POETRY.

TELLING STORIES.

I know of a boy that's sleepy,
  I can tell by the nodding head,
And the eyes that cannot stay open,
  While the good-night prayer is said.
And the whispered "tell a tory,"
  Said in such a drowsy way,
Makes me hear the bells of dreamland,
  That ring at close of day.

So you want a story darling!
  What shall the story be?
Of little boy blue in the haystack,
  And the sheep he fails to see,
As they nibble the meadow clover,
  While the cows are in the corn.
O little boy blue, wake up, wake up,
  For the farmer blows his horn!

Or shall it be the story,
  Of Little Bo-Peep I tell,
And the sheep he lost and mourned for,
  As if awful fate befell?
But there was no need of sorrow,
  For the pig that went astray,
Since, left alone, he came back home,
  In his own good time and way.

Oh, the pigs that went to market—
  That's the tale for me to tell!
The great big pig and the little pigs,
  And the wee, wee pigs as well.
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!—
  But not half as cunning as he,
This little tot of a baby pig,
  That can only say "We-we!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
  The little rogue's fast asleep.
I might have stopped telling stories
  When I got to Little Bo-Peep;
O little one, how I love you!
  You are so dear, so fair,
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—
  God have you in His care.

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of 'That Fair Face,' 'She Knew Best,' etc.

CHAPTER II.

CONTINUED.

"Well, that seems to have been a very natural thing to do."

"Probably, if it were a true tale; but it was a strange thing that they never saw anything more of that colored girl. She disappeared one day, vanished into air; so Norris Ardleigh was never able to find out in what part of the world his relative had been located. He has fulfilled his charge nobly towards the child, though, and I must say, been well rewarded by Providence. When that child came to them, his estates were impoverished, year by year, he appeared going to ruin; only a few months after her sojourn with them, fortune smiled upon him. They say he dabbled in stocks, I do not know what he did. He is a millionaire now, his daughter the richest heiress in the country."

"You say they are kind to this young Noreen. Why is it she is dressed so differently to Denize? Why not introduced into society?"

"Really, Giles, you would not have her quite the same as the heiress, would you?"

"Why not?"

Lady Massinger shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, you men!" she exclaimed. "Just like your dear father, with his whys and wherefores. Do not you follow me? I believe that Noreen is no Ardleigh at all. Look at her face—is there the least likeness? She is more like a gypsy girl than anything else. Probably the Ardleighs know they have been fooled, but they're too good-hearted to own it. They feel shy at launching a spurious article on to society."

Sir Giles walked to the window, his thoughtful eyes still fixed on Kingscote woods; he was preparing to leave the room when Lady Massinger said, hastily:

"We will have the garden party next week, dear; Denize desires it. Oh! Giles, if you could only introduce the sweet girl as your bride, what a sensation she would create! Such a splendid opportunity for letting everybody know, and I should feel so proud of my daughter-in-law elect."

"You will disgust me with her name soon; you must let a man chose his own time for parting with his liberty," he answered, with a notion of vexation; "and mother, listen, hear! We will have no gathering at all, unless Noreen receives an invitation."

"I can ask her; the Ardleighs may accept, yet in the end, they will leave her at home, for all that."

"You must make them understand they must bring Noreen, that is, if they wish me to marry Denize," said the baronet haughtily

Then he stalked out on to the smooth lawn, right away through the grounds towards the woods. A light had shot from his fine grey eyes, as he said these parting words. Again 'my lady' murmured, "How like his father! So gentle as a rule, so determined when occasion merited!" Yet she smiled well satisfied. She did not like his praises of the young Noreen, though their acquaintance might be ever so small, nor that sketch of the sleeping girl. She knew she had played a good card when she had hinted at the girl's spurious birth. Never yet had there been a stain upon the Massinger escutcheon; her son was not the man to place the first one there. She had done all this, but pity had taken deep root also in her heart. He could not think the better of Denize, seeing she did not love her cousin more; they had been brought up together from infancy, and should have loved each other as sisters.

Noreen sat in her favorite wood seat—a branch of a tree, which hung over the narrow, rippling river—the collie kept watch; she was lying back in her natural armchair, deep in romance, as usual, the tree undulating up and down in pleasant motion.

No one followed the girl to these sylvan haunts; Denize was afraid of spoiling her complexion by letting heaven's sun shine upon it; her aunt's time for climbing hills was over, also Kingscote woods were far from the house.

A shadow fell across her book; she looked up suddenly, a vivid carmine rising to her cheeks, making the dark eyes shine like stars in all their velvety softness; the pretty lips were parted, there was a shy, frightened look about the girl's face, Sir Giles had never seen there before, but it pleased him full well. It was with childish eyes she had looked at him heretofore; now there was a change; his own pulses quickened as Noreen sprang from her perch, one little hand upon her heart.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she exclaimed, then stood, with downcast eyes, the bright color fading from her cheeka, as he held her hand closely in his.

"Did you not expect me? Does it make any difference now I know who you really are?—that you are not Jessie, the farmer's daughter, as you made me believe."

She laughed merrily in spite of her discomfiture.

"Yes, yes," she said, "it makes all the difference."

"How so—why?"

"I was a child then, I am a woman now."

"Since when?"

"Oh, I do not know; I think I grew up yesterday."

"That was your first dinner party, was it not? How well you looked."

"What in my old dress—no jewels, no nothing?" She laughed again, the large eyes opening increduously.

"Was it the old dress that made you grow up so suddenly? Must I make no more pictures of you?"

"The one you have, you got through subtlety, but it is not that, that is not the reason,"

"What is it? Tell me."

She walked on silently, he by her side, the collie following sedately in the rear; she pulled at the various wild flowers, making a posy without knowing. Sir Giles, taking a daisy gently from among them, began the old refrain, watching the downcast eyes, the blushes mantling upwards to the peach-like cheek.

"She loves me—loves me not," he said, till the snowy petals were all gone, the last one ending with "she loves me."

He smiled, trying to look into her face; he did not know there were tears in the large, dark eyes. He could only see that the small hand trembled, that she quickened her pace; he thought she was a child and did not understand.

"Does she love me, Noreen?" he asked softly.

"Oh, I dont know," she answered, a great pain in her voice that he did not notice, "I hope she does, but so many love her; she will perhaps seem cold, but do not mind, she will love you in time—she must."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Denize, my cousin."

She looked up at him. Now he could see the unshed tears in her soft eyes, note the quivering, childish lip.

"Why of Denize?"

"You love my cousin, you send her flowers; indeed I never knew it till yesterday."

"I never sent her flowers."

"I took them to her with my own hand."

"My mother sent them in my name; I knew nothing about them."

"Oh!" just a little joyful exclamation.

"How pretty she looks," he thought. "What a sensitive, sweet face; far, far more beautiful than Denize, with this ever-changing expression."

Yet he never said he did not love Denize; he only said he did not send the flowers. If he had, Noreen would have taken no notice of his words—she was far too honorable towards her cousin.

"Denize must not know." she said quickly, "it would vex her so."

"Does Denize never vex you, that you are so mindful of her?" he asked.

The dark eyes met his, but instead of waiting for her answer, he put another question.

"If a man loved you and Denize loved him, would you give him up to her?',

"Aunt and uncle love her more than anything in the world; they have given me everything I possess—it would be my duty to do so."

"Let us hope you will never be tried, Noreen."

"You talk nonsense," she said, rousing herself with a bitter little laugh. "That could never happen. Denize is too beautiful—and rich—for that.

CHAPTER III.

"A garden party next Thursday at Lady Massinger's, my dear Denize—a fancy-dress ball in the evening at the Esmonds'; you cannot manage both!"

"Easily enough, mamma. The first will be over by seven or eight o'clock, that will give ample time for rest between the two. I would not lose the Esmonds' ball for all the world; it is not every day one is dressed in cloth of gold."

"No, I suppose not. Between ourselves, I have my doubts about that costume. Do you think the gorgeous finery affected by Anne of Austria is quite becoming to your style of beauty?"

"Just as suitable as Queen Elizabeth's will be to your style, mamma!" replied the impertinent girl; then added, "what are you going to do with Noreen on that day? I do not think she should be unemployed whilst we are out of an evening; she gets into the library and fills her head with romances—we shall have her imagining herself some captive princess. I have hit upon a capital plan. Let her help Phoebe renovate my wardrobe; the maid is agreeable, and really, you know it is necessary. Noreen should be able to earn her own living in case anything happens to my father or you."

The mother's face blanched at this heartless termination to her daughter's speech; she tried to laugh it off, however, saying—

"Neither your father nor myself are very old yet, my child. I trust it may be some years before you lose us, though should such an unforseen calamity occur, you must remember Noreen, being the daughter of your father's only brother, must never want."

"Share and share alike, I suppose," laughed Denize derisively. "Ah, how foolishly you talk! I shall make her get her own living, like the rest of the world who have no money. I have no love for the gypsy girl, for I verily believe, instead of having Ardleigh blood in her veins, she comes from the scum of the earth!"

"I do not know what your father would have done without her!"

"My father? Well, that is good! I never knew he was particularly fond of the girl."

"Did I say he was?"

"No, but you insinuated much the same thing; all this is to turn off my wishing to see her properly employed. Are you willing to allow her to help Phoebe on Thursday? My maid's hands are full of work, and she threatens to leave me unless I get some one to assist her."

"On Thursday, Noreen goes to the garden party as well as yourself—most probably to the ball in the evening."

"Good Heavens! How absurd! Then I will stay at home."

Denize stamped her feet passionately, left her seat, and paced the room like a young tigress.

"You ought not to tease me," she said, "If you have accepted invitations for her, you can evade them at the last moment. Give her something to make her ill—a dose of poison; anything that comes handy, she shall not go with me."

"You told me you intended to marry Sir Giles Massinger.,'

"I mean to be mistress of Kingscote, which is much the same thing."

"Then Noreen must accompany us. Lady Massinger has given me to understand that her son thinks you do not treat your cousin kindly. The only way to refute the charge is to be extra amiable to her before company."

"I cannot tell what has come to her these last few days," said Denize, begining to whimper. "All seems to have gone wrong since Sir Giles sent me his beautiful bouquet. She stopped him proposing that night by singing her absurd songs on the river. You never ought to have let her come down to dinner; you have spoilt my prospects through your silly kindness."

"My child, I believed you could hold your own with anyone. Had Noreen made Sir Giles' acquaintance before?"

"Of course not, how could she? Only I know she had seen him—where, goodness knows; perhaps he rode by her in the roadway and splashed her with the mud off his horse's hoofs. Anyway, she told me she had never seen eyes like Sir Giles Massinger's.

"Never mind, do not cry, Denize; probably he has never seen eyes to compare with yours."

* * * * * *

"Phoebe!" exclaimed Denize, afterwards, to her abigail, "Noreen is to go to the garden party and the ball. What shall I do?"

"I wouldn't stand it, miss. I'd tell your father."

"I have, but he is just as bad as mamma. He says he has given his word."

"Dear, dear! she'll sneak round everybody soon; she does give herself airs. Look at her now, miss!—there she goes off to the woods; she spends her life there."

Denize stood at the window frowning. She watched her cousin with malevolent expression; for the first time she noticed the girl's graceful pose, her perfect, supple figure. Noreen turned her head suddenly, then hastened back to the house, apparently obeying a summons from one of the lower windows.

"My mother is now going to tell her the news. Phoebe you must help me. What shall we do?"

"Make her look as big a fright as we can. Missus is sure to say she is to have one of yonr old dresses; we can pick out the most becoming. Let her have that yellowish green, she'll look as sallow as saffron in it. Lor, Miss Denize, you've nothing to fear from her; a gentleman wouldn't give her a thought when you were near."

"But for fancy dress, Phoebe. You must help me there."

"We'll make a peasant maid, or something as abject."

"Capital! Only I trust she will not meet a King Cophetua."

So they settled it between them—mistress and maid against an inoffensive girl; and then Mrs. Ardleigh brought Noreen to her daughter's room, saying—

"Lady Massinger and the Esmonds have invited your cousin for Thursday. The notice is short, and she has so outgrown her dresses; try and find something in your wardrobe that can be altered for her."

Phoebe, with alacrity, displayed two or three costumes, soiled and crumpled.

Noreen flushed, and there was a pained expression about her mouth—she looked with speaking eyes from one to the other, then retreated from the table.

"I would rather not go at all, thank you, auntie," she said in a low voice.

Denize laughed aloud, quite uproarious in her mirth.

"There, what did I say, mamma? I knew she would not feel equal to appear in such society. She is no fool, she is sensible of her deficiencies, and does not care to make herself a laughing-stock."

"I insist upon her going; I will take no denial," said Mrs. Ardleigh firmly.

Noreen was badgered between them, but she could also be firm. She took up the corner of her little fancy apron, and began minutely examining the hem.

"I am not afraid to go," she said quietly, "but I cannot wear one of these dresses; my father's daughter ought not to be dressed in cast-off finery."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

On the 7th inst., Rev. T. W. Carpenter, of Carpenter, Queens Co., Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer, of Victoria, Carleton Co., and Miss Frances A. Carpenter, of Philadelphia, called on Mrs. Thomas Blizard, of Macdonald's Point, Queens Co. Mrs. Blizard is in her 103rd year. Her visitors were greatly surprised in finding her so bright, cheerful and entertaining. She related many reminiscence of her life all through the present century. She is exceedingly vigorous and healthy, and her sight and hearing is good for one so far advanced in years. Since she has been 100 years old she has cut, pieced and patched two quilts, one containing 2,000 pieces, It is doubtless whether the neatness of the work on these quilts could have been surpassed by anyone. She also related to her callers a sketch of her life without chart or reference. Afterwards her family record was brought forward and it was found that she had been correct in every particular. The following is a synopsis of her life: Born in Gagetown, Aug 17, 1792. Her parents were Oliver and Lucy Akerley, her maiden name Amy Akerley, married at the age of 19 to Thomas Blizard. After her marriage lived in Cambridge for a number of years, from there they moved to Johnston. During the latter part of her husband's life they lived in St. John, where he died 26 years ago. Since then she has lived with her son-in-law, William Smith, of Macdonald's Point. She gave birth to 16 children, 8 boys and 8 girls, 10 of whom are living, the oldest being 81 and the youngest 56 years of age. She professed religion years ago and was baptised by the late Samuel Hartt. She is a firm believer in the goodness of her Maker, and is happy in the love of her Redeemer.

Allendale.

Sept. 20.—A pretty wedding took place here a few days ago, the marriage of Frederick Adams of Allendale to Miss Sarah Longstaff of Woodstock. After the ceremony in Woodstock which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Connors, the friends of the bride and groom sat down to a well got up dinner and at four o'clock in the afternoon, they took their departure for Allendale in a shower of rice accompanied by friends. They were met at Eel River by a party of invited guests in carriages. Among them was Thomas L. Connelly and wife, Jeremiah Calnan and wife, of Benton, W. Edwards and Miss Edwards, Squire Connelly of Allendale and his daughter, Miss Louise Connelly, and others. On arriving in Allendale the bride and groom found a large party awaiting their arrival at Andrew Adams'. The tables were well loaded with good things, to which the guests did ample justice. After supper, music was furnished by Miss McMullin assisted by Miss Hilman of Canterbury, cousin of the bride. The health of the bride and groom was proposed by Thomas L. Connelly and was responded to by the groom in a few well chosen words. There was very nice singing rendered by Bruce Hilman assisted by Miss Ingraham. The bride received some very nice presents. The party broke up at a late hour, after wishing Mr. and Mrs. Adams a long and happy life.

North Lake.

Sept. 24.—The weather has been quite favorable for harvesting for the past few weeks. The grain and potato crops are a good average. The threshing machines are around and grain is turning out very fair.

Our great road is improving here very much this summer. We had the Government road machine at work and in a week it made 374 rods of splendid road, as smooth as a trotting park. The young people when they reach this road with their trotting horses, go at a 2.40 gait. This road has not been repaired for twenty-five years and now it is thoroughly finished. Many thanks to our Government for sending such a boon to our part of the country.

We had a call from our friend John Anderson, ex-M. P. P., and also Mr. Shaw, from Poquiock, and every one was glad to see their kind and welcome faces.

Robert Clarke has opened his new store and is doing a nice business. His family, with quite a number of others, are all going to school to Mr. Cillin.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A little Buffalo girl was not feeling well and her parents suggested she might be about to take the chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning she went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said, "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa; I found a feather in the bed."

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Father (reprovingly)—My son, don't you know that a workman is known by his chips? Son—I can't say that I do; but I know that a poker player is.

TIDNISH, N. S.

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.

ADOPTED HER SUGGESTION.

Jaggs—How did you ever dare to embrace Miss Boston?

Naggs—She was speaking of the banditti that night as we drove through a strip of woods by the river, and remarked, "What a romantic place to be held up."

Jaggs—Yes?

Naggs—Well, I held her up.

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

George Robb, Farmer
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Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Elsie's afraid of growin' fat, said dear little Tommy, who was being exhibited before company.

How do you know that? asked one of the guests.

Because, replied Tommy, confidently, last night when she an' Mr. Makeluv were on the piazza I heard her say: I'm afraid I'm heavy, ain't I?

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging: most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops that itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swyne & Son, Philadelphia.

A nervous organist in a Harlem church caused a bridal party to march out after the ceremony to the air: "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It esremov at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

A FINE PASSAGE.

Man, Sandy, exclaimed a Scotchman to his friend as he stepped ashore at the wharf, I'm glad to see you safe across. Hae ye had a fine passage?

Oo, ay, capital, replied Sandy. We hae got owre safely enough; the only accident I heard o' was that the ship had broken her record.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

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.

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McMURRAY & Co.

Have Just Received

ROOM PAPER

A CAR LOAD
—OF—
WALL PAPERS,

And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in

Canadian ...
—AND—
American Makes

CALL and SEE the GOODS.

Also a lot of
REMNANTS,
Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.

P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match.

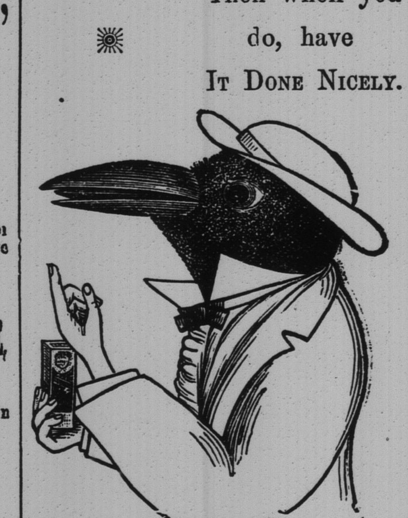
☞ Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.

McMurray & Co.

IT WILL
COME
—AND—
EVERYBODY
—WILL—
Enjoy it!

But you will Have to ANNOUNCE The date.

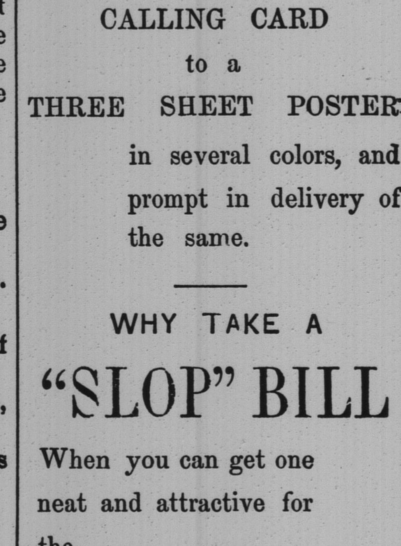
Then when you do, have It DONE NICELY.



WE REFER TO
FINE
JOB WORK.

We are prepared to do fine printing of every description from a CALLING CARD to a THREE SHEET POSTER in several colors, and prompt in delivery of the same.

WHY TAKE A
"SLOP" BILL
When you can get one neat and attractive for the SAME PRICE that it will cost you for one gotten up in any shape.



—THE—
PICNIC SEASON
Including
Bazaars
—AND—
Festivals,
Will soon be here and it will be necessary to have your bills printed cheaply yet in good order.

Have it Done Attractive.

SEND FOR PRICES to
THE HERALD
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
Fredericton, N. B.