

POETRY.

NOT WITHOUT CARE.

You may build you an elegant mansion And fence it around with gold, Set it all with diamonds and rubies; You may keep out the wind and the cold, You may banish from it all intruders, Have music and levity there; You may shut out discord and envy, But you cannot shut out care.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

OR THE REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTE.

CHAPTER II.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE STOCKS.

"Oh, I am sure of it; we talked of you an hour after you left the other day. But to return to what we were saying. If my mother could know of this attention on your part—and I will venture to tell her—I am sure that she will be most grateful to you; it is true that my father will be equally angry." The count laughed. "Well," said he to Morcerf, "but I think your father will not be the only angry one, M. and Madame Danglars will think me a very ill-mannered person. They know that I am intimate with you—that you are, in fact, one of the oldest of my father's acquaintances, and they will not find you at all strange; they will certainly ask me why I did not invite you. Be sure to provide yourself with some previous engagement which shall have a semblance of probability, and communicate the fact to me by a line in writing. You know that with bankers nothing but a written document will be valid."

"Saturday."

"This is Tuesday—well, to-morrow evening we leave, and the day after we shall be at Trepont. Really, M. le Comte, you are a charming person to set people at their ease."

"Sunday."

"Well, then, that is settled; but you will come and call on my mother before to-morrow?"

"Before to-morrow?"

"Before to-morrow?—that will be a difficult matter to arrange; besides I shall just be in the way of all the preparations for departure."

"You were only a charming man before, but if you accede to my proposal, you will be adorable."

"What must I do to attain such a height?"

"You are to-day free as air—come and dine with me; we shall be a small party—only yourself, my mother and I. You have scarcely seen my mother, you shall have an opportunity of observing her more closely. She is a remarkable woman, and I only regret that there does not exist another who resembles her, about twenty years younger; in that case, I assure you, there would very soon be a countess de Morcerf. As to my mother, you will not see her; he is officially engaged, and dines with M. le Grand Referendaire. We will talk over our travels; and you, who have seen the whole world, will relate your adventures—you shall tell us the history of the beautiful Greek who was with you the other night at the opera, and whom you call your slave, and yet treat like a princess. We will talk Italian and Spanish. Come accept my invitation, and my mother will thank you."

"A thousand thanks," said the count, "your invitation is most gracious, and I regret exceeding that it is not in my power to accept it. I am not so much at liberty as you suppose; on the contrary, I have a most important engagement."

"Ah, take care, you were teaching me just now how, in case of an invitation to dinner, one might creditably make an excuse. I require the proof of a pre-arrangement. I am not a banker, like M. Danglars, but I am quite as incredulous as he is."

"I am going to give you proof," replied the count, and he rang the bell.

"Humph!" said Morcerf, "this is the second time you have refused to dine with my mother; it is evident you wish to avoid her." Monte-Cristo started.

"Oh, you do not mean that," said he; "besides here come the confirmation of my assertion." Baptiste entered, and remained standing at the door. "I had no previous knowledge of your visit, had I?"

"Indeed, you are such an extraordinary person, that I would not answer for it."

"At all events, I could not guess that you would invite me to dinner?"

"Probably not."

"Well, listen; Baptiste, what did I tell you this morning when I called you into my laboratory?"

"To close the door against visitors as soon as the clock struck five," replied the valet.

"What then?"

"Ah, M. le Comte—"

"No, no, I wish to do away with that mysterious reputation that you have given me, my dear valet; it is tiresome to be always called Manfred. I wish my life to be free and open. Go on, Baptiste."

"Then to admit no one except M. le Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti and his son."

"You hear, Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti; a man who ranks amongst the most ancient nobility of Italy, whose name Dante has celebrated in the tenth canto of the 'Inferno,' you remember it do you not? Then there is his son, a charming young man, about your own age, viscount, bearing the same title as yourself, and who is making his entrance into the Parisian world, aided by his father's millions. The major will bring his son with him this evening, the countino, as we say in Italy; he confides him to my care. If he proves himself worthy of it, I will do what I can to advance his interests; and you will assist me in the work, will you not?"

