

POETRY.

THE STOCKING SONG.

Supper is over, the firelight is sweet,
And now, in the wood fire's glow,
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of the time so long ago.

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce be seen
Sweeter than any other.

Than now in its rich content,
The brow is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is grey,
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Has never quite gone away.

And her needles catch the red fire's light,
As it out and they go,
With the clicking music that grandmamma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe;

And the waking children love it, too,
For they know that stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandmamma's mind
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandmamma's heart to-night—
Only a parable, short and quaint,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandmamma says,
And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my task is well-nigh done.

With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are salmon gray.

But the most are formed of many a hue,
And many a stitch set
And many a row to be sadly ribbed
Ere the whole be plain and strong.

There are low plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear,
And many a weary time is dropped,
As we fashion the heel with care.

But the saddest, happiest time is that
Which we sigh for and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly father breaks the thread
And tells us our work is done.

The children come to bid good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes;
While in grandmamma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

To climb the rugged steps and turn the key in the rusty lock, was the work of a moment; he carried a lantern and held it high as he mounted the steep, spiral staircase; there was a ghostly clang about his footsteps as they echoed through the gloomy, vault-like corridors.

Higher, higher he climbed, till he came upon the dark passage under the sloping roof, flanked by attic chambers, then, brave man though he was, he turned pale, for distinctly near him he heard the sound of a human moan, a low-drawn cry of agony.

His heart stood still, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he flung wide open the third door. Great heavens! what did he see in that darkened garret? On the floor, huddled together in a heap was a dark-skinned woman, who moaned feebly; across her knees lay a girl in white, with soiled white garments, a graceful figure, with sweet, dead-white face, that the blood-curdling wail that came from her lips made blacker than his; vengeance was in his hands, made still paler.

His head was in a whirl; eight feet he had fallen, but for that half-delirious mood it seemed his senses would have failed him altogether. He flung himself on his knees, he was wild with anguish. The dead girl's face resembled his young wife, whom years ago he had lain in her grave; the half-mad woman, that of the faithful girl to whom the child had been entrusted. Was it not all to plain, his brother's villainy? To great a coward to commit murder, he had thrust them here to languish out a pitiful existence.

Marchmont Ardleigh groaned in uncontrollable agony, salt tears fell from his eyes on the tiny nerveless hand he held in his own. He would have called down bitter curses on the wretched man, but the words died upon his lips; vengeance was in his hands, only too justly, on the paralyzed creature breathing out his last miserable moments on his bed of down.

Vaughan was beside himself with anxiety; he was fully persuaded, unless some thing unforeseen occurred, his beloved master, Sir Giles Messinger, would die. Blow upon blow seemed of late to have come upon this once lucky child of fortune; the last was the death of the beautiful gipsy girl, Zara, whom he had so fully persuaded himself was his lost Noreen.

She was laid in her grave amongst the flowers, the graceful palm waving above her, the myrtle and arbutus, with their glistening leaves and fragrant blossoms all around; deeply sorrowing, her friends had departed from the island. Only Sir Giles was left, growing paler and thinner day by day; he made no exertion to live, he had no desire to return to his native land. Things were going on in this style, when one morning he received a telegram from his mother. It ran—

"Return home at once. There is death at Ardleigh. News of Noreen."
He saw nothing but that one word, which burned into his brain. Her name so loved, so worshipped. His hands shook as he sprang from his couch. "What does it mean? Surely she is there," he exclaimed, pointing towards the lovely cemetery.

"I told you that was never Miss Noreen, sir," Vaughan answered respectfully; "she'd have spoken some words of her native tongue before she died, had it been."
"Then this—what is it?" he said hoarsely, holding out the telegram, his finger still on that one name.
"Isn't get excited, sir; it can only mean they've found the poor young lady's body. But that's a melancholy satisfaction."

"We will return home at once, Vaughan. There's a vessel departs for England tonight; take berth at once."
"Ah, sir! that's spoken like yourself. A sight of the old home is worth all the foreign lands in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

The lovely Kingscote woods were covered with winter's rime; every branch and twig delineated in nature's diamonds, when Sir Giles entered his mother's morning-room. He had travelled with all speed to obey her summons and was eager for explanation.

ed with a short, weary laugh. "I want your news."
"You shall have it if you promise to take your breakfast, not without."
He made pretence of enjoying what was set before him.

Lady Messinger began—
"Norris Ardleigh is dead and buried—you have heard that; also his brother is alive and returned home again."
"Good heavens—no! His death must have been a great shock to you."

"In more ways than one. Oh! Giles, I wish I had never touched that man's hand! Who would have given his smooth face credit for so base a nature?"
Sir Giles tilted back his chair, regarding his mother with astonishment. She continued—

"The colored woman is not dead. All these years he had her incarcerated in a garret of the old, disused west wing of his own mansion. She has passed a miserable existence—fed on bread and water, taken to her by his own hands, when he thought of it—just as often forgotten; imprisoned because the faithful creature refused to give up a treasure belonging to her nursing."

