POETRY.

A SUBURBAN ROOSTER.

As Watkins was weeding his garden one day,
His wife came unto him and sweetly did say:
"I am going away to buy needles and tape;
Pray, don't let my new Plymouth rooster escape.
To get him has caused me much care and expense.
If you don't watch him close he'll jump over the fence."
With the grace of an heiress, the air of a Queen,
Sedate Mrs. Watkins passed on from the scene.

* * * * * *

Industrious Watkins kept hoeing away,
Not heeding the glare and the heat of the day.
And the rooster went edging around to the gate;
When Watkins remembered—a minute too late.
The rooster eyed Watkins; he looked at the bird,
While the drop of a paper of pins could be heard.
'Twas the wink of an eye, 'twas the draught of a breath,
And the rooster flew out after freedom or death.

* * * * * *

And Watkins? He followed through yard after yard,
He followed it close, and he followed it hard;
He ripped off his coat on a treacherous nail;
The back of his vest fluttered out like a sail;
His necktie was torn and his collar was crumpled;
He uttered a wail and he uttered a groan,
But he stuck to the trail like a dog to a bone.
His eyes sparkled fire, his lips muttered slaughter,
When a woman threw on him some hot scalding water;
Some said he was crazy, some called him a tramp;
While bow-wows galore on his trail did encamp;
And the rooster looked up and the rooster looked down,
And broke for the principal street of the town.

* * * * * *

The loungers that day saw a curious sight—
A scarecrow pursuing a rooster in flight.
The former bereft of his coat and his hat,
And the latter now bobbing to this side and that,
Till he paused by the door of a beer saloon,
First wavered and shook like a captive balloon,
Then darted inside amid tumult and laughter,
While the desperate Watkins came sailing in after.

* * * * * *

And the preacher passed by, saw the queer situation,
Which ended abruptly our hero's "probation."

* * * * * *

They brought home our warrior, tattered and torn,
Which caused Mrs. Watkins to weep and to mourn;
Yet when Watkins came to and had opened his eyes,
The first words he heard caused his ire to rise;
Said this excellent woman, her eyelids all wet:
"Did you bring back my roster, the sweet little pet?"

—Chap, in The Chicago Globe.

SELECT STORY.

A TREVOR COURT TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIFT ON THE WORLD.

CONTINUED.

The stranger was wide awake now. She hesitated for a moment, then a curious expression came into her face, which Job owing to the light flickering in the wind, could not see distinctly.

"Is there a place called Trevor Court near here? How far am I from it?"

"Why, yes," answered the carrier, with some surprise; "about four miles off. But what may you want there? Sir Philip ain't one to encourage travellers nor vagrants, if that's what your thinking on. He's as stingy as a Jew, unless any foolery hits his fancy, then he'll throw away money like water. But give it in charity—never."

"Ah!" The monosyllable came sharply from between her pale lips. "I did not tell you, my worthy man, that I required money of Sir Philip Trevor. My business at the court concerns myself alone. Will you take me as far on the way as you can? You will be well paid for it—see here."

She drew a purse from an inner pocket of her cloak and opened it. Job saw that it was full of gold.

"Five of these sovereigns shall be yours if you will do as I ask, and tell no one."

The carrier hesitatated. A struggle was taking place in his mind. Times had been bad lately. He had neither wife nor children, but was too found of a social glass and pipe to have laid by much. One of his horses had been ill, his waggon sadly needed repairing. The five pounds would just pay the veterinary's bill and do up the cart, without touching the small hoard in the old 'baccy-box' behind the cupboard.

All this passed like lightning before him. On the other hand he was a tenant of Sir Philip's, and that to offend the baronet would be most imprudent, all those who lived under him knew to their cost.

"If only I could be sure I should not get myself into any trouble," he said slowly to himself. "But I must say that I don't quite like the look of the thing. It would be different if you'd tell me straight-forward what you want at the court, I should know what to be at then."

