

POETRY.

THE BABY IN THE CASE.

'Twas midnight in the sleeper
And all had gone to rest;
For four long days they travelled
Far from the golden West.

Weary, tired, and wanting sleep,
They'd just begun to doze,
When loud and loud, with piercing strength
A baby's cry arose.

'Twas just a three month's baby
With lungs enough for ten,
And one by one that youngster's cry
Awoke those sleeping men.

Then some began to curse and swear,
And from the curtain peep,
With "Darn the child! Confound the brat!
We've paid to get some sleep."

Trying to hush the little one,
His face with sorrow stamped,
Bill up and down the sleeping car
The youthful father tramped.

Then a crusty Western magnate,
With anger in his eye,
Burst forth in furious temper,
At the baby's piercing cry:

"Take the brat to mother,
She is the proper nurse;
I guess she's in another car,
Asleep without a curse.

"Where is his mother? Damn it!"
But the father sadly said:
" My wife is in her coffin
In the baggage car ahead."

Then a hush fell on the passengers,
The angry man grew mild;
"Go sit with her, my friend;
Give us your little child."

SELECT STORY.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

A TALE OF THE ROCKIES.

CHAPTER I.

The dawning light of a new day
Deceived with chilling steadiness,
Dispelling the dreary darkness of night,
And heralding the approach of the King of Light...

Along the eastern horizon a glow of yellow light is discernible. The colors change to gold. Dashes of blushing crimson dart up in lovely confusion and spread quickly over the golden radiance.

Mr. Lester selected his letter from amongst the others, placed it in his pocket and walked into his editorial sanctum, leaving Grace to wonder at her father's unusual exhibition of excitement and lack of gallantry towards her.

"Good-bye, papa; I'm going home to my dear mother," Grace cried through the partly closed doorway.

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"I'm Jack Lester!" "My name is Angus Macdonald!"

Two young men clasped right hands and regarded each other silently and with a blending of astonishment, pleasure and curiosity expressed on their faces.

"Do you ever intend to open the letter, papa?" "In a moment, dear! You see, I had a little amusement at the expense of the postmaster over the letter, and I feel elated yet."

"Papa, will you ever open that letter?" "The postmaster said it was a parcel from the States, and would require inspection by the nearest customs' officers."

"Then I showed him that one of the address instructions read 'via Fort Mac-

Donald, and I assured him that place was a fort in the Canadian Northwest."

"Papa, papa! I'm getting hysterical!" His clerk produced a map, and in a second I had my finger on the spot marking the fort and its name, and then the letter was passed through the window to me.

Mr. Lester turned away his head as he spoke, and unconsciously allowed the bundle of dailies, exchanges and letters he had brought from the post-office to drop on his editorial table.

His daughter, quick to notice any change in her father's manner, had her arms around his neck in a moment, kissing him on each cheek and betraying no knowledge of the tears standing in his eyes.

Mr. Lester drank the water slowly, with hands still trembling from the excitement of receiving a letter from his son, and being forced to almost wrench it from the postmaster's grip.

Grace followed her attention between a scrutiny of the odd-looking missive from Jack and her father's actions.

"Oh, papa, I'm sure this is not from Jack!" she cried, forgetting in the dimness of her thoughts that the pipe was but fairly started.

He father faced her with a celerity that killed the effect of his weakness.

"What do you mean, girl?" he almost shouted. "Why, papa, it has a United States stamp, and the stamp is not inverted!"

"Grace, show me that letter! Do you not see 'J. L.' plainly written in this corner and does not that stand for Jack Lester which I brought upon my pack-mule."

"Your experience becomes intensely interesting," Macdonald said, forgetting his first feeling of amusement, and becoming more and more anxious to listen to the news that would be his.

"At first, and Jack's voice sank to an audible whisper, 'I was romantic enough to fancy the Good Spirit of the Mountains had welcomed me with the protecting love of a father for his first-born; and, imbued with that exhilarating idea, I plunged boldly and fearlessly into the torrents and successfully landed my outfit on the mountain venture. But during the past few days I have come to believe in my silent and invisible Indian guide, and have become reconciled to his distant companionship.'