"Most undoubtedly! This Major Cavalcanti is an old friend of yours, then?"

"By no means. He is a perfect nobleman, very polite, modest and agreeable, such as may be found constantly in Italy. I have met him several times at Florence, Bologna and Lucca, and he has now communicated to me the fact of his arrival in the place. The acquaintances one makes in travelling have a sort of claim on one; they even have the right to receive the same attention which you yourself afford them by chance; as though the civilities of a passing hour were likely to awaken any lasting interest in favor of the man in whose society you may happen to be thrown in the course of your journey. This good Major Cavalcanti is come to take a second view of Paris, which he only saw in passing through in the time of the Empire, when he was on his way to Moscow. I shall give him a good dinner; he will confide his son to my care; I will promise to watch over him; I shall let him follow whatever path he may wish to lead him into, and then I shall have done my part."

"Certainly; I see you are a precious Mentor," said Albert. "Good-bye, we shall return on Sunday. By the way, I have received news of France."

"Have you? Is he still amusing himself in Italy?"

"I believe so; however, he regrets your absence extremely. He says you were the sun of Rome, and that without you all appears dark and cloudy; I do not know if he does not even go so far as to say it rains."

"His opinion of me is altered for the better, then?"

"No, he still persists in looking upon you as the most incomprehensible and mysterious of men."

"He is a charming young man," said Monte-Cristo, "and I felt a lively interest in him the very first evening of my introduction, when I met him in search of a supper, and prevailed upon him to accept a portion of mine. He is, I think, the son of General d'Epinay?"

"He is."

"The same who was so shamefully assassinated in 1815?"

"By the Bonapartists."

"Yes—really I like him extremely; is there not also a matrimonial engagement contemplated for him?"

"Yes, he is to marry Madeleine de Villefort."

"Indeed!"

"And you know I am to marry Madeleine Danglars," said Albert, laughing.

"Yes."

"Why do you do so?"

"I smile, because there appears to me to be about as much inclination for the consummation of the engagement in question as there is for my own. But really, my dear count, we are talking as much of women as of us; it is unpardonable!" Albert arose.

"Are you going?"

"Really, that is a good idea of yours!—two hours have I been boring you to death with my company, and then you with the greatest politeness, ask me if I am going. Indeed, count, you are the most polished man in the world! And your servants, too, how very well behaved they are; there is quite a style about them. M. Baptiste especially; I could never get such a man as that. My servants seem to imitate those you sometimes see in a play, who because they have only a word or two to say, acquire themselves in the most awkward manner possible. Therefore, if you part with M. Baptiste, give me the refusal of him."

"Agreed, viscount."

"That is not all; give my compliments to your illustrious visitor, Cavalcante of the Cavalcanti; and if by any chance he should be wishing to establish his name in the city, if you part with M. Baptiste, give me the refusal of him."

"Oh! oh! you will do as much as that will you?"

"Well, really, nothing is certain in this world."

"Oh! count, what a service you might render me! I should like you a hundred times better if, by your intervention, I could manage to remain a bachelor, even were it only for a year."

"Nothing is impossible," gravely replied Monte-Cristo; and taking leave of Albert, he turned into the house, and struck the gong three times. Bertuccio appeared.

M. Bertuccio, you understand that I intend entertaining company on Saturday at Anteuil. Bertuccio slightly started.

"I shall require your services to see that all be properly arranged. It is a beautiful house or all events may be made so."

"There must be a good deal done before it can deserve that title, M. le Comte, is a postscript."

"Let them all be taken away and changed, then, with the exception of the sleeping chamber which is hung with red damask; you will leave that exactly as it is."

Bertuccio bowed. "You will not touch the garden either; as to the yard, you may do what you please with it; I should prefer that being altered beyond all recognition."