"I don't see why I should not tell you," the woman interrupted with a strange laugh. "I do want to see Sir Philip Trevor, but it is to pay him a debt I owe, not to ask for money. There, will that satisfy you?"

Could Job Hearn have seen the fierce light in her eyes as she spoke, dull as he was, he would have shrunk from granting her request. The lantern was burning dimly, for the oil was exhausted.

"Well, if that is all, I don't see I should be doing any harm; jump in, then. We've a goodish bit to go, but the snow has stopped and the moon will be out soon."

He helped the stranger up into the wagon with some difficulty, for her limbs were stiff with exposure to the cold, though the brandy had saved her from further ill effects. She had not been asleep for long when discovered by the carrier, though the quickly falling snow had almost covered her mantle. Job Hearn took it off and shook it for her, then wrapped some dry straw round her feet, also a horse-rug.

Her story was not improbable, for Sir Philip Trevor owned a great deal of property in the neighborhood, and was known to be a hard man about his rents; but it was foolish of a woman and a stranger to have started such a day on such an errand.

"You'll surely never be going back to-night—that is, if you're from Ilford?" naming the nearest country town. "You'll ask the servants to let you sleep at the court—or the 'Blue Bear' is a decent inn. If you mention Job Hearn, they will serve you well. And that reminds me—you have not told me your name, missus," with an uneasy attempt at jocularity.

"You need not trouble your head about that—I can take care of myself well enough. As to my name—it does not matter either. Do your part of the bargain, and you shall be well paid; nothing more concerns you."

She drew the rug round her, and leaning back closed her eyes. Job Hearn, thus rebuffed, contented himself with muttering sotto voce, "Well, you are a rum 'un and no mistake," and relapsed into silence.

Not another word passed between the two, until after about another hour's creaking and lumbering along the snow-covered road the waggon suddenly stopped.

"Here you are, missus, if you want the court. I can't take you any nearer, for the village where I've got to go is a mile farther on. You see yon white-painted gate and those thick laurels? Go through the gate and round to the left; follow the narrow path and it'll bring you round to the back of the house. You can see the lights between the trees over there," pointing with his whip.

His passenger climbed down from the wagon, with his help, and then counted the five sovereigns into his hand.

"I will give you another," she said, "on condition that you do not tell anyone anything about finding me on the moor to-night, nor that you brought me here."

She held it up and the carrier took it with slight hesitation.

"All right, missus; you may trust me for that. Good-night—and good luck."

"Poor fool!" the stranger said to herself with a curl of her lip, as she watched the cart roll away, a sharp black shadow on the white clad heath. The snow had ceased; it was freezing hard, and a newly risen moon flooded the undulating moor with silver. "He wishes me of all people good luck!"

Then she glided through the gate, and disappeared among the darkness of the trees. Meanwhile, Job Hearn stowed the gold away in his leathern pouch with a feeling of intense satisfaction.

"Dashed if I was ever so well paid for a night's work before! Wants me to hold my tongue, eh? Well, there's no harm in that. Seemed a respectable party enough, though a bit queer in her head. Wouldn't tell me her name. Wonder what she's come to these parts for? I forgot to give her back the flask. Never mind! she knows who I am and where to come to, if she wants it; then, perhaps, I shall find out something about her. I should like to, for its the rummiest start I ever stumbled on. I sha'n't forget this Ash Wednesday night in a hurry."

He little knew how strangely, terribly true his words were to prove. The remembrance of the mysterious and awful tragedy enacted that night would never fade from the minds of the inhabitants of Gateley Regis.

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

OLIVER WEST could never recollect afterwards how he passed the hours between his parting with Kathleen Dering and the time when he set out alone, in the stillness of that March evening, to seek Sir Philip Trevor.

Long afterwards, when the ghastly details of that awful night would rise frequently before him, despite his efforts to put them aside, a space always remained blank. He had a vague idea that he had left the meal that his housekeeper had prepared for him untasted, had locked himself in his surgery to sit stunned before his writing-desk, forgetful of everything save the appaling discovery he had made.