Macdonald favored Jack with another sharp glance, and then, with a gasp, he said, "I have not yet answered my question," and he sprang to his feet, entered the tent, and emerged with a pair of field-glasses with which he swept every side of the valley.

"For what do you search?" Macdonald asked, also rising to his feet. "I find nothing," Jack replied.

"My pack-train and party!" ejaculated Macdonald. "I am chief of a section of a large surveying party which is seeking a passage through the mountains for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the bell that you hear is on the neck of the bell-mare that leads my pack-train down the trail into this valley."

"A letter, Grace?" "At last, papa! I am so glad, and mamma will be very happy!" hidden from view of her home by a clump of maples, Grace found the privacy she so ardently desired.

"My noble lover," she softly breathed; and then for a second time that day, she applied her dainty pen-knife.

For a few minutes she allowed the knife and letter to lie unopened in her lap, her thoughts busy with the remembrance of the two short, happy months she had spent at the home of her aunt and uncle in Ottawa during the past winter.

"Come into my snuggly and have a pipe with me," and he turned in the direction of a rising piece of ground on which was planted a square, well-heaved, dark tent. It stood in the centre of a circle of smouldering fire which formed a thin curtain of smoke—made more dense at evening and morning, when the mosquitoes were inclined to be doubly pugnacious.

Macdonald followed Jack into the circle, and evinced further astonishment at seeing two fine-looking bloodhounds stretched upon the skins of two large grizzlies spread out before the tent.

The dogs eyed the stranger suspiciously, but became friendly when their master smiled reassuringly. They lazily moved into the tent and settled themselves upon a pile of pelts which had every appearance of being occupied as a bed by someone who was not without a taste for luxury.

The two men sat down upon the skins, exchanged tobacco pouches, and in three minutes were puffing contentedly at their pipes and ready for conversation.

"I threw these skins down here to keep me from catching rheumatism during my lay days," Jack remarked, feeling his position as best obliged him to prevent a repetition of the awkward pause in the conversation which followed upon the meeting of his guest and himself.

"A sensible plan," said Macdonald; "and now that you have made me so comfortable, will you pardon my burning curiosity and tell me at once how you came to this valley. You certainly have not had time to cross from British Columbia, for the trails were snow-bound a month ago. You could not have passed over our trail up the Bow river, for we had to chop a road for the pack-train through miles of fallen timber."

"When I left Morleyville," Jack replied, "I forded the Bow, took the trail up the

Kananaskis Pass, branched over on the White Man's Trail, again forded the Bow, went as far as Castle Mountain, fell in love with it, wandered into this lovely valley, and here I have been for two weeks and yet cannot tear myself away from sight of that wonderful piece of natural architecture."

Castle Mountain stood forth in full view from the tent. Macdonald gazed for a few moments at the great pile of fantastic rock, gave a sharp glance at Jack, knocked the loose ashes from his pipe and made a sign that his companion had spoken truthfully.

"Were you without a guide?" Macdonald asked. "I am not certain," replied Jack, "and a dash of tenderness illumined his features."

"I imagine—in fact, I feel certain—that an Indian has preceded me on my trail from Morleyville. The missionary there insisted upon sending a Stoney Indian along with me; but I was firm in my refusal, because I wished to be alone."

"And you are positive the missionary outwitted you?" Macdonald queried, as he tried to detect the Indian on the watch at some point in the valley.

"Was it not strange," asked Jack, returning question for question, "that I should meet an Indian familiar with my mother-tongue, at the forks of the Kananaskis and White Man's Trails; that he should warn me of deep mounds ahead, and bid me a detour to the Bow River Pass?"

"Was it not stranger," continued Jack, "that frequently my dogs were prevented from leaving me on a my trail forward only by my authoritative commands, and that the well-disciplined animals should take the lead on the trail with all the confidence of old-timers?"

"Certainly," replied Macdonald, his eyes twinkling merrily, "the dogs have been on the scent of a leader possessing rare intelligence."

"And the most bewildering occurrence," said Jack, "are, that every day since my arrival in this valley my dogs will leave me for an hour at a time, and return gobble with food; and when I hunt the noble brutes lead me, with slight deviations, to the lair of the mountain lion, the haunts of the bear, or the coverts of the deer, giving me a surfeit of maddening sport, and saving the stock of provisions which I brought upon my pack-mule."

