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SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,

XLII.—41.

Poetry.

(For the Carleton Sentinel.)

Somebody's Sister.

From the top of a hill, one slippery day,

Somebody's sister was seeking her way

Warily, timidly down the incline;

"Surely," I reasoned, "the duty is mine;

She is somebody's sister, I know."

Somebody's sister, so fair and so neat,

With dainty white hands and a little feet;

Hopelessly, helplessly looking around

For help to do it I'm bound;

She is somebody's sister, I know.

I offered to help her—what else could I do?

Had you been in my place would not have you?

She readily, tenderly, down the incline,

Her hand confidently resting in mine:

She was somebody's sister, I knew.

Somebody's sister—the story is true;

And as it occurred I've told it to you—

Greatly, gratefully (her eyes speaking too)

Returning her thanks—for what I would do

For somebody's sister again.

September 30th, 1890. —Schaema.

Select Tale.

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

NELLIE'S MISTAKE AND ITS HAPPY

CONSEQUENCES.

"I will not marry Clement Howard,

papa."

"And I say, Nellie, that you shall. Is

he not rich, good-natured, and what you

want? Can't you see how much more you

girls

I know that I have my cousin though

I have never seen him; and I shall never

marry a man I don't like. And Miss

Nellie began to sob.

"Like I fiddlersick I am the best

judge of liking in these matters. But I

have no patience with such nonsense, so

now go and dress for dinner, and when

you come down I hope you will be in a

better temper.

Here Mr. Withers left the room mutter-

ing something about the obstinacy of

girls in general and of his daughter in

particular.

Nellie and her cousin had never met.

Eight years ago he had gone to Chili,

but was back in England, and would be

twenty, was watching as if he expected

somebody—not had he long to wait, and

soon a light footstep was heard, and a

silvery voice exclaimed, "Harry!"

"Dear Nellie!"

For a moment they tightly clasped

hands in silence.

Then Nellie said, "O Harry I am so

unhappy. That horrid Clement Howard

is coming here next Friday. Papa will

listen to no excuse; but Harry I will

never marry him."

Dear Nellie, let us hope. If we are

true to one another all will be well. You

remember that I told you that Clement

and I came to England in the same ship.

Clement is my best friend and knows all

about my love for you and declares he

will do all he can to help me. But, Nellie

dear, I have such a splendid scheme.

Listen. I will get myself invited to

your father's house with Clement, and I

will then boldly proclaim myself your

suitor, and if the gentleman (I beg

your pardon) doesn't give his consent,

never trust my persuasive tongue again.

"Oh that would be delicious!" cried

Nellie—then, dependently, but no, it

will never succeed, Harry. You don't

know papa; he is set upon having his

way. He is so kind to me in everything

else, that it grieves me to thwart him."

had actually introduced her Harry as

his cousin Clement and the latter as Mr.

Mortimer. She was unable to speak;

and Mr. Withers, looking from one to

another for an explanation of the evident

mystery, Harry took Nellie's hand and

said, "I have to ask your forgiveness,

my dear cousin, and yours, sir, for a de-

ception of which I have been guilty."

(Here a loud guffaw burst from the hall.)

Being determined not to be an un-

welcome suitor to his cousin's hand,

I came down secretly to Bristol, manag-

ing to get 'our mutual friend' and coun-

sin to introduce me to your daughter in

my friend's name, and was happy enough

to win Miss Nellie's love. I hope you

will both pardon this little comedy of

errors, and I will also hope, uncle, that

while you will not refuse your consent

to Nellie's marriage to her, I mean

Mortimer, who will not disapprove of her

father's choice of cousin Clement.

For a moment Mr. Withers did not

know what to say. The next instant

another guffaw burst from the hall. Harry

Mortimer. The evening before last, I mean

table, Mr. Withers chuckled; and Harry

gave a sly grin; and Mr. Harry

advised his share to the hilarity. Mr.

Withers hereupon clasped his nephew

on the shoulder, reminded him of his

determination not to marry her "hated

cousin" Clements, and declared that as a

punishment for her share in the conspir-

acy she should marry him long before the

summer was out.

As for Nellie her face was like spring

sun, and she looked at the sunshine of her

father's face with a bright sparkling

glance which brought her eyes. So when

her cousin asked her if she would still

reject that "horrid Clement Howard,"

she could only say, "O Harry—"

Clement—how could you?" To which

that happy love replied that "men were

deceivers ever."

The Women of Bethlehem.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem are all

Christians, and the feminine part of them

are unusually distinguished by good looks

and wear a beautiful costume—embroid-

ered jacket with long hanging sleeves,

and skirt in various colors—exceeding

ly picturesque and striking. Their heads

are adorned with silver chains and coins

encircling the forehead and falling on

each side of the face over which the

women who are married wear a sort

of a stiff round cap, over which is an

elaborate veil of the finest unbleached

linen which is peculiar to the East, em-

broided with a heavy border in rich

colours of silk—red, and purple, and

blue. This head-dress gives a kind of

modesty to their clear, bright, and

well-cut features; and they sell their

vegetables like Princesses—not in dis-

guise, but gracefully condescending to

supply their fellow-creatures with the

necessities of life.—Blackwood.

Dignity in Girls.

Girls do you know how much they