Yet mechanical habits are so strong with all of us, that he went first and looked at the alabaster slate hanging against the wall.

Such messages as had come during his absence were unimportant, and could well wait till the morrow.

Mechanically, too, he stood and looked at the reflection of his own face in the black-framed mirror over the fireplace.

It was gray and wan; his eyes were wild, and his hair disordered.

"Murderer!" What fiend hissed the word close at his ear? He turned suddenly with a start. It was only the voice of his own disordered fancy, and he sank into his chair again, a cold clamor on his brow.

"He shall pay for it with his life; the wrong can never be righted," he kept repeating.

He clenched his hands till the nails cut into his flesh; the veins of his forehead were tense and swollen.

"In the eyes of the world, Kathleen will be condemned," he pondered, miserably, "but not in mine; I know that she is blameless. I love you still, my poor wronged child. Though you can never be mine, I will avenge you; I swear it. To shoot that fiend down like a dog would be no more than he deserves, but I am no cowardly midnight assassin. If man cannot meet man in fair fight here, there are other places. To-night I will tax Philip Trevor with his villainy; he shall not refuse me the meagre satisfaction which is all he can now give. Face to face, his life or mine; nothing less."

Thick and fast, strange thoughts crowded into his fevered brain, as he sat there motionless, his face hidden in his hands.

"If I die, there will be none to mourn me; I have no relations near enough to care a straw about me, thank heaven. That reminds me of something—I have never made my will. I may as well do it now."

It did not take Oliver West many minutes to carry out his resolution.

An ordinary sheet of note paper sufficed for the few words in which he left everything he possessed to Kathleen Dering, the money in the funds, bequeathed to him by his father, included.

Calming his throbbing nerves by a supreme effort, he summoned the elderly couple who lived with him as groom and housekeeper, and made them witness his signature, then sealed up the paper and put it away in his desk.

The servants saw nothing unusual in this, for in Oliver's capacity as a medical man, business and parochial documents often passed through his hands, and they had more than once done the same thing for him.

But a little later, Robert, the groom, remarked to Hannah, his wife, that he thought "master looked ill and bothered about someat."

"As I went to water the 'osses I saw him agoin' out through the gate, that gashly pale it gev me quite a turn. I asked him where I should send if there was a message, and he turned on me as sharp as you please, though the next minute he sez, as civil as possible, 'Oh, I beg your pardon, Robert,' and told me he should be back soon, he didn't say where he was goin', any the more for that," grumbled the crusty but faithful old servant.

Hannah gave a smile of scornfully superior intelligence, as she lifted a place of hot dripping toast from the trivet before the kitchen fire, and placed it on the table.

"There, get your tea, and don't talk about what you don't understand. I can guess what's the matter well enough, so would you if you were not a born fool. The master's had some tiff with the black-eyed madame over yonder, who everyone knows he's mad after. You need not stare at me like that, it's true. All the village is talking about it," she said cooly.

"Then they might find something better to do," sternly replied her better half, as he poured out his tea into his saucer and gulped it down leisurely. "You're old enough at any rate to set them a better example. A pleasant thing for us. If anything comes of it," he added gloomily, "look out for squalls."

"It won't, or do you think I should take it so quietly? She doesn't care a rush for the master. Higher game is what she flies at; she hasn't a civil word for anybody but Sir Philip Trevor. While there is a chance in that quarter, we are safe enough," replied Hannah, reassuringly.

"Humph! I wouldn't give a good deal for Miss Dering's taste. There's no one has much to say in Sir Phillip's favor by all accounts," said Robert. "But who told you all this, Hannah? I daresay it's some patched-up tale."

"Someone as ought to know; my niece Ellen, Miss Dering's own servant. There what do you say to that?" and Hannah glanced at her husband triumphantly.

"I say that you should mind your work and tell Ellen to mind hers, instead of gossiping about what don't concern neither of you."

With which ungrateful rejoinder, and having, man-like, got all he wanted in food and information, Robert, wiping his lips with his huge blue-spotted handkerchief, retreated to the company of the Sporting Life and his ''osses' at the stables.

* * * * *

Sir Philip Trevor sat alone over his wine in what was known as the cedar room at the court. It was a small, octagon-shaped chamber, generally used for meals when no visitors were in the house, one end of it being a bow window, opening down to a lawn bordered by a dense shrubbery. This shrubbery was almost like a maze to those who did not know its intricacies, and ran three parts round the grounds. A path through it, ending in a gate in an outer wall, was frequently used by Sir Peter, who could thus come and go unseen.

Of this gate, he and one other person alone possessed a key. It would be easy for anyone passing through it to approach the back of the house without being observed. There were other entrances to the grounds, but this one was strictly private.

The snow lay lightly on the laurels and under foot. It had ceased falling, and a myriad stars glittered in the dark, purple sky, as well as the risen moon. If Philip Trevor's soul had not been deadened by earthly selfishness and cynicism, the still beauty of the scene must have filled it with awe and reverence.

The blinds were drawn up and the moonlight streamed into the room, its cold, silver beams struggling with those of the opal-globed lamps.

The baronet sat at the table, a lowering, discontented look on his face. He had dismissed the servants, saying he should require nothing more that night. A cut crystal dish of hot-house fruit stood at his side, and a decanter of wine. He had already filled his glass several times. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright as he drummed impatienty with his strong white fingers on the damask cloth, evidently disturbed about something.

Philip Trevor was a handsome man. So much, that even those who disliked him, and they were many, could not help admitting.

His features were faultless as though cut on a cameo, and his eyes were of the cold, sapphire blue, so striking because so rare in its beauty. A casual admirer would not remark that they were too elongated in shape and too closely set together and that the big, blonde moustache, a shade darker than the close-cut, waving hair, hid a pale, thin-lipped mouth of cruel, sinister expression.

Previous to the death of the childless uncle whom he succeeded at Trevor court, Sir Phillip had held a commission in the King's Roans, a crack cavalry regiment, and though it would have been hard to say why, there was not an officer who did not feel relieved when he left it.

"A queer sort of a chap, Trevor. Never felt quite safe with him, somehow. When he was chummiest with a fellow, he was sure to be planning some underhand trick or another; and yet one could never nail him. Like Joey Bagstock—'sly, sir; dey-vilish sly!'" was the verdict of the mess-room.

Though he had been drinking deeply, a thing not very common with him, Philip Trevor's thoughts were coherent enough.

Something had happened that afternoon which had annoyed and puzzled him.

He had called at the cottage, and Kathleen Dering had refused to see him. And something more. Ellen the maid, whose demeanor was strangely disturbed, said that Dr. West had come home with her mistress.

"Confound the meddling fool," he muttered fiercely. His manner to me of late, has been so odd, that I could swear he suspects something. It would be dnecedly awkward, for I believe he is head over ears in love with Kathleen himself. If he knew all, he would be worse to manage, by far than Horace Deering even."

Sir Phillip Trevor was indeed on the horns of a dilemma.

He was not as yet, quite tired of the superbly handsome and spirited girl, who had loved him, alas! not wisely but too well.

"I have a great mind to risk it, a very great," he said to himself, as though turning over some plan in his mind. "Old Bell would never betray me, so long as he is well paid. What a sell, too, for all the match-making tabbies in the place, to put Kathleen whom they have always hated as jealously as the devil, over their heads. 'My Lady Trevor!" She would queen it splendidly over them all. It would get me out of an abominable scrape, too, in more ways than one. Supposing anything should come out afterward, surely Kathleen and her father, for their own sakes, would hold their tongues."

There was a sudden, low rap at the window, and turning with a cry of surprise, he saw a dark figure standing outside.

One glance was enough to tell him to whom it belonged. The startled expression died out of his face, leaving instead, one of annoyance.

"Kathleen! you here? I did not expect you tonight."

He opened the window as he spoke, and she came into the room with a tired, halting step.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Philip Trevor said, rather sulkily. "I thought you were not well, or rather too engaged with visitors to receive me, much less to walk out here so late. You women are strange creatures, but if you think I am to be played fast and loose with, you are mistaken."

He turned to relight his cigar at the amber-shaded taper in the massive silver candlestick standing close by, with the freedom of a man having long ceased to be on terms of ceremony with the woman before him.

"You may as well sit down now you are here," he continued, pushing a velvet covered chair forward. "You look as pale as a ghost. Let me pour you out a glass of wine."

Kathleen Dering's face was indeed white as marble against the soft, black richness of the fur mantle which she still wore.

"I have not come to stay. No, I am not ill, and I do not want any wine," putting aside the glass he held out to her. "Phillip, answer me this question truthfully, I shall know whether you are lying to me. Why have you made me keep our marriage a secret so long from my father?"

He turned a pale and startled countenance towards her, though his words bore an assumed bravado.

"My dear girl, what on earth do you mean? You know well enough. I told you all about my uncle Pendaroes, how he had sworn to disinherit me if I married anyone without money, and that I was so deeply dipped it would be fatal to offend him. The court was mortgaged when it came to me and matters were not approving when the old boy so opportunely died. Had he known of our private marriage, he would never have forgiven me, but I loved you too well not to risk something. I love you still, my beautiful queen, though you have been so cruel to me to-day. Come, kiss me and let us make it up."

He extended his arms to her, but she repulsed him coldly.

"That is all very well, and believing what you told me, I consented unwillingly to our marriage in a registrar's office when I was staying in town, as my father thought, with a school friend. I did not reproach you; I loved you too blindly, though the weight of deception lay heavy at my heart. I rejoiced—Heaven forgive me!—when, at the death of your uncle, you succeeded to your inheritance. I thought now, 'surely the time for secrecy has passed; Philip will acknowledge me his wife before the world.' But bound by my promise, my lips were sealed, and now some weeks have gone by, and whenever I have tried to speak on the subject, you have evaded it. Philip, why is this?"

Her dark eyes seemed to pierce his very soul; he stammered and hesitated.

"There was much to be done, to be arranged," he began lamely, but she stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"Phillip Trevor, dare you swear before Heaven that our marriage was a legal one?—that there was no just cause or impediment why we should not be joined together?"

There was silence in the room, like that of the grave.

Phillip Trevor's face was livid. He grasped the back of the chair behind which he stood with both hands and gnawed his moustache nervously. Few can commit wilful perjury unmoved, however bad they may be.

"None that I know of—I swear it!" The words were scarcely audible.

The room was curtained at one end with thick tapestry, hiding doors leading into an ante-chamber. At this moment there was a faint rustle, followed by a slight creak in this direction, but both Kathleen and Sir Phillip were too preoccupied to notice it.

"You will swear to me that you never knew a woman called Maraquita Lopez?—that you did not marry her some years ago in Madrid?"

Kathleen Dering trembled with a wild, exultant hope. Oliver had lied to her for his own base purposes; Philip was still all she had dreamed, her true and faithful husband and lover. Already she was softening; in another minute she would have craved his pardon for her unworthy doubts, weeping upon his neck.

But Philip Trevor did not guess this, and her heart seemed to stop beating as he slowly raised his eyes to hers.

"I knew her once,—yes. She is dead. What of her? How the devil did you hear anything about that?"

The brutal nature of the man stood revealed in the angry roughness of the question. He was lying and Kathleen knew it now.

A set, stony look came into her face. The hope to which she had clung no longer existed, but had left in its place a blank, desperate helplessness.

"She is not dead, or you would not have concealed the fact of your marriage," she told him in husky, unfamiliar tones.

"I am not legally your wife; you cannot, dare not deny it. You have deceived me, who trusted you—have cruelly blighted my life. I have nothing more to say. May Heaven deal with you as you've dealt with me, Philip Trevor."

He was dumb as he cowered before her, so terrible was this woman he had wronged in the strength of her despair and wrath.

She would have passed out again into the night as she spoke, but he stretched out his hand and held the window fastened.

"Kathleen," he said, at last, his lips dry and quivering, for, like most bad men, he was superstitious, and her last words startled him. "Hear me, at least. I confess that what you have said is true, but I never meant you to be the sufferer. If Maraquaita is not dead, as we understand the word, still she has ceased to exist so far as the world is concerned. She is hopelessly mad, and will never leave the retreat where she is in safe keeping. You, and you only, are my true wife in the sight of Heaven. Why should this wretched secret which you have found out, I cannot imagine how, divide us? I own I have been torn by scruples, foolish ones, for I knew the private marriage we went through, was worthless in the eye of the law, hence my shirking from making it public. But now you know everything, let us face it out together. As soon as you please I will acknowledge you as Lady Trevor. Let the world do its worst. Will not that satisfy you, my haughty beauty?" he added with a forced laugh, bending to look into her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAVELLING STONES.

Moving stones are located in Long pond, Me. On the easterly side of the pond is a cove which extends nearly a hundred rods further east than the general course of the shore. The bottom is clay and very shoal. On the bottom are stones of various sizes, which, it is evident from various circumstances, have an annual motion toward the shore. The proof of them is the mark or track left behind them, and the bodies of clay driven before them. Some of these stones are two or three ton's weight and have left a track of several rods, having at least a cart load of clay before them. The shore of this cove is lined with these stones, which, it would seem, have crawled out of the water.

LOST.

Smoking a twenty-cent cigar
I walked along the street,
A girl I knew stepped from a car,
I saw that we must meet.

And may be talk. What could I do?
How wild it makes me now!
Away that choicest weed I threw
And then—she didn't bow.

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David Amos, postmaster at Tidnish, N. S., writing to the Hawker Medicine Co., says: Last spring I suffered greatly with neuralgic rheumatism and could get nothing to help me. I began using Dr. Manning's german remedy and received relief at once. Every application gave me great benefit and I have now no need to use it. He further adds, I cannot speak too highly of this remedy. Dr. Manning's german remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers.

Don't talk about life insurance companies to me, said Mrs. Waggles, indignantly. Ther aren't any good. Why, when my poor husband lay a-dyin', I sent word to the Profitable Assurance company, of Schohair, to come up and insure his life right away, and do you know the heathen wouldn't do it.

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WANTED TO KNOW.

The lesson teaches us, Johnny, said the Sunday-school teacher, that unless we are good we can never go to heaven.

And if I'm a good boy, said Johnny, I can go to heaven, can I?

Yes.

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TIME TO CONSIDER.

Will you be my wife?"

I cannot answer such a question as that without taking time to consider.

Pardon my impetuosity. How long must I wait?

I think there will be time for you to close the doors and turn down the gas a little.

WHAT IS DYSPEPEIA?

The symptoms of dyspepsia are burning sensation of the stomach, distress and fullness after eating, headaches, and nervousness, irritability and sleeplessness. It is frequently brought on by irregular habits and careless methods of diet. The most aggravated cases may be completely cured by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills, taken according to directions.

Minister—Giles, Giles! gardening on the Sabbath! Don't you know that that sort of thing is very wicked indeed? Do you expect anything to come of it. Giles—If it comes to that, guv'nor, most of your work is done o' Sundays; d'ye expect anything to come o' yours?

NOT CRUDE MATERIAL.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected and is prepared upon the principle of the digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, when attorney general, was once examining a country woman, and thus addressed her: Now, Mary O'Connor, tell me all you know, etc. The witness, casting an indignant look at her questioner, said with asperity: Mrs. O'Connor, if you plaze, Pether!

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