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"When I left Morleyville," Jack replied, "I forded the Bow, took the trail up the

pet spaniel had discovered her hiding-place, and was supplicating for a caress by pushing his nose into her lap. Fondly she caressed the beautiful animal, and then ordered him to lie at her feet while she read her letter. It was brief:

IN CAMP, June 2, 1878. My DARLING—An Indian has just brought our mail bag from Morleyville, and he has returned at once. You will then forgive my short reply to your loving letter, which I read while the contents of the bag were being distributed. You can imagine my surprise and delight at meeting your brother yesterday where we are now camped. He is in good health; and will I hope accompany me to the summit. Already we are boom-companions, and I find him the most interesting mortal I have ever known. He does not know of the loving relationship which you and I have formed. Shall I tell him? The usual address. With fondest love.

ANGUS MACDONALD. "Grace! Grace! where are you?" "Here, mamma!" cried Grace, hastily concealing her lover's letter, and almost tripping over the spaniel in her swift flight from the arbor.

"Oh, Grace!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed, when she had wound her arm around her daughter's waist, and together they were walking along the path leading to the house, "Franklin has just returned from the office, looking pale and ill, and has given me a letter he received by the noon mail from Jack."

Grace felt unconsciously guilty over her forgetfulness of the letters in her reticule. An inviting seat stood near, and on it she forced her mother to sit with her while she drew forth the neglected messages from Jack and read them.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Lester replied. And Grace knew by the tone of her mother's voice, that her father was distressed at something Jack had written him, and that she would not be allowed to read the letter.

CHAPTER IV. The faint tinkle of the bell which had brought Jack and Macdonald to their post on that glorious morning in the valley, sounded clearer and clearer as the pack-train moved down the winding trail.

Now and again the packmen could be heard vociferating at the more timid animals where the path became narrow and dangerous. Louder and louder grew the clamor of the approaching party. The tinkle of the bell changed to a most unusual clangor. The hoofbeats of the laden horses came with a muffled thud, and a merry laugh rang through the air, and rippled overhead in circling wave-sonds. Snatches of popular airs from a comic opera proclaimed a tenor fresh from civilized haunts. The bloodhounds, who had vacated the tent when Jack brought forth his field-glasses, stood beside their master, growing ominously, notwithstanding repeated commands for silence. Jack's saddle pony and pack mule led the rich pasture near the marsh and came up to the tent on a gallop. The pony reined up, and, with a snort, betrayed a curious mixture of fear and delight upon receiving a chorus of replies. Then, as though aware that an appreciative audience awaited his entry, a horseman dashed from the shrubbery to the open, flung himself from his horse, kissed the two bearded clacks, and was just in time to catch the bell-mare by her forelock, and lead her to where Macdonald had taken up a position to mark the camp-ground. The other horses, a dozen in all, rushed into the path of peace, and, with a snort, crossed the line of green. Another horseman followed, and remained in his saddle, ready to round-up the stock when the necessary arrangements were made for forming camp. At short intervals fourteen young men, clad in the most stylish and gentlemanly manner, emerged from the bushes, and, with a snort, crossed the line of green. Another horseman followed, and remained in his saddle, ready to round-up the stock when the necessary arrangements were made for forming camp. At short intervals fourteen young men, clad in the most stylish and gentlemanly manner, emerged from the bushes, and, with a snort, crossed the line of green.

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SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING. GENTLEMEN—I have suffered very much from inflammatory rheumatism, which through wrong treatment left my running course on my hands and feet. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I had neither shoe nor stocking on. I commenced using B. B. R. externally and internally, using the pills also, and I can say now that the cure was entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the bitters were the means of saving my life. Mrs. ANNIE BARR, Crewson's Corners, Acton P. O., Ont.

RAPID RELIEF. DEAR SIR—I had for years been troubled with dyspepsia and sick headache, and found but little relief until I tried your Burdock Blood Bitters, which made a perfect cure. It is the best medicine I ever had in my life, and I will never be without it. HARRY DAVIS, Clinton, Ont.

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"Hold up a train," but it was held up by two little girls and belonged to the bride, so no lives were lost.

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