

Poetry

MY CHILDHOOD.

Through the mystical groves of my childhood, I am roaming, in mind, once again, Not the noisier shades of the wild-wood.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A weary, travel-stained, worn looking individual alighted one day before the public entrance of Hotel Bristol, Place Vendome, Paris, and entering the elegantly appointed office, walked to the registering clerk, from whom he received the ever ready pen, and proceeded to enter his name upon the open book which lay upon the desk before him.

RETRIBUTION.

Everything that human ingenuity can devise or money procure in this world of inexhaustible wealth has been lavished upon the public gardens of Paris, in order to make them attractive and fascinating to the many pleasure-seekers who daily and nightly throng their spacious grounds.

The stars in the cloudless sky above are dim and lustreless compared with the thousands of gaslights, which blaze like so many miniature suns among the grass, and sparkle like resplendent diamonds on the flower pots, or dance like brilliant fireflies among the dark, glossy foliage of the overreaching trees.

Three of them were our old friends, Sir Horace Vere and his stately, handsome wife and Nina, our beautiful heroine and forsaken bride.

from care and from unpleasant associations, with genial and cheerful companionship, had worked wonders for her. An exquisite color crept into her creamy cheeks, which had once been faded into beautiful curves; her delicate lips were again crimsoned with health, and her step firm and elastic.

But her eyes—those clear, deep, fathomless eyes! They were calm and restful now, but it was with the calm and rest of a holy light, which showed a heart at peace with God, willing to do His will and abide His time.

It was no use for her to struggle, for her strength was as nothing against that frightened, surging throng. She ceased to contend; she knew she could not win, and, with a smile, she yielded to the mighty power, and felt her feet sliding from beneath her.

Then, suddenly, with a reckless gleam in his eye, and firmly compressed lips, he wheeled about again, and, with a few bold rapid strokes, wrote his own name and address.

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near by, he clasped the other around her waist, then swinging himself and his precious burden clear from the crowd, he dropped lightly to the terrace beneath, and hid her away from the scene of confusion.

He stood before one of the charming little arbors before mentioned. He turned and left her, barely able to keep back a deep groan of pain, as he thought that she surely could entertain no regard for him after this time.

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CHAPTER XLVII. NINA'S SECRET. "Kenneth, how could you so mistake what I said to you on our wedding day?" Nina asked, when at length they were alone again, and many little points coming up which they had not thought of before.

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SCROFULA. I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofula. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.

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Advertisement for Catarrh treatment, mentioning Dr. J. P. Leavitt and his office in St. John, N. B.