"I will do everything in my power to carry out your wishes, M. le Comte. I should be glad, however, to receive your excellency's commands concerning the dinner."

"Really, my dear M. Bertuccio, said the count, "since you have been in Paris you have become quite nervous, and apparently out of your element; you do no longer seem to understand me."

"But surely your excellency will be so good as to inform me whom you are expecting to receive?"

"I do not yet know myself, neither is it necessary that you should do so. Lucullus dines with Lucullus; that is quite sufficient." Bertuccio bowed and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR CAVALCANTI.

Both the count and Baptiste had told the truth when they announced to Morcerf the proposed visit of the major, which had served Monte-Cristo as a pretext for declining the invitation which he had received from Albert. Seven o'clock had just struck, and M. de Bertuccio, according to the command which had been given him, had two hours before left for Anteuil, when a flag stopped at the door of the hotel, and after depositing its occupant at the gate, immediately hurried away, as if ashamed of its employment. The individual who alighted from the vehicle was about fifty-two years of age, dressed in one of those green surtouts, or augmented with black frogs, which are long maintained their popularity all over Europe. He wore trousers of blue cloth, boots tol-

ly clean, but not of the brightest gold, and a little too thick in the soles, buckskin gloves, those somewhat resembling in shape those usually worn by the gendarmes, and a black cravat striped with white, which if the proprietor had not worn it of his own free will, might have passed for a collar, so much did it resemble one. Such was the picturesque costume of the person who rang at the gate, and demanded if it was not No. 30 in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées that he came de Monte-Cristo inhabited, and who, being answered by the porter in the affirmative, entered, closed the gate after him, and began to ascend the steps of the house.

The small and angular head of the individual in question, his white hair and grey moustache, caused him to be easily recognized by Baptiste, who had received an exact description of the expected visitor, and who was awaiting him in the hall. Therefore, scarcely had the stranger time to pronounce his name before the count was apprised of his arrival. He was ushered into a simple and elegant drawing room, and the count rose to meet him with a smiling air.

"Ah, my dear sir, you are most welcome; I was expecting you."

"Indeed," said the Italian, "was your excellency then aware of my visit?"

"Yes; I had been told that I should see you to-day at seven o'clock."

"Then you have received full information concerning my arrival?"

"Decidedly."

"Ah, so much the better; I feared this little precaution might have been forgotten."

"What precaution?"

"That of informing you beforehand of my coming."

"Oh, no, it has not."

"But you are sure you are not mistaken."

"I am quite sure of it."

"It really was I whom your excellency expected at seven o'clock this evening?"

"I will prove it to you beyond a doubt."

"Oh, no, never mind that," said the Italian; "it is not worth the trouble."

"Yes, yes," said Monte-Cristo. His visitor appeared slightly uneasy. "Let me see," said the count; "are you not M. le Marquis Bartolomeo Cavalcanti?"

"Bartolomeo Cavalcanti," joyfully replied the Italian; "yes, I am really he."

"Ex-major in the Austrian service?"

"Was I a major?" timidly asked the old soldier.

"Yes," said Monte-Cristo, "you were a major; that is the title the French give to the post which you filled in Italy."

"Very good," said the major, "I do not demand more, you understand."

"Yes, visit here to-day is not of your own suggestion, is it?" said Monte-Cristo.

"No, certainly not."

"You were sent by some other person?"

"Yes."

"By the excellent Abbe Buisson?"

"Exactly so," said the delighted major.

"And you have a letter?"

"Yes, there it is."

"Give it me, then," said Monte-Cristo, took the letter, which he opened and read. The major looked at the count with his large staring eyes, and then took a survey of the apartment, but his gaze was not immediately reverted to the proprietor of the room. "Yes, yes, I see," Major Cavalcanti, a worthy patrician of Lucca, a descendant of the Cavalcanti of Florence," continued Monte-Cristo, reading aloud; "possessing an income of half a million, M. de Cavalcanti raised his eyes from the paper, and bowed. 'Half a million,' said he, 'magnificent!'"

