a curse, inarticulate A Virginia City correspondent writes: 'Eh?' said Groom, catching the sound Some gentlemen were engaged in converbut not the words, 'what's that you say?' sation the other day when the subject of The boatman stopped and leaned for- fighting came up, which, by the way, is a ward till he almost touched Groom where pretty fruitful topic here, and several persons were named as being "some" in a

'Just put yourself in that old man's "rough-and-tumble" fight, and among place for a minute," he began with an ef- others, a man belonging to one of the fort, speaking quietly. 'S'pose there churches in 'town was considered to be was somebody'd got the chance and the "about the toughest customer to handle." will to get shut o' you, just as you have "Yes," remarked the parson of the very church to which the man belonged, "I What are you driving at now? inter. believe that brother D-, unrestrained by

rupted Groom. There aint anybody, as 1 grace, could whip any man of his inches know of, has got either-more luck for in the State!" me! he added with a laugh.

From John F. Wyman, formerly Postmaster Aint there? said the boatman, slowly South China, Me. You talk about justice, Mr. Groom, but it Too much cannot be said of Adamson's aint justice you have set on to do-its Botanic Cough Balsam, as it is the best anteed, murder. You have got the law on your side, as it happens, but all the same, so remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., that I far as you are concerned, its murder-as have ever seen, and to its wonderful ef- F'ton, Feb. 3 bad for what I can see, as if somebody— as it might be me—said Joe, looking of praise, and I would advise all to use it ed Joe, carelessly. 'People have been fixedly in the other's face through the who are afflicted.

growing dusk, somebody with a motive, no matter what, for wanting to be rid of THE CENTILES "I should rather think so; something here—out of sight or help, should just you, getting you all alone-as it might be put you quietly out of the way-A light to lighten the Gentiles.

Hey! d'ye mean to threaten me? said OIL. breaking gust struck hard on the boat's side, that left to her own guidance, had

