

POETRY.

WRITE THEM A LETTER.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write.

Write to the sad old folk at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering
Back to the absent one.

To many a boy gone night,
When they lost their sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Write them a letter to-night.

Don't let them feel that you've no more
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.

It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them quite—
That you deemed it a pleasure, far
Away, to write them a letter to-night.

Don't think that the young and giddy
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folk have to-day.

For the sad old folk at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Oh, write them a letter to-night!

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR CAVALCANTI.

Baptistin left the room. "Really," said the major, "I am quite ashamed of the trouble I am giving you."

"Pray don't mention such a thing," said the count. Baptistin re-entered with glasses, wine, and crackers. The count filled one glass, but in the other he only poured a few drops of the ruby colored liquid. The bottle was covered with spiders' webs, and all the other signs indicate the age of wine more truly than do wrinkles on the face of a man.

The major made a wise choice; he took the full glass and a wafer. The count told Baptistin to leave the plate within reach of his guest, who began by sipping the Alicant with an expression of great satisfaction, and then delicately stepped his cake in the wine.

"So, sir, you inhabited Luca, did you? You were rich, noble, held in great esteem—had all that could render a man happy?"

"All," said the major, hastily swallowing his biscuit, "positively all."

"And yet there was one thing wanting in order to complete your happiness?"

"Only one thing," said the Italian. "And that one thing, your lost child?"

"Ah," said the major, taking a second cracker, "that consumption of my happiness was indeed wanting. The worthy major raised his eyes to heaven and sighed."

"Let me hear, then," said the count, "who this deeply regretted son was; for I always understood you were a bachelor."

"That was the general opinion, sir," said the major, "and I am—"

"Yes," replied the count, "and you confirmed the report. A youthful indiscretion, I suppose, which you were anxious to conceal from the world at large?"

"The major recovered himself, and resumed his usual calm manner, at the same time casting his eyes down, either to give himself time to compose his countenance, or to assist his imagination, all the while giving an under look at the count, the protracted smile on whose lips still announced the same polite courtesy."

"Yes," said the major, "I did wish this fault to be hidden from every eye."

"Not on your own account, surely," replied Monte-Cristo, "for a man is above all these things?"

"Oh, no, certainly not on my own account," said the major with a smile and a shake of the head.

"But for the sake of the mother?" said the count.

"Yes, for the mother's sake, his poor mother!" cried the major, taking a third biscuit.

"Take some more wine, my dear Cavalcanti," said the count, pouring out for him a second glass of Alicant; "your emotion has quite overcome you."

"His poor mother!" murmured the major, trying if the will was powerful enough to act on the lachrymal gland, so as to moisten the corner of his eye with a false tear.

"She belonged to one of the first families in Italy, I think, did she not?"

"She was of a noble family of Piosole, M. le Comte."

"And her name was—"

"Do you desire to know her name?"

"Oh," said Monte-Cristo, "it would be quite superfluous for you to tell me, for I already know it."

"M. le Comte knows everything," said the Italian, bowing.

"Oliva Corsinari, was it not?"

"Oliva Corsinari!"

"A marchioness?"

"A marchioness?"

"And you married her at last, notwithstanding the opposition of her family?"

"Yes, I did so."

"And you have doubtless brought all your papers with you?" said Monte-Cristo.

"What papers?"

"The certificate of your marriage with Oliva Corsinari, and the register of your child's birth."

"The register of my child's birth?"

"The register of the birth of Andrea Cavalcanti—of your son; is not his name Andrea?"

"I believe so," said the major.

"What! you are not sure that his name is—"

"I dare not positively assert it, as he has been lost for so long a time."

"Well, then," said Monte-Cristo, "you have all the documents with you?"

"M. le Comte, I regret to say that, not knowing it was necessary to come provided with these papers, I neglected to bring them with me."

"That is unfortunate," returned Monte-Cristo.

"Were they, then, so necessary?"

"They were indispensable."

"The major passed his hand across his brow. 'Ah, per Bacco, indispensable, were they?'"

"Certainly they were; supposing there were to be doubts raised as to the validity of your marriage or the legitimacy of your child?"

"True," said the major, "there might be doubts raised."

"In that case your son would be very unpleasantly situated."

"It would be fatal to his interests."

"It might cause him to fall in some desirable matrimonial speculation."

"O peccato!"

"You must know that in France they are very particular on these points; it is not sufficient, as in Italy, to go to the priest and say, 'We love each other, and want you to marry us.' Marriage is a civil affair in France, and in order to marry in an orthodox manner you must have papers which undeniably establish your identity."