"Half a million, is it?" said the major.

"Yes, in so many words; and it must be so for the abbe knows correctly the amount of all the largest fortunes in Europe!"

"Be it half a million, then; but on my word of honor, I had no idea that it was so much."

"Because you are robbed by your steward. You must make some reformation at that quarter."

"You have opened my eyes," said the Italian, gravely. "I will show the gentleman the door." Monte-Cristo resumed the perusal of the letter:

"And who only now has one thing more to make him happy?"

"Yes, indeed! but one!" said the major, with a sigh.

"Which is to recover a lost and adored son!"

"A lost and adored son!"

"Stolen away in his infancy, either by an enemy of his noble family or by the gypsies."

"At the age of five years!" said the major with a deep sigh, and raising his eyes to heaven.

"Unhappy father!" said Monte-Cristo. The count continued:

"I have given him renewed life and hope, in the assurance that you have the power of restoring the son whom he has vainly sought for fifteen years."

The major looked at the count with a despairing expression of anxiety. "I have the power of so doing," said Monte-Cristo. The major recovered his self-possession.

"Ah! ah! said he, 'the letter was true then to the end?'"

"Did you doubt it, M. Bartolomeo?"

"No, indeed; certainly not; a good man, a man holding a religious office, as does the Abbe Buisson, could not condescend to deceive or play a joke; but your excellency has not read all."

"Ah! true!" said Monte-Cristo, "there is a postscript."

"Yes, yes," repeated the major, "yes—there is—a postscript."

"In order to save Major Cavalcanti the trouble of drawing on his banker, I send him a draft for 200 francs to defray his travelling expenses, and credit on his bank further sum of 48,000, which you still owe me." The major availed himself of the conclusion of the postscript, apparently with great anxiety. "Very good," said the count.

"He said 'very good,'" muttered the major, "then—"

"Then what?" asked Monte-Cristo.

"Then the postscript—"

"Well! what of the postscript?"

"Then the postscript is as favorably received by you as the rest of the letter?"

"Certainly; the abbe Buisson and myself have a small account open between us. I do not remember if it is exactly 48,000 francs, which I am still owing him; but I dare say we shall not dispute the difference. You attached great importance, then, to this postscript, my dear M. Cavalcanti?"

"I must explain to you," said the major, "that fully confiding in the signature of the Abbe Buisson, I had not provided myself with any other funds; so that if this resource had failed me, I should have found myself unpleasantly situated in Paris."

"Is it possible that a man of your standing should be embarrassed anywhere?"

"Said Monte-Cristo.

"Why, really, I know no one," said the major.

"But then you yourself are known to others?"

"Yes, I am known, so that—"

"Proceed, my dear M. Cavalcanti."

"So that you will remit to me these 48,000 francs?"

"Certainly, at your first request."

The major's eyes dilated with pleasing astonishment. "But sit down," said Monte-Cristo; "really I do not know what I have been thinking of—I have positively kept you standing for the last quarter of an hour."

"Don't mention it." The major drew an armchair towards him and proceeded to seat himself.

"Now," said the count, "what will you take—a glass of port, sherry, or Alicante?"

"Alicante, if you please; it is my favorite wine."

"I have some excellent. You will take a cracker with it, will you not?"

"Yes, I will, as you are so obliging."

Monte-Cristo rang; Baptiste appeared. The count advanced to meet him. "Well!" said he, in a low voice.

"The young man is here," said the valet-de-chambre, in the same tone.

"Into what room did you take him?"

"Into the blue drawing room, according to your excellency's orders."

"That's right; now bring the alicant and the crackers."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Landon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, retaining the many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching, or peculiar secretion from the skin, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, haemorrhages, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire for food, failure to be relieved by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden circles, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book sent free of the charges, and you will receive a copy of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address: M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave., Toronto, Canada.

THROUGH A FUNNEL.

