CARLO CACINERSA RESENTACIONE

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn Is the lowly home where I was born; The peach tree leans against the wall, And the woodbine wanders over all; There is the shaded doorway still, But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn-and, as of yore, I can smell the hay from the open door, And see the busy swallows throng, And hear the pewee's mournful song; But the stranger comes-oh! painful proof-His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees Where my childhood knew long hours of ease, And watched the shadowy moments run Till my life imbibed more shade than sun; The swing from the bough still sweeps the air, But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below, With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow; 'Twas there I found the calamus root, And watched the minnows poise and shoot, . And heard the robin lave its wing, But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye, who daily cross the sill, Step lightly, for I love it still; And when you crowd the old barn eaves, Then think what countless harvest sheaves Have passed within that scented door To gladden eyes that are no more!

Deal kindly with these orchard trees; And when your children crowd their knees Their sweetest fruit they shall impart, As if old memories stirred their heart; To youthful sport still leave the swing, And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds, The meadows with their lowing herds, The woodbine on the cottage wall-My heart still lingers with them all. Ye strangers on my native sill, Step lightly, for I love it still!

-Thomas Buchanan Read.

WARNED BY A VISION.

The Scotch express is speeding southward. Sunlight gilds the autumn fields into a golden glory and plays upon the fair hair of the man who occupies the corner opposite mine. Utterly undisturbed by its opposite mine. Utterly undisturbed by its opposite mine and then find opposite mine and then find opposite mine. persistency he reads his paper steadily, paying no heed to beauties of landscape, which wholly engross the other occupant of the carriage. I am studying the faces of my travelling companions with strange eagerness. Why do they interest me thus? Why do I note the straight features of my opposite neighbor with such eager interest? I mark the firm jaw, the rigid set of the mouth visible under the long mustache. I watch with unusual curiosity till the sunlight slants straight across those studious eyes, and with a frown the lids are raised for one brief moment, and a blind is hurriedly jerked down. Pale blue eyes, strangely powerful through the intensity of character they somehow betray-terrible eyes-too stern to yield to any pleading. Why do I cower so closely in my corner? What have they to with me? The sunlight is shut out; he is again engrossed in his paper; my other travelling companion is still gazing out of the window. Broad shoulders, covered by the sort of black coat which gentlemen don't wear, incline me to wonder why he is travelling first

As I note the striking form of his head, which even immensely thick and by no means short black hair fails to conceal, he suddenly turns, and I see a pair of brown eyes which seem used to command. They meet mine with an honest, straightforward look, though there are lines of stubbornness and discontent about the mouth and chin. But what are all these things to me?

The train is speeding on. My journey will soon be over. I shall see these men no more. Yet why do we stop at no stations? Why do I never hear a whistle? Why is the train so noiseless? This is a terrible journey. I never made one like it before. It is like a nightmare, yet the carriage is real enough. I feel the motion of the train; I see the faces of these two men with terrible clearness. I cannot turn my eyes from them. Ah! A whistle at last. We enter a tunnel. How dark, damp and cold it is! I never thought a tunnel terrible before. What is it? What is happening? Great heavens! What is this numbing terror which ties me powerless to my seat? I hear nothing. The very train is gliding noiselessly along. Yet, oh, God! what is this? We are out of the tunnel. The sunlight is streaming in once more and falls again on that fair head,

but — It is no longer opposite to me.

It is the bending over the dark man, who is lying motionless against the cushions, his head flung helplessly back. The fair man is feeling for something. Is he ill? Is this fair man a doctor, and is he feeling for his pulse? Ah! He rises from his stooping position. He has something in his hand, a packet of papers—and the others? I seem to know what I shall see. I sicken with horror. I recoil, but something stronger than I forces my loathing eyes to look again. No wonder he lies so still, for, doctor or no, the fair man has found his heart and probed it with a dagger.

Did I moan? Did I only move? The fair man turns. He makes one threatening step toward me. Some agonized prayer half forms itself. Ah! what is this? I am sinking—sinking—sinking. Has the earth opened to give me shelter? Has-"My lady"—my lady! Do wake up! I can't finish packing till you're down, and

you know the luggage must go at 10." My maid's voice. I did not know she was with me. But where am I? It is no tightly stuffed cloth cushion in which my throbbing head is buried; no, it is soft as down. It is down. I am in my own bed, in my own room at dear Oakhurst. I have made no journey, seen-nothing. Ugh! I shudder as that ghastly picture again forces itself before me. A dream-can it

have been only a dream?
"Oh, my lady! Do rouse yourself. It's past 8 and your tea is getting quite cold." Maclean has been with me since I first hastily into the next just as the train moved came out—many years ago now. She knows well enough that I hate cold tea, and her device succeeds. I raise myself Tom waiting for me on the platform, I all

hand for my cup.
"Oh, Maclean! I have had such a ghastly dream."

get some sleep in the train."