"That is the misfortune! You see I have not these necessary papers."

"Fortunately, I have them, though," said Monte-Cristo.

"Ah, indeed!" said the major, who, seeing the object of his journey frustrated by the absence of the papers, feared also that his forgetfulness might give rise to some difficulty concerning the 48,000 francs—

"Ah, indeed, that is a fortunate circumstance; yes, that really is lucky, for it never occurred to me to bring them."

"Do not at all wonder at it—you cannot think of everything; but, happily, the Abbe Buisson thought for you."

"He is an admirable man," said the major; "and he sent them to you."

"Here they are."

The major clasped his hands in token of admiration.

"You married Oliva Corsinari in the church of San Paolo del Monte-Cattini; here is the priest's certificate."

"Yes, indeed, there it is truly," said the Italian, looking on with astonishment.

"And here is Andrea Cavalcanti's baptismal register, given by the priest of Savazza. Take these documents, then; they do not concern me. You will give them to your son, who will, of course, take great care of them."

"I should think so, indeed! If he were to lose them it would be necessary to write to the priest for duplicates, and it would be some time before they could be obtained."

"I am very glad to see that you understand the value of these papers."

"I regard them as invaluable."

"Now," said Monte-Cristo, "as to the mother of the young man—"

"Really," said the major, "difficulties seem to thicken upon us; will she be wanted in any way?"

"No," replied Monte-Cristo, "besides she has not paid the last debt of nature?"

"Alas! yes," started the Italian.

"I know that," said Monte-Cristo; "she has been dead these ten years."

"And I am still mourning her loss!" exclaimed the major, drawing from his pocket a checked handkerchief, and alternately wiping first the right eye and then the left.

"What would you?" said Monte-Cristo; "we are all mortal. Now, you understand, my dear Cavalcanti, that it is useless for you to tell people in France, that you have been separated from your son for fifteen years. Stories of gypsies who steal children are not at all in vogue in this part of the world, and would not be believed. You sent him for his education to a college in one of the provinces, and now you wish him to complete his education in the Parisian world. That is the reason which has induced you to leave Via Reggia, where you have lived since the death of your wife. That will be sufficient."

"Very well, then."

"If they should hear of the separation—"

"Ah, yes; what could I say?"

"And that one thing, your lost child?"

"By the Corsinari?"

"Precisely. Had stolen away this child, in order that your name might become extinct."

"That will do well, since he is an only son."

"Well, now that all is arranged, do not let these newly awakened remembrances be forgotten. You have, doubtless, already guessed that I was preparing a surprise for you?"

"An agreeable one?" asked the Italian.

"Some one has told you the secret; or perhaps, you guessed that he was here."

"That who was here?"

"Your child—your son—your Andrea!"

"I did guess it," replied the major, with the greatest coolness possible. "Then he is here?"

"He is," said Monte-Cristo; "when the valet de chambre came in just now, he told me of his arrival."

"Ah, very well, very well!" said the major, clapping the buttons of his coat at each exclamation which he made.

"My dear sir," said Monte-Cristo, "I understand all your emotion; you must have time to recover yourself. I will, in the meantime, go and prepare the young man for this much desired interview, for I promise that he is not less impatient for it than yourself!"

"I should quite imagine that to be the case," said Cavalcanti.

"Well, in a quarter of an hour he shall be with you."

"You will bring him, then? You carry your goodness so far as even to present him to me yourself?"

"No; I do not wish to come between a father and son. Your interview will be private. But do not be uneasy; even if the powerful voice of nature should be silent, you cannot well mistake him; he will enter by this door. He is a little young man, of fair complexion—a little too fair, perhaps—pleasing manners; but you will see and judge for yourself."

"By the way," said the major, "you know I had only the 50,000 francs which the Abbe Buisson sent me; this sum, I have expended upon travelling expenses, and—"

"And you want money; that is a matter of course, my dear M. Cavalcanti. Well, here are 8,000 francs on account."

"The major's eyes sparkled brilliantly. 'It is 40,000 francs which I now owe you,'" said Monte-Cristo.

"Does your excellency wish for a receipt?" said the major, at the same time slipping the money into the inner pocket of his coat.

"For what?" said the count.

"I thought you might want to show it to the Abbe Buisson."

"Well, when you receive the remaining 40,000 you shall give me a receipt in full. Between gentlemen such excessive precaution is, I think, quite unnecessary."

"Oh! the voice of nature," said Monte-Cristo.

"Yes, so it is, between perfectly upright people."