The other day a young man sauntered into a saloon, says the Savannah (Ga.) News, and asked for a glass of beer. The barkeeper, a German, recognizing in the stranger a fellow-countryman, set out a glass of the required beverage for his reflection. Taking the glass in his hand, the stranger walked to the end of the bar, opened the tap and proceeded to pour the beer into a funnel. "That you do not do that?" shouted the astonished bartender. "I am drinking it," replied the stranger, calmly emptying the last drop into the funnel and placing the glass on the counter. The barkeeper was paralyzed, and nothing short of a full explanation fully reassured him. It developed that the stranger had some time ago swallowed some carbolic acid by mistake, which had caused stricture of the throat. He is unable to swallow even liquids, and getting means of taking food or drink through a tube which runs into his stomach. Through this he drinks and eats, first chewing his food and then passing it through the tube into his stomach. His case was such a rare one that the barkeeper took him to see some of the doctors, and nothing short of a full explanation could seem to suffer much from his strange affliction, conversing readily, though unable to swallow anything at all. The tube through which he takes his food is removed when not in use, and when he is in bed he places it in position, and through it eats whatever he wants.

COURTED AND WON IN A DAY.

Here is a little romance in real life: Frederick Steed, a widower, of St. John's Nfld., was burned out in the recent fire. The prospects for the future were not of the brightest, so Steed decided to emigrate to the city of Halifax, and took passage on the Portia last Tuesday. Before reaching Halifax he got into conversation with a young woman on the steamer—Miss Sarah Strangles—when it incidentally transpired that she too was bound for Halifax, there to try and make a living for herself. As it happened they had never before seen each other they agreed then and there to share each other's joys and sorrows, and with united forces struggle for fortune in their new home. Thursday night Rev. Mr. Lemonie made them man and wife, and they leave in the evening train for their destination. Success to them!—Halifax Press.

Heh, munge and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

At Bombay all the Hindoo sentries salute any passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

VERY MANY SUGH.

RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES DONNER, 118 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and is essentially cured."

BACKACHE.—"I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence; it promptly cured me of severe lumbago."

SPRAINS.—"My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling from a ladder. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days."

BRUISES.—"I received a severe bruise on my chest by falling from a ladder. St. Jacobs Oil cured me in a few days."

IT IS THE BEST.

P. FARRELL.

Fredricton, July 24th, 1892.

PREFERRENTIAL TRADE. Preferential trade properly consists in giving the preference to Burdock Blood Bitters when seeking for a cure for constipation, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, jaundice, scrofula, poisonous humors, bad blood, rheumatism or kidney complaints. It is the true cure, and has cured cases which had resisted all other treatment.

Winkers—Yes, I'm married. Some years ago I started out to select a bicycle; wanted the best, of course, and Macy, whom I had never seen, started out about the same time to select a typewriter. We met and married.

Friend—Did you meet in a store?

Winkers—No, we met in a lunatic asylum.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedily and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.

Little Boy—Mamma, may I have that big family Bible a little while? Fond Mamma—Of course you can, my pet. Your thoughts are on higher things, I see. Little Boy—Yes'm. Bridget to herself, two hours afterward—Hump! More of that jam gone. I don't see how that boy reaches it.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South America Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Said an actor whose private reputation was none of the best—"They have cast me to a character that I don't like, and I doubt whether I ought to take it or not."

"Oh, take it by all means," urged a brother Theatrical, adding under his breath, "Any character must be better than your own."

TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been afflicted with Chronic Rheumatism for several years, and have used numerous patent medicines without success. But by using six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured. SARAH MARSHALL, King St., Kingston, Ont.

"My dear," said Mr. Banker to his wife, "what has become of that box of cigars you gave me on my birthday?" "It is up stairs." "Well, get it, please. Jimmie wants to smoke, and I think we can give him all he wants in about three seconds."

UP TO DATE.

Facts, statistics, information, things useful to know, the biggest and best budget of knowledge, reliable and up to date will be found in a new publication, "Facts and Figures," just issued by Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.,