Sign Writing done promptly by Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street.

I shudder again as a figure, still with the stillness that knows no waking, rises before

my eyes. But Maclean goes on: "Sir Thomas is sure to be at the station, and you must look well, my lady; now, do get up, or you'll have no time for a proper breakfast, and it's just food that you want,

The thought of seeing Tom's dear face so soon does me good, so I yield to Maclean's entreaty, and get up.

Two hours later we were at the station. St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, is hardly the place to dream dreams or see visions; besides, Maclean was right, I did want my breakfast, and I feel all the better for it. I am rather late-I generally am-and have only time to give the guard Maclean's ticket and get into the carriage, where she has already installed my wraps and traveling bag. I always send maid and luggage first; I hate being bothered, and loathe

waiting about. We are off. I open the newspaper, and my eyes travel down the first column without finding anything to arrest them. What a sunny morning it is; it will be frightfully hot by and by. Really, the sun comes in as persistently as it did in my dream. Ugh! that dream. I raise my eyes. Good heavens! am I dreaming again? In the far corner, steadily reading the Times, while the sun plays on close cut yellow hair, sits the man of my dream. The glaring light brings his features into prominence, and not in the minutest detail do they vary from those burnt in upon my brain. Will he look up? Shall I see those terrible eyes, with the hard, cold light shining in their blue depths? Yes, I feel—I know that I shall. The sunlight will slant across his face, as it did in my dream, and force him to look up. Cold with terror, I watch down the blind, resumes his reading. But I have seen those chill, relentless eyes, stupidly if the small bag contains that took off his hat as we passed. dagger Where is its victim? Bah! I am a fool. Because I happen to have a myself traveling with one whom my dis-

with a very pretty woman.

Kilmarnock. I will change carriages. a fool. If there is anything in it I'll see it maker's, the carriage was stopped by a out. Anything in it! What rubbish! How workingman. Tom would jeer at me! "Oh, guard, just tell that boy to bring me some fruit." I best go home. There's going to be rioting. don't want it, but as I was such a fool as to call him I must say something. I buy some rather nice looking pears, and on | Trafalgar square, I thought all the mob we go again. No sign of my dark friend. would be in that direction and told the The fair one has finished the Times, and is coachman to drive on to North Audley now deep in something else. He is rather street. Scarcely had we entered it when good looking, with a strange sort of dia- we found ourselves in the midst of a groanbolical fairness. Poor man, why should I ing, yelling crowd. Some were drinking brand him criminal? How Tom will laugh out of huge square bottles, others were when I tell him about it. I have pretty smashing windows with those they had well shaken off my terror, and, diving into emptied. Sheet after sheet of plate glass

realized; as if dreams ever were realized

-mine at least. I turn to my paper and

try to interest myself in its columns. All

remembrance of time or place. one is likely to get in here. Oh, really, get away, poor thing, and no wonder, this is too bad! A tall, broad shouldered man, evidently not a gentleman, who had been walking in the opposite direction, sheep, while some played football with turns suddenly. Why on earth is he traveling first class! Good heavens! It is the to go on or to go back; we were hemmed dark man of my dream! His hand is on in. The horses' heads were seized, the the door; his eyes meet mine with that searching, straightforward look I remember in to seize my muff, the bangles on my so well. I mark the lines about the mouth | wrists, my very earrings. and chin, the massive head, the long, thick hair. I am sick and cold; I cannot move thundered a voice. A tall man, holding a —cannot raise a finger to warn him back. red flag, stands by the window. The dark The fair man reads on. The handle turns, man of my dream, the man whom I had

the step.
Something seems to snap in my brain.

Something seems to snap in my brain.

Who was he? Who was the fair Clutching the sides of the carriage I try to rise, and say feebly, brokenly:

"I-I beg your pardon, sir, but I feel very ill, and—I—have sprained my foot, and I must get out. Will you help me?"

He raises his hat. "Certainly, madam. But shall I not get you some wine or brandy? You look

"No, oh, no!" I exclaim with feverish

eagerness. "Only help me out."
He looked surprised, but complies. As I touch the platform some feeling compels me to turn round. Those chill blue eyes are fixed full upon my companion. I turn sick and faint again, and cling desperately to the arm he has offered me.

"Where shall I take you?" he is saying. "Anywhere, only away from that horrible carriage," I murmur hoarsely. His look of bewilderment rouses me.

"Don't think me utterly mad," I say. I had a horrible dream last night. I was traveling on this line. Two men were in the carriage; one was that fair man, the other—yourself. When we entered the next tunnel he was opposite me; you were in the far corner. When we emerged he was bending over you, feeling for something" (my companion cast a searching glance at me). "Your head was thrown back against the cushion; you weredead! Think me as great a fool as you please, but, for heaven's sake, don't travel

with that man." "Train's going. Take your seats-take

your seats!" The dark man again raised his hat. "I thank you greatly, madam," he said gravely. "You may have done me more service than you know. I shall certainly not travel with that gentleman, and I shall take care never to put myself in his power.' He put me into a carriage, springing

When we got to Leicester, and I saw languidly and murmur, as I stretch out my but broke down, but just managed to save a scene. Poor Tom couldn't make out public. what on earth I'd been doing to make "Have you, my lady? I'm afraid you did too much yesterday. You certainly do look very white. I don't know what Sir carriages, which still further bewildered Thomas will say if you look like that when him. The guard soon retrieved all my you get to Leicester. You must try of belongings and when I saw the door of PEPTICURE promptly mailed, free, that terrible carriage filled by his burly to any address.

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SOFT WHITE WOOL RIBBED VESTS. with long or short sleeves.

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helplessly. The sun rays dip lower and lower, but, ah! how slowly! At last, with to look in. The fair man was gone. Had mighty healing powers.—Advt. a frown he raises his head, and jerking he found his victim after all? No. There, comfortably enjoying a huge pipe, and looking as unconcerned as possible, sat my which seem to freeze my very soul. I mark dark friend, in the corner of a smoking the white, nervous hands, and wonder carriage. To Tom's vast astonishment he "Who the deuce is that?" asked my

But I did not tell him until we had driven off in the dogcart, for I would torted fancy clothes with his likeness, I not let Maclean hear a word of it. She would lose all respect for the mistress must needs imagine that my dream is to be whose only superiority, to her thinking, lies in her lack of superstition.

We spent the greater part of the winter in vain; were my travelling companion a in town; being in the country only put mesmerist he could not fascinate me more. us both out of temper. It was maddening I don't seem to fasinate him, however. to watch the horses eating their heads Except to pull down that blind, he has off, while Jack frost ruled the earth with never once looked up. I don't believe he his iron sway. I took the opportunity has the vaguest idea that he is travelling to lay in a stock of new gowns. One must do something.

One Monday afternoon, the 8th of Feb-"Guard!" No, I won't; I will not be ruary, as I was on my way to my dress-

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, but you'd I thanked him, but remembering that there was some huge workmen's meeting in my travelling bag, I produce "King Solo-mon's Mines," and am soon lost to all my left some men had seized a girl, quite a rough creature, apparently one of them-"Dumfries." I look up languidly; no selves, but she was struggling hard to for they were forcing raw meat down her throat, others were kicking about a whole

"Shut those doors. Let go those horses," a bundle of rugs is thrown in, his foot is on | warned, himself closes the carriage door as he says with a bow: "One good turn

Who was he? Who was the fair man? And did they ever meet again? I fear I shall never know .- London News.



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An important pamphlet on DYS-

CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, New Brunswick,

SLEEP, BLESSED SLEEP! Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

Sancho P. nza says: - "While I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, and blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat; and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise."

Blessed is the man and woman who can enjoy the benefits and blessings of pure sleep which fits them for the duties of life. Unfortunately, there are thousands throughout the land who know not the rich blessings of refreshing and natural sleep. They are victims of Insomnia and Irritability brought on in many instances by overwork or severe mental strain.

Their bodies receiving no nourishment from sweet and strengthening sleep, after a time become used up and diseased. The nervous system is completely disorganized, and they become miserable wrecks tossed about, on what is to them a dreary wilderness. To the anxious and suffering now floats the sound of sweet music, a voice that brings peace and consolation; it tells of wonderful cures effected by "Paine's Celery Compound." It tells of relief brought to those who were in extreme suffering and peril, and whose condition was considered critical by doctors. This short article is specially written and directed to hopeless sufferers to give them hope and encouragement. They are asked simply to test this great nerve restorer, "Paine's Celery Compound;" and to plant their faith in its

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"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I. did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."-F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry. "Ayer's Pills are

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