"One word more," said Monte-Cristo. "I should advise you to leave off wearing that style of dress."

"Indeed!" said the major, regarding himself with an air of complete satisfaction.

"Yes, it may be worn at Via Reggia; but that costume, however elegant in itself, has long been out of fashion in Paris."

"That is unfortunate."

"Oh, if you really are attached to your old mode of dress, you can easily resume it when you leave Paris."

"But what shall I wear?"

"What you find in your trunks."

"In my trunks? I have but one portmanteau."

"I dare say you have nothing else with you. What is the use of lumbering one's self with so many things? Besides, an old soldier always likes to march with as little baggage as possible."

"That is just the case—precisely so!"

"But you are a man of foresight and

prudence, therefore you sent your baggage on before you. It has arrived at the Hotel des Princesses, Rue de Richelieu. It is there you are to take up your quarters."

"Then, in these trunks—"

"I presume you have given orders to your valet-de-chambre to put in all you are likely to need—your plain clothes and your uniform. On grand occasions you must wear your uniform; that will look very well. Do not forget your cravat. They still laugh at them in France, and yet wear them, for all that."

"Very well!" said the major, who was in ecstasy at the attention paid him by the count.

"Now," said Monte-Cristo, "that you have fortified yourself against all painful excitement, prepare yourself, my dear M. Cavalcanti, to meet your lost Andrea."

Saying which Monte-Cristo bowed, and disappeared behind the tapestry, leaving the major fascinated beyond expression with the delightful reception which the count had given him.

CHAPTER IV.

ANDREA CAVALCANTI.

The Count of Monte-Cristo entered the adjoining room, in which Baptistin had designated as the blue drawing-room, and found there a young man, of graceful demeanor and elegant appearance, who had arrived in a hack about half an hour previously. Baptistin had not found any difficulty in recognizing the individual who presented himself at the door for admittance. He was certainly the tall young man with light hair, red beard, black eyes, and brilliant complexion, whom his master had so particularly described to him. When the count entered the room the young man was carelessly stretched on the sofa, tapping his boot with the gold-headed cane which he held in his hand. On perceiving the count he rose quickly. "The Count of Monte-Cristo, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir, and I shall have the honor of addressing M. le Comte Andrea Cavalcanti."

"Count Andrea Cavalcanti," said the young man, accompanying his words with a bow.

"You are charged with a letter of introduction addressed to me, are you not?" said the count.

"I did not mention that, because the signature seemed to me so strange."

"The letter signed 'Sinbad the Sailor,' is it not?"

"Exactly so. Now, as I have never known any Sinbad, with the exception of the one celebrated in the 'Arabian Nights'—"

"Well! it is one of his descendants, and a great friend of mine; he is a very rich Englishman, eccentric almost to insanity; and his real name is Lord Willmore."

"Ah! indeed! then that explains everything," said Andrea, "that is extraordinary. He is, then, the same Englishman whom I met—at—yes, very well! I am at your service."

"If what you say be true," replied the count smiling, "perhaps you will be kind enough to give me some account of yourself and your family?"

"Certainly, I will do so," said the young man, with a quickness which gave proof of his ready invention. "I am (as you have said) the Count Andrea Cavalcanti, son of Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti, a descendant of the Cavalcanti whose names are inscribed in the Golden Book at Florence. Our family, although still rich, (for my father's income amounts to half a million), has experienced many misfortunes, and I, myself, and my father, five years, taken away by the treachery of my tutor, so for fifteen years I have not seen the author of my existence. Since I have arrived at years of discretion and become my own master, I have been constantly seeking him, but all in vain. At length I received this letter from your friend, which states that my father is in Paris, and authorizes me to apply to you for information respecting him."

"Really, all you have related to me is exceedingly interesting," said Monte-Cristo, observing the young man with a gloomy satisfaction; "and you have done well to conform in everything to the wishes of my friend Sinbad; for your father is indeed here, and is seeking you."

"Most undoubtedly," replied Monte-Cristo; "your father, the Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti."

"The expression of terror which, for the moment, had overspread the features of the young man, had now disappeared."

"Ah! yes, that is the name, certainly. Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti. And you really mean to say, M. le Comte, that my dear father is here?"

"Yes, sir; and I can even add that I have just left his company. The story which he related to me of his lost son touched me to the quick; indeed his griefs, hopes and fears on that subject might furnish material for a most touching and pathetic poem. At length he one day received a letter, stating that the parties who had deprived him of his son now offered to restore him, or at least to give notice where he might be found, on condition of receiving a large sum of money, by way of ransom. Your father did not hesitate an instant, and the sum was sent to the frontier of Piedmont, with a passport signed for Italy. You were in the south of France, I think?"

"Yes," replied Andrea, with an embarrassed air, "I was in the south of France."

"A carriage was to await you at Nice?"

"Precisely so; and it conveyed me from Nice to Paris."

"Indeed! then your father ought to have met with you on the road, for it is exactly the same route which he himself took, and that is how he has been able to trace your journey to this place."

"But," said Andrea, "if my father had met me, I doubt if he would have recognized me; I must be somewhat altered since he last saw me."

"Oh! the voice of nature," said Monte-Cristo.

"True," interrupted the young man, "I had not looked upon it in that point of view."

CHANGE IS WELCOME.

GENTLEMEN.—For twenty years I suffered from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Poor Appetite, etc., and received no benefit from the many medicines I tried, but after taking five bottles of B. B. B. I can eat heartily of my food, and am strong and smart. It is a grand medicine and has made a wonderful change in my health.

Mrs. W. H. Lutz, Harley, Ont.

THE MAN WHO KEPT MUM.

He was reading a newspaper in a Michigan avenue car, and he suddenly looked up and said to the young man on his left: "It is wonderful how these papers do get on to things ain't it?"

"I have often thought so."

"They must have fellows out hunting up news all the time."

"Yes."

"Mighty sharp fellows, too."

"Yes."

"Nabur of mine got mad at his wife and cuffed her. Didn't seem to be nobody around when he done it, and they made right up, but it all came out in the paper as large as life."

"Did it?"

"Every bit of it, and a little more. Can't see how on earth they got it, but there it was. I fooled 'em, though. That's one time they got left."

"How was that?"

"Somebody nabbed my house the other day. I went up to the poles and they told me to keep mum and not utter a whisper. They are working on the case."

"How much were you robbed of?"

"About \$200 all told; but I'm going to keep mum, you know."

"I see. Isn't your name Henry Davis?"

"Yes, yes. And you live on 14 st?"

"No, sir; I live on National av. What are you writing down there?"

"Some notes about the robbery. Look in the paper to-morrow."

"The old man looked after him as he went out and he held his mouth open for fully a moment. Then he closed it with a sudden snap and said:

"Well, I swear! but I ought to be taken out and fed on grass."

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Mrs. W. H. Lutz, Harley, Ont.

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CURES RHEUMATISM-NEURALGIA,

Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Backache.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.

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The rapid action of the "great pain cure," Polson's Nervine, in relieving the most intense pain, is a matter of wonder to all who have used it. There is nothing surprising efficient remedies known in medicine. Nervine cures toothache instantly; cramps in five minutes; neuralgia after two applications; rheumatism is at once relieved by its use; and the same may be said of all kinds of pain. Sample bottles, costing only 10 cents, at any drug store. The large bottles only 25 cents. Polson's Nervine sold by druggists and country dealers.

Wife—"How did you get along while I was away?"

Husband—"I kept you for about ten days, and then I went to a hotel."

"A hotel? Why didn't you go on 'Kouk'ndt. All the dishes were dirty."

WORSE AND WEAKER.

GENTLEMEN.—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint, and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was almost unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found much relief and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it. Wm. T. GUYER, Wilford, Ont.

Now that a man named Brown has been found who spells his name "Broughne," the thing to do is to find a man named Jones who spells his name "Joughnes," and then put them on exhibition.

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, spasms, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co.

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One Girl—"Please ma'am, my father is a telegraph lineman."

The manufacturer of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco invite the very choicest scrutiny of its quality. The expert whose trained senses teach him to recognize the exact quality of tobacco, and the smoker who judges by his experience in smoking it, will both come to the same conclusion that it is of the very highest quality anywhere to be found. It is made of the very finest Virginia leaf and is manufactured with the greatest possible care.

"If there is anything I dislike," said Billings as the editor returned his witty effort, "it's a man who won't take a joke."

RICH PLUM PUDDING.

This delicious confection is nicely calculated to produce dyspepsia, heartburn, biliousness and headache. Burdock Blood Bitters is equally well calculated to cure these troubles and has proved its power in hundreds of cases. B. B. B. regulates and purifies the entire system.

Physician—I called to collect those bills which I sent you. Mr. Squill—You are perfectly welcome to them, doctor. Here they are, all in one packet.

A FAMILY FRIEND.

Stas.—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for years and can highly recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhoea, cramps, etc.

Mrs. Geo. Warr, Huntsville, Ont