"What was that?"
"A sealed bag of uncut diamonds, large and of the purest water, not to be opened till Noreen came of age. The woman concealed it, mistaking Norris from the color; she gave him only the golden nugget, which was for the child's maintenance during her minority. He guessed about the woman's secret; she was drugged and robbed, and conveyed to her living tomb in the dead of night. Then came his sudden access of fortune. He had no scruples; looking upon the child as an orphan whom no one was likely to claim, he brought her up as a dependant, subservient to Denize, his own false heiress."

"This is a terrible story of a man so universally respected. How did you become acquainted with it?"
"His confession all before he died. His wife wrote for him—he attested?"
"Then she knew of the crime?"
"Indeed, she did."

"And Denize?"
"Of late years, yes."
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"What a trio! It is well that he is dead, or I should be tempted to punish him in my own way. They might at least have treated my poor girl better; they need not have grudged her my love."

"Denize had made up her mind to be mistress of Kingscote; I foolishly fell in to the snare and abetted her. You loved Noreen; after her cousin's disappearance Denize dropped some remarks which filled me with a suspicion of foul play."

Sir Giles' eyes dilated with horror, he grasped the table for support, leaning forward, he whispered hoarsely—
"Did he not murder her?"
Lady Messinger shook her head.

"No," she said, and there was a strange tremor of eagerness in her voice; "if you could bring Noreen to me now, I would joyfully welcome her as a daughter. I would beg her forgiveness, that for an instant I preferred the cruel Denize, to one of her sweetest characters."

"Too late! too late!" he responded, huskily, "we cannot recall the dead. The sea holds her in its arms, or she sleeps peacefully in her grave at Los Palmas. All the same—she is lost to me."

Lady Messinger looked hard at him. "No," she said, and there was a strange tremor of eagerness in her voice; "if you could bring Noreen to me now, I would joyfully welcome her as a daughter. I would beg her forgiveness, that for an instant I preferred the cruel Denize, to one of her sweetest characters."

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KILLS WITHOUT BITING.

The cobra is believed to be the deadliest of all snakes. Ten thousand or more people lose their lives in India every year from its bite. This has gone on from time immemorial, and there appears to be no immediate prospect in putting a stop to it.

"This child is an angel, Giles. If I trust her to your care, you must be careful that she does not fly away."
"Trust me very soon," laughed Sir Giles. "I really think I've served a long apprenticeship. So, you have, my boy; we'll let the dead past bury its dead."

There's happiness left in the world yet; the village bells shall ring out merrily for your wedding; Ardleigh has been shut up long enough.
The village bells rang out right lustily before the wedding; they sent forth a joyful peal, when the bride and bridegroom eloped entered the territory of their own domains. As the carriage passed the church, Noreen looked from the window. Right before her was the marble tomb, where slept her uncle and aunt, for Caroline Ardleigh only survived her husband a few months.

"We have heard news of Denize," said Lady Messinger, later on, to Noreen; they were sitting in the latter's boudoir, sipping chocolate, the girl divested of her travelling gear.
"O, have you? Does she want anything? Is she well?"

"My dear child, what a lot of questions about a worthless object. She went off with Abel White, the gardener, as we surmised, the charming couple taking with them as much booty in the way of jewels and money, as they could lay hands on with the proceeds, they, or he, I suppose, must say, for it appears she's found her master, bought a farm in the wildest part of Queensland. She was seen at the station, the only woman amongst a lot of rough men, waiting upon them, cooking their dinners, her husband taking her to task for her dilatoriness, laughing at what he called her affectation of fatigue."

"O, poor Denize!" exclaimed Noreen.
"O, have you? Does she want anything? Is she well?"
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Weak Women

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

For children's coughs and colds Hawker's balsam of tula and wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.

She—Do you think the time will ever come when women will propose?
He—I don't see why it shouldn't. Suppose you proposed to me tonight and I said yes, what—

She—O, Henry, this is so sudden? Hold your mind; it is just as well, and mother, I know, will be delighted.

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Colonel (to pretty nurse)—Whose baby is that—a pretty fellow? Nurse—Why, sir, it's your own little boy, Colonel. Really? My wife changes nurses so often that I don't recognize my own flesh and blood.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. WISLOW'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 an order for a bottle of "Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething, to the nearest Druggist or send direct to the proprietor, Dr. J. C. WISLOW, 183 East Broadway, New York.

I understand, said the detective, that you had a clew to the whereabouts of Crookes, the famous criminal?
Yes, replied the brother officer. A slight one.

What was it?
A man came to me and said he was Crookes and wanted to hire himself up because he was tired of eluding justice.
What did you do?
Nothing. He couldn't prove his identity.

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 cures all my mysterious troubles in the removal from horses of hard, soft or caloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains.

GEORGE ROSS, Farmer, Markham, Ont.
Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

BORAX—My wife makes a little money a long way these times.
Sam Jones—So does mine, unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.
A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh.
Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption.

Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles.
Caller—Your master's not at home, eh, Pat?
Pat—No, sir. He do be in th' ould country these t'ree weeks, sor.

Caller—Excuse me, Pat, but how is it that when you mistake me on this side of the water your master's on the other, and vice versa? Is there any trouble between them?
Pat—None at all, sir; only they have agreed bechune'em that they can live together better when they're apart.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
"Simply apply Swayne's Ointment."
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What do you think of my new ball dress?
It seems to me more like a hunting costume.
I'd like to know why?
It is dear, and you